

ARRIVAL OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.



*To James Duff, Earl of Fife: Viscount Macduff, Baron Brown
Knight of San Fernando, and Lord Lieutenant of Banffshire,*

***THIS PLATE** is Dedicated, in testimony of respect and gratitude
by His Lordships very obedient humble Servant,*

W^m Blackwood.

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Vol. VI.

Contents.

Essays on the Lake School of Poetry, No III.— <i>Coleridge</i>	3	The Scotchman in London, No I.....	64
The Missionary; a Poem. By the Rev. W. L. Bowler.....	14	Boxiana, or Sketches of Pugilism; by One of the Fancy, No IV.....	66
The Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. No I.....	18	Musical Queries.....	69
Notices of Reprints of curious old Books, No V. <i>The Life and Errors of John Dunton</i>	24	On the Cockney School of Poetry. No VI.....	70
Predictions by C. C.....	33	Decorations of Edinburgh.....	76
Some Effects of an excessive Application to the Study of Physical Science con- sidered.....	35	Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope.....	78
On the impossibility of a Standard of Language in Metaphysics.....	40	Life of Antonio Lambertacci.....	83
Louis XVIII. and the French Royalists.....	42	Extracts from the "Historia Major" of Matthew Paris, Monk of St Albans.....	84
Extracts from the "Prato Fiorito," on the Vice of Dancing.....	43	Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, No I. <i>Viator's Letters on the History and Progress of the Fine Arts</i>	89
A European National Tribunal.....	45	LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.....	98
Ans.....	46	WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.....	101
Horn Cantabrigienses, No IV. <i>Acade- micæ Luctus, et Gratulationes</i>	47	MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICA- TIONS.....	104
Notices of the Acted Drama in London, No XI.....	51	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
London.....	55	Commercial Report.....	107
A Day in Glen-Aven.....	58	Meteorological Report.....	114
		Appointments, Promotions, &c.....	115
		Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	118

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON;

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed;

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No XXXI.

OCTOBER 1819.

ESSAYS ON THE LAKE SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No III.—*Coleridge.*

There is no question many of our readers will think we are doing a very useless, if not a very absurd thing, in writing, at this time of day, any thing like a review of the poetry of Mr Coleridge. Several years have elapsed since any poetical production, entitled to much attention, has been published by him—and of those pieces in which the true strength and originality of his genius have been expressed, by far the greater part were presented to the world before any of the extensively popular poetry of the present day existed. In the midst, however, of the many new claimants which have arisen on every hand to solicit the ear and the favour of the readers of poetry, we are not sure that anyone has had so much reason to complain of the slowness and inadequacy of the attention bestowed upon him as this gentleman, who is, comparatively speaking, a veteran of no inconsiderable standing. It is not easy to determine in what proportions the blame of his misfortunes should be divided between himself and his countrymen. That both have conducted themselves very culpably—at least very unwisely—begins at length, we believe, to be acknowledged by most of those whose opinion is of any consequence. As for us, we can never suppose ourselves to be ill employed when we are doing any thing that may serve in any measure to correct the errors of the public judgment on the one hand, or to stimulate the efforts of ill-requited, and thence, perhaps, desponding or slumbering genius on the other. To our Scottish readers we owe no apology whatever; on the contrary, we have no hesitation in

saying, that in regard to this and a very great number of subjects besides, they stand quite in a different situation from our English readers. The reading-public of England (speaking largely) have not understood Mr Coleridge's poems as they should have done—The reading-public of Scotland are in general ignorant that any such poems exist, and of those who are aware of their existence, the great majority owe the whole of their information concerning them to a few reviews, which, being written by men of talent and understanding, could not possibly have been written from any motives but those of malice, or with any purposes but those of misrepresentation.

The exercise of those unfair, and indeed wicked arts, by which the superficial mass of readers are so easily swayed in all their judgments, was, in this instance, more than commonly easy, by reason of the many singular eccentricities observable in almost all the productions of Mr Coleridge's muse. What was already fantastic, it could not be no difficult matter for those practised wits, to represent, as utterly unmeaning, senseless, and absurd. But perhaps those who are accustomed to chuckle over the ludicrous analysis of serious poems, so common in our most popular reviews, might not be the worse for turning to the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, and seeing with what success the same weapons have been employed there, (by much greater wits, it is true) to transform and degrade into subjects of vulgar merriment all the beautiful narratives of the sacred books—their

sublime simplicity and most deep tenderness. It is one of the most melancholy things in human nature, to see how often the grandest mysteries of the meditative soul lie at the mercy of surface-skimming ridicule, and self-satisfied rejoicing ignorance—It is ~~the~~ seeing the most solemn gestures of human dignity mimicked into grotesque absurdity by monkeys. Now, to our mind, the impropriety of the treatment which has been bestowed upon Mr Coleridge, is mightily increased by the very facilities which the peculiarities of the poet himself afforded for its inflection. It is a thing not to be denied, that, even under the most favourable of circumstances, the greater part of the readers of English poetry could never have been expected thoroughly and intimately to understand the scope of those extraordinary productions—but this ought only to have acted as an additional motive with those who profess to be the guides of public opinion, to make them endeavour, as far as might in them lie, to render the true merits of those productions more visible to the eye of the less penetrating or less reflective. Unless such be the duty of professional critics on such occasions—and one, too, of the very noblest duties they can ever be called upon to discharge—we have erred very widely in all our ideas concerning such matters.

However well he might have been treated by the critics—nay, however largely he might have shared in the sweets of popularity—there is no doubt Mr Coleridge must still have continued to be a most eccentric author. But the true subject for regret is, that the unfavourable reception he has met with, seems to have led him to throw aside almost all regard for the associations of the multitude—and to think, that nothing could be so worthy of a great genius, so unworthily despised, as to reject in his subsequent compositions every standard save that of his own private whims. Now it was a very great pity that this remarkable man should have come so hastily to such a resolution as this—and by exaggerating his own original peculiarities, thus widened the breach every day between himself and the public. A poet, although he may have no great confidence in the public taste, as a guide to excellence, should

always, at least, retain the wish to please it by the effect of his pieces—even while he may differ very widely from common opinions, with regard to the means to be employed. This is a truth which has unfortunately been very inadequately attended to by several of the most powerful geniuses of our time; but we know of none upon whose reputation its neglect has been so severely visited as on that of Mr Coleridge. It is well, that in spite of every obstacle, the native power of his genius has still been able to scatter something of its image upon all his performances—it is well, above all things, that in moods of more genial enthusiasm he has created a few poems, which are, though short, in conception so original, and in execution so exquisite, that they cannot fail to render the name of Coleridge co-extensive with the language in which he has written—and to associate it for ever in the minds of all feeling and intelligent men, with those of the few chosen spirits that have touched in so many ages of the world the purest and most delicious chords of lyrical enchantment.

Those who think the most highly of the inborn power of this man's genius, must now, perhaps, be contented, if they would speak of him to the public with any effect, to suppress their enthusiasm in some measure—and take that power alone for granted which has been actually shown to exist. Were we to speak of him without regard to this prudential rule—and hazard the full expression of our own belief in his capacities—there is no question we should meet with many to acknowledge the propriety, to use the slightest phrase, of all that we might say—but these, we apprehend, would rather be found among those who have been in the society of Mr Coleridge himself, and witnessed the astonishing effects which, according to every report, his eloquence never fails to produce upon those to whom it is addressed—than among men who have (like ourselves) been constrained to gather their only ideas of him from the printed productions of his genius. We are very willing to acknowledge, that our own excess of admiration may have been in some measure the result of peculiar circumstances—that it may have arisen out of things too minute to be ex-

plained—and which, if explained, would be regarded by many as merely fantastic and evanescent. What, according to our belief, Mr Coleridge might have been—what, according to the same belief, he may yet be—these are matters in regard to which it may be wise to keep silence. We have no desire, had we the power, to trouble our readers with any very full exposition of our opinions, even concerning what he has done in poetry. Our only wish for the present, is to offer a few remarks in regard to one or two of his individual productions, which may perhaps excite the attention of such of our readers as have never yet paid any considerable attention to any of them—and this, more particularly, as we have already hinted, with a view to our own countrymen in Scotland.

The longest poem in the collection of the *Sihylline Leaves*, is the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*—and to our feeling, it is by far the most wonderful also—the most original—and the most touching of all the productions of its author. From it alone, we are inclined to think an idea of the whole poetical genius of Mr Coleridge might be gathered, such as could scarcely receive any very important addition either of extent or of distinctness, from a perusal of the whole of his other works. To speak of it at all is extremely difficult; above all the poems with which we are acquainted in any language—it is a poem to be felt—cherished—mused upon—not to be talked about—not capable of being described—analyzed—or criticised. It is the wildest of all the creations of genius—it is not like a thing of the living, listening, moving world—the very music of its words is like the melancholy mysterious breath of something sung to the sleeping ear—its images have the beauty—the grandeur—the incoherence of some mighty vision. The loveliness and the terror glide before us in turns—with, at one moment, the awful shadowy dimness—at another, the yet more awful distinctness of a majestic dream.

Dim and shadowy, and incoherent, however, though it be—how blind, how wilfully, or how foolishly blind must they have been who refused to see any meaning or purpose in the Tale of the Mariner! The imagery,

indeed, may be said to be heaped up to superfluity—and so it is—the language to be redundant—and the narrative confused. But surely those who cavilled at these things, did not consider into whose mouth the poet has put this ghastly story. A guest is proceeding to a bridal—the sound of the merry music is already in his ears—and the light shines clearly from the threshold to guide him to the festival. He is arrested on his way by an old man, who constrains him to listen—he seizes him by the hand—that he shakes free—but the old man has a more inevitable spell, and he holds him, and will not be silent.

He holds him with his glittering eye,
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest sat on a stone,
He cannot chuse but hear—
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she:
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear—
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

In the beginning of the mariner's narrative, the language has all the impetus of a storm—and when the ship is suddenly locked among the polar ice, the change is as instantaneous as it is awful.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatro
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian and
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-
The helmsman steer'd us through

And a good south wind sprang up
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perch'd for vespers nine;

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-
bow

I shot the ALBATROSS!

All the subsequent miseries of the crew are represented by the poet as having been the consequences of this violation of the charities of sentiment; and these are the same miseries which the critics have spoken of, as being causeless and unmerited! We have no difficulty in confessing, that the ideas on which the intent of this poem hinges, and which to us seem to possess all beauty and pathos, may, after all, have been selected by the poet with a too great neglect of the ordinary sympathies. But if any one will submit himself to the magic that is around him, and suffer his senses and his imagination to be blended together, and exalted by the melody of the charmed words, and the splendour of the unnatural apparitions with which the mysterious scene is opened, surely he will experience no revulsion towards the centre and spirit of this lovely dream. There is the very essence of tenderness in the remorseful delight with which the Mariner dwells upon the image of the "pious bird of omen good," as it

Every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner's hollo!

And the convulsive shudder with which he narrates the treacherous issue, bespeaks to us no pangs more than seem to have followed justly on that inhospitable crime. It seems as if the very spirit of the universe had been stunned by the wanton cruelty of the Mariner—as if earth, sea, and sky, had all become dead and stagnant in the extinction of the movement—~~and~~ of love and gentleness.

could be; and copper sky,
soun'wort Sun, at noon,
subsequenove the mast did stand,
save thathan the moon.

Now it way, day after day,
remarkatnor breath nor motion,
hastily t painted ship
and by nted ocean.

peculiarer, every where,
every d boards did shrink;
public. ter, every where,
rop to drink.

have no p did rot: O Christ!
taste, as his should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reef and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green; and blue, and white.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

In the "weary time" which follows, a spectre-ship sails between them and the "broad bright sun" in the west. This part of the poem is much improved in this last edition of it. The male and the female skeleton in the spectre-ship, or, as they are now called, "DEATH and LIFE-IN-DEATH," have dined for the ship's crew—and she, the latter, has won the ancient Mariner. These verses are, we think, quite new. The second of them is, perhaps, the most exquisite in the whole poem.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

*The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.*

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd
white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

The crew, who had approved in calmness the sin that had been committed in wantonness and madness, die,—and the Mariner alone is preserved by the rise of an expiatory feeling in his mind. Pain, sorrow, remorse, there are not enough;—the wound must be healed by a heartfelt sacrifice to the same spirit of universal love which had been bruised in its infliction.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes:

They moved in tracts of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

It is needless to proceed any longer in this, for the principle of the poem is all contained in the last of these extracts. Had the ballad been more interwoven with sources of prolonged emotion extending throughout—and had the relation of the imagery to the purport and essence of the piece been a little more close—it does not seem to us that any thing more could have been desired in a poem such as this. As it is, the effect of the wild wandering magnificence of imagination in the details of the dream-like story is a thing that cannot be forgotten. It is as if we had seen real spectres, and were for ever to be haunted. The unconnected and fantastic variety of the images that have been piled up before us works upon the fancy, as an evening sky made up of half lurid castellated clouds—half of clear unpolluted azure—would upon the eye. It is like the fitful concert of fine sounds which the Mariner himself hears after his spirit has been melted, and the ship has begun to sail homewards.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

The conclusion has always appeared to us to be happy and graceful in the utmost degree. The actual surface-life of the world is brought close into contact with the life of sentiment—the soul that is as much alive, and enjoys, and suffers as much in dreams and visions of the night as by daylight. One feels with what a heavy eye the Ancient Mariner must look and listen to the pomps and merry-makings—even to the innocent enjoyments—of those whose experience has only been of things tangible. One feels that to him another world—we do not mean a supernatural, but a more exquisitely and deeply natural world—has been revealed—and that the repose of his spirit can only be in the contemplation of things that are not to pass away. The sad and solemn indifference of his mood is communicated to his hearer—and we feel that even after reading what he had heard, it were better to “turn from the bridegroom's door.”

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :

A Sadder and a Wiser Man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Of all the author's productions, the one which seems most akin to the Ancient Mariner, is *Christabel*, a wonderful piece of poetry, which has been far less understood, and is as yet far less known than the other. This performance does not make its appearance in the *Sibylline Leaves*—but we hope Mr Coleridge will never omit it in any

future collection, The reception it met with was no doubt a very discouraging one, more particularly when contrasted with the vehement admiration which seems to have been expressed by all who saw it while yet in MS. Mr Coleridge, however, should remember that the opinions of the few who saw and admired Christabel then, may very well, without any overweening partiality on his part, be put into competition with the many who have derided it since. Those who know the secret history of the poem, and compare it with the productions of the most popular poets of our time, will have no difficulty in perceiving how deep an impression his remarkable creation had made on the minds of those of his contemporaries, whose approbation was most deserving to be an object of ambition with such a man as Mr Coleridge.

Christabel, as our readers are aware, is only a fragment, and had been in existence for many years antecedent to the time of its publication. Neither has the author assigned any reason either for the long delay of its appearance—or for the imperfect state in which he has at last suffered it to appear. In all probability he had waited long in the hope of being able to finish it to his satisfaction; but finding that he was never revisited by a mood sufficiently genial—he determined to let the piece be printed as it was. It is not in the history of Christabel alone that we have seen reason to suspect Mr Coleridge of being by far too passive in his notions concerning the mode in which a poet ought to deal with his muse. It is very true, that the best conceptions and designs are frequently those which occur to a man of fine talents, without having been painfully sought after: but the exertion of the Will is always necessary in the worthy execution of them. It behoves a poet, like any other artist, after he has fairly conceived the idea of his piece, to set about realising it in good earnest, and to use his most persevering attention in considering how all its parts are to be adapted and conjoined. It does not appear that even the language of a poem can arise spontaneously throughout like a strain of music, any more than the colours of a painter will go and arrange themselves on his canvass, while he is using on the subject in another room.

Language is a material which it requires no little labour to reduce into beautiful forms,—a truth of which the ancients were, above all others, well and continually aware. For although vivid ideas naturally suggest happy expressions, yet the latter are, as it were, only insulated traits or features, which require much management in the joining, and the art of the composer is seen in the symmetry of the whole structure. Now, in many respects Mr Coleridge seems too anxious to enjoy the advantages of an inspired writer, and to produce his poetry at once in its perfect form—like the palaces which spring out of the desert in complete splendour at a single rubbing of the lamp in the Arabian Tale. But carefulness above all is necessary to a poet in these latter days, when the ordinary medium through which things are viewed is so very far from being poetical—and when the natural strain of scarcely any man's associations can be expected to be of that sort which is most akin to high and poetical feeling. There is no question there are many, very many passages in the poetry of this writer, which shew what excellent things may be done under the impulse of a happy moment—passages in which the language—above all things—has such aerial graces as would have been utterly beyond the reach of any person who might have attempted to produce the like, without being able to lift his spirit into the same ecstatic mood. It is not to be denied, however, that among the whole of his poems there are only a few in the composition of which he seems to have been blessed all throughout with the same sustaining energy of affluence. The *Mariner*—we need not say—is one of these. The poem *Love* is another—and were Christabel completed as it has been begun, we doubt not it would be allowed by all who are capable of tasting the merits of such poetry, to be a third—and, perhaps, the most splendid of the three.

It is impossible to gather from the part which has been published any conception of what is the meditated conclusion of the story of Christabel. Incidents can never be fairly judged of till we know what they lead to. Of those which occur in the first and second cantos of this poem, there is no doubt many appear at present very strange and disagreeable, and the

sooner the remainder comes forth to explain them, the better. One thing is evident, that no man need sit down to read *Christabel* with any prospect of gratification, whose mind has not rejoiced habitually in the luxury of visionary and superstitious reveries. He that is determined to try every thing by the standard of what is called common sense, and who has an aversion to admit, even in poetry, of the existence of things more than are dreamt of in philosophy, had better not open this production, which is only proper for a solitary couch and a midnight taper. Mr Coleridge is the prince of superstitious poets; and he that does not read *Christabel* with a strange and harrowing feeling of mysterious dread, may be assured that his soul is made of impenetrable stuff.

The circumstances with which the poem opens are admirably conceived. There is in all the images introduced a certain fearful stillness and ominous meaning, the effect of which can never be forgotten. The language, also, is so much in harmony with the rude era of the tale, that it seems scarcely to have been written in the present age, and is indeed a wonderful proof of what genius can effect, in defiance of unfavourable associations. Whoever has had his mind penetrated with the true expression of a Gothic building, will find a similar impression conveyed by the vein of language employed in this legend. The manners, also, and forms of courtesy ascribed to the personages, are full of solemn grace.

—He kissed her forehead as he spake;
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine,
Turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again,
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast.

This is only one little example of the antique stateliness that breathes over the whole of their demeanour. But if these things are not perceived by the reader, it is altogether in vain to point them out to him.

The general import of the poem cannot yet be guessed at; but it is evident that the mysterious lady whom *Christabel* meets in the forest—whom she introduces by stealth into the castle of her father—and in whom her father recognizes the daughter of the

long-estranged friend—his youth, Sir Roland De Vaux of Triermaine,—is some evil being; whether demon or only demon-visited, we have no means to ascertain. Nothing can be finer than the description of the manner in which this strange visitant is first introduced.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of *Christabel*!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white;
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels disorder'd in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said *Christabel*,) And who art thou?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness.
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear,
(Said *Christabel*,) How cam'st thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,

Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine.
Five warriors seiz'd me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:—
They chok'd my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spur'd amain, their steeds were white;
And once we cross'd the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain in fits, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some mutter'd words his comrades spoke:
He plac'd me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretch'd forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine,
Saying, that she should command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And straight be convoy'd, free from thrall,
Back to her noble father's hall.
So up she rose, and forth they pass'd,
With hurrying steps, yet nothing fast;
Her lucky stars the lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said—
All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awaken'd be;
So to my room we'll creep in stealth,
And you to-night must sleep with me.

They cross'd the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she open'd straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was iron'd within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched
out.

The lady sank, belike thro' pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And mov'd, as she were not in pain.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried,
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, Alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they were.
Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she utter'd yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.

Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?
They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady pass'd, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.

O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.
Sweet Christabel her feet she hares,
And they are creeping up the stairs;
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reach'd her chamber door;
And now with eager feet press down
The rushes of her chamber floor.
The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.

But they without its light can see
The chamber carv'd so curiously,
Carv'd with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fasten'd to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She triump'h'd the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

With what exquisite delicacy are all these hints of the true character of this stranger imagined.—The difficulty of passing the threshold—the dread and incapacity of prayer—the moaning of the old mastiff in his sleep—the re-kindling of the lying embers as she passes—the influence of the lamp “fastened to the angel's feet.”—All these are conceived in the most perfect beauty.

The next intimation is of a far more fearful and lofty kind. The stranger is invited by Christabel to drink of wine made by his departed mother; and listens to the tale of that mother's fate who died it seems, “in the hour that Christabel was born.” Christabel expresses a wish of natural and innocent simplicity—

O mother dear that thou wert here—
—I would, said Geraldine she were.—

Mark the result.

But soon with alter'd voice, said she—
“Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
“I have power to bid thee flee.”
Alas! What ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
“Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
“Though thou her guardian spirit be,
“Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.”

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And rais'd to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!
The lady wip'd her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, “'Tis over now!”

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor wherupon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.

After the notion of evil has once been suggested to the reader, the external beauty and great mildness of demeanour ascribed to the Stranger produce only the deeper feeling of terror: and they contrast, in a manner ghastly, impressive, with the

which every now and then take place of what is concealed beneath them. It is upon this happy contrast that the interest of the whole piece chiefly hinges, and would Mr Coleridge only take heart, and complete what he has so nobly begun—he would probably make Christabel the finest exemplification to be found in the English, or perhaps in any language since Homer's, of an idea which may be traced in most popular superstitions.

In these two poems—we might even say in the extracts we have made from them—the poetical faculties of Coleridge are abundantly exhibited in the whole power and charm of their native beauty. That such exercise of these faculties may have been so far injudicious as not calculated to awaken much of the ordinary sympathies of mankind—but rather addressing every thing to feelings of which in their full strength and sway only a few are capable—all this is a reproach easy to be made, and in a great measure perhaps it may be a well-founded reproach. But nothing surely can be more unfair, than to overlook or deny the existence of such beauty and such strength on any grounds of real or pretended misapplication. That the author of these productions is a poet of a most noble class—a poet most original in his conceptions—most masterly in his execution—above all things a most inimitable master of the language of poetry—it is impossible to deny. His powers indeed—to judge from what of them that has been put forth and exhibited—may not be of the widest—or even of the very highest kind. So far as they go, surely, they are the most exquisite of powers. In his mixture of all the awful and all the gentle graces of conception—in his sway of wild—solitary—dreamy phantasies—in his music of words—and magic of numbers—we think he stands absolutely alone among all the poets of the most poetical age.

In one of the great John Müller's early letters (compositions, by the way, which it is a thousand pities the English reader should have no access to admire) there is a fine passionate disquisition on the power of words—and on the unrivalled use of that power exemplified in the writings of Rousseau. "He sways mankind with that delicious might"—says the youthful

— "as Jupiter does with his

lightnings." We know not that there is any English poet who owes so much to this single element of power as Coleridge. It appears to us that there is not one of them, at least not one that has written since the age of Elizabeth, in whose use of words the most delicate sense of beauty concurs with so much exquisite subtlety of metaphysical perception. To illustrate this by individual examples is out of the question, but we think a little examination would satisfy any person who is accustomed to the study of language of the justice of what we have said.— In the kind of poetry in which he has chiefly dealt, there can be no doubt the effect of his peculiar mastery over this instrument has been singularly happy—more so than, perhaps, it could have been in any other. The whole essence of his poetry is more akin to music than that of any other poetry we have ever met with. Speaking generally, his poetry is not the poetry of high imagination—nor of teeming fancy—nor of overflowing sentiment—least of all, is it the poetry of intense or overmastering passion.— If there be such a thing as poetry of the senses strung to imagination—such is his. It lies in the senses, but they are senses breathed upon by imagination—having reference to the imagination though they do not reach to it—having a sympathy, not an union, with the imagination—like the beauty of flowers. In Milton there is between sense and imagination a strict union—their actions are blended into one. In Coleridge what is borrowed from imagination or affection is brought to sense—sense is his sphere. In him the pulses of sense seem to die away in sense. The emotions in which he deals—even the love in which he deals—can scarcely be said to belong to the class of what are properly called passions. The love he describes the best is a romantic and spiritual movement of wonder, blended and exalted with an ineffable suffusion of the powers of sense. There is more of aerial romance, than of genuine tenderness, even in the peerless love of his Genevieve. Her silent emotions are an unknown world which her minstrel watches with fear and hope—and yet there is exquisite propriety in calling that poem *Love*, for it truly represents the essence of that passion—where the power acquired over the hu-

man soul depends so much upon the awakening, for a time, of the idea of infinitude, and the bathing of the universal spirit in one interminable sea of thoughts undefineable. We are aware that this inimitable poem is better known than any of its author's productions—and doubt not that many hundreds of our readers have got it by heart long ago, without knowing by whom it was written—but there can be no harm in quoting it, for they that have read it the most frequently will be the most willing to read it again.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The Moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
I sometimes starting up at once
A green and sunny glade.

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
Thus miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin-shame:
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin-pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

We shall take an early opportunity of offering a few remarks on Mr Coleridge's efforts in tragedy—and in particular on his wonderful translation, or rather improvement of the *Wallenstein*. We shall then, perhaps, be able still more effectually to carry our readers along with us—when we presume to address a few words of expostulation to this remarkable man on the strange and unworthy indolence which has, for so many years, condemned so many of his high gifts to slumber in comparative uselessness and inaction. "A cheerful soul is what the muses love—A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

THE MISSIONARY; A POEM. BY THE REV. W. I. BOWLES.

NEVER were any two poets more unlike each other than Bowles and Coleridge; and we believe that the associating principle of contrast has now recalled to our remembrance the author of so many beautiful strains of mere human affection and sensibility, after we have been indulging ourselves in the wild and wonderful fictions of that magician. Coleridge appears before us in his native might, only when walking through the mistiness of preternatural fear; and even over his pictures of ordinary life, and its ordinary emotions, there is ever and anon the "glimmer and the gloom" of an imagination that loves to steal away from the earth we inhabit, and to bring back upon it a lovelier, and richer, and more mysterious light, from the haunts of another world. Bowles, on the contrary, looks on human life with delighted tenderness and love, and unreservedly opens all the pure and warm affections of the most amiable of hearts, to all those impulses, and impressions, and joys, and sorrows, which make up the sum of our mortal happiness or misery. He is, beyond doubt, one of the most pathetic of our English poets. The *past* is to him the source of the tenderest inspirations; and while Coleridge summons from a world of shadows the imaginary beings of his own wild creation, to seize upon, to fascinate, and to enchain our souls in a pleasing dread, — Bowles recalls from death and oblivion the human friends whom his heart loved in the days of old — the human affections that once flowed purely, peacefully, and beautifully between them — and trusts, for his dominion over the spirits of his readers, to thoughts which all human beings may recognise, for they are thoughts which all human beings must, in a greater or less degree, have experienced. Coleridge is rich in fancy and imagination — Bowles in sensibility and tenderest passion. The genius of the one would delight to fling the radiance or the mists of fiction over the most common tale of life — that of the other would clothe even a tale of sorrow

with the saddest and most faithful colours of reality. Fear and order are the attendant spirits of Coleridge — pity and sadness love to abide by the side of Bowles. We have heard — indeed they themselves have told us — that these poets greatly admire the genius of each other; nor is it surprising that it should be so; for how delightful must it be for Bowles, to leave, at times, the "quiet homestead" where his heart indulges its melancholy dreams of human life, and to accompany the "winged bard" on his wild flights into a far-off land! — and how can it be less delightful to Coleridge to return from the dreary shadowiness of his own haunted regions, back into the bosom of peace, tenderness, and quiet joy!

We intend, on an early occasion, to take a survey of all Mr Bowles's poetical works; for some of them are, we suspect, not very generally known, and even those which are established in the classical poetry of this age, are not so universally familiar as they ought to be to our countrymen in Scotland. Mr Bowles was a popular poet before any one of the great poets of the day arose, except Crabbe and Rogers; and though the engrossing popularity of some late splendid productions has thrown his somewhat into the shade, yet, though little talked of, we are greatly mistaken if they are not very much read — if they have not a home and an abiding in the heart of England. The extreme grace and elegance of his diction, the sweetness and occasional richness of his versification, and his fresh and teeming imagery, would of themselves be sufficient to give him a respectable and permanent station among our poets; but when to these qualities are added a pure, natural, and unaffected pathos, a subduing tenderness, a strain of genuine passion, — all such an acupule to say that Mr B. is a poet, is more of the poetical of Lantano: some who say is dear book, with sink will rise wi

man soul depe^{we} shall content our-
awakening, quoting a few passages
infinitude, Swales' last poem, the Mis-
versal spirit that we think it, with
thoughtful beauties, by any means
that it, but because we suspect that
ter the least known of all his pro-
positions.

We give the author's words in his
preface, in order to explain the ground-
work of the subject

"The circumstance on which this poem
is founded, that a Spanish commander, with
his army, in South America, was destroyed
by the Indians, in consequence of the treach-
ery of his page, who was a native, and that
only a priest was saved, is taken from history."

The poem opens with the following
fine description of the scenery of South
America:

Beneath arid cliffs, and glittering snows,
The rush roof of an aged Warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes—high, overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold streams shot their icy spurts,
And a hellian trail of its smoke and smould'ring fires.
A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discover'd, like an eagle's nest.
Summer was in its prime,—the parrot flocks
Darken'd the passing sunbeam on the rocks,
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue hill were winding by,
The humming bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing, was punning o'er the flow'rs,
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray the sparkling dew,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues,
A cheek ring, with partial shade the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay net work, and fantastic twine,
The purple eugot threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens
white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, 'mid the led us, darksome boughs, illumines,
With instant touch, the Lion's secret plumes.
So smiles the scene,—but can its smiles impart
Aught to console yon mourning Warrior's heart?
He heeds not now, when beautifully bright,
The humming-bird is circling in his sight,
Nor e'en, alive his head, when air is still,
Hears the green woodpecker's resounding bill;
But gazing on the rocks and mountains wild,
Rock after rock, in glittering masses piled
To the volcano's cone, that shoots so high
Gray smoke whose columns stain the cloudless sky,
He cries, "Oh! if thy spirit yet be free
From these kingdoms of the shadowy dead,—
With downy light above,
And she forgave, or like a shadow came,
Too fondly of thy remembrance borne,
But when I told thee of my dream,
That craz'd that bore thine unseen heard,
And that he cross'd a mysterious dread,
Nor rested day the winds and fathers dead?
That sometimes from the summit, far away,
And sometimes from the thine may'st sustain
And sometimes starting in pain,
In green and sunny life and torrent stream,

Never to hear the summer cocoa wave,
Or weep upon thy father's distant grave."

We can conceive nothing more nat-
ural, nor more affectingly beautiful
than the following description of the
children of Atacapac, the mountain-
chief.

In other days, when, in his manly pride,
Two children for a father's fondness vied,—
Oft they said, in mimic strife to wield
His lance on laughing pappid behind his shield
Oft in the sun, or the moon's shade
Lightsome of heart as if of look they play'd,
Brother and sister. She, along the dew,
Blissful as the parrot of the forest flew
Blue rushes wreath'd her head, her dark brown hair
Fell, gently litter'd, on her bosom bare,
Her necklace shone, of sparkling insects made
That flit, like specks of fire, from sun to shade
Light was her form—a clasp of silver braid
The azure-dyed ichella round her waist
Her ankles rung with bells, unconfin'd
She danced, and sung wild carols to the wind
With snow white teeth, and laughter in her eye—
So beautiful in youth, she bounded by
Yet kindness sat upon her aspect mild,—
The time Alpaca stood and held her hand
She brought him gather'd moss, and lov'd to duck
With flow'ry twine his tall and stately neck,
Whilst he with silent gratitude replied
And bend to her eyes his large blue eyes

These children danc'd together in the shade
Or stretch'd their hands to see the rainbow fall,
Or sat and mock'd with imitative glees,
The parrot, that laugh'd from tree to tree
Or through the forest's wild solitude,
From glen to glen, the marmozet pursued,
And thought the light of parting day too short,
That it should them, ling'ring in the fully spout
In that first season of awakening life
When dawning youth and childhood are at strife
When on the verge of thought gay boyhood stands
Tiptoe, with glancing eye and outspread fan
With airy lool, and form, and footstep light
And glossy locks, and features berry bright
And eye like the young eaglet's to the ray
Of noon, unblenching, is he sail away
A brede of sea-shells on his bosom strung,
A small stone hatchet on his shoulders slung,
With slender lance, and feathers blue and red,
That, like the heron's crest, wave on his head,—
Buoyant with hope, and airiness, and joy,
Lautaro was the loveliest Indian boy
Taught by his sire, even now he dreads the bow,
Or track'd the jaguar on the morning snow,
Startled the Condor on the craggy height
Then silent sat, and mark'd its upward flight,
Leaving in ether a speck of white

But when the impassion'd grief unspoke of wit,
Smote his broad breast, or pointed to a scar,—
Spoke of the strangers of the distant mine,
And the proud bunches of insulting Spain—
Of the bird horse and iron horsin in spoke,
And his red Gods, that wrapt in rolling smoke—
Rov'd from the gun—the Boy, with still-drawn
breath,

Hung on the wondrous tale as mute as death,
Then rais'd his animated eyes, and cried,
"O let me perish by my father's side!"

The Warrior blesses his young son,
and the family retire to repose, when
their slumbers are suddenly broken by
the attack of a fierce band of Span-
iards, who, notwithstanding the des-
perate resistance of the distracted fa-
ther, bear off, as their prize, his young
son Lautaro.

Seven snows had fall'n, and seven green summers
pass'd,
Since here he heard that son a lov'd accout'st last.
Still his beloved daughter sooth'd his cares,
While time began to strew with white his hairs.
Oft as his painted feathers he unbraid'd,
On gar'd upon his hatchet on the ground,
Musing with deep despair, nor strove to speak,
Light she approach'd, and climb'd to touch his cheek,

Held with both hands his forehead, then her head
Drew smiling back, and kiss'd the tear he shed.
But late, to grief and hopeless love a prey,
She left his side, and wander'd far away
Now in this still and shelter'd glen that smil'd
Beneath the crags of precipices wild,
Wapt in a strain yet sorrowful repose,
The Warrior half forgot his country's woes,—
Forgot how many, impotent to save,
Shed their best blood upon a father's grave:
How many, torn from wife and children, pine
In the dark caverns of the hopeless mine,
Never to see again the blessed morn—
Slaves in the lovely land where they were born;
How many, at sad sun-set, with a tear,
The distant roar of sullen cannons hear,
Whilst evening seems, as dies the soul, to throw
A deathlier stillness on a nation's woe.

The Chuef is interrupted in his melancholy musing by the call of his countrymen to arms, and their applying to him as their leader. His address to the sun is, we think, very poetical, and the concluding lines are characterized by Mr Bowles' usual pathos.

The Mountain-chief essay'd his club to wield,
And shook the dust indignant from the shield.
Then spoke,—

"O Thou! that with thy ling'ring light
Dost warm the world, till all is hush'd in night;
I look upon thy parting beams, O Sun!
And say, 'E'en thus my course is almost run.'

"When thou dost hide thy head, as in the grave,
And sink to glorious rest beneath the wave,
Dost thou, in æsthetic repose, retire,
Below the deep, to unknown worlds of fire?
Yet, thou thou sleekest, awful, in the main,
The shadowy moon comes forth, and all the train
Of stars, that shine with soft and silent light,
Making so beautiful the brow of night.
Thus when I sleep within the narrow bed,
The light of after-dream around shall spread;
The sons of distant Ocean, when they see
The grass-green heap beneath the mountain tree,
And hear the leafy boughs at evening wave,
Shall pause and cry, 'There sleep in dust the brave!
All earthly hopes my lonely heart have fled!
Stern Gucubri, angel of the dead!
Who laughest when the brave in pangs expire,
Whom dwelling is beneath the central fire,
Of yonder burning mountain, who hast pass'd
O'er my poor dwelling, and with one fell blast
Scatter'd my summer-leaves that cluster'd round,
And swept my fairest blossoms to the ground;
Angel of the despatch, O come not nigh,
Nor wave thy red wings o'er me where I lie;
But thou, O mild and gentle spirit, stand,
Angel of hope and peace, at my right hand,
(When blood drops stagnate on my brow) and guide
My pathless voyage o'er the unknown tide,
To scenes of ruddier joy—to that fair isle,
Where bow'rs of bliss, and soft savannahs smile;
Where my forefathers oft the fight renew,
And Spain's black visionary steeds pursue;
Where, cease'd the struggles of all human pain,
I may behold thee—these—my son, again."

The next image presented is the repose of the Spanish general's army, and the reflections that employed him even in sleep, contrasted with the sad feelings of his page, Lautaro.

On the broad ocean, where the moonlight slept,
Thoughtful he turn'd his waking eyes, and wept,
And whilst the thronging forms of memory start,
Thus holds communion with his lonely heart:
"Land of my Fathers, still I tread your shore,
And mourn the shade of hearts that are no more;
Whilst night-air, like remember'd voices, sweep,
And murmur from the unquieting deep,
Was it thy voice, my Father!—thou art dead—
The green rush waves on thy forsaken bed.
Was it thy voice, my Sister!—gentle maid,
Thou too, perhaps, in the dark cave art laid;
Perhaps, e'en now, thy spirit sees me stand
A homeless stranger in my native land;

Perhaps, e'en now, along the moonlight sea,
It binds from the blue cloud, remembering me.
"Land of my Fathers, yet—O yet forgive,
That with thy deadly enemies I live
The tenderst ties (it boots not to relate)
Have bound me to their service and their fate;
Yet whether on Peru's war-washed plain,
Or visiting these sacred shores again,
Whatever the struggles of this heart may be,
Land of my Fathers, it shall beat for thee!"

The supposed appearance of the Genius of the Andes, which opens the second canto, is extremely well-conceived, and the imagery which dismises the Spirit possesses great beauty. The military preparations of Valdivia are described in the same style of grandeur—in particular the war-horse and dress of the general and his page Lautaro.

The sun ascended to meridian height,
And all the northern bastions shone in light:
With hoarse acclaim the gong and trumpet rung,—
The Moorish slaves aloft their cymbals swung,—
When the proud victor, in triumphant state,
Rode forth, in arms, through the port-curtain gate.
With neck high arching, as he mote the ground,—
And restless pawing to the trumpets' sound,—
With mantling mane, o'er his broad shoulders
spread,—

And nostrils blowing, and dilated red,—
The coal-black steed, in rich caparison
Far-trailing to the ground, went proudly on:
Proudly he tramp'd, as conscious of his charge,
And turn'd around his eye-balls, bright and large,
And shook the trothy hoofs, as in disdain;
And toss'd the flakes, indignant, of his mane;
And, with high-swelling veins, exulting press'd
Proudly against the barb his heaving breast.

The fate of empire glowing in his thought,—
Thus arm'd, the tented field Valdivia sought.
On the left side his poised shield he bore,
With quaint devices richly blazon'd o'er;
Above the plumes, upon his helmet's cone,
Castles imperial crest illustrious shone;
Blue in the wind th' escutcheon'd mantle flow'd
O'er the chain'd mail, which tinkled as he rode.
The barred vizor rais'd, you might discern
His chime-chang'd countenance, tho' pale, yet stern,
And resolute as death,—whilst, in his eye
Sat proud Assurance, Fame, and Victory.

Lautaro, now in manhood's rising prime,
Rode, with a lance, attendant, at his side,
In Spanish mantle gracefully array'd;
Upon his brow a tuft of feathers play'd:
His glossy locks, with dark and mantling grace,
Shaded the noon-day sun beams on his face.
Though pass'd in tears the day-spring of his youth,
Valdivia lov'd his gratitude and truth;
He, in Valdivia, own'd a nobler friend;
Kind to protect, and mighty to defend.
So, on he rode: upon his youthful mien
A mild but sad intelligence was seen:
Courage was on his open brow, yet Care
Seem'd like a wand'ring shade, to linger there;
And though his eye shone, as the eagle's, bright,
It beam'd with humid, melancholy light.

In the exultation of the hour, Valdivia addresses the attendant youth, asking if he thought it possible that the Indians could withstand such an army as was now before them. The following is the answer of Lautaro:

"Forgive me, Youth replied, and check'd a
tear,—
"The land where my forefathers sleep, is dear!—
My native land!—this spot of blessed earth,
The scene where I, and all I love, had birth!—
What gratitude fidelity can give,
Is yours, my Lord!—you shielded—bade me live,
When, in the circuit of the world so wide,
I had but one, one only friend beside.
I bow'd—resigned to Fate; I kiss'd the hand,
With the best blood of my Father's land!"

But mighty as thou art, *Valdivia*, know,
Though 'Cortes' desolating march laid low
The shrines of rich, voluptuous Mexico,—
With carcases, though proud Pizarro strew
The Sun's imperial temple at Peru,—
Yet the rude dwellers of this land are brave,
And the last spot they love will be their grave!"

Then first, when *Valdivia* turns
away in anger, and *Lautaro* retires
from the scene, we are introduced to
the *Missionary*. The scenery, in the
midst of which stands his oratory,
again gives occasion for the exercise
of that power of description, which
Mr Bowles possesses in a degree equal
to the best poets of his country. We
give a part which impressed us with
the most lively pleasure.

Just heard to tinkle through a covert near,
And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,
A fount, like rain-drops, filter'd thro' the stone,—
And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.
Intent his fairy pastime to pursue,
And, gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue,
The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song
Heddlously murmur'd all the summer long,
And when the winter came, retir'd to rest,
And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.
No sounds of a conflicting world were near;
The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,
That seem'd, as sunk to rest the noon-tide blast,
But dying sounds of passions that were past;
Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire
The lessening echoes of the distant choir.

The meek and holy character of
Anselmo is amply expressed in the
lines—

There was no wily feeling in his eye,—
The world to him "was as a thing gone by."

The lessons of piety and resignation
by which he instructs his young con-
vert *Lautaro*, and the relation of the
tale of his misfortunes, are given with
that sweetness and simplicity which
the character demands, and which in-
deed pervade the whole poem.

The adopted daughter of the *Mis-
sionary* has become the wife of *Lau-
taro*, which is the tie that binds him
to the Spaniards. Another personage
is now introduced, and one, the no-
velty of which is extremely pleasing—
not that we mean to say that an in-
constant lover is by any means new,
but the mixture of gayety and melan-
choly of warmth of heart, and insta-
bility of principle, forms the charm
which envelops *Zarinel* the minstrel.
He comes to *Anselmo* to relieve his
conscience by a confession of his cruel-
ty to "an Indian maid," who trust-
ed, and was by him deserted. This,
it will be readily conjectured, was the
daughter of *Atacaspac*, "and sister of
Lautaro, who found him in distress,
pitied and led him to her father's hut.

"The father spoke not:—by the pine-wood blast,
The daughter stood—and turn'd a cake of maize,
And then, as sudden shone the light, I saw
Such features as no artist hand might draw.
Her form, her face, her symmetry, her air,—
Father! thy age must such recital spare—

She sav'd my life—and kindness, if not love,
Might sure in time the coldest bosom move—
Mine was not cold—she lov'd to hear me sing,
And sometimes touch'd with playful hand the
string—

And when I wak'd some melancholy strain,
She wept, and smil'd—and bade me sing again—
So many a happy day, in this deep glen,
Far from the noise of life, and sounds of men,
Was pass'd! Nay! father, the sad sequel hear—
'Twas now the leafy spring-time of the year—
Ambition call'd me: True, I knew, to part,
Would break her generous and her trusting heart—
True, I had lov'd—but now estrang'd and cold,
She saw my look, and shuddered to behold—
She would go with me—leave the lonely glade
Where she grew up, but my stern voice forbade—
She hid her face and wept.—'Go then away,'
(Father, methinks, ev'n now I hear her say)
'Go to thy distant land—forget this tear—
Forget these rocks,—forget I once was dear.—
Fly to the world, o'er the wide ocean fly,
And leave me unremember'd here to die'
Yet to my father should I all relate,
Death, instant death, would be a traitor's fate!"

Yet notwithstanding her pathetic
remonstrances, ambition conquers love
—he leaves "her sorrows and the
scene behind,"—and for this he craves
absolution from her father. Though
all *Anselmo's* admonition is equally
excellent, we think these two lines
all-expressive:

"First by deep penitence the wrong atone,
Then absolution ask from God alone!"

The succeeding canto presents ma-
ny sublime and terrific scenes. The
different appearance of the several In-
dian warriors, particularly *Caupolican*
—their solemn invocation of their
"country-gods"—their denunciations
of vengeance against the tyrants who
invade their rights,—is told in the
most forcible manner, and bear the
attention along with eager impetuosi-
ty during the continuance of these
mysterious ceremonies, and examina-
tion of the unfortunate Spanish cap-
tive, who, as he tremblingly pro-
nounces the name of the hostile com-
mander, and casts the billet into the
trench, excites the renewed rage of
the assembled avengers.

Warrior.

"Cast in the lot."

Again, with looks aghast,
The captive in the trench a billet cast.
"Pronounce his name who here pollutes the plain,
The leader of the mailed hosts of Spain!"

Captive.

"*Valdivia*!"

At that name a sudden cry
Burst forth, and every lance was lifted high.

Warrior.

"*Valdivia*!—Earth upon the billet heap!
So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!"
The dark woods echoed to the long acclaim,
"Accursed be his nation and his name!"

Their appalling conference is inter-
rupted.

Issued, when, bursting from the thickest wood,
With lifted axe, two gloomy warriors stood,
Wan in the midst, with dark and streaming hair,
Blown by the wind upon her bosom bare,
A woman, faint from labor's wild alarms,
And folding a white infant in her arms,

Appeared. Each warrior stoop'd his lance to gaze
On her pale looks, seen ghastlier through the blaze.
"Sav'd! she exclaim'd, with harrow'd aspect wild;
"Oh, save my innocent—my helpless child!"
Then fainting fell, as from death's mut'ue stroke.

To the inquiries of the Chiefs from
whence they come, the answer is, that
the ship in which the Spanish woman
was being wrecked, and the seamen
having borne her and her child to
shore, they were attacked and mas-
sacred by the Indians, leaving these
two helpless beings now brought there
for the sacrifice. They are saved by
the intercession of the Mountain-
chief. This is the speech of Caupoli-
can:

"*White woman*—we were free,
When first thy brethren of the distant sea
Came to our shores! *White woman*, thus the guilt!
Thine, if the blood of innocence be spilt!
Yet blood we seek not, though our arms oppose
The hate of foreign and remorseless foes
Thou comest here a captive—so abide,
Till the Great Spirit shall our cause decide."
He spoke—the warriors of the night obey
And, ere the east struck of dawning day,
They left him from the scene of bloody day.

The Spanish woman is next repre-
sented bound, and pale, and weeping
over her slumbering child, when a fe-
male voice resounds through the
gloomy solitude, and an Indian maid
appears, who, impelled by compas-
sion, has been induced to visit, and
endeavour to relieve the captive; on
hearing whose story, when she is told
that the wretched mother was follow-
ing a beloved husband, the tender re-
collections of the Indian are awakened,
and finely shewn in her impassioned
exclamation.

"Oh! did he love thee the? let death betide,
Yes, from this cave I will be thy guide,
Nay, do not shrink! from Caracilli's boy,
E'en now, the Spaniards wind their march this way.
As late as yester eve I paid the shore,
I heard their signal-guns at distance roar
Wilt thou not follow? *He* will shield thy child,—
'The Christian's God,—through press'd ark and wild
He will direct thy way! Come, follow me,
Oh, yet be lov'd, be happy, and be free!
But I, an outcast on my native plain,
The poor Ololo ne'er shall smile again!"
So guiding from the cave, when all was still,
And pointing to the farthest gum-acting hill,
The Indian led, till on Itata's side,
The Spanish camp and night fires they descried:
Then on the stranger's neck that wild maid fell,
And said, "Thy own gods prosper thee!—Farewell!"

Canto the sixth. From the festivi-
ties of "the Castle Hall" Lautaro re-
tires to "wander by the moonlight
sea," his bosom torn with sad remem-
brance. A scene of great interest
there ensues between him and the
unhappy Ololo, whom at first he
knows not; but after she had fled, a
sudden thought flashes on his mind
that he has beheld his sister.

Zarinel, whose minstrelsy, mean-
while, had delighted the revellers,
now languid and weary from the past
For. VI.

gayety, and with a mind at variance
with itself, seeks the shore.

As thus, with shadow stretching o'er the sand,
He mus'd and wander'd on the washing strand,
At distance, tow'd upon the foaming tide,
A dark and floating substance he espied.
He stood, and when the eddying surge bent,
An Indian corpse was roll'd beneath his feet
The hollow wave ret'd with sullen sound—
The face of that sad corpse wist to the ground,
It seem'd a female, by the slender form;
He touch'd the hand—it was no longer warm.
He turn'd its face—oh! God, that eye though dim,
Seem'd with its deadly glare as fix'd on him.
How sunk his shudd'ring sense, how chang'd his hue,
When poor Ololo in that corpse he knew!
Lautaro, rushing from the rocks, advanc'd;
His keen eye, like a startled eagle's, glanc'd;
'Tis she!—he knew her by a mark improv'd
From earliest infancy beneath her breast.
"Oh, my poor sister! when all hopes were past
Of meeting, do we meet—thus met—at last!"
Then, full on Zarinel, as one an' d, he
With rising wrath and stern suspicion gaz'd.
(For Zarinel still knelt upon the sand,
And to his forehead press'd the dead inuid's hand)
"Speak! whence art thou?"

Pale Zarinel, his head
Uprising, answered, "*Peace is with the dead!*
Thou dost thou seek who injur'd thine and thee?
He—strike the fell assassin—I am he!"
"Die!" he exclaim'd, and with convulsive start
Instant had plung'd the dagger in his heart.
When the mark'd father, with his holy book,
And placid aspect, met his fix'd look,
He trembled—struck his brow—and, turning round,
Plung the uplift'd dagger to the ground.
Then in murmur'd—"Father, Heav'n has heard thy
prayer!"
But oh! the sister of my soul—lies there!
The *Christian's* God has triumph'd! Father, heap
Some earth upon her bones, whilst I go weep!"

The seventh canto is taken up with
the warlike preparations of the Spa-
niards, till the final engagement, all
which is conducted with great spirit
and dignity of expression. The fol-
lowing is the energetic account of the
decisive moment:

With breathless expectation, on the height,
Lautaro watch'd the long and dubious fight
Pale and resign'd the meek man stood, and press'd
More close the holy image to his breast.
Now nearer to the fight Lautaro drew,
When on the ground a Warrior met his view,
Upon whose features Memory seem'd to trace
A faint resemblance of his *Father's* face,
O'er him a horseman, with collected might,
Rais'd his uplifted sword, in act to smite,
When the Youth springing on, without a word,
Snatch'd from a soldier's wearied grasp the sword,
And smote the horseman through the crest: a yell
Of triumph burst, as to the ground he fell.
—Lautaro shout'd, "Oh! brave brothers, on!
Scatter them, like the snow—the day is won!"
Lo, 't *Lautaro*,—Atacapur's son!"

The Indians rally inspired with
fresh courage, attack the enemy anew,
and in a few moments the fate of the
Spaniards is decided. The shouts of
victory ascend—Valdivia is made pris-
oner. Anselmo, too, is carried away
captive, and Zarinel expiates by death
his injuries to Ololo.

The last canto records the fate of
the devoted Valdivia, which Lautaro
is unable to prevent. The aged and
mortally wounded Atacapur survives
but to know and embrace his son.
The Missionary is preserved, and, in

the Spanish woman and her infant, Lautaro finds his wife and child.

The last duties are paid to the remains of the Mountain-chief; and such is Angelmo's concluding prayer :

"Here, too," he cried, "my bones in peace shall rest!
Few years remain to me, and never more
Shall I behold, oh Spain! thy distant shore!
Here lay my bones, that the same tree may wave
O'er the poor Christian's and the Indian's grave.

O may it—(when the sons of future days
Shall hear our tale, and on the hillside gaze,
O may it teach, that charity should bind,
Where'er they roam, the brothers of mankind!
The time shall come, when wildest tribes shall hear
Thy voice, O Christ! and drop the slaughter ring-spear.
Yet, we condemn not him who bravely stood,
To sell his country's freedom with his blood,
And if, in after-times, a ruthless band
Of tell invaders sweep my native land,—
May she, by *Chili's* stern example led,
Hurl back his thunder on the assailant's head;
Sustain'd by Freedom, strike th' avenging blow,
And learn one virtue from her ancient foe!"

THE CHRISTIAN AND CIVIC ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS, BY THOMAS
CHALMERS, D. D. *†

No. I.

It is the intention of Dr Chalmers to publish, quarterly, the successive chapters of a work on the comparative habits of a city and a country population. The subject is one of mighty importance, and we have no doubt that broad lights will be stream'd upon it from his powerful and original mind, lifting up into general knowledge truths that have long been lost sight of even by the wisest philanthropists. We shall have much satisfaction in following Dr Chalmers through his interesting inquiries and speculations, and shall endeavour to lay before our readers a condensed view of the leading arguments of each Number of his work. It is well observed by him, in the preface to the first Number, that there is a great deal of philanthropy afloat in this our day. At no period, perhaps, in the history of the human mind, did a desire of doing good so earnest, meet with a spirit of inquiry so eager, after the best and likeliest methods of carrying the desire into accomplishment. Amidst all that looks dark and menacing, in the present exhibitions of society, this, at least, must be acknowledged—that never was there a greater quantity of thought embarked on those speculations which, whether with Christian, or merely economical writers, have the one common object of promoting the worth and comfort of our species. It must be confessed, at the same time, that much of this benevolence, and more particularly, when it aims at some fulfilment, by a combination of any individuals, is rendered abortive want of a right direction. Were

the misleading causes to which philanthropy is exposed, when it operates among a crowded assemblage of human beings, fully understood, then would it cease to be a paradox—why there should either be a steady progress of wretchedness in our land, in the midst of its charitable institutions; or a steady progress of profligacy, in the midst of its churches, and Sabbath schools, and manifold reclaiming societies.

The great and leading position which Dr Chalmers advances is this, that the same moral regimen which, under the parochial and ecclesiastical system of Scotland, has been set up, and with so much effect, in her country parishes, may, by a few simple and attainable processes, be introduced into the most crowded of her cities, and with as signal and conspicuous an effect on the whole habit and character of their population—that the simple relationship which obtains between a minister and his people in the former situation, may be kept up with all the purity and entireness of its influences in the latter, and be equally available to the formation of a well conditioned peasantry—in a word, that there is no such dissimilarity between town and country, as to prevent the great national superiority of Scotland, in respect of her well principled and well educated people, being just as observable in Glasgow or Edinburgh, for example, as it is in the most retired of her districts, and these under the most diligent process of moral and religious cultivation. So that, while the profligacy which obtains in every

crowded and concentrated mass of human beings, is looked upon by many a philanthropist as one of those helpless and irreclaimable distempers of the body politic, for which there is no remedy—he maintains, that there are certain practicable arrangements which, under the blessing of God, will stay this growing calamity, and would, by the perseverance of a few years, land us in a purer and better generation.

I.—The first essential step towards the assimilation of the power and influence of religion, and the character of its ministers, over the population of large towns, to that exercised in country parishes, is a numerous and well-appointed agency. By dividing his parish into small manageable districts—and assigning one or more of his friends in some capacity or other to each of them—and vesting them with such a right either of superintendence or of inquiry, as will always be found to be gratefully met by the population—and so raising as it were a ready intermediatum of communication between himself and the inhabitants of his parish, a clergyman may at length attain an assimilation in point of result to a country parish, though not in the means by which he arrived at it. He can in his own person maintain at least a pretty close and habitual intercourse with the more remarkable cases; and as for the moral charm of cordial and Christian acquaintanceship, he can spread it abroad by deputation over that portion of the city which has been assigned to him. In this way an influence long unfelt in towns, may be speedily restored to them, and they know nothing of this department of our nature, who are blind to the truth of the position—that out of the simple elements of attention, and advice, and civility, and good-will, conveyed through the tenements of the poor, by men a little more elevated in rank than themselves, a far more purifying and even more gracious operation can be made to descend upon them, than ever will be achieved by any other of the ministrations of charity.

Such arrangements as these are peculiarly fitted to repair the disadvantages under which a city, purely commercial, necessarily labours. In all such cities there is a mighty and unfilled space interposed between the high and the low, in consequence of

which they are mutually blind to the real cordialities and attractions which belong to each other, and a resentful feeling is apt to be fostered, either of disdain or defiance. To destroy all such unhappy feelings of animosity or repugnance, no better plan can be devised, than to multiply the agents of Christianity, whose delight it may be to go forth among the people, on no other errand than of pure good will, and with no other ministrations than those of respect and tenderness.

Nothing, we think, can be more beautiful than the paragraph in which Dr Chalmers winds up this part of his argument.

“There is one lesson that we need not teach, for experience has already taught it, and that is, the kindly influence which the mere presence of a human being has upon his fellows. Let the attention you bestow upon another be the genuine emanation of good will—and there is only one thing more to make it irresistible. The readiest way of finding access to a man's heart, is to go to his house—and there to perform the deed of kindness, or to acquit yourself of the wonted and the looked-for acknowledgment. By putting yourself under the roof of a poor neighbour, you in a manner put yourself under his protection—you render him for the time your superior—you throw your reception on his generosity, and be assured that it is a confidence which will almost never fail you. If Christianity be the errand on which you move, it will open for you the door of every family; and even the profane and the profligate will come to recognise the worth of that principle which prompts the unwearied assiduity of your services. By every circuit which you make amongst them, you will attain a higher vantage-ground of moral and spiritual influence—and in spite of all that has been said of the ferocity of a city population, be assured that, in your rounds of visitation, you will meet with none of it, even among the lowest receptacles of human worthlessness. This is the home-walk in which you earn, if not a proud, at least a peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the greetings of men who, touched even by your cheapest and easiest services of kindness, have nothing to give but their wishes of kindness back again; but in giving these have crowned your pious attentions with the only popularity that is worth the aspiring after—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families, and at the side of death-beds.”

II. A second most essential step towards the assimilation of a city and a country parish, is one simple and unembarrassed relationship between the heritors and the kirk-session. Into

the details of this part of the pamphlet it is needless now to enter. Suffice it to say, that Dr Chalmers contends for this equitable privilege of a city clergyman, that he shall enjoy the same advantages with the very humblest minister of the establishment in his own retired country parish. If this, says he, be to strike out from the local system of any one city, it is also to fall in with the general and original system of Scotland. If it be to impart a form from the provinces, it is with the view of perfecting and strengthening that vehicle by which it is a possible thing to impart the cordiality, and the moral discipline, and the comparative virtue of the provinces along with it.

III. The third essential step towards the assimilation of a town with a country parish, is an entire exemption of the minister from all the secularities which of late years have been oppressively heaped upon his office, and which are still augmenting upon it, at a rate of rapid and alarming accumulation. Dr Chalmers exposes the mischief of such secularities by a narrative of the way in which the sanctity of the clerical profession has been disturbed and violated. This we give entire.

"Among the people of our busy land, who are ever on the wing of activity, and, whether in circumstances of peace or of war, are at all times feeling the impulse of some national movement or other, it is not to be wondered at, that a series of transactions should be constantly flowing between the metropolis of the empire, and its distant provinces. There are the remittances which pass through our public offices, from soldiers and sailors, to their relatives at home;—there are letters of inquiry sent back again from these relatives;—there is all the correspondence, and all the business of drafts, and other negotiations, which ensue upon the decease of a soldier, or a sailor;—there is the whole tribe of hospital allowances, the payment of pensions, and a variety of other items, which, all taken together, would make out a very strange and tedious enumeration.

"The individuals with whom these transactions are carried on, need to be verified. They live in some parish or other; and who can be fitter for the required purpose, than the parish minister? He is, or he ought to be, acquainted with every one of his parishioners; and this acquaintance, which he never can obtain in towns, but by years of ministerial exertion amongst them, is turned to an object destructive of the very principle on which he was selected for such a service.

It saddles him with a task which breaks in upon his ministerial exertions; which widens his distance from his people; and, in the end, makes him as unfit for certifying a single clause of information about them, as the most private individual in his neighbourhood.

"Yet so it is. The minister is the organ of many a communication between his people and the offices in London,—and many a weary signature is exacted from him,—and a world of management is devolved upon his shoulders,—and, instead of sitting like his fathers in office, surrounded by the theology of present and other days, he must now turn his study into a counting-room, and have his well-arranged cabinet before him, fitted up with its sections and its other conveniences, for notices, and duplicates, and all the scraps and memoranda of a manifold correspondence.

"But the history does not stop here. The example of government has descended, and is now quickly running through the whole field of private and individual agency. The regulation of the business of prize-moneys, is one out of several examples that occur to me. The emigration of new settlers to Canada was another. The business of the kinloch bequest is a third. It does not appear, that there is any act of government authorising the agents in this matter to fix on the clergy, as the organs either for the transaction of their business, or the conveyance of their information to the people of the land. But they find it convenient to follow the example of government, and have accordingly done so; and, in this way, a mighty host of schedules, and circulars, and printed forms, with long blank spaces, which the minister will have the goodness to fill up, according to the best of his knowledge, come into mustering competition with the whole of his other claims, and his other engagements. It is true, that the minister may, in this case, decline to have the goodness; but then, the people are apprised of the arrangement, and, trained as they have been, too well, to look up to the minister as an organ of civil accommodation, will they lay siege to his dwelling-place, and pour upon him with their inquiries; and the cruel alternative is laid upon him either to obstruct the convenience of his parishioners, and bid them from his presence, or to take the whole weight of a management that has been so indiscreetly and so wantonly assigned to him. In this painful struggle between the kindness of his nature, and the primitive and essential duties of his office, he may happen to fix on the worse, and not on the better part. It is not reason, that even, for such a service, I should leave the ministry of the word and prayer. But, in an unlucky moment, I did so, along, I believe, with a vast majority of my brethren; and out of the multitude of other doings, from this source of employment alone, which are now past, and have sunk into oblivion, &c.

single achievement of seventy signatures in one day, is all that my dizzy recollection has been able to keep and to perpetuate.

If, for the expediting of business, we are made free with, even by private individuals, it is not to be wondered at, if charitable bodies should, at all times, look for our subserviency to their schemes and their operations of benevolence. When a patriotic fund, or a Waterloo subscription; blazons in all the splendour of a nation's munificence, and a nation's gratitude, before the public eye,—who shall have the hardihood to refuse a single item of the bidden co-operation that is expected from him? Surely such a demand as this is quite irresistible; and, accordingly, from this quarter too, a heavy load of consultations and certificates, with the additional singularity of having to do with the drawing of money, and the keeping of it in safe custody, and the dealing of it out in small discretionary parcels according to the needs and circumstances of the parties;—all, all is placed upon the shoulders of the already jaded and overborne minister.

That all this is radically wrong and pernicious, no person can deny—and Dr Chalmers merely recommends the substitution of lay for clerical agency. He says rightly and beautifully.

The laymen require no more than a correct view of the importance of the substitution which we now demand from them, and, when that is given, they will come forth, in hundreds, from their hiding places. The ranks of philanthropy will soon fill, and this fine city be put into a glow with generous wishes, and high and liberal devisings for the good of her population. Instead of ministers being brought down to the habit of merchants, merchants will be brought up to tone and habit of ministers. And if, through the ascending scale of charity, some of them should rise so high as to do what was done by the Elders of other days—if, unashamed of the gospel of Christ, they should stand intrepidly forth as the guides and comforters of the people—if, not unwilling, and not afraid to vary the labours of the counting-house, with the labours of an affectionate urgency amongst the chambers of the sick, and the afflicted, and the dying, they shall bring back the habit of the olden time, amongst our families—another generation will not pass away, till they have brought back all the piety, and all the kindness of the olden time along with it.

In the latter part of this eloquent composition, Dr Chalmers points out the evil consequences that must result from the accumulation of secular duties on the clergymen of large cities, upon their character as ministers of religion, and also upon the theological literature of Scotland. He lays down that undeniable principle, that the

work of a Christian teacher is enough, by itself, to engross and take possession of the entire powers of any single man; and that if he be daily and hourly called upon to attend to matters, not only separate and distinct from, but absolutely irreconcilable with the discharge of his loftier duties, he must by degrees become indifferent to, and incapable of his own sacred functions, a sorry man of business, and a lukewarm and inefficient servant of God. There is something dignified and noble in the following observations:

“I need say no more about the direct blow which the prevailing system of our towns must, at length, in this way, give to the cause of practical Christianity, in our congregations and parishes. I proceed to another effect, still more palpable, if not more prejudicial, than the former. It will keep back and degrade the theological literature of Scotland.

“There is nothing in the contrast which I am now to offer, between the theology of our age and that of another, which is not highly honourable to the present race of clergymen. The truth is, that they have kept their ground so well against the whole of this blasting and degenerating operation, as to render it necessary, for the purpose of giving full effect to my argument, that I should look forward, in perspective, to the next age, and compute the inevitable difference which must obtain between its literature and that of the last generation.

“On looking back to the distance of half a century, we behold the picture of a church adorned by the literature of her clergy. It is of no consequence to the argument, that the whole of this literature was not professional. Part of it was so; and every part of it proved, at least, the fact, that there was time, and tranquillity, and full protection from all that was uncongenial for the labours of the understanding. I cannot but look back with regret, bordering upon envy, to that period in the history of our church, when her ministers accompanied with the sages of philosophy, and bore away an equal share of the public veneration—when the petulances of Hume, as he sported his unguarded hour, among the circles of the enlightened, were met by the pastors of humble Presbyterianism, who, equal in reach and in accomplishment to himself, could repel the force of all his sophistries, and rebuke him into silence—when this most subtle and profound of infidels aimed his decisive thrust at the Christian testimony, and a minister of our church, and he, too, the minister of a town, dared all the hazards of the intellectual warfare, and bore the palm of superiority away from him.—In a word, I look back, as I do upon a scene of departed glory, to that period, when the clergy of our cities could ply the

toils of an unbroken solitude, and send forth the fruits of them, in one rich tide of moral and literary improvement over our land. It is true, that all the labours of that period were not rendered up, in one consecrated offering, to the cause of theology. It is true, that among the names of Wallace, and Henry, and Robertson, and Blair, and M'Knight, and Campbell, some can be singled out, who chose the classic walk, or gave up their talent to the speculations of general philosophy. Yet the history of each individual amongst them, proves that, in these days, there was time for the exercise of talent—that these were the days, when he, among the priesthood, who had an exclusive taste for theology, could give the whole force of his mind to its contemplations—that these were the days, when a generous enthusiasm for the glories of his profession, met with nothing to stifle or vulgarise it—that these were the days, when the man of prayer, and the man of gospel ministrations, could give himself wholly to these things, and bring forth the evidence of his profiting, either in authorship to all, or in weekly addresses to the people of his own congregation. It is true, that the names which I have now gathered, are all from the field of a lofty and conspicuous literature. Yet I chiefly count upon them, as the tokens of such a leisure, and of such a seclusion, and of such an habitual opportunity, for the exercises of retirement, as would give tenfold effect to the worthiest and most devoted ministers of a former generation—as enabled the Hamilton and Gillies of our own city, to shed a holier influence around them, and have throned, in the remembrance of living men, the Erskine, and Walker, and Black, of our metropolis, who maintained, throughout the whole of their history, the aspect of sacredness, and gave every hour of their existence to its contemplations and its labours.

“What is it that must cause all resemblance of this to disappear from a future generation? Not that their lot will be cast in an age of little men. Not that Nature will send forth a blight over the face of our establishment, and wither up all the graces and talents which, at one time, signalized it. Not that some adverse revolution of the elements will bring along with it some strange desolating influence on the genius and literature of the priesthood. The explanation is nearer at hand, and we need not seek for it among the wilds or the obscurities of mysticism. Nature will just be as liberal as before; and bring forth the strongest and the healthiest specimens of mind, in as great abundance as ever; and will cast abroad no killing influence at all, to stunt any one of its aspiring energies; and will just, if she have free play, be as vigorous with the moral as with the physical productions of a former generation. This change, of which the fact will be unquestionable, however much the cause may elude the public observation, will not be the work of Nature, but of man.

There will be no decay of talent whatever, in respect to the existence of it. The only decay will be in the exercise of talent. It will be that her solitudes have all been violated—that her claims have all been unheeded and despised—that her delicacies have all been overborne—above every thing, that her exertions and her capabilities have been grossly misunderstood—it not being known how much restraint stifles her—and the employments of ordinary business vulgarise her—and distraction impedes the march of her greater enterprises—and the fatigue she incurs by her own exercises, if accumulated by the fatigue of other exercises, which do not belong to her, may at length enervate and exhaust her altogether. Thus it is, that an unlearned public may both admit the existence of the mischief, and lament the evils of it, and yet be utterly blind to the fact, that it is a mischief of their own doing. They lay their own rude estimate on a profession, of the cares and the labours of which they have no experience—and, instead of cheering, do they seowl upon the men who vindicate the privileges of our order. They are perpetually measuring the habits and the conveniences of literary business, of which they know nothing, by the habits and conveniences of ordinary business, of which they know something. And thus it is, that instead of the blind leading the blind, the blind, in the first instance, turn upon their leaders—they give the whole weight of their influence and opinion to that cruel process, by which the most enlightened priesthood in the world, if they submit to it, may, by the lapse of one generation more, sink down into a state of contentment with the tamest, and the humblest, and the paltriest attainments. Nor will it at all alleviate, but fearfully embitter, the whole malignity of this system, should its operation be such, that, in a succeeding age, both our priests and our people will sit down in quietness, and in great mutual satisfaction with each other—the one fired by no ambition for professional excellence; the other actuated by no demand for it—the one peaceably leaning down to the business of such services as they may be called to bear; the other not seeking, and not caring for higher services.

“Every thing that is said for the evils of such a system, should elevate, in public estimation, all our living clergymen. It came upon them in the way of gradual accumulation; and, at each distinct step, it wore the aspect of a benevolent and kind accommodation to the humbler orders of society. They are not to blame that it has been admitted; and I call upon the public to admire, that they have stood so well its adverse influence on all their professional labours. But there is one principle in human nature, which, if the system be not done away, will, in time, give a most tremendous certainty to all our predictions. It does not bear so hard on the natural indolence of man, to spend his life in bustling and miscellaneous activity, as to spend his life in meditation and prayer. The

former is positively the easier course of existence. The two habits suit very ill together; and, in some individuals, there is an utter incompatibility betwixt them. But should the alternative be presented of adopting the one habit or the other singly, the position is unquestionable, that it were better for the ease, and the health, and the general tone of comfort and cheerfulness, that a man should lend out his person to all the variety of demands for attendance, and of demands for ordinary business, which are brought to bear upon him, than that he should give up his mind to the labours of a strenuous and sustained thoroughness. Now, just calculate the force of the temptation to abandon study, and to abandon scholarship, ~~when~~ personal comfort and the public voice, ~~both~~ unite to lure him away from them—when the popular smile would insinuate him into such a path of employment, as, if he once enter, he must bid adieu to all the stern exercises of a contemplative solitude; and the popular frown glares upon that retirement, in which he might consecrate his best powers to the best interests of a sadly misled and miscalculating generation—when the hosannahs of the multitude cheer him on to what may be comparatively termed a life of amusement; and the condemnation, both of unlettered wealth and unlettered poverty, is made to rest upon his name, should he refuse to let down the painful discipline of his mind, by flitting it all away amongst those lighter varieties of management, and of exertion, which, by the practice of our cities, are habitually laid upon him. Such a temptation must come, in time, to be irresistible; and, just in proportion as it is yielded to, must there be a portion of talent withdrawn from the literature of theology. There must be the desertion of all that is fine, and exquisite, and lofty, in its contemplations. There must be a relapse from the science and the industry of a former generation. There must be a decline of theological attainments and theological authorship. There must be a yearly process of decay and of deterioration, in this branch of our national literature. There must be a descending movement towards the tame, and the feeble, and the common-place. And thus, for the wretched eclat of getting clergy to do, with their hands, what thousands can do as well as they, may our cities come, at length, to barter away the labour of their minds, and give such a blow to theology, that, amongst men of scholarship and general cultivation, it will pass for the most languishing of the sciences.

“And here I cannot but advert to the observation of Hume, who, be his authority in religion what it may, must be admitted to have very high authority in all matters of mere literary experience. He tells us, in the history of his own life, that a great city is the only fit residence for a man of letters; and his assertion is founded on a true discernment of our nature. In the country,

there may be leisure for the pursuits of the understanding; but there is a want of impulse. The mind is apt to languish in the midst of a wilderness, where, surrounded perhaps by uncongenial spirits, it stagnates and gathers the rust of decay, by its mere distance from sympathy and example, and the animating converse of men who possess a kindred taste, and are actuated by a kindred ambition. Transport the possessor of such a mind to a town, and he there meets with much to arouse him out of all this dormancy. He will find his way to men, whose views and pursuits are in harmony with his own—and he will be refreshed for action, by the encouragement of their society—and he will feel himself more linked with the great literary public, by his personal approximation to some of its most distinguished members—and communications from the eminent, in all parts of the country, will now pour upon him in greater abundance—and above all, in the improved facilities of authorship, and from his actual position within the limits of a theatre, where his talents are no sooner put forth into exercise, than the fruits of them may be brought out into exhibition—in all this, we say, there is a power and a vivacity of excitement, which may set most actively agoing the whole machinery of his genius, and turn to its right account those faculties which, else, had withered in slothfulness, and, under the bleak influences of an uncheered and unstimulated solitude, might finally have expired.

“This applies, in all its parts, to the literature of theology, and gives us to see how much the cities of our land might do for the advancement of its interests. They might cast a wakeful eye over the face of the country—and single out all the splendour and superiority of talent which they see in our establishment—and cause it to emerge out of its surrounding obscurity—and deliver it from the chill and languor of an uncongenial situation—and transplant it into a kindlier region, where, shielded from all that is adverse to the play or exercise of mind, and encouraged to exertion by an approving and intelligent piety, it may give its undivided labour to things sacred, and have its solitude for meditation on these things, varied only by such spiritual exercises out of doors, as might have for their single object the increase of Christian worth and knowledge amongst the population.

This is what cities might do for Theology. But what is it that they in fact do for it? The two essential elements for literary exertion, are excitement and leisure. The first is ministered in abundance out of all those diversities of taste and understanding which run along the scale of a mighty population. The second element, if we give way much longer to the system which prevails among you—if we lay no check upon your exertions, and make no stand against the variety of your inconsiderate demands upon us—if we resign our own right of judgment

upon our own habits and our own conveniences, and follow the impulse of a public, who, without experience on the matter, can feel no sympathy and have no just calculation about the peculiarities of clerical employment—then should we be robbed of this second element altogether. We should lie under the malignity of an Egyptian bondage—bricks are required of us, and we have no straw. This public would like to see all the solidities of argument, and all the graces of persuasion, associated with the cause of sacred literature. But then they would desolate the sanctuaries of literature. They would drag away mind from the em-

ployments of literature. They would leave not one moment of time or of tranquillity for the pursuits of literature. They would consume by a thousand preposterous servilities all those energies of the inner man, which might, every one of them, be consecrated with effect, to the advancement of literature. In one word, they would dethrone the guardians of this sacred cause from the natural eminency of their office altogether;—and, weighing them down with the burden of other services, they would vulgarise them out of all their taste and all their generous aspirations after literature."

NOTICES OF REPRINTS OF CURIOUS OLD BOOKS,

No V.

*The Life and Errors of John Dunton.**

THOUGH at the end of the "Short Memoir of the Author" we observe the initials, J. B. N., yet we have no doubt that we owe this, which is beyond all comparison the most amusing reprint we have been called upon to notice, to the excellent and venerable Mr Nichols, whose genuine love for literary history has already been so well displayed in the productions which have issued from his press. The publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, and the compiler of the Literary Anecdotes, could not possibly have amused a portion of his old age with any occupation more congenial to his own taste than with the superintendence of this new edition of the Autobiography of the once celebrated, or at least notorious, though now forgotten, John Dunton. Neither, unless we are much mistaken, could he easily have drawn out from the neglected mines of our minor literature, any thing more likely to find favour in the eyes of those readers who are penetrated with some portion of the love of antiquarianism. Nay, we might go much farther than this;—for those who enjoy gossip, scandal, slander, quaintness, humour, and extravagant self-conceit,—all will find abundant gratification in their departed bibliopole's delineation of himself, his friends, his enemies,—and above all, in his solemn commemoration of "all the spurs his patient merit took" from the government and the people of

England at the beginning of the last century. The period in which the Livery of London could name John Dunton among its members, was indeed a very remarkable one; and its history, civil, political, military, ecclesiastic, and even literary, may in general be conceived to be pretty well known. In the midst, however, of all the innumerable treatises which have preserved for us so much minute information concerning all the great personages of that age, from Queen Anne and George I. up to Swift, Addison, and Steele,—it is not to be denied that there still remain many, very many points, in regard to which a common reader is left to complete for himself the unfinished picture that has come down to us. Those who take the trouble to peruse the two comely octavos which have now been given to us by Mr Nichols, will perhaps have little difficulty in confessing that a certain part of the vacuum has been supplied by the indefatigable self-love of the institutor of the "Athenian Club," and the author of the "Dublin Scuffle." We would fain hope that the example of this eminent individual may not be altogether thrown away on his successors,—our own contemporary bibliopoles; and should have much pleasure could we imagine that our commendations of him and his works might add any additional stimulus to excite some among their number to

* *The Life and Errors of John Dunton, citizen of London, with the Lives and Characters of more than a thousand contemporary Divines, and other persons of literary eminence; to which are added, Dunton's Conversations in Ireland—Selections from his other genuine Works—and a faithful portrait of the author.* 2 vols 8vo. Nichols, Son, and Bentley, London. 1818.

do for their age what Dunton has done for his. To say the truth, we are not acquainted with any class of men whose opportunities are more favourable for the collecting of valuable materials of anecdote, than the worthy "fathers of the Row." There are no traffickers, with whose minutest and most peculiar objects of interest so large a portion of readers must at all times be found to sympathize. The autobiography of any other tradesman or merchant would attract few but those of his own particular calling; but we venture to say, that few books of that species would present a more agreeable amusement to many great masses of the reading public, in the year 1919, than a *Sketch of the Life and Errors of William Blackwood*, or *Archibald Constable*, or *John Ballantyne*, citizens of Edinburgh,—or of *William Davies*, or *John Murray*, citizens of London,—written in true Duntonian fulness and freedom, by any one of these intelligent heads of the profession.

•But, to begin from the beginning, as our author himself has done.—John Dunton, the hero of this his own long story, was born at Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, the 14th of May, 1659; of which place his father, the Rev. Mr John Dunton, was rector. The particulars of his birth are detailed by the autobiographer as minutely as if he could have accurately remembered every thing that occurred; for, as he sagaciously insinuates, there is nothing so small in itself which it is not interesting to know concerning a great man. Who is not delighted to read in Plutarch how the bees clustered around the cradle of Alexander? Who does not sympathize with the distress of the midwife, who at first thought that John Dunton had come a dead man-child into the world,—and her joy when the infant Worthy began, at the sprinkling of a little cold water, to exhibit some symptoms of that vigour which was destined in after days to keep *Paternoster-Row* in a ferment? "The first appearance I made," says our candid historian, "was very mean and contemptible; and, as if Nature had designed me to take up only some insignificant and obscure corner in the universe, I was so diminutive a creature that a quart pot could contain the whole of me with ease."

"From such beginnings mighty things arise; So small a star can brighten all the skies."

Vol. VI.

"In this condition," he continues, "and long before I had any articulate use of my tongue, I gave the world sufficient evidence of a child of Adam, and the certain tokens of corrupt nature and passion were more and more apparent as I made advances in age and strength."—"We cannot pretend to offer any conjecture what sinful symptoms these might be, that typified at so early a period the after offences of John Dunton's life and conversation—the disturbance he created among his own family and relations by the fretfulness of his dispositions—and the many sheets which his future *Cacothies* scribendi was destined to cover with its impurities.

The incidents of the tender years of our hero are not in general, however, of a very extraordinary nature. We shall only take notice of one or two remarkable persecutions which the "non sine diis animosus infans" experienced.—He once fell into the water, and had like to be drowned; "but, as Providence would have it, my cousin John Reading was lying on the bank, and saved me."—Another time he swallowed a leaden bullet, and just when the family have given up all hopes of him, "behold! up it bolted;"—"and here," he goes on, "that I may not prove ungrateful to a preventing Mercy, I shall add a third danger that my childish curiosity exposed me to." He was amusing himself, it seems, with chewing a bearded ear of corn, when it stuck in his throat, and he could not get rid of it. In this extremity, says he, "some of my relations, viz. Malmesey of Chesham, aunt Reading, her daughter Anne, Mrs Mary Gossam, Sarah Randal, &c. &c. who were walking in the fields, found me, speechless and gasping, and with much difficulty set me to rights again." John confesses, notwithstanding of all these events, that he still continued to be a true child of Adam. He has no diffidence in owning, that it was more easy for him to utter a lie than a truth, and remarks, that he has reason to be thankful to Providence for having made him a coward—but for which circumstance, he owns, he would have been the foremost in all pranks of petty pilfering. When the boys of the school robbed an orchard, John Dunton was always placed sentinel at a considerable distance, till on one occasion his fears for himself got the better of his sense of duty, and by a too precipitate flight

he left all his associates in the lurch. After this, John had no apples to roast at night, and grew very sulky with every body about him.

John was a bad scholar—the natural difficulties of the Greek tongue, and “what worse,” says he, “a silent passion for a virgin in my father’s house quite unhinged all my resolutions of study.” His father, however, was determined still to give him a chance of “some affinity to the muses:” so at the age of fifteen years he was bound apprentice to Mr Thomas Packhurst, bookseller in London, “a religious and just man.” Here, as he says, he might at least have the opportunity of becoming skilled in “the outside of erudition—the shell and casks of learning.” The confinement of the shop sickened him at first, and being quizzed by the other apprentices, he once fairly ran off to his father in the country. But there the gravity of paternal admonition, and John’s own good sense soon restored him to his right mind—and he returned to Mr Packhurst, after an absence of a few days, with a settled purpose, which was soon changed into a settled love of application; nor from this time does it appear that he ever had any doubt for a moment that the highest, as well as the most delightful of all human occupations is that of a bookseller. Henceforth, Piso seemed in his eyes a greater man than twenty Horaces—and Pope himself was scarcely regarded as any thing better than a piece of the furniture of Linot’s shop. The only interruption to which his professional avocations were now exposed, arose out of his old *tendre* for *La Belle Passion*. The origin of his first apprentice flame is somewhat whimsical—although very much we can believe in the course of apprentice life. One of his fellow apprentices forged a love-letter to him, in the name of a certain “young virgin,” then a boarder with Mr Packhurst—as follows:

“DEAR SIR.—We have lived some time together in the same family, and your distant connection has given me a little impatience to be better acquainted with you. I hope your good nature will not put any constructions upon this innocent address to my disadvantage; and should you discover it, it would certainly expose yourself at the expense of your

“SUSANNAH S.—ING.”

“I was strangely surprised,” says he, “at this *Billet-doux*, and more in regard the lady had all the little and the charming prettinesses both of wit and beauty that might easily have gained her as many conquests as she pleased; in short, so licentious and extravagant was my folly, that I gave her a *billet* the same day, in which I made an appointment to meet her in Grocers’ Garden the next evening, where we both attended; but so soon as I revealed the occasion, she told me she was ignorant of it. However, this romantic courtship gave both of us a real passion; but my Master, making a timely discovery of it, sent the lady into the country; and absence cooled our passions for us, and by little and little we both of us regained our liberty.”

At the expiration of the apprenticeship, which was spent in this manner, John gave an entertainment to no less than a hundred apprentices, to celebrate the funeral. It must be observed, however, that John was no ordinary apprentice when he was guilty of this piece of extravagance. He had made himself conspicuous as a principal leader on the part of the whigs; i. e. the whig apprentices—when they on one occasion made an address to Sir Patience Ward, Lord Mayor of London. John having been one of the first in the procession which carried this address, was of course one of the first who heard the Lord Mayor’s excellent advice in reply, “Go home and mind your business, boys,”—but he could not help regarding himself already as a party-man of some consequence—and, indeed, in a petition to George II. written a great many years after, we find him still returning to the whiggery of his apprenticeship, as one of his greatest merits. However, he now became a bookseller on his own account, but to avoid too large a rent he took only half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber.

“PAINTING was now the uppermost in my thoughts, and *Hackney Authors* began to ply me with “*Specimens*,” as earnestly, and with as much passion and concern, as the *Watermen do Passengers with Oars and Scullers*.

“I had some acquaintance with this Generation in my Apprenticeship; and had never any warm affection for them; in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a Sheet*, than in any generous respect they bore to the *Commonwealth of Learning*; and, indeed, the Learning itself of these Gentlemen lies very often in a little room as their Honesty; though they will pretend to have studied

you six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass both of Human and Ecclesiastic History—when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of Saint Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their Honesty, it is very remarkable: they will either persuade you to go upon another man's Copy, to steal his Thought, or to abridge his Book, which should have got him bread for his life-time. When you have engaged them upon some Project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion; and you shall never hear of them more. I have offered thus much, as a character of these Scribblers, that may give the caution to Booksellers, and take off a most wretched scandal from the trade in general. However, though I have met with temptations enough of this nature, to grow rich by knavery, and a learned kind of theft; yet this I can say for myself (and I neither have, nor shall be too lavish in my own praise,) that I never printed another's Copy, wept upon his Project, nor stole so much as his Title-page, or his Thought."

His views of the profession on which he had now entered, are sufficiently amusing.

"A man should be well furnished with an honest policy, if he intends to set out in the world now-a-days. And this is no less necessary in a Bookseller than in any other Tradesman! for in that way there are plots and counterplots, and a whole army of Hackney Authors that keep their grinders moving by the travail of their pens. These Gormandizers will eat you the very life out of a Copy so soon as ever it appears; for, as the times go, *Original* and *Abridgement* are almost reckoned as necessary as man and wife; so that I am really afraid that a Bookseller and a good conscience will shortly grow some strange thing in the earth. I shall not carry the reflection any farther, but only make this single remark, that he who designs to be the best Christian, must dip himself the least in business."

The moment he had opened his shop, and made a little money by publishing "the Reverend Mr Doolittle's Sufferings of Christ"—his elderly female acquaintances seem all to have very busily set about providing him with a wife. One Mrs Seaton recommended Miss Sarah Day of Greenwich—Sarah Doolittle was the next, and apparently a more tempting proposal.

"There is Sarah Doolittle," says another person, "will make a better wife for you by ten degrees, and then you will have use of your Father's Copies for nothing; and his

Book on the Sacrament, you know, has sold to the twentieth edition, which would have been an estate for a Bookseller." This design was quite lost in the novelty of another; and Sam Crook being too fortunate a Rival, I would not so much as attempt the matter."

At last, however, John's time was come.

"One Lord's-day (and I am very sensible of the sin) I was strolling about just as my fancy led me; and stepping into Dr. Annesley's Meeting-place, where, instead of engaging my attention to what the Doctor said, I suffered both my mind and my eyes to run at random (and it is very rare but Satan can throw in a temptation when the sinner lies open for it), I soon singled out a young lady that almost charmed me dead; but having made my inquiries, I found to my sorrow she was pre-engaged. However, my friends, to keep up the humour I was in, advised me to make an experiment upon her elder Sister (they both being the Daughters of the Reverend Dr. Annesley); and the hint they gave me, as Providence would have it, made a deeper impression upon me than all the recommendations they had given me before. I disposed all matters to carry on the design with all possible dispatch. But I steered by another compass than I had done in all my former amours. And was resolved, in regard the Reverend Dr. Annesley was a man of so much sincerity and religious prudence, to mention the matter first of all to him; and taking Mr. Isaac Brinly along with me, and Mr. Obadiah Mariat to second the proposal, the Doctor sent for Mr. Packhurst, who gave me a character that was favourable enough; so that, having received all reasonable satisfaction of that nature, the Doctor told me, 'I had his free consent, if I could prevail upon his Daughter for her's; which was more than Mr. Cockeril (deceased) could ever obtain, after a long courtship.'"

The modest Bibliopole seems never to have been troubled with any misgivings in regard to his own qualifications for gaining the affections of Miss Annesley, on whom and himself, from the commencement of their flirtation, he bestows the Arcadian names of Iris and Philaret. After a few months of delay, during which it seems to have been Dunton's custom to sup every evening at the doctor's—the fair Iris at length consented to make him the happiest of men—they were married on the 9d of August, 1682, in All-hallow's church, by Dr William Lewis—having listened the same morning to a preparatory sermon preached by the bride's father. We cannot afford room for Mr Dunton's abstract

of this sermon; but shall only mention that the text was Ephesians, v. 32. "This is a great mystery." The posy of the wedding-ring was this,

**"God saw thee
Most fit for me."**

After the ceremony Dr Annesley appears to have sported a very good dinner (for a dissenter,) and if we may judge from the warmth of the following epithalamium, which was composed and sung in the course of the evening, by "the Reverend, learned, and devout Mr Joseph Veal"—the bottle had not been slow in its circuits. We quote the verses chiefly on account of the character here given of their author.

All that's sweet and soft attend;
All that's calm, serene, and bright,
That can please, or pleasure mend,
Or secure, or cause delight.
Little Cupids, come and move
Round the Bridegroom's greedy eyes;
Whilst the stately Queen of Love
Round the Bride her cestus ties.
Golden Hymen, bring thy robe;
Bring thy torch, that still inspires,
Round the stately amorous globe,
Vigorous flames and gay desires.
Sister Graces, all appear;
Sister Graces, come away;
Let the Heavens be bright and clear,
Let the Earth keep holy-day.
Jocund Nature does prepare,
To salute the charming Bride;
And with odours fill the air,
Snatch'd from all the world beside.
Virtue, Wit, and Beauty may
For a time refuse to yield;
But at length they must obey,
And with honour quit the field.
Their efforts all in vain will prove,
To defend their free-born state,
When attack'd by mighty Love,
They must all capitulate.
Marble-hearted Virgins, who
Rail at Love, to shew your wits;
So did once Eliza too,
Yet with pleasure now submits.
You too, envious Swains, who would
Follow Cupid, if you might;
Like the Fox that gaping stood,
Discommend the grapes for spite.
Since experience teacheth best,
Ask if mutual Love has charms,
When the Bride and Bridegroom rest,
Lock'd in one another's arms."

It is needless to add, that Mr Dunton carried the lady home after supper to his own house—for he had now deserted the single chamber, and posted

"the sign of the Black Raven," in front of a tenement entirely his own. Here Iris soon exhibited her perfect possession of all the faculties most precious in the lady of a Bibliopole. She kept Dunton's cash—she balanced his books for him—she darned his stockings, and gave her opinion of MSS. In short, as Dunton says—"they were now on their own legs, and every thing prospered;" when of a sudden, there came an universal damp upon trade, occasioned by the defeat of Monmouth; and Dunton becoming involved in pecuniary difficulties by reason of some imprudent advances to his friends—found it expedient to get together as many books as he could, and sail for New England with the speculation. The parting with Iris is dwelt upon in the most affecting terms for many pages—but at last we find John at sea—and very sick he is, and very cowardly, as might have been expected.

Myself and four more of the Passengers belonged to the Captain's mess; but very often, when we were soberly sat down to dinner, one blast of wind would lay all our provisions in common. When we came about 50 leagues off the Lizard, and in 86 fathom of water, and beginning to sail by the Log, we were all on a sudden surprized with the cry of "A sail! a sail!" which they mistook for a *Sallee-man*: orders were given immediately to make ready to engage; and I was resolved among the rest, to lose the last drop of life. But soon after we lost sight of the *Sallee-man*, under the covert of a mist; though, about two o'clock next morning, we were rouzed with the shout, "Arise! arise! the *Sallee-man's* upon us." Upon this second alarm, every man was set to his gun in an instant; but as for myself, I kept out of sight as well as I could, till I heard them asking "Where is Mr Dunton, that was so valiant over night?" This, I confess, put me into a cold sweat, and I cried, "Coming! coming! I am only seeking my ruffles;" a bad excuse, you know, is better than none. I made my appearance at last, but looked nine ways at once; for I was afraid Death might come in amongst the boards, or nobody knew where. This is the only instance I can give, when my courage failed me. The danger was immediately blown over; for our pirate proved no more than a Virginia Merchant, that was equally afraid of our Ship. Upon this news, my courage returned; and I seemed very much dissatisfied, that I should lose the satisfaction of being engaged at sea.

He arrives in safety at Boston—and immediately commences a most elaborate description of the Rev. Mr In-

crease Mather, and all the other doctors and divines, who bought any of his books from him. He also favours us with minute delineations of all the Boston booksellers and printers—of which take this specimen

The next is Mr C——k, a young Beau, that boasts of more villany than ever he committed. However, as he bought a great many Books, I cannot disown my acquaintance with him. And I here publish his matchless impudence, in hopes to shame him into better morals.

Finally, he descends to particulars of his own acquaintances, male and female—on the ladies he enlarges multo con amore—dividing them into three sections—viz. maids, wives, and widows, and uttering most oracular dogmata, touching them in their various stations. His chief favourite among the *maids* is not named; but she is described as being “a thorn-back”—(a cant Bostonian, for a maiden of 30 years,) and her behaviour is described so graphically, that her acquaintances could not have been much at a loss to find her out. Among the *wives*, Mrs Green is the em-

always observed that, whenever she spoke of her Husband, it was in the most endearing manner. Nor could she ever mention him, without paying the tribute of a tear to his memory. She set such a value on her relation to her Husband, as to do nothing that might seem unworthy of it. Historians inform us, that it was the dying charge of Augustus to the Empress Livia, “Behave thyself well, and remember our marriage.” Madam Brick had yet another way of expressing the value she had for Mr Brick; and that is, by the kindness she shewed to the Children which he left behind him, which were only two. As to their education, she took care that they might have that learning that was proper for them; and above all, that they might be furnished with ingenuous and virtuous principles, founded on the fear of God. Neither did she suffer her pious behaviour to be cast off with her *Widow's veil*, but made it the constant dress both of her *widowhood* and *life*; and, as a consequence hereof, she became a member of Mr Allen's congregation, and lived a life of sincere piety; and yet was so far from *sinciness* either in her countenance or conversation, that nothing was ever more sweet or agreeable; making it evident that piety did not consist in moroseness, nor sincere devotion in a supercilious carriage.

The less admirable specimens of the

.....g with her own hands—and although she has been married only a few weeks, she never exhibits any of “the usual symptoms of over-fondness before company.” The Widow Brick is the paragon of the 3d class.

But, having given a farewell to Mrs Green, I shall next present you with the character of the Widow Brick, the very flower of Boston. That of a Widow is the next state or change that can succeed to that of Marriage; and I have chosen my friend the Widow Brick, as an exemplar, to shew you what a Widow is. The Widow Brick is a Gentlewoman whose *Head* (i. e. her husband) has been cut off, and yet she lives and walks. But do not be frightened; for she is flesh and blood still, and perhaps some of the *finest* that you ever saw. She has sufficiently evidenced that her Love to her late Husband is as strong as Death, because Death has not been able to extinguish it. Her grief for his death was such as became her, great but moderate; not like a *hasty shower*, but a still rain: she knew nothing of those tragical furies wherewith some women seem transported towards their dead Husbands: those frantic embraces and caresses of a carcase betray a little too much the sensuality of their love; such violent passions quickly spend themselves, and seem rather to vanish than consume. But Madam Brick grieved more moderately, and more lastingly. I

Abel, “whose Love is a blank, where—in she writes the first that offers himself.”—and Mrs F——y.

“Had the Case of a Gentlewoman, but little else to shew she was a Rational Creature, besides Speech and Laughter. When I first saw her, I was not long to guess what she was, for Nature had hung out the sign of simplicity in her face. When she came into my Warehouse, I wondered what Book she intended to buy. At last I perceived she intended to buy none, because she knew not what to ask for; yet she took up several, looked in them, and laid them down again. Perceiving her simplicity, I asked her in joke, whether she would not buy the History of Tom Thumb? She told me “Yes.” Upon which I asked her whether she would have it in folio, with marginal notes? To which she only said, “The best, the best.”

“The next I shall mention is Mrs D——, who has a bad face, and a worse tongue; and has the report of a Witch. Whether she be one or no, I know not, but she has ignorance and malice enough to make her one. And indeed she has done very odd things, but hitherto such as are rather strange than hurtful; yea, some of them are pretty and pleasing; but such as I think cannot be done without the help of the devil—as for instance, she will take nine sticks, and lay them across, and by mumbling a few words, make them all

stand up on end like a pair of nine-pins. But she had best have a care, for they that use the devil's help to make sport, may quickly come to do mischief. I have been told by some, that she has actually indentured with the Devil; and that he is to do what she would have him for a time, and afterwards he is to have her soul in exchange! What pains poor wretches take to make sure of Hell!

"The next is *Doll S—r*, who used to come often to my Warehouse, and would plague my man Palmer more than all my customers besides. Her life is a perpetual contradiction; and she is made up of "I will," and "I will not." "Palmer, reach me that book, yet let it alone too; but let me see it, however, and yet it is no great matter neither;" was her constant dialect in my Warehouse. She is very fantastical; but cannot be called irresolute; for an irresolute person is always beginning, and she never makes an end; she writes, and blots out again, whilst the other deliberates what to write. I know two negatives make an affirmative; but what her *aye* and *no* together makes, I know not; nor what to make of it, but that she knows not what to make of it herself. Her Head is just like a Squirrel's cage, and her Mind the Squirrel that whirls it round. She never looks towards the end, but only the beginning of things; for she will call in all haste for one, and have nothing to say to him when he is come; and long, nay *die*, for some toy or trifle; and when she has got it, grows weary of it presently. None knows where to have her a moment; and whosoever would hit her thoughts, must shoot flying.

"The next is *Mrs H—*, who takes as much state upon her as would have served six of Queen Elizabeth's Countesses; and yet she is no Lady neither, unless it be of pleasure; yet she looks high, and speaks in a majestic tone, like one acting the Queen's part in a Play. She seldom appears twice in a shape; but every time she goes abroad, puts on a different garb. Had she been with the Israelites in the Wilderness, when for forty years their cloaths waxed not old, it had been punishment enough for her to have gone so long in *one fashion*. But, should this rustling Madam be stripped of her silken plumes, she would make but a very ordinary figure; for, to hide her age, she paints; and to hide her painting, dares hardly laugh; whence she has two counterfeit vizards to put off every night, her *painting* and her *modesty*. She was a good Customer to me, and whilst she took my money, I humoured her pride, and paid her (I blush to say it) a mighty observance. The chief books she bought were Plays and Romances; which to set off the better, she would ask for books of *Gallantry*.

The next is *Mrs T—*, whose tongue runs round like a wheel, one spoke after

another, for there is no end of it. She makes more noise and jangling than the bells do on a Coronation day. It is somebody's happiness that she is yet unmarried, for she would make a Husband wish either that she were *dumb*, or he were *deaf*. She used to come to my Warehouse, not to buy books (for she talked so much, she had no time to read), but that others might hear her talk; so that (I am apt to think) had she but the faculty of talking in her sleep, one might make the *Perpetual Motion* with her tongue.

His stay in the city, adorned by these fair creatures, is interrupted now and then by little journeys up the country; and he gives us very interesting sketches of all that he saw there, from the Indian chiefs and queens down to the entertainments given him by the Puritan Divines he visited in the back settlements—of one of these reverend persons, Mr Aminadab Gery, he observes emphatically, "The Christian is devout—the preacher is primitive—he gave us a capital dinner." Another "Generous Levite," is uncle to "Mrs Comfort, who rode behind me this trip—a beautiful piece of luggage;" and "testifies his joy to see his niece, by a fat pig and bowl of punch he gave us for supper."

After a stay of much greater length than he had anticipated, John Dunton returns to London; and he likens himself to Ulysses for the troubles he had undergone, although we cannot perceive many traces, except those of good eating and drinking, in his own account of his wanderings. He cannot think of coming unexpectedly into the presence of his Penelope—so he turned into the Queen's Head, Spitalfields, and sent word to her "there was a gentleman there who could tell some news of Philaret."

"About an hour after, Iris came; and at the first interview we stood speechless, and gazing upon each other, whilst Iris shed a flood of tears. At last we got our tongues at liberty; and then

"Embrac'd and talk'd, as meeting lovers would,
Who had the pangs of absence understood."

We left the Tavern, and went home to Dr Annesley's, where I was received with all the marks of kindness and respect.

At my return, I expected nothing but a golden life of it for the future, though all my satisfactions were soon withered; for, being so deeply entangled for my Sister-in-law, I was not suffered to step over the threshold in ten months, unless it was once under disguise; and the story is this. My

confinement growing very uneasy to me, especially on Lord's-days, I was extremely desirous to hear Dr Annesley preach; and immediately this contrivance was started in my head, that dear Iris should dress me in woman's cloaths, and I would venture myself abroad under those circumstances. To make short of it, I got myself shayed, and put on as effeminate a look as my countenance would let me; and being well fitted out with a large scarf, I set forward; but every step I took, the fear was upon me that it was made out of form. As for my arms, I could not tell how to manage them, being altogether ignorant to what figure they should be reduced. At last I got safe to the Meeting, and sat down in the obscurest corner I could find. But, as I was returning through Bishopsgate-street, with all the circumspection and the care imaginable (and I then thought I had done it pretty well), there was an unlucky rogue cried out, "I'll be hang'd if that ben't a man in woman's cloaths." This put me into my preternatural indeed; and I began to scour off as fast as my legs would carry me: there were at least twenty or thirty of them that made after me; but, being acquainted with the alleys, I dropped them, and came off with honour. My Reverend Father-in-law, Dr Annesley, knew nothing of this religious metamorphosis; and though I do not think he would have suffered it, yet my inclination to public worship was justifiable enough.

Wearied with this confinement, he determines to make a trip to the Continent, and spends, accordingly, several months at Amsterdam, Cologne, Mentz, &c. &c. of all which places, and their inhabitants, (the booksellers at least) he gives accounts in his usual style. On the day the Prince of Orange came to London, however, we find him once more in his native land, and, re-opening, with new vigour, his old shop at the sign of the Black Raven, in the Poultry. Here he publishes no less than 600 books (such is his success) in a very short space of time; and out of all that number there are but seven of which he is inclined to repent. Among these is the "Voyage round the World, or Pocket Library;" one volume of which collection is filled with "The Rare Adventures of Don Kainophilo," a production of the publisher's own pen, and the first, as it would seem, of the whole mighty family of his lucubrations. In regard to this volume Mr Nichols presents us with a note by the excellent author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, which we shall quote.

"This rhapsody is noticeable for its extreme rarity, and for two elegant pieces of

poetry, which, if John's own, entitle him to a higher degree of praise than he has been usually thought to merit. It is obscurely noticed in his "Life and Errors;" but the Anagram of the Author's name prefixed to a copy of verses declares him. It has a frontispiece, which is a large folding cut, with 24 circles, exhibiting the Author's adventures. To this Work was prefixed Panegyric Verses, "by the Wits of both Universities," who, however, offer no evidence of their residence or their quality; and may be suspected to be Wits of the University of Grub-street. One of these wretched panegyrics tells us that "the Author's name, when unanagrammatised, is hid unto none," by which John Dunton would, and would not, conceal himself.—These volumes were published in our Scribbler's thirtieth year, on his return from America; and are, in fact, a first essay towards that more mature "Life and Errors" which he gave the world in 1705. He seems to have projected a series of what he calls "The Cock-rambles of all my Four and Twenty Volumes;" but his Readers, probably, deserted him at the third. *Kainophilus*, as he calls himself, "signifies a Lover of News, not any thing of Kain, as if I were a-kin to him." It is a low rhapsody; but it bears a peculiar feature, a certain whimsical style, which he affects to call his own, set off with frequent dashes, and occasionally a banter on false crudition. These cannot be shewn without extracts. I would not add an idle accusation to the already injured genius of STERNE; but I am inclined to think he might have caught up his project of writing Tristram's life, in "twenty-four Cock-rambling" volumes; have seized on the whim of Dunton's style; have condescended even to copy out his breaks and dashes. But Sterne could not have borrowed wit or genius from so low a scribbler. The elegant pieces of poetry were certainly never composed by Dunton, whose mind had no elegance, and whose rhymes are doggrel. On a rapid inspection, I have detected him transcribing from Francis Osborn and Cowley, without acknowledgment; and several excellent passages, which may be discovered amidst this incoherent mass, could not have been written by one who never attained the slightest arts of composition. He affects, however, to consider himself as "a great Original" in what he calls "this hop-stride-and-jump round the World;" and says, "So great a glory do I esteem it to be the Author of these Works, that I cannot, without great injury to myself and justice, endure that every one should own them, who have nothing to do with them; like the fellow at Rome who pretended to Virgil's Verses.—But I need take no other way to refute these plagiarists than Virgil himself did, requiring the tally to his *Vos non Vobis*.—Let any man write on at the rate this is already written, and I will grant he is the

Author of this book, that before, and all the rest to the end of the Chapter. No: there is such a sort of a *Whim in the Style*, something so like myself, so incomprehensible (not because it is nonsense,) that whoever throws but half an eye on that and me together, will swear 'twas spit out of the mouth of Kainophilus."

The famous Athenian Society was shortly afterwards instituted by this person—and of the many clumsy volumes published by them, a great part was written by Dunton himself. The purpose of these lucubrations was to solve real or imaginary "cases of conscience," in regard to worldly—above all love affairs—and being assisted by Samuel Wesley and some other writers of talent, it is wonderful how much success attended this absurd proposal for a time. Even Swift has written a poem in commendation of the Athenian Society, but when he did so, "little" as Mr Scott observes, "did he suspect that he was bestowing his praises on the bookseller, John Dunton."—— The prosperity of Dunton's business seems soon after this time to have again been on the decline, for we find him making another involuntary voyage (to Ireland,) and shortly after his return he publishes "Dunton's farewell to printing," and seems to have shut up shop for a season. To the last named production is prefixed an engraved head of the author—for which seeming piece of vanity he thus apologizes:

"I shall conclude," he observes, "with a short remark on Dunton's Effigies; and shall introduce all I have to say on that subject with a short account of the original of drawing Faces; for it is so little known, the discovery of it is a sort of novelty.

"The first Limning that ever was owes its rise to the parting of two Lovers, in this manner: When the daughter of Deluriadne, the Sycionian, was to take leave of her sweet-heart, now going to wars, to comfort herself in his absence she took his Picture with a coal upon the wall, as the candle gave the shadow, which her father admiring, perfected it afterwards; and it was the first Picture by report that ever was made. But the drawing of Dunton's face owes its rise to the great wrong done me by Harris and other piratical Printers, and not to love. It was the case of the Sycionian Limner; for being married, my Spouse and I wear each other's Pictures in our Hearts (being drawn and hung there), and so have no occasion for an outward Picture to comfort us; for neither absence, time, nor scarce death itself, can fade the colours where a true heart is the frame, and the

picture true affection. So that you see, Gentlemen, it was mere Right and Property, and not the fear that my Wife should lose the idea of her Husband's face, that tempted me the exercise of so much patience as to sit three times to have (ah! please ye) my face drawn, to be stared on as often as the Reader pleases; yet I might affirm (did no modesty forbid me to give them their just praise), that *Knight* has limned, *Vander Gucht* graved, and *Freeman* worked off, my Picture so much to the life, you do not flatter them when you say,

"They make my Picture seem to think and live."

"A Gentleman seeing a very good Picture of St Bruno, the Founder of the Carthusian Order, and being asked his opinion of it, 'Were it not,' says he, 'for his silent rule, it would speak.' So I may say of Dunton's Picture (it is drawn so much to the life, 'bating a little flattery), that were not Pictures resolved on a perpetual silence (that is, had they not a rule to hold their tongues), this Picture would talk as loud and as often as the Original does by which it was drawn. So that, Gentlemen, you might well say of my two Limners,

Their pencil sure was made of flesh and blood.—

for, as speechless as my Picture is, it is drawn so much alive, it is hoped it will guard 'Dunton's *Athenianism*' from all piratical Printers, by distinguishing the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect.—So that you see, Gentlemen, it is merely the securing the benefit of my own copies, that has put me to the charge of a Copper-plate, and not the ambition to have a Face cut in Brass, with a Laurel about my Head, and Pegasus for my Arms, and eight Verses under my Picture, writ by the Athenian Society."

By this time (we had almost forgotten the matter as easily as Mr Dunton himself appears to have done,) he has lost *Iris*, and married another lady whose romance name is *Valeria*. Having lived happily with her for a few months, their harmony is disturbed by money, the root of evil. Dunton is in want of cash to answer some bills, and applies to Madame Nicholas, his mother-in-law, who refuses to give him any assistance. The consequences are a separation from his wife—of whom, notwithstanding, he still continues to speak in terms of the most devout attachment—and about a score of pamphlets on the behaviour of her mother. Nothing can be more pestiferous than the titles of these libellous brochures—but we find that we are giving more than enough of room to the affair when we mention it at all.

(To be continued.)

PREDICTIONS BY C. C.

Prediction First.

The densities of the planets will be found to be constantly increasing.

EVERY particle of matter, from the surface of a planet down to the centre, presses with a constant force on the particle upon which it is recumbent; and this globe would still be subject to the same law, whether it had a distention to equal the magnitude of Jupiter, or a compression to equal the density of Mercury. If, from the centre of the Earth up to the surface, every particle pressed on the superincumbent particle, it is evident that the Earth would constantly suffer a dilatation of diameter. Now, as it is the prevailing opinion among philosophers, that there is more vacuity than matter within the circumference of any one of the planets,* it is no wonder that it should become a question much agitated amongst them, whether the pressure of all the particles in an opposite direction would produce an opposite effect? i. e. Whether the law which is now in force within the bowels of the Earth would produce a constant diminution of the Earth's diameter so long as vacuities existed within the interior?

It was a grand era in the history of this discovery when geologists had proved that the primitive strata, if placed in a horizontal position, would form the circumference of a much larger globe than that which they now circumscribe; this globe, therefore, must have had a greater magnitude when these strata were deposited; and that the secondary strata must also have been incumbent upon a larger globe while they retained a horizontal position; but as they neither dip to so great a depth as the primitive strata, nor are so highly inclined in their position to the horizon, the globe on which they were deposited could not have had so great a magnitude as that on which the primitive strata were formed; and that also the last formed strata, which, though they are in general but little removed from their first position, must have nevertheless been

deposited upon a globe of a somewhat greater magnitude, but not so great as that on which the secondary strata were formed. Thus did geologists approximate toward the evolution of this important law, by proving that the globe had from time to time diminished in magnitude since the strata which encompass it began to be deposited.

It may here just be observed, that the sinuosity of the strata in certain situations proves that the globe must have had a greater magnitude when these strata were deposited. Thus it is evident, that those secondary strata, which have sometimes been found to undulate from one range of primitive hills to another, and which at the same time remain continuous throughout, would, if restored to their former level position, extend over a much greater horizontal surface than could be included between those ranges of hills; those hills must have therefore been removed to a greater distance from each other when they admitted of the horizontality of these strata between them, now they could only be removed to a greater distance from each other by a dilatation of the Earth's diameter; this globe must have therefore had a greater magnitude when these strata were deposited.

The question relative to the constant increase of the Earth's density by the particles gravitating towards the centre, now found its way into the records of science, and no longer was it rejected by philosophers as but the reverie of a maniac—the probable existence of such a law operating within the bowels of the Earth was now fully established, and philosophers in their future researches, after its discovery, arbitrarily insulated the Earth in space beyond the sphere of all planetary and solar attraction, and then reasoned as to the effects that would be produced on the globe by the pressure of all the particles towards the surface—that the diameter of the

* It was a bold conjecture of Newton's, that the porosity of the Earth is such, that, were all the particles brought into contact with each other, it is possible they might be contained within the compass of a cubic inch.

Earth would constantly dilate by every particle pressing on the superincumbent particle was admitted—that as the globe distended the quantity of vacuity within the interior would increase—and that after the Earth had attained to the magnitude of Jupiter, there would exist within it at least a hundred and twenty times more vacuity than matter;—having obtained these data, they now argued as to the probable effects that would be produced on the globe by the constant pressure of all the particles in an opposite direction, and since they had found that a quantity of vacuum, equal to a hundred and twenty times the magnitude of the Earth, before it was subjected to the operation of the expansive force, was now contained within it, they had no difficulty in admitting that the particles would take a retrograde movement, and that the globe would consequently suffer a diminution of diameter. It was however a problem long and keenly agitated amongst them, to determine the precise state of condensity of the Earth at which the mobility of the particles would be arrested; this was found to be a problem of very difficult solution, and it was not till after much contention and varied discussion that they arrived at the plain and natural conclusion, that so long as vacuities existed within the interior of the Earth, the motion of the particles downwards would never cease; and as they found that the force which counteracts the force of gravity does not operate to a great depth below the surface of any one of the planets, they thus proved that the densities of all of them must still be constantly increasing.

No sooner was the discovery of this planetary law announced to the philosophers of every country, than they began to apply it to the solution of those phenomena which till then in several physical sciences had remained problematical. First the spheroidal form of the Earth received a ready and certain explication, and then the important fact was obtained, that the mean density of the Earth, from the centre to the poles, is greater than from the centre to the equator; and this fact suggested a new and plausible theory as to the cause of the polarity of the magnet—those numerous and wonderful discoveries which were evolved by the compression of mixtures,

and the subsequent expression of some of the substances of which they were composed were also due, though less directly, to the discovery of this extraordinary law; but of all the sciences, Geology and Cosmogony were certainly the most indebted to its evolution. In geology it accounted satisfactorily,

First, Why strata, which were originally horizontal in their position, are now inclined to the horizon.

Thus, as a plant increases in density, it diminishes in magnitude; and since it is constantly increasing in density, it is constantly diminishing in magnitude, this globe has therefore suffered a diminution of magnitude since the strata were deposited which everywhere encompass it; and, therefore, since these strata at their formation would form the circumference of a larger globe, and are now circumscribing the nucleus of a less, they would, if soft, suffer bendings and inflections while accommodating themselves to a globe constantly diminishing in magnitude; and, if indurated, they would break asunder, and assume a position somewhat inclined to the horizon, and as the globe diminished more and more in magnitude, the strata would approach more and more toward a verticle position.

Second, Why strata deviate the more from the horizontal position as they are the more ancient.

As this globe has constantly diminished in magnitude, then the more we recede from the present period, the greater will be its magnitude, and consequently the more ancient the strata, the greater would be the globe on which they were deposited. Since, therefore, strata, according to their seniority, would, when deposited, form as it were the circumference of a larger globe, and they are now all investing the same nucleus, and that the nucleus of a less, it is evident that the strata last formed would require to shift less from their original horizontal position, in order to accommodate themselves to the present magnitude of the globe than strata of a prior formation; that therefore the more ancient the strata, the more must they be displaced from their first position; the primitive strata must have therefore assumed a posture more highly inclined to the horizon than those of a subsequent formation.

Third, Why strata, which were ori-

ginally soft, are now consolidated; and why in general they are more indurated as they are the more ancient.

The force which consolidates the Earth, must also be equal to the consolidation of the strata near the surface, where it acts with so much intensity; and since the solidity of the globe is constantly increasing, the consolidation of the strata must likewise be in constant operation; those strata, therefore, which have been the longer subjected to the consolidating cause must be the more indurated, i. e. strata must be the more indurated according to their seniority. It must however be remarked, that the hardening of the strata is not altogether effected by the perpendicular pressure of the particles; there is besides a constant lateral pressure, arising from the circumference of the globe being in a state of constant decrease; and, by the co-operation of these two forces, the fluid which every stratum contains after its deposition must be ultimately expressed.

Fourth, Why bendings and inflections are more frequent in strata according to their seniority.

As the force which consolidates the Earth acts nearly with the same intensity, whatever may be its density, it is evident that the magnitude of the globe must diminish the faster in proportion as the Earth is less dense. Those strata, then, which were deposited when the density of the Earth was not so great, would not preserve their level position so long as those

which were deposited when the density of the Earth was greater; since, then, the more we recede; from the present period, the density of the globe is always the less, strata would therefore, according to their seniority, preserve their horizontal position for a shorter period; they would consequently be the less consolidated while shifting from that position, as they had not been so long subjected to the operation of the consolidating cause, they would therefore, according to their seniority, be more pliant while shifting from that position; wherefore, bendings and inflections must be more frequent in strata according to their seniority.

The shifting of the strata, while accommodating themselves to a globe diminishing in magnitude, accounted for earthquakes.

The latent heat which exists below the surface of the Earth, and which must from time to time be expressed as the globe gets more indurated, was found to be the primary agent in the production of a volcano, and as there is a greater pressure at the time that the strata are turning to a more vertical position, it accounted for the fact of the earthquake and volcano generally accompanying each other.

It was also found, that the substance of a vein was originally diffused throughout the strata which include the vein, and had been expressed from the strata after the formation of the fissure which now contains it. C. C.

(To be continued.)

SOME EFFECTS OF AN EXCESSIVE APPLICATION TO THE STUDY OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE CONSIDERED.

It seems a fit subject for the curiosity of an age to inquire into the effects upon its character of its own peculiar pursuits; unless it may be thought, that, with a people, as in the case of an individual, too much curiosity of self-examination may both enfeeble and mislead the mind. Yet to a people, as well as to an individual, there must be a measure of self-examination that is both justifiable and salutary; and we conceive, that the questioning of those opinions, upon which a whole generation is disposed to act with implicit confidence, and something like the ardour of passion, may fall within this reasonable measure.

The age to which we belong has pursued, with activity and success unknown before, the investigations of physical science; and with this spirit of inquiry there has prevailed also a persuasion, that the knowledge thus acquired to the human mind was of high importance, not only for the powers which it added to human art, but for its direct influence on the faculties and character of the mind. Its influence may be beneficial, but it may easily be over-rated. We believe, too, it is in danger to exceed its just limits.

The effect upon the mind, of application to physical science, will vary

with the character of science itself. For science may be exceedingly speculative, or it may rest almost entirely in a sort of practical demonstration. In our own country, we apprehend, for the last half century, it has borne this last character. The science which has chiefly flourished amongst us, which may be said almost displacing all others, to overspread the land, the science of the intimate analysis of natural bodies, perhaps by its ready application to the arts of life, perhaps by its own inherent tendency, has eminently assumed this practical character. Of the more ancient state of the science, of the researches, by such analysis, into the properties and powers of nature, which were pursued with such avidity of hope, and such intense application of thought by the elder alchemists, we seem now to know little or nothing. Their specific results are scarcely regarded, and their effect upon the minds of those inquirers, and through them more generally upon society, seems still more remote from touching us. A chemistry of our own, a new created science, has sprung up to our age, eclipsing by its splendour, the dim and feeble lights of preceding time; and still more, by the importance and magnitude of its practical consequences, occupying the minds, and giving occupation to the lives, not only of men educated to science, but of numbers with whom such results alone could give it interest and favour. Of that chemistry we would venture to speak; and of whatever other sciences, that lending themselves in like manner to the practical uses of life, have obtained an importance in the national mind, distinct from, if not exceeding, the pure interest of scientific inquiry.

The spirit which originally impels men to the investigation of nature, seems to arise, not merely out of their intellectual capacity and dispositions, but to hold a yet deeper seat in imagination. Wonder and fear are the feelings with which, in the more primitive states of society, men approach to such inquiries. They can perceive a mysterious darkness shrouding the secrets of nature; and that ungovernable curiosity which to the vulgar has seemed impiety, may have been felt as questionable daring, by the minds that obeyed its impulse. The awe of mystery lay upon their souls;

and the deep delight with which they proved their power at times to lift the veil, was mingled with trepidation. We rank these feelings with the superstitions that are gone. But it would be much to say, that they were altogether the work of superstition. The feelings which superstition seizes on, and magnifies, may be legitimate in our nature; and we are not to conclude, because we know no such awe, we who are familiar with all speculation, we on whose childhood the lights of knowledge are showered before our understanding is even awake to receive them—that therefore there is nothing but fantasy and illusion in those strong and agitating impressions which have accompanied heretofore the investigation of the secrets of nature. If Maclaurin has said that he never read the questions of Sir Isaac Newton without feeling his flesh creep, if Malbranche, when he first opened a volume of Descartes, found his eyes burst into tears and the book drop from his hands, we may be assured that there are strong feelings and strange emotions annexed in the constitution of our nature, to such high investigations. And if we recognize them no longer in ourselves, we may be rather led to apprehend, that by some ill-husbanding of our own we have thrown away a power we were endowed with, than to exult in our liberation from prejudice and error which hung upon the faculties of less enlightened inquirers.

I conceive, that in the original impulse which bent the mind of men to these speculations, which urged them to explore the powers and the secrets of nature, there was in fact much more of mysterious imagination, and of deep unwonted emotion, than of mere intellectual gratification. And I suspect that the language in which Lucretius has described the state of the mind borne in the consciousness of its power into unknown worlds,

—*me quædam divina voluptas*

Pereipit, atque HORROR

does more truly discover to us that natural conformation of our minds which calls us to such speculations, than any thing which now appears in our own pursuit of them.

The blending of the knowledge of Nature by the earliest ages with their mythology, and somewhat later, with their most solemn and impassioned poetry,

and the language in which the ancient poets of the most cultivated times speak of the feelings and faculties that belong to philosophy, all testify to the same purpose. Nor should we have much difficulty in believing, that the power in men's minds, which could suspend the strong passions of life, which in fierce and turbulent ages, in the midst of ardent and perilous contention, could turn them to lonely thought, and to the still contemplation of nature, was sprung from a deeper source, as it held them with a stronger controul, than is known to the philosophy of an age like ours.

These powerful feelings, whatever they may have been, pass away; and there remains to an age like our own, as the impulse to the same pursuits—intellectual pleasure—the love of truth—and the confidence in important results of investigation, extending the dominion of man over nature.

If now we should attempt to compare the results of these two states of science, it may appear, that the tendency of inquiry pursued under those strong original impulses, was not so much to extend the actual dominion of science, as to bring back to the mind its own action resulting upon itself. The intellectual powers, filled with energetic life by the passion that incited and sustained their exertion, grew to their height of native strength; and at the same time, being blended in their strong action with sensibility and wonder, and thus let into the moral nature, they turned on it their own strength, and exalted the individual character of the man himself. Hence we may read in the history of early ages, examples of high moral powers produced by the love of knowledge; a proud and lofty strength, an exaltation and fortitude of character growing out of the speculative faculties, which gave to the contemplative philosopher his equal place, among the stern and gigantic progeny of the times. The reverence of a dark age was around him; and if he could dissipate neither their darkness nor his own, yet he upheld in the midst of their violent and agitated life the veneration of intellect. He felt it deeply in himself—he impressed it in awe upon others—and transmitted in unimpaired vigour the germ of intellectual life, to the ages in which its own sun should arise upon it, to call it forth into beauty.

The beneficial influence of the study of physical knowledge, pursued in the spirit of wonder and imagination, is chiefly to be looked for in this moral effect; in the high and powerful place which it concurred to assign to the faculties of intellect in the individual mind in the living man.—Knowledge itself, it is probable that it often darkened. It could not be otherwise. For, carrying upon scanty materials of thought great and eager force of conception, it must needs rear up to itself at once a vast edifice of seeming knowledge, which, disproportionate as it was to the realities upon which it was constructed, could only be illusion.

When these feelings are passed away, if ever an era of science should arrive, in which the value of such knowledge is appreciated merely by the power which it gives to man in his dominion over nature for the purposes of life—then these results are reversed. Truth is discovered; for only the most exact truth satisfies the purpose of inquiry. But the intellectual mind is lowered. It is made a servant to life. No longer united with imagination and sensibility, no longer carried back into itself, from its excursion amidst material knowledge, with augmented sense of its own sublimity of power—it cannot bring back into the man himself a moral exaltation—but it accustoms him to deduce a value to his own powers from the purposes in which they are employed. It teaches him at last to feel, that he with his faculties is important, only because the objects of his knowledge are more important than himself.

But before science can fall into such degradation, if it should ever fall into it, it passes through an intermediate and a better state:—when intellectual pleasure, and the love of truth, are the incitement to its cultivation.

This is the epoch, when its beneficial influences appear the most unquestionable; when its effects seem necessarily the most pure. Yet it seems possible, that even these effects may be over-rated, and may be carried to excess.

Intellectual pleasure is a just motive to the pursuit of science; for we have a right to the natural enjoyment of all our faculties. It is salutary too, as all natural and grateful activity induces health and vigour.—But we over-rate the value of intellectual pleasure, when

we conceive any intellectual end to be the chief purpose of science; which we easily do from its intellectual nature; forgetting that its highest end is to serve a moral utility. We overrate it still more unduly, when we esteem in such pursuits our own enjoyment, merely withdrawing ourselves from consideration of the service which all our faculties are bound to render. We indulge it in excess, when the interest of the knowledge we attain, is less than the pleasure of our own intellectual activity.

The love of truth, is the purest of all the purposes of science. It ennobles the faculties it employs, and carries its unconscious virtue into the whole moral being. The study of even natural truth, has this high and beneficial character; but the study of natural truth, is in some respects liable to excess, and to over-estimation.

For it has a tendency to raise itself up into competition with moral truth; not in those minds, perhaps, which pursue it in purity and simplicity, but in all those which pursue it in the pride of their power, and in all those which are carried to it by a contagious ardour of opinion. It may be said, especially, that when the study of physical science becomes on any account the favourite and general pursuit of an age, it tends strongly and directly to obscure moral truth.

The subjects of moral knowledge, though of all the most *real* to the mind, are to a judgment immersed in the objects of sense, shadowy and unsubstantial. The mind, incorporated as it is, in life, with matter, is prone to forget its own independent nature. It withdraws itself with effort from sense, and easily yields to its solicitings. Material science flatters this declension of the spirit; while in the faculties it employs, it seems to allow the mind the privileges of its higher nature, and yet calls it down into the sphere of sense. The spirit, prone to delusion, engages without suspicion, in that knowledge, in which it is yet intellectual, while it is given over to matter: it attains moreover, such easy satisfaction,—it finds so soon a firm resting-place in the knowledge which is built of such solid materials; and conceives in its system of science, dimension and structure like that of the world itself, which its system presumes to embrace and comprehend. It is

not to be wondered, if with this seductive aid to natural inclination, this strength grafted on natural infirmity, difficulties should grow to moral science, and if the world which it explores, should diminish in comparison into narrow compass, and fade into shadows.

There is an injury to moral contemplation, arising also from the influence of these studies, on the character of the intellectual faculties. The faculties, exercised in the investigations of physical science, attain to a new and unknown precision in their action; a result of great general importance, if it could be kept merely subordinate; but which is in danger, if it draws to itself excessive estimation, of deceiving the mind into too low an estimate of its other most important faculties. The absolute necessity of this intellectual exactness, in material knowledge and arts, and the overwhelming magnitude of the results that are thus built, it may be said, upon that quality alone, concur to generate in the mind a scorn, a slight regard, at least, of all those faculties, in which this strongly defined action is wanting. Imagination, sensibility, passion, the sources of moral knowledge, are lowered in the scale of esteem: not upon a consideration of their actual place in human nature, or of their influence upon life—but because their action, so often obscure, troubled, and indefinite, wants that virtue of precision, by which the faculties merely intellectual have achieved their stupendous works, have subjected the laws of nature to their knowledge, and her powers to their sway.

These observations, as far as they are true, apply to the whole circle of physical science. We would add a single observation, on that particular science, of which we have more peculiarly spoken, that science, which in the laboratories of the alchemists was perhaps the most mysterious and full of imagination of all the sciences, and which is become, in the hands of modern chemists, of all the most material in its ordinary state, the most separated from mind. For the intellectual cultivation yielded by any science, arises from the intellectual interest with which it is pursued. As long as the materials that are subjected to the understanding invite the faculties to exertion, as long as awakened intelligence is discovering its own paths among

such materials of knowledge, proving its own strength, and consciously enlarging its own capacity, it feels pleasure return upon itself from its exertion,—it acknowledges in its activity a self-derived enjoyment; it is unfolding its own nature, by following out its dictates. But to this result of Science, it is evidently necessary, that it should be pursued with something of the genius of discovery, in the spirit of inventive inquiry, in the consciousness of original and independent thought. The science of chemistry, as long as it is so pursued, by the extreme minuteness, the intricacy, and the occult nature it may be said of its investigations, requiring a very subtle and delicate, as well as a very exact action of the intellectual faculties, tends to produce on them a cultivation of corresponding character. But when it extends itself, as with us it does, far beyond the natural limits of intellectual interest; when, comprehending vast ranges of objects, it raises up a new purpose to the mind, not to satisfy its own inquiring intelligence, but to possess the whole extent of discovery, which an age has brought forth, from that time it changes its intellectual character. It is to the mind no longer pure intellectual science. It is an enormous accumulation of facts: and, instead of infusing by the spirit of delight, a living vigour into the action of

the intellect, it imposes a task upon the faculties, which, at the same time that it requires their strength, oppresses it. In short, by the great extent of knowledge, which as mere knowledge it lays upon its student, it takes its place at the head of those pursuits, which in their commencement are inviting, grateful, and invigorating to the intellectual faculties; but as they proceed, passing over the just limits of a natural interest, begin to contract the capacity they had before enlarged, and to stifle the animation of thought they had helped to kindle.

To the causes which have been thus imperfectly stated; and to causes akin to these, may be ascribed perhaps in great part, that dereliction of the most important, and naturally most attractive knowledge, which marks the spirit of philosophy in the present day. Other causes, no doubt, and of a deeper origin, have contributed to give to the faculties merely intellectual, their present usurped place in philosophy: but the general ardent pursuit of physical science appears necessarily to concur to the same effect:—Nor does there seem more reason to doubt, that the ultimate tendency of these studies in excess, is to degrade and injure the faculties which they raise up in the first place to an unnatural and undue authority.

ON THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF A STANDARD OF LANGUAGE IN METAPHYSICS.

MR EDITOR,
I HAVE just been reading with much pleasure an article continued through two numbers of your work, in vindication of professor Stewart's philosophy, but am inclined, nevertheless, to take up discussion with the writer, if it may be permitted to do so at this distance of time, on a suggestion with which he closes his observations. "The phraseology," he says, "which these writers," (the Quarterly Reviewers whose strictures gave occasion to the vindication) "have employed in converting Mr Stewart's doctrines, is so very different from his, as to occasion much embarrassment to one who wishes to form a judgment of the controversy." "They must be aware that this author has been at great pains to fix upon precise and definite

terms for the use of metaphysical writers." "If, indeed, they disapprove his phraseology, they may well be excused for not having adopted it, but they can hardly be excused for not having stated their objections to it, and pointed out the circumstances in which it differs from their own. But if they think that a correct, uniform, and definite phraseology is not of the utmost importance in logic and metaphysics, then they maintain an opinion which is directly opposed to that of the greatest authorities on those subjects, and for which it was still more incumbent on them to assign their reasons."

Now, Sir, I ask, must the impugner of another's doctrines, either adopt his language or give his reasons for dissenting from it? I think it is a very arbitrary

requisition. To adopt the language of a philosopher in impugning his doctrines must be generally impracticable; for what is the specific language of a system, but a language involving its principles?—But even if the language be distinct from the doctrines, how am I under obligation to adopt it?—For the convenience of the judges, before whom the controversy is carried on?—But for them it should be sufficient that I speak a recognized language of philosophy, and it is their part to be prepared to understand me. The only ground of censure I can allow is, not that my language is not of this or that philosophy, but that it is unphilosophical.—But if I reject the language as disapproving it, upon what ground am I required to specify and explain this disapproval?—Why is it not enough if I controvert the principles of a system in intelligible language?—Why must I first controvert its phraseology?—

To me it would appear that one writer offering criticism on the philosophical writings of another, even if these comprehended an entire system of philosophy, and were of high reputation and authority in the country to which both belonged, may with perfect propriety adopt any one of three courses. He may, if he pleases, write for the pupils of that philosophy; and then, if he can do it with satisfaction to himself he may, as a facility and an indulgence to them, adopt the language to which their minds have been formed.—Or he may write to the philosophical world; in which case it is open to him to use the language of any recognized system of philosophy to which he himself is attached, or he may use what he conceives to be a more general language of metaphysics, current among philosophers at large:—Or, finally, writing to both these classes, and to all the good understandings of an intelligent nation besides, he may use—let me speak without offence—his mother-tongue:—he may use, I should imagine, a natural language, free from any limitations assigned by one system of philosophy or another, and which, adapting itself to natural truth, will be found to adapt itself also to natural understanding.

Why the Quarterly Reviewers, from writing neither adopted Mr Stewart's to embrace

senting from it, should be presumed to hold that *correct* and *definite* language is not important in philosophy, I find it still more difficult to understand. The charge is severe; it would seem to me to have required other grounds to rest on.

But with respect to the charge of holding a *uniform* language to be not important in philosophy, and to the general tenor of the whole passage, which insists so much upon the value or necessity of a language fixed and defined for the use of philosophical writers—as this involves matter of much more general argument, and was chiefly in my mind in beginning to write at all—on this subject I will venture to speak a little more at large.

I am aware that much importance has often been ascribed by writers in philosophy, to thus limiting and fixing the signification of words; and that much labour has been bestowed on the object of thus establishing a clear and correct philosophical language. But to my own mind, I confess, there has always appeared something harsh and unsatisfactory in the method of proceeding; and at variance, I should say, with the nature of language itself, nor have I been well able to comprehend the grounds of its alleged importance. The proceeding of which I speak, it will be understood, is the assigning to words of common language a meaning either more enlarged or more restrained than that which they commonly bear, and so rendering them applicable to philosophical use.

One purpose I conceive for which a metaphysical writer may be induced to adopt words to meanings of his own, is to give names to new ideas. An original mind bending its intense action on any branch of science, and, by such action, if I may say so, causing it to unfold its natural growth, as the power of such minds in such application does indeed *produce* knowledge, and give to science a being of which the principles already existed in nature, but did not before take their form.—An original mind thus creating science, produces new conceptions and new forms of thought, which in the exposition of such science may require new names, either because the language will not furnish them expression, even with much circumlocution, or because, being new

cessarily of continual recurrence in such exposition, there is needed for them a simple and brief expression to save not the labour only but the great obscurity of continual circumlocution. In such cases it has been customary, I believe, either to form new words within the language, if its genius allowed it, or to adapt words from some other language. In either case, the harshness of the new-formed words has not offended in the language of science, and they have gradually passed, with the extension of knowledge, into the language of the country.

This case I have stated, rather to separate it from the consideration of the present question than in part of it. The question, I conceive, of fixing a language of philosophy, applies to those subjects and those ideas which are already familiar in philosophy, and for which expression has hitherto been sought in the language of the country. It appears to some writer whose thoughts are more precise, or he fancies so, than those of others who have treated the same subject before him, that they have used certain terms too laxly or vaguely—by which I should understand *variably*, for any vagueness or laxity in the signification of a word on any single occasion, can mean merely that the conception which the passage should express is so obscurely and imperfectly expressed, as not to assign the exact signification of each of its terms, which would be no more in effect than that such a particular sentence was ill-written, which could plainly be no ground for proposing any general alteration in language. The vagueness or laxity of signification, therefore, which gives ground for proposing to assign the meaning of a word must be a variable signification. The inconvenience or evil it is intended to remedy must be, that the meaning of any such word is so unfixed in the popular language, that philosophical writers themselves have used it, some with one application, or one extent of meaning, and some with another; or the same writers differently, at different times. But still what is the inconvenience? If every passage in itself were justly written, it should assign the meaning in which the word is there used, and leave no room for obscurity. But I presume, that what happens is this. The me-

taphysical writer, having exceedingly familiar to his mind certain thoughts and certain courses of thought, and having their expression in like manner exceedingly familiar, does by degrees come to affix to any terms of variable signification occurring in such expression, that peculiar meaning which they there possess, more readily than any other. So that his own mind no longer needs with the term those circumstances of concomitant expression, which would otherwise be necessary to suggest and determine the peculiar acceptation. His mind leaps, as it were, to that acceptation which is so familiar. And in writing he no longer conceives the different state of other men's minds from his own in this respect; but writing to them, as he speaks to himself, he uses a too elliptical expression, and sets before them a term which he distinctly understands, unaccompanied by those qualifying circumstances which should determine or even suggest its peculiar meaning. To him, perhaps, it would bear his own appropriated meaning, under circumstances which to other minds would determine another signification.

Under the force of this kind of habitual impression of certain terms, an inquirer of great force of mind, and great clearness and distinctness of thought, might, it should seem, in writing, use misleading expressions. And yet it would seem to me, that in such a case, nothing more than the knowledge of his writings, and such acquaintance as they might give with the habits of his mind, would be required to remove such error, and to clear up occasional obscurity.

If in the minds of different writers the same word has acquired, in other senses, this kind of appropriation,—there is room, it is evident, for still greater obscurity and error in the confusion of associations with which its use will be attended in passing from one of these writers to another. And the obscurity and error which may thus attach themselves to writings of great merit and value, are the inconvenience and evil which I conceive it is intended to remedy, when it is proposed to fix the philosophical meaning of the words of language.

But still I am not able to understand the remedy; for I can find in it, after all, nothing else than the

very disorder it is designed to remove. For what does the writer in effect, who limits by definition the meaning of his terms? He does that expressly and avowedly which others have perhaps unconsciously done. He takes the word from its large free use in the language, and attaches it especially to the meaning, which, in his own metaphysical speculation, is its most important meaning. For himself such definitions may be of avail; they are a means to clear up obscurity from his own language; they are a glossary annexed to his writings. But beyond this, for general application in philosophy, how do they seem to be available? The peculiar uses of terms which are found in the language of each inquirer belong to his speculations. If those speculations are just and important, and if on these, or on any other grounds, they are of authority with the public, they will carry to a certain degree into public use his own unconscious appropriation of terms; they will make their expression intelligible; and, if there is good reason, will impress its peculiarity permanently on the language of philosophy, and at last on the language of the country. What other authority can any writer attach to his own

peculiar expressions, to his own limitation of terms, than that which belongs to his mind and his works?—All inquirers of original thought are candidates alike for fixing the terms of language; all impress their own meaning on its words with a force which is the force of their own minds. He whose paramount authority overbears his competitors, and leaves to his successors no choice but to adopt his language, has, with or without definition, fixed the language of philosophy.⁶ Whilst he who falls short of this authority, however carefully he may have limited and defined his significations, falls back into the number of those who, by their peculiarity of expression, have prepared obscurity for the writings of others, and, except to the most exact and studious of their readers, have left it upon their own.

It would seem to me, that the best a metaphysical writer can do for himself with respect to the important terms of philosophy, is to be consistent with himself in using them; and the best he can do for others, to disturb them as little as possible from their natural signification in the language to which they belong.

S. T. P

Oriel College, Oxford.

LOUIS XVIII. AND THE FRENCH ROYALISTS.

THE character of Louis XVIII. has been so long obscured, formerly by his exile, and latterly by the eclipsing glory of the *Sieur Caze*, his favourite, that one must look thirty years back to find any traces of his real disposition, which is the more material, under present circumstances, inasmuch as it has given rise to the reproach so commonly thrown out against the *Ultras* of France, that they are '*more Royalist than the King*.' A little examination into the early history of the revolution will shew that it was hardly possible to be *less Royalist* than Louis XVIII. was in those days of trial.

We cannot suspect that he was paralysed by the same vile and odious motives which excited the activity of *Philip Egalité*; but undoubtedly the circumstance in which he stood, of being the *second* in succession to the crown, and the *first* in succession to the *regency*, ought, as a matter of

mere good taste, to have made his affection towards his unhappy and persecuted brother, a little more prominent. It was surely a singular and unlucky coincidence, that he should be, of all his family, after the *Dauphin*, the nearest to the throne, and after *Egalité*, the dearest to the *Jacobins*. It is true that this disgraceful popularity was softened down by the very qualities which perhaps contributed to create it. His manners were low; his tastes were rather worse than his manners, and whatever abilities he may have possessed, were so buried under the sensuality and selfishness of his mode of life, that they gave neither hopes nor fears to the discontented nor to the loyal. Observe, we speak of thirty years ago. It is to be hoped, and indeed there is reason to believe, that these thirty years of adversity (if the king considered that to be adversity during which he never wanted two courses) may have in some degree

improved the personal character of this prince. But it is surely not too much to say, that somewhat of his original and natural indolence and selfishness is likely still to adhere to him, and to render him as indifferent to what may be the state of France under his younger brother, as he was to what was the state of France under his elder brother.

In 1789, a patriotic wit attributes to each of the royal family a song, the first line of which is supposed to be characteristic. The Count D'Artois sings,

"I am a soldier and a gentleman,"

but the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.) only mutters,

"I am no king; and, what is worse, no prince."

Again—in another *jeu d'esprit*, also from a *patriot* pen, where characteristic residences in the different streets of Paris are assigned to the royal family, Egalité is lodged in the Rue de Louis le Grand; the Count D'Artois (whose devotion to his brother was so honourable that even his enemies respected it.) is placed in the Place Royale, while Monsieur (Louis XVIII.) is trundled into the Rue des *Frères Bourgeois*—a street, says St Foix, which has its name from being inhabited by the lowest and meanest of the people. These not unimportant trifles are to be found in the *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de 1789*, p. 30 and 116.

But this, you will perhaps say, is the malice of the Jacobins. Not al-

together; for the Jacobins detested M. D'Artois; yet, as we see, did him some kind of justice; and why should we take it for granted that they did not also do justice to M. de Provence? But let us see what the Royalists thought of him. In the 15th volume of the *Actes des Apôtres*, p. 128, there is one of those satirical songs called by the French *Noels*: the verse in which Louis XVIII is described, may be quoted as an additional proof of what the public opinion even of the Royalists of 1790, was with regard to him:—

Grand ami du silence,

Du bon vin, du repos.

Le Comte de Provence

Balbutia ces mots;

"Souffrez que promptement chez moi je me retire,

"Je crains trop de l'embaras;

"Mon frère est dans un vilain pas,

"Mais, hélas! qu'il s'en tire."

which may be thus imitated—

Very active at clearing his plate,

Very clever at holding his tongue;

In size he is Louis the great,

And thus he half-hiccupp'd half-sung:

"Permit me to make my escape,

"I'm a poor inoffensive good man?

"My brother, who's in a d——d scrape,

"Must get out o't as well as he can."

We think one may now safely say, that it is no very great crime in the French Royalists to be more *Royalist* than Louis the XVIIIth, who seeing his brother, his king, 'in a d——d scrape,' is represented as leaving him 'to get out of it as well as he could.'

M.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "PRATO FIORITO," ON THE VICE OF DANCING.

MR EDITOR,

The godly book above mentioned lately furnished me some important lessons, or familiar examples, relative to the sin of *usury*, which you agreed with me in thinking peculiarly apposite and instructive, on the eve of the meeting of a new Parliament, wherein it was apprehended that matters of this nature might undergo a great deal of discussion, and require the salutary check of ancient experience; to restrain the too licentious spirit of modern innovation. The close of the first session of the same Parliament induces me to refer again to the same valuable repertory of monastic lore with a like view of benefiting such of my

Protestant country-men, or women, as may not be too zealous in the cause of our reformed religion to think of availing themselves of the wisdom of the scarlet lady; and the first subject which I happen to hit upon is one which appears to me, of all others, to afford an useful field for reflection at the termination of a London season. It is the following,

"How damnable and detectable a thing,
And how odious to God, is vain and dissolute dancing."

Lib. I. Cap. X.

"Truly," observes our pious and eloquent author, "one of the most singular follies committed by man and woman among the vanities of this world, is light and

dishonest dancing; which (as a learned doctor writes) it may be well said, is the head and fountain of all sins and wickedness—or, *at least*,”—(and here we may well admire the scrupulous spirit of candour and moderation in argument which distinguishes our author, and forbids him from asserting even so obvious a truism as this, without adding the due qualification,)—“or, *at least*, of the greater part.” To have stated that the sin of dancing is the root and foundation of *all* other sins without exception, few persons would have carried their criticisms so far as to condemn for being hyperbolical; but our author is too conscientious to assert, even as a general proposition, what may be liable to be disproved in particular instances, and I must confess that, in my opinion, he has rather strengthened than detracted ought from his argument by the modest sobriety of the subsequent qualification. Thus, “*Tutti i Francesi sono ladri*” is a national remark, the justness of which no true Englishman could dispute even in this bold uncompromising way of stating it—but how much more forcible is it rendered by the qualifying clause—“*Non tutti—ma Buona Parte.*” But to proceed, “*Inasmuch as*,” adds our author, still following up the same sentence, “it is impossible ever sufficiently to express how many and great are the evils which spring from dancing; seeing that by it all human feelings are vitiated; the heart itself grows corrupt and hardened; and, finally, the poor and miserable soul utterly perisheth.”

He proceeds to trace the origin and invention of this “dissolute and lascivious exercise” to the devils in Hell, what time the Israelites, after feasting and gorging themselves with wine, fell to dancing round the molten calf in the desert; and he then enumerates the several unbecoming actions, by which (as he strongly expresses it,) “young men and maidens, while dancing, do (as it were) crucify again their Redeemer.” And first, he observes, “they find a sort of sensual gratification in, and moreover obtain the applause of the spectators by the act of, *leaping* as high as they are able—not reflecting that in exact proportion to the altitude of every leap will be the depth to which they are doomed to sink in Hell.” Secondly, “it oftentimes happens that dancers spread out and extend their arms in order to give greater energy to their performance, by which stretching out of the arms in this profane amusement they display a manifest disregard of the holy crucifix, the figure whereof they so irreverently imitate.” The lifting of the head and voice are in like manner

construed into acts of undesigned, but nevertheless most impious, parody; and he finishes his exordium by a warning, peculiarly terrible to the class of male and female dandies, that the more curious and vain their attire at these indecorous exhibitions, the more conspicuous will be the deformity and rudity of their appearance “at the day of judgment.”

We shall select the third of the legends, or “examples,” which follow these terrible denunciations. It shows “how certain persons, dancing on Christmas eve, were unable to cease dancing for a whole year afterwards.”

It is written in the “*Speculum Historiale*,” how in a certain town in Saxony, where was a church dedicated to St Magnus the martyr, in the tenth year of the Emperor Honorius, just when the first mass was begun upon Christmas Eve, some vain young people, at the instigation of the devil, were set a dancing and singing in a dissolute manner hard by the church, in such manner that they hindered and disturbed the divine service.—Whereupon the priest, moved with a holy and just indignation, commanded them to be still, and to give over this accursed vanity. But the aforesaid miserable sinners, for all that was said to them, and commanded them, would never cease from that execrable profaneness and devilish mischief. Upon which the priest, inflamed with zeal, cried out in a loud voice—“May it please God and St Magnus that ye all continue to sing and dance after this fashion for an entire year to come from henceforward.” Wonderful to relate! So did these words of that holy man prevail, that, by divine permission, these wretched persons, (being fifteen in number, and three of them females,) did, in fact, so continue dancing and skipping about for a whole year together; nor did any rain fall upon them during all that time, nor did they feel cold, nor heat, nor hunger, nor thirst; nor did they ever tire; nor did their garments wax old, nor their shoes wear out. But as if they were beside themselves, like to people possessed with phrenzy, or idiots, they kept singing and dancing continually, night and day. At the end of the year came the bishop, who gave them absolution, and reconciled them before the altar of St Magnus. Which having been

done, the three women suddenly expired, and the rest slept for three days and nights successively, and afterwards did such penance for their sin, that they were thought worthy to work miracles after death. And some of them that lived longest, manifested the punishment of their offence in dreadful tremblings of their limbs, which they suffered even unto the day of their death.

The sixth example relates how a virgin of noble family, and "of marvellous beauty, according to the flesh," became extremely anxious to go and join in the festivities and balls of this world; and, being restrained in her evil inclinations by her pious parents, waxed therefore very sad and sorrowful indeed. In which state being visited by a holy man, to whom she made confession of her vain wishes, he asked her, whether, if it were proposed to her, by the privation of a single day's pleasure, to secure the enjoyment of a whole year's dancing and juyketing, without interruptions, she would not agree to the bargain? And, having answered that certainly she

would do so with the greatest alacrity, the good man therefore read her a sermon, (which I may be excused for not inserting at length,) the object of which was to prove that, by her present denial of similar enjoyments on earth, she would secure to herself an eternity of them in heaven; and this he founded upon three texts—1. From the prophet Jeremiah, "Tu ornaberis tympanis tuis, et egredieris choro ludentium, &c." 2. From the Psalms, "Prævenerant principes conjuncti Psallentibus in medio juvenulorum tympanistranium." And 3. From the Hymn of the Virgins, "quæcunque deges, Virgines sequuntur, atque laudibus post te canentes cursitant."—And with these sacred promises the simple maiden was so much moved that she instantly became influenced with holy desires, and after dedicating her virginity to Christ, went, at the expiration of five years, to enjoy the literal accomplishment of her compact, in footing and jigging it to all eternity.

A EUROPEAN NATIONAL TRIBUNAL.

It is rather curious to recall to our recollection the States of Europe as they existed in 1737, and the ranks which they were, at that time, supposed to hold *relatively* to each other. The following list is extracted from the celebrated Abbé de St Pierre's plan for a European diet.—Ann. Polit. tom 2, p. 613.

1. The Emperor of Austria
2. The King of France
3. The King of Spain
4. The King of Portugal
5. The King of England
6. The States of Holland
7. The King of Denmark
8. The King of Sweden
9. The King of Poland
10. The Empress of Russia
11. The Pope
12. The King of Prussia
13. The Elector of Bavaria
14. The Elector Palatine
15. The Swiss
16. The Ecclesiastical Electorates
18. The Republic of Venice
18. The King of Naples
19. The King of Sardinia.

The celebrated "*reverie*" (as Fleury called it,) of a European diet to be formed of deputies from each of the

above named powers, to determine all differences by a kind of judicial decision, and thus to ensure eternal peace, appears now-a-days much less visionary than it did in 1737. In truth, the Congresses of Vienna, Paris, and Aix-la-Chapelle, in which the four great powers, Austria, England, Prussia, and Russia, (France being admitted latterly to the conferences,) settled all the questions relative to the division and policy of the great European family, were diets upon M. de St Pierre's *principle*. And it will be well for mankind if a continuation of the same system shall lead to the happy result which the philanthropic Abbé contemplated, of a general and lasting peace. Why should it not? Why should a shot be fired in Europe when Austria, England, France, Holland, Prussia, Russia, and Spain, form a tribunal to mediate between powers who may have a difference, and a united force to punish any country which should dare to commit aggression upon another.

Financial difficulties are the origin of all national discontents and political revolutions. It would be hard to find

a serious sedition in European history which has not had an immediate connexion with taxation. Now, war is the great cause of financial difficulties, and if the European congress shall render wars infrequent, and great military establishments, *pro tanto*, unnecessary, they will raise more effectual barriers against future revolutions than any other possible device of human wisdom can create. But alas, this wise system (if even to be persevered in) is only for the future. The French revolution, and above all, the gigantic ambition of "its child and champion," Bonaparte, have entailed upon Europe a load of expense and financial pressure which may, perhaps, be the germ of new troubles. They

also have created a military spirit, which has rendered war the favourite speculation of great masses of the population of all Europe; and they have unfortunately concluded with consolidating the triumph of their mischievous principles, by the impunity which has been extended to all, and the rewards which have been lavished on most of the surviving criminals of that atrocious revolution.

Let us hope, however, that the several governments have internal strength to enable them to weather the present difficulties, and that the judicial union of the sovereigns may continue to decide upon all national differences, and thus deliver mankind from internal wars for the future.

M.

ANA.

I. EVERY one knows that in Burns' song which begins,

"Is there for honest poverty?"

the bard indulged in a *levelling* strain of sentiments, which some of his readers have blamed; yet one of the most forcible stanzas might have been borrowed (if Burns had ever borrowed) from a person who was not likely to have encouraged *levelling* principles, or to have underrated the authority of the *princes* of the earth. I mean King Lewis the XIV. of haughty and magnificent memory.

Burns says,

"A king may mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that."

Freron tells us, that Lewis, walking one day in the garden of Versailles, with all his nobles around him uncovered, directed Mansard, an able architect and amiable man, who was, it seems, unwell, to put on his hat—the courtiers looked astonished at so great a condescension, but the monarch rebuked them by saying, "gentlemen, I can make as many dukes as I please, but I never could make a man like Mansard." Freron, vol. ix. p. 36.

II. The Jesuits of Dole had two fine convents and estates, the one called L'Arc (the bow) in Lorraine, and La Flèche (the arrow) in Anjou; when the latter was given them by Henry the IV. the following distich appeared,

Arcum dola dedit, dedit illis alma Sagittam
Francia, quis chordum, quem meruere, dabit?
Huvel's Fam. Epist.

Dole gave these monks the bow—a shaft, the king;
But who will give, what they deserve, a string!

The anagram is pleasant; but, it seems, the Jesuits know how to have *two strings to their bow*.

III. Pope exposes, in admirable poetry, the idle vanity of those whose
———ancient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.

But I never have met this folly more strikingly exemplified than in an account of the family of Rosenerantz, in Hofman's Historical Portraits of the Worthies of Denmark. "This family, through a long train of descents of persons filling the highest offices, offers few events worthy of attention, except that one nobleman of this name was executed for forging, and another banished for a libel."

IV. A curious Trial by Jury.—Christiern the II. had a mistress named Dyvele with whom he suspected one of his nobles, named Forben Oxe, to have been too familiar. She, however, died, and after her death the king asked Oxe to tell him sincerely if his suspicions were well founded. I own, said Oxe, I tried, but never could succeed with her. The furious king ordered Oxe to be tried for this intended crime before the senate—he was, of

13. ——— *Marriage of Prince of Orange and Princess Mary.*—Προίμια Anglo-Batava, Pari plusquam Virginico, &c. Oxon.
14. 1643. *Return of Queen from Holland.*—Musarum Oxon. Επισταγία, &c.
15. ——— *Death of Sir Bevil Grenvill.*—Oxford Verses, &c. (Reprinted, London, 1684.)
16. 1654. *Peace with Holland.*—Oliva Pacis, &c. Cant.
17. ——— ————Musarum Oxon. Ελαιοφορεα, &c. Genti Togatæ ad vada Isidis Celeusma Metricum.
18. 1660. *Restoration.*—Acad. Cant. Σωφρα, &c.
19. ——— *Death of Duke of Gloucester.*—Epicedia Acad. Oxon. &c.
20. 1669. ——— *Queen Dowager Henrietta.*—Threni Cant. &c.
21. 1670. ——— *Henrietta, Duchess of Orange.*—Lacrymæ Cant. &c.
22. ——— *Duke of Alenmarle.*—Threnodia Cant. &c.
23. 1671. ——— *Anne, Duchess of York.*—Epicedia Cant. &c.
24. 1677. *Marriage of Prince of Orange and Princess Mary.*—Epithalamium Cant. &c.
25. 1683. *Marriage of George of Denmark and Princess Anne.*—Hymenæus Cant.
26. 1685. *Accession of James II.*—Mœstissimæ ac Lætissimæ Acad. Cant. &c.
27. ——— ————Supplex Recognitio, &c. et Pietas Acad. Oxon. &c.
28. 1688. *Birth of Duke of Cornwall.*—Genethliacon, &c. Cant.
29. 1695. *Death of Queen Mary.*—Lacrymæ Cant. &c.
30. ——— ————Pietas Univ. Oxon. &c.
31. 1697. *Return of William III. after Peace of Ryswick.*—Gratulatio Acad. Cant. &c.
32. 1700. *Death of Duke of Gloucester.*—Threnodia Acad. Cant. &c.
33. 1702. *Accession of Anne.*—Acad. Cant. Carmina, &c.
34. ——— ————Pietas Univ. Oxon. &c. et Gratulatio, &c.
35. ——— ————Comitia Philologica in Honorem Annæ, &c. Oxon.
36. 1704. *National Successes.*—Plausus Musarum, &c. Oxon.
37. 1714. *Accession of George I.*—Mœstissimæ ac Lætissimæ Acad. Cant. Carmina, &c.
38. ——— ————Pietas Univ. Oxon. &c. et Gratulatio, &c.
39. 1715. *Death of Dr Radcliffe.*—Exequiæ, &c. Oxon.
40. 1727. *Accession of George II.*—Luctus Acad. Cant. &c. et Gaudia, &c.
41. 1733. *Marriage of Prince of Orange and Princess Anne.*—Gratulatio Acad. Cant. &c.
42. 1736. ——— *Friderick Prince of Wales.*
43. 1738. *Death of Queen Caroline.*—Pietas Acad. Cant. &c.
44. ——— ————Oxon. &c.
45. 1741. ——— *Frederick Prince of Wales.*—Epicedia Acad. Cant. &c.
46. ——— ————Oxonienſia, &c.
47. 1755. *Restitution of Public Library.*—Carmina ad Thomam Holles, &c. Cant.
48. 1760. * *Accession of George III.*—Luctus Acad. Cant. &c. et Gratulatio, &c.
49. ——— ————Pietas Acad. Oxon. &c.
50. 1761. *Marriage of George III.*—Gratulatio Acad. Cant. &c.
51. ——— ————Epithalamium Acad. Oxon. &c.
52. 1762. *Birth of George Prince of Wales.*—Gratulatio Acad. Cant. &c.
53. ——— ————Solennis Acad. Oxon. &c.
54. 1763. *Peace of Paris.*—Gratulatio Acad. Cant. &c.

Beside these, however, (and in general it may be observed, that upon most of these occasions, except where the subject was strictly local, both universities came forward) others were published—in 1631, on a royal Birth; in the year following, on the King's Recovery from illness; on the Peace of Westphalia, I believe, in 1648; and, a century afterward, on that of Aix-la-Chapelle: with several more in 1691, 1708, &c. &c. which stronger memories, or wealthier libraries, will supply.†

In some of the above are found the names of Herbert, Crashaw, Cowley, Milton, Locke, Barrow, Prior, Bentley, Jortin, and Gray—an illustrious decade! But such names, alas! are only the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*; and even Gray's hexameters, in 1736, were not deemed worthy, by his friend and editor, of being preserved from the common fate. "Adulatory verses of this kind (Mr Mason observes), however well written, deserve not to be transmitted to posterity; and, indeed, are usually buried, as they ought to be, in the trash with which they are surrounded. Every person, who feels himself a poet, ought to be above prostituting his powers on such occasions; and extreme youth (as was the case with Gray, then

* It was upon this, or the preceding similar occasion, that the Epigram "While Cam
at Isis, &c." made its appearance.

† I have not named the "*Luctus Britannici*," on the Death of Dryden (fol. Lond.
1700), because it is not exclusively academical.

twenty) is the only thing that can apologise for his having done it." Yet the compliments, or condolences, of Cowley and Marvell have been printed in their respective works; and the double-tongued Dupont, with his inexhaustible urn, which (like that of the witty and unprincipled Dr South) flowed even during the Protectorate, when more loyal tongues were silent, fills nearly half his "*Musæ Subsecivæ*!"* with verses of this description. Notwithstanding the protest of Mason, indeed who himself however both wrote, and reprinted what he wrote, (*Il Pacifico*) upon the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, at the age of twenty-three, I feel assured that one interesting duodecimo might be formed, by a judicious selector, out of these numerous quartos and folios. *Tantula sunt vatum corpuscula!* Neither is it unpleasant, even in less polished compositions, to mark the cloud-streaked east, which announces the coming day; and to observe, that Cowley from the first was quaint, and Milton sublime, and Barrow copious. Here we see embryo judges and bishops, secretaries of state and prime ministers themselves, first imping their wings for loftier flights. It is occasionally, also, not without it's uses to biography; nor will it pass without a smile from the reader, that the two eventful years of 1688 and 1715 are here only celebrated for the birth of the Pretender and the death of Dr Radcliffe!!

Since the year 1763, however, as if the frequency of the recent demand had exhausted the academical Hippocrene, great events of various kinds have passed without receiving any poetical notice from either university. The almost unprecedented fecundity of the queen, which, from the speedy recurrence of births, must have drained the imaginations of the most inventive—the pacification with America—his majesty's illness in 1788, and his recovery—the marriage of the Prince of Wales—the truce of Amiens—the imperial visit—Trafalgar, and Waterloo—and (last, not least) the death of the Princess Charlotte and her royal infant—what a succession of subjects!

But the public, it may be apprehended, have lost little by the discontinuance of the customs in question; and as little the poets themselves. The verses were frequently composed, no doubt, by the school-fellows or friends of those under whose names they appeared; and time has abundantly repaid the generosity of the writer, for what was regarded perhaps at the moment as a sacrifice, by leaving his own name undiscoverable. Such, we must admit, is their general character, that if public records and parish-registers had not come in timely aid of college-numbers, the "sacred bard," in a large plurality of instances, it is to be feared, would have failed to protect his subject from the "long night" of oblivion.

Exercises of this kind, however, are now presumptively at an end; and Laureates and Academies will hereafter, probably for ever, be spared the necessity of crying, *Poscimus*.

Before I conclude, I will throw together the names of a few of the lofty or learned contributors upon each occasion; marking, by italics, such as recur also in subsequent years. Mere heads of houses, noblemen, &c., the "mob of gentlemen" scholars, are of course omitted.

No. 4. 1603. J. Howson, Th. Ravis, J. Rainold, and Rich. Kilby (all translators of the Bible) Geo. Abbats (for so the Archbishop, then Dean of Winchester, spelled his name) Henry Marten, Lord Wentworth, aged 11, and his brother, aged 8! Rich. Carpenter, Jas. Cooke, Geo. Hakewill, Arthur Duck, J. Leynthall, Rich. Corbett, Thos. Cooper, Geo. Webbe, J. Prideaux, E. Coles, and J. Hamden.

It may be noticed, as a striking fact, that the Oxford University-press at this time wanted types for a third line of Hebrew—*typographo decrant characteres!* p. 10.

5. 1612. Andr. Downe (Tr.), Jos. Blaxton, Rich. Moundeford,—Balcuquall, GEO. HERBERT (the divine), Fra. White, Theoph. Wodenote, and Dens. Holles. This was the era of chronograms and acrostichs, mesostichs, &c.

6. 1619. J. Hacket, Edm. Dickinson, Dudley North, Norton Knatchbull, James Willett, Ralph Winterton, and Mr. Whelock.

Anagrams were now very general.

* In my copy, however, which formerly belonged *Ex dono*, &c., to his friend Professor Widdrington, along with a copy of remuneratory verses, is candidly inserted the following paragraph:—*J. Dupontus clarissimi, cuiusque vitam egregiis carminibus exornat, ut sciamus ipsum plurimis virtutibus abundasse, qui alienas sic amat.*

7. 1624. Br. Twyne, Sidn. Godolphin, *Will. Strode*, Hen. Elsynge, Car. Deodati, and J. Harnmar.
In the collections of 1631, 1632, 1633, and 1637 occur the contributions of Milton's friend, Edward King.
8. 1638. Brian Duppa, J. Rous, *W. Cartwright*, Rob.^d Waring, Geo. Ashwell, J. Halscy, Tho. Greaves, Fra. Rous, *Hen. Killigrew*, and *Jasper Mayne*.
9. 1637. Tho. Comber, *Hen. Fern*, *James Duport*, *P. Samways*, *Hen. More*, J. *Sherman*, *Ralph Widdrington*, Ed. Rainbowe, J. Wallis, *Th. Norton*, Ed. Penruddoke, And. Marvell, *Rich. Crashaw*, and *Abn. Cowley*.
10. 1637. Tho. Farnaby, J. Cleveland, and J. MILTON '(Lycidas).'
11. 1641. Rich. Sterne, Edw. Dering, *W. Dillingham*, Ja. Tabor, *Ralph Cudworth*, Abn. Cowley, and Oliver St. John.
12. — A. Woodhead; E. Gayton, T. Tullie, Hen. Vaughan, and J. Fell.
13. — *Rich. Zouch*, *Ralph Bathurst*, and J. Hall.
14. 1643. Dudley Digges.
15. 1643. Ric. Baylie, Tho. Lamplugh, Hen. Harington, and Pet. Wyche.
The Oxford verses often conclude with a copy by Leon. Lichfield, the University-printer.
16. 1654. J. Arrowsmith, B. Whichcot, *Fra. Glisson*, Tho. Fuller, and *Geo. Bright*.
17. 1654. J. Owen,—Bagshawe, Nath. Crewe, *Rob. South*, J. LOCKE, J. Forde, and J. Ailmer.
18. 1660. W. Disney, and ISAAC BARROW (and in the three ensuing numbers).
19. — Edw. Pocock, J. Dolben, J. Speed, Fra. Turner, and Steph. Penton.
20. 1669. J. Pearson, J. Spencer, and T. Gale.
21. 1670. J. Battely, R. Garth, L. Milbourne, and *Leo. Wilestead*.
22. — R. Crevghton, *W. Saywell*, T. Gataker, and Nat. Lee.
23. 1671. T. W. (oolston ?) and J. Byrom.
24. 1677. R. Duke, *Jos. Barnes*, J. Glanvill, *W. Fleetwood*, and J. Hartcliff.
25. 1683. Rob. Jenkin, Matt. Scrivener, and H. Gore.
26. 1685. Geo. Harbin, Charles Dryden, Geo. Stepney, Hen. Wharton, *Tho. Johnson*, Jac. Winstanly, W. Wotton, Tho. Baker, M. PRIOR, and *Geo. Stanhope*.
27. — *Tho. Hyde*, Edw. Bernard, *Edw. Pococke*, *Geo. Smatridge*, and Arthur Mainwaring.
28. 1688. Bevill Higgon.
29. 1695. J. Covel, And. Snape, *Fra. Hare*, Rich. Cumberland, *Tho. Sherlock*, J. Trevor, A. Blackwell, James Upton, Will. Shippen, W. Wilymot, Cha. Daubuz—Hoadly, and Ambrose Phillips.
30. 1695. H. Aldrich, Tho. Hammer, Edm. Chishull, J. Freund, Hen. Sacheverell, J. Shadwell, *Basil Kennett*, Ant. Alsop, J. Potter, E. Thwaites, and Christ. Codrington.
31. 1697. H. Bland, Rob. Walpole, and Pet. Needham.
32. 1700. Marquis of Blandford, *Rich. Bentley*, *W. Sherlock*, *Tho. Pilgrim*, Tho. Ralph, and Pet. Allix.
33. 1702. Tho. Rymcr, and A. A. Sykes.
34. — W. Elstob, R. Boyle, W. Pulteney, J. Hildrop, J. Cockman, W. Oldisworth, and Peter Foulkes.
36. 1704. *Tho. Cockman*.
37. 1714. J. Markland, Zach. Pearce, and *Roger Long*.
38. — *Rich. Grey*, *Rich. Rawlinson*, Ralph Assheton, and *Digby Cotes*.
39. 1715. *Phil. Barton*, and J. Trenchard.
40. 1727. Rich. Dawes, Tho. Hayter, W. Battie, Rich. Mountney, J. JORTIN, S. Pegge,—Seward, and Dr J. Taylor.
41. 1733. *Phil. Yonge*, J. Garnett, W. Cooke, and C. Anstey.
42. 1736. THO. GRAY.
43. 1738. Geo. Harvest, W. Whitehead, Israel Lyons, J. Upton, and Edm. Keene.
44. — Rog. Newdigate, J. Coneybeare, *James Merrick*, *Edw. Bentham*, Wellbore Ellis, Jos. Trapp, J. Shipley, and *Jos. Spence*.
45. 1751. J. Green, W. George, J. Hallam, Geo. Baker, *Beilby Porteus*, Fr. Montagu, J. Hinchliffe, Erasmus Darwin, J. Foster, J. Parkhurst, R. Cumberland, J. Cranwell, Fra. Maseres, and J. Symonds.
46. — Lord North. *Tho. Hunt*, Rob. Lowth, *Tho. Warton*, *Tho. Tyrwhitt*, *Benj. Kennicott*, *Rich. Hill*, Henry Flood, B. Blayney, *Cha. Jenkinson*, Edw. R. Mores, C. M. Cracherode, and Matt. Lewis.
47. 1755. Rob. Glynn, *Cha. Emily*, Rob. Tyrwhitt, *Rich. Farmer*, Elijah Impey, and *Edw. Tem*.
48. 1760. S. Ogden, J. Langhorne, R. Croftes, *Benj. Heath*, T. Zouch, J. Halifax, *Tho. Powys*, Hor. Mann, *Joah Bates*, and J. Law.
49. — *Brownlow North*, Shute Barrington, *James Macdonald*, *Lewis Bagot*, Fra. Mundy, Fra. Stone, J. Cleaver, and *W. Cleaver*.

50. 1761. Edm. Law, J. Lettice, S. Berdmore, and Geo. Hardinge.
 51. — Sam. Bishop, J. Jekyll, J. Napleton, *Abel Moysey*, and Lucas Pepys.
 52. 1762. *Fisc. Fitzwilliam*, Rob. Graham, W. Hayley, and J. Hey.
 53. — H. J. Pye, Edm. Cartwright, Henry Courtenay, J. Symmons, W. Eden, and Giles Rooke.
 54. 1763. Luke Gardiner, W. Bennet, and James Scott.

X.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No XI.

At the close of the last season it was our intention not to have renewed these notices. From a habit of perpetually referring the degraded and worthless state of the Modern Drama to the enormous size of the regular theatres, we had become quite weary of attending to them at all. And the causes which had brought about this evil increased our disgust tenfold. It was absolutely provoking, and not to be thought of with common patience, that the most enlightened amusement of the most enlightened people in the world should be sacrificed to the paltry and short-sighted views of a joint-stock company, and a wealthy individual; and these feelings were not likely to be much allayed by the reflection, that the only hope in which we could take refuge from them was, either that these blind-folded money-seekers would sooner or later be compelled, for want of resources, to desist from carrying on the war against good taste, or that, by some fortunate accident or other, their rival theatres would, on some fine frosty night, illuminate the metropolis in the form of rival bon-fires. In saying this, it must not be supposed that we think lightly of the inconvenience and distress that either of these alternatives would cause: But they are actually the *only* alternatives; and the evils that would result from them are not for a moment to be put in competition with the good.

The truth is, we were fairly tired of our task—chiefly because we felt that it *was* a task, and that, therefore, it was not likely to be performed with either utility or amusement to the reader or ourselves. But we really do think that a great and important change has within these few months taken place in the prospects of our national drama; and that the crisis of its affairs is very near at hand.

In consequence of the exclusive patentees of the regular drama not having dared to rouse the public feeling

by thrusting forward, too forcibly, claims that are manifestly founded in bad policy and injustice, several of the minor theatres have been gradually changing their former character, and assuming something of a regular and classical air. They have been engaging some of our first-rate actors, and making approaches to the performance of the legitimate Drama: And their houses, not requiring to be constructed on the principles of a whispering-gallery, have been filled accordingly.

In the mean time, Old Drury, as we predicted that she would, has given up the ghost; and the persons who hastened her death have cunningly contrived to pass off her body, as the barber did that of Little Hunch-back, upon their neighbour, Mr Elliston, whose evil genius has instigated him to embark his whole property in making some experiments upon the said body—for he fancies it to be only in a state of *Asphixia*. He will find himself mistaken, however. He may try to infuse fresh breath into it by puffing it with newspaper bellows; and endeavour to make the blood re-flow by warming it with patent stoves, or rubbing the palsied members with (attic) salt, if he can procure any;—but all will be of no avail. A few convulsive movements may perhaps ensue,—like those produced by galvanism:—but they will have no other effect than to startle the spectators, and perhaps, from the enormous size of the *subject*, permanently injure the operator.

Add to this auspicious state of things the circumstance of Mr Kean being about to leave England for two or three years, and thus withdraw his atlas shoulders from the support of this monstrous monopoly, and we cannot help anticipating a speedy end to it, and to all its mischievous consequences.

We may then, perhaps, live to see our theatrical establishments assume some-

thing like the following arrangement :—The King's Theatre to be appropriated exclusively to Italian operas ;—Covent-Garden to be converted into an English *Académie de Musique* for the encouragement of a grand national Opera and Ballet ;—the internal part of Drury-Lane to be entirely remodelled, and contracted to a moderate size, and a new Theatre on a similar plan built—these two for the exclusive representation of the legitimate English Drama, including Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce. Perhaps the minor theatres might then safely remain under their present restriction : but we see no very good reason why it would not be for the benefit of all parties that they should be free from any restriction whatever.

With the distant prospect of this change before us,—and perhaps with some faint hope of being able to contribute our mite towards bringing it about,—we are tempted to continue our Notices of what is going forward in the theatrical world.—But lest our temper should be thought to have been somewhat soured since we at first proposed a little good-natured gossip with the reader, we must fairly confess that we no longer sit down to our task *con amore* ; and that we cannot help every now and then exclaiming to ourselves,

“ A plague o' both your houses !”

COVENT GARDEN.

The Steward.

THE first novelty of the season has been a Comedy at this theatre. It is called *THE STEWARD* ; and is said to be “ founded on” Holcroft's *Deserted Daughter*. But it is, in fact, nothing more than a revival of that piece, with some slight and insignificant alterations. This comedy has evidently been brought forward at the present time, not from any intrinsic attractions of its own, but from the accidental circumstance of its containing characters extremely well adapted to display the talents of some favourite performers : principally Mr Macready and Mr W. Farren. Yet the comedy is not without a degree of merit in itself. The character of *MORDAUNT* (*Macready*) is drawn with considerable force, truth, and consistency ; and that of *ITEM* (*Farren*) is finished with great care and skill.—There is also a good deal of interest excited during the progress and developement of the plot ; and the

dialogue, if it seldom delights, as seldom offends good taste.—There is, however, scarcely any originality in the piece ; and it was not at all worth reviving for itself.—Holcroft shewed some skill in the manner in which he availed himself of the materials furnished by previous writers ; but he had no creative power of his own. He produced no work that will live, because, though he could dove-tail the dead parts together, he could not infuse a vital principal into them. But the grand fault of this comedy is its extreme seriousness. It has, in fact, no pretensions to the title of a comedy at all. It must be a strange, and not a very “ happy alchemy of mind” that can extract mirth from the gloomy invectives of a self-made misanthrope—or the misery and remorse of a ruined gamester—or the agonies and despair of a father who believes that he has been instrumental in the seduction of his own child. Yet these are the ingredients of the chief character.—*Mordaunt*.—Neither is there much to compel laughter in the spectacle of a cunning scoundrel successfully plotting the destruction of his benefactor—or the insane curses and imprecations of the same person, when his machinations are laid bare by an accomplice, as great a villain as himself.—Nay, it is quite possible to refrain from smiles even at witnessing the misery of a loving and virtuous wife neglected by her husband ; or the sighs and tears of a lovely and innocent daughter, deserted by her parent. In fact, there is nothing less comic than the sufferings even of the wicked, except those of the good : and this comedy consists of little else but one or the other. And yet, notwithstanding this great fault, it has been completely successful : chiefly, as we think, in consequence of the admirable manner in which it is performed throughout. Every character in the piece, without exception or qualification, was played as well as it could be. We are only able to notice, in particular, those of *Item* and *Mordaunt*, by Mr W. Farren, and Mr Macready.

Item, the villanous old Steward who gives the title to the play, while tottering on the brink of the grave, is ready to barter his own body and soul, and those of all his kind, to gratify his filthy passion for lucre. He crouches down to the earth, and creeps after his

victims, like a cat following her prey. His features are as hard and as sharp as those of the coin on which he dotes. You can see that money is the means and the end of his existence. He loves it for itself alone. It is his food and raiment—the breath of his life—the blood of his heart—the sum of his daily thoughts and his nightly dreams.—He kneels to it when he goes to rest. It is his only hope—his only good—his only god. And when, at last, all that he possesses of it is suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away from him, he raves and rages about, like a tiger that has lost her young. His teeth grind against each other—his eyes glare, and seem bursting from their sockets—his voice gushes forth at intervals, or is lost in hurried and impotent attempts at expression. Then, for a moment, he drops on his knees, his eyes fill with tears, and his hands are clasped in an agony of supplication. But the next moment, finding that all is in vain, he starts upon his feet again—pours forth a torrent of curses and imprecations—and then rushes away, as if in despairing and hopeless search after his lost idol.

The whole performance, and particularly the last scene, was really fine; and we cannot help noticing that what has always before struck us as a great defect in Mr Farren's acting, was, on the contrary, a beauty in this. We mean the hard and fixed expression of his countenance. In all the early part of the character his features looked as if they were carved out of box-wood, and were only to be moved by stratagem; but, in the last scene, their free, loose, and wild expression formed a natural and admirable contrast to this. We are happy in this opportunity of doing justice to the talents of an actor of whom we have hitherto neglected to speak as he deserves.

We never before saw Mr Macready play so well as in the highly sensitive, yet ruined, guilty, and desperate Mordaunt. It was a very fine performance—full of deep pathos, strong passion, and exquisite judgment. The scene in which he believes himself to have been instrumental in the ruin of his own child exhibited great power and vehemence, occasionally relieved and heightened by beautifully pathetic and affecting contrasts: and the whole was worthy of the rank which this gentleman is entitled to claim, as the

second actor on the English stage. We think, too, that in this, and in the few other characters of the same class, which Mr Macready has performed, he has shewn that he possesses more of the air and manner of a gentleman than any other actor of this day. Mr Kean has none at all: But then he seldom wants it, and can always afford to do without it. Mr Young is undoubtedly a gentleman: But yet there is a little appearance of self-conceit and affectation about him. He seems to feel himself so much of a gentleman that he need not care to trouble himself about the matter. His gentility sits rather too loosely about him: like a well cut coat that has the fault of being a little too large. But he is a gentleman, nevertheless. Mr C. Kemble, too, can assume the tone and style of good society: But it is generally accompanied by an air of proud self-consciousness, as if he were something above it. And so he is. When he plays a part that requires this, he seems to do it under an apparent sense of degradation, as if he felt himself to be descending from the regions of Romance and Poetry, to which he more properly belongs. But Mr Macready, in the level part of this character, and in some others, has seemed to us to exhibit that very rare acquirement, a perfectly unconstrained and graceful style of expression, accompanied by a cool, quiet, and unconscious self-possession, in which the manners of a gentleman consist. We do not mean to attach any very high value to this acquirement, in an actor; but if it were more prevalent on the stage, it would sooner than any thing else, contribute to raise the profession to that rank in public estimation, which it might and should hold:—for it is probable that there is more natural intellect, and more acquired information and knowledge of the world, among actors, than would be found in an equal number of the members of any other profession whatever, taken indiscriminately.

Miss Tree, and Mr Phillips.

Two new singers have been engaged at this Theatre: Miss M. Tree from Bath; and Mr Phillips, who sang at the English Opera some years ago.

Of Miss Tree we have seen but little—yet enough to be very much pleased with her. Her voice is not at

all powerful; but it is perfectly clear and sweet in the upper notes, and some of the lower ones have a fine, rich, glowing tone—like the musical murmur of the honey-bee. She has also an extremely good natural taste, and appears to have been well taught. Her powers, to be sure, are very limited,—that is to say, she cannot do what had much better be left undone: She can neither startle nor astonish—but merely communicate delight. Her execution is laboured and difficult to herself—and therefore it gives neither pleasure nor surprise. But when she trusts to simplicity and nature, which she really appears to do as much as the present state of musical taste will permit her,—there is a purity and sweetness of expression about her singing that is quite delightful. In the *Maid of the Mill* she introduces Moore's ballad of "Young Love;" and we never remember to have heard any given with more exquisite finish and more delicious effect.—There is also something pleasing and lady-like about her person and manners—accompanied, however, by a little stiffness, that will soon wear off: But we like her the better for it at present.

Of Mr Phillips we should be loath to speak at all, unless we were pretty sure that he had rather we should say any thing of him than nothing. As the subject, however, is not a very important one, and as our opinion on it seems to differ *in toto* from that of the public, we shall not undertake the invidious and useless task of expressing it; but shall substitute our individual feeling in its stead. We must, however, vindicate our good-nature by saying that we do this entirely out of respect to him; and as what he will consider a much less evil than that of passing him over in silence. We do feel, then, that, in the way of amusement, we never yet encountered any thing so disagreeable as Mr Phillips's singing—*except* his acting. We should actually be tempted to stay away from hearing Miss Tree, when this gentleman performs with her, but that it would be quite unavailing: for his open mouth, like that of a Dutch nut-cracker—his "Cupid's two eyes"—his portentous frown—and his perpetual singer—absolutely haunt us.—But it is easy to perceive that Mr Phillips can make himself perfectly happy with-out our good word—for his audience

seem to consider him as a very accomplished singer, and moreover, a very graceful and agreeable person: and he evidently thinks that it would be a great piece of presumption in him to differ in opinion from so large and enlightened a body.

On Wednesday the 6th an afterpiece called the *Gnome King*, was produced at this Theatre. It is not a kind of Drama to require much criticism. The story is simply this:—The Princess Stella, a young lady who, as her name indicates, is addicted to star-gazing, and who frequently indulges in moonlight walks at a very late hour of the evening, is, in one of these excursions, seen by a certain Gnome King—a person who is also given to night-wanderings, but who, when at home, resides in the centre of the earth. This monarch of miners straitway falls desperately in love with the lady, and having by a clever stratagem (for all things are fair in love) contrived to get her in his power, he sinks down to his kingdom, and carries her with him.—Immediately the news of this accident transpires, the lady's betrothed husband, Duke Sigismund, goes to consult a cunning man who lives at some distance, in a place similar to that "Where Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove." This person informs the lover of his mistress's unpleasant situation, and the probable means of extricating her from it—and by his direction Sigismund goes in search of her.—Arriving at a blasted heath, he boldly though not very prudently commits himself to the guidance of a dove, at whose instigation he throws himself into a sort of steam-coach, lighted with gas, which conveys him safely to his journey's end.—In the mean time the Gnome King has treated his fair captive in the handsomest possible manner; but not being gifted with such personal attractions as his young rival, she seems determined to reject his addresses—when just at the moment that she is indulging in a little pardonable coquetry with him, and he has rather unadvisedly laid his sceptre, and with it all his supernatural power, at her feet, her favoured lover arrives from outside the earth, snatches up the said sceptre, and by virtue of its power, sends his rival in a very summary, and, considering the polite manner in which he had conducted himself towards the lady, certainly not a very justifiable man-

ner, down to sup with Pluto. The lovers then, by their newly acquired power, convey themselves home again, and all is well.—The lady, no doubt, effectually cured of her passion for moonlight, and the Gnome King fully convinced of the extreme folly of venturing out of one's element.

We are not at all disposed to quarrel with a piece of this kind, now and then—and the Gnome King is the best of its class we have seen for a long while. The language is rather too ambitious sometimes; and in one part it indulges itself in a very strange, and quite a novel freak: the scene is in Germany; but the characters of course all speak English, *except one*: The sovereign Duke, Stella's papa, chooses to express himself in the regular stage jargon "appointed to be spoken" by Swiss valets and other German adventurers, when they happen to be engaged in scenes which are laid in England. But probably this arrangement was made for the accommodation of Mr Farley; who, to say the truth, speaks broken English much better than he does sound.—There is some pleasant music composed by Mr Bishop; and the plot is sufficiently interesting to keep the attention alive;—but the scenery is, of course, intended to be the chief attraction, and it is truly splendid and beautiful. The first scene, supposed to represent the centre of the earth, and that of the fairy bower prepared by the Gnome King for the reception of his fair captive, are better than any thing of the kind

that we remember to have seen; but they are greatly surpassed by that of the lake with the distant view of the Giant Mountains.—This was really an exquisitely beautiful and correct natural picture.

This piece is said to be written by Mr Reynolds—we suppose, Mr Reynolds the Dramatist. It is but fair to make this distinction—for there is another person of that name—a gay and witty young writer who would probably, on more accounts than one, be very loath to deprive his name-sake of whatever credit may belong to such literary labours as these.

Since the first part of this article was written it appears that Mr Kean is still to form part of the Drury Lane Company, having abandoned his plan of going to America. We hope the talk about it was not coquetry, after all. Such arts are entirely beneath him. Mr Ellison has also announced his intention of, next season, re-modelling the whole internal arrangement of this theatre, and *contracting it to a moderate size*! So, to this complexion it is come at last! But is this announcement to be taken without qualification? Will he persevere in his plan if the theatre, *in its present form*, should answer his purposes—that is to say, *pay him*? We shall see. Until he does, however, we cannot even *wish* him success—and *when* he does we can do more than wish, we can promise it to him.

LONDON.

September—October.

[This little article, which is too lively to be omitted, touches on part of the same ground with the preceding one, and was sent to us in the belief that our dramatic friend had ceased his ingenious lucubrations. EDITOR.]

THIS is the famous period, then, when London is dull even to a proverb, and the country is endured for thirty or forty days.

WE—(who are a sort of paradoxical unit of that renowned aggregate body whose ethereal spirits are transmuted once a month into letter-press, in the shape of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,) we, in all our anonymous dignity, are now lying stretched out on a chintz-covered sofa in the great city of London. We hearken to messages

and flying news from every quarter where the wild winds blow, and we debate, and, in our wisdom, determine upon the merit or importance of all. If, peradventure, ought of interest occur, straight we pin it down upon our sheet of foolscap, and impress the fugitive into our service.

We have communications from the Stock Exchange and the Fleet; from Slaughter's Coffee-house and Newgate market; from the Traveller's club (where each member must have tra-

velled his 600 miles) and the Weaver's company; from Covent Garden, and the west end of the town, and the society for the Suppression of Vice; we lounge through the theatres, and glance somewhat carelessly at the company, and we are admitted to an unmolested view of the great square of Lincoln's Inn, which is usually so full of bustle, but now like

"A world left empty of its throng."

Every thing wears a strange aspect. The hotel-keepers are painting their houses—the jewellers stand invitingly at their thresholds—the milliner has a petition in her face—and the beggar is not to be resisted—the linen-draper is laying in their stock of winter patterns—the doctor has leave to enjoy himself—the lawyer ceases from his toil—the tailor's measure is an "idle instrument"—and the roll of a carriage is heard no more.

There is something melancholy in all this; the spirit of assimilation carries us back to the past in a moment—to palaces of old, to temples, to towers almost forgotten—to pillars and tombs, and the scite of memorable cities of which now scarcely the dust remains.

There is nothing that induces melancholy contemplation more than the sight of a great city in silence and desertion. A rural scene, however quiet and remote, has charms of earth, and air, and sky, that generate a livelier feeling. The heart expands to take in all its beauties; the eye looks gratefully up to the wide heavens, and the senses are delighted with odours and flowers. We seem to be making acquaintance with nature, and we look forward to changes and improvements—there is a novelty in her shifting charms which amuses the spirit, and there is expectation to prevent it from sinking. But a city in its pillared solitude speaks of nothing but the past. It is the same as ever, or it has even a more mournful face. We never think of the time to come, unless it be to speculate upon probable decay. The seasons seem to have passed. Expectation, and enjoyment, and fear, and dismay, may have been, but they are gone for ever. It is not merely solitude, but it is solitude without novelty, or apprehension, or hope.

And what has this to do with London? Why, in truth, our part (the west) of the town, wears some such an aspect now. Palmyra and Egypt

tian Thebes seem, at times, to have been translated hither by that mighty African magician, so famous a remover of buildings in the time of Aladdin. At other times, while we wander through the more lonely streets, we are tempted to consider ourselves in the marble city discoursed of in oriental story; and when we come upon a human being at a sudden turn, his footstep falls upon our ear like the one solitary voice that broke the silence of that enchanted spot.

But to quit the west end of the town for "fresh woods and pastures new." Intelligent reader! shouldst thou chance to arrive in London shortly after thou readest this Magazine, hie thee unto the theatres—there are something still worth thy seeing. There is, first, at

COVENT GARDEN. *The Steward.* A "Mr Mordent," on becoming the husband of a titled lady, disowns the child of a former humble marriage. He runs in extravagance, and is involved, as a matter of course. Honest "Item," his steward, is the person who principally assists him onwards to his ruin. He has a friend too who lends him money, and then requests that he will play the orator for him with a young girl whom he (the friend) wishes to seduce. Mr M. consents to this after the proper allowance of struggles, and the young girl turns out to be his own deserted child. The affair terminates in the usual manner, and reconciliations, and forgiveness, and love, and marriage, and punishment, as the case may be, are distributed among the good, the erring, and the bad. Macready is very great in this play, though, at times, we thought rather too violent; his words are almost lost occasionally in his deep guttural tone. Why does he resort to this trick? The second tragedian on the stage need not do this to render himself conspicuous. We know no one who so well depicts suppressed emotion as he, saving, perhaps, Kean; but Kean's manner (for instance in the trial scene in the Iron Chest) is more in repose and ghastly; Macready is like the storm that mutters before it bursts. Farren, although he does not play Sir Anthony Absolute half, as well as Dowton, is at all times a clever actor, but in "Item," in his pinching avarice and his smiling roguery, and lastly, in the fearful, though almost

ludicrous, indications of a miser's despair, he is surpassingly excellent. There is Jones too with his foot mercenary; and Emery with a face like a shining copper kettle boiling over with indignation at his master's follies.

THE LYCEUM. This little theatre is always lively and pleasant. One is not crowded so much as at Covent Garden, and there are always three or four good comic performers, and half a dozen clever little actresses, who do their best to entertain us, and succeed. There is Dowton so excellent in his infirmity of impatience. There is Harley with his merriment insisting upon a sympathetic grin. There is Wrench, the most easy of actors, on good terms with himself and every body else.—There is Wilkinson, the most forlorn of comedians, letting his tragical mirth escape at every pore, like the water from the tub of the Danaides. There is Chatterley, who appears always to have just risen from dinner, round, little, and half animated by some intoxicating spirit, like the dumpling with quicksilver in it which the conjuror displays. And T. P. Cooke, a good-looking man of five feet eleven inches, or thereabouts. And now we come to the ladies. They are all young, and it is quite pleasant to look at them. Miss Kelly is first and foremost here as in other places. She is beyond competition the cleverest and most versatile actress on the stage—we have felt more deeply her sobs than even the imposing tragedy of Miss O'Neill; but in comedy who is like her? She laughs, and weeps, and dances, and jokes, and sings, till many person not being able to fix their admiration upon one prominent excellence, are content to split their praise, and so defraud her of her due in each. Miss Stevenson is the most earnest of young women, and like a rogue in grain. And Mrs Chatterley is a very pleasing actress, and has an eastern languish in her eye altogether becoming.

And now, kind reader, hast thou ever seen Miss Carew? if not, go; and if thou be not vanquished by her sweet and melting voice, then art thou made of stone. Many a time have we, in the idle month of September, gone to the Lyceum, and planting ourselves on the first row of the pit, or in the stage box, sat looking through our eye-glass till we forgot every thing but her. The critics say that she imitates Miss Stephens

VOL. VI.

—she does slightly, but she will get rid of that fault, and she can afford to do without it. Miss Stephens has the most melodious voice on the English stage, and this young girl seems to come nearest to her. She is quite as animated as Miss S., and has not quite so much simplicity—we believe that is the word—and then, we do not wish to conceal this, she appears to us to be handsomer. Do not fancy, however, that we have been beguiled by her face into an eulogium, but go and see her; and admire as thou valu'st us.

And now, what further can we say? there is really such a dearth of subjects—

“How now, how now, what say the citizens?”

Ha! we had forgot. We thank the Duke of Gloster for his hint. Yes—there is a schism in the city. Turtle is no longer exclusively worshipped.—That English Osiris has been shaken from his pedestal. The citizens have found other fish to fry, and have acquired an appetite for higher things.—Pudding gives place at last to fame.—The sheriffs have become ambitious.—They sigh for pre-eminence in office, and the chain of office (we do not like the badge) becomes an object of dispute. Guildhall trembles with the sound. They debate with an anger and a vehemence which the Mayor himself cannot silence or appease.—And is it come to this? Gods! shall all this be borne? shall not dinners be eaten in quiet, and has port lost its power to sooth? The sheriffs may like talking, and be content with livery applause, but

“Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.”

We beg to mention things of more consequence. Majora Canamus, as the poet says. Discussion is all very well in its way, and for a short period; but is a noisy stomach to be hushed with words? We say these things openly, and let the sheriffs take it as they list. We do not bite our thumbs at them, but we bite our thumbs; and will, if it so please us, be even melancholy, and murmur in secret. If the sheriffs will be ambitious and virtuous, let them in God's name begin; but shall we, therefore, have no “cakes and ale?” Let any man who has taken his beef (two pounds) and his bottle regularly for the last twenty years, think well of our protest; and if he disagree with

H

us, we would ask him what he has gained by feeding thus devoutly so long. We say to the city "Look to it!"——

These reflections came upon us in consequence of the complaint of a citizen, whose dinner was spoiled, because, forsooth, he thought it right to hear the termination of the city debate. He stayed, though he felt that the mutton was that instant burning, and the pudding below was even as a cinder. We are not allowed to mention the name of this patriotic individual; but did any of the Romans ever do as much in their Apician time?—This story nearly overcame us when we heard it, as we were walking in the Green Park before breakfast. We were walking swiftly, and our appetite (never dull) went on increasing in proportion to our speed. We cannot but say that we sympathized heartily with Mr ——. We were moved even to commiseration. Nothing could have allayed our appetite or our feelings but the sight of a friend. It was a friend, though we ourselves knew him but by our brethren's report. It was Tims! Yes, it was Tims

indeed, worn with travel, and lean with excessive exercise; he was partly hidden by a beard of three days, but we noted his small gray eye peeping over these bristly palisades, reconnoitering and evincing a quickness and anxiety about his baggage that none but a Londoner who has travelled displays. We saw him at the coach on the 4th of October. "What name?" said the coachman in a fearful voice. He answered, "Tims—Mister Tims"—a big portmanteau, and a 'at box—and a gun, coachy, in a wood case." Gentle sounds! but we knew him before.—We could not have been mistaken.—Like Charles de Moor, he might have said, "Dost thou know this Tims!" and he would have stood revealed at once. I forgot for a few moments even my breakfast. This could not last long. I heard divers internal sounds, unquiet, and fierce, as the barking dogs of Seylla, that required immediate and serious attention. We went home, Tims and ourself, and of the quartern loaf and twelve eggs which greeted our eyes, in the space of thirty minutes nothing but the shells remained.

A DAY IN GLEN-AVEN.*

WE have sometimes turned over our volumes on superstitions, fairies, witches, seers, and so forth, in our own snug library in Edinburgh, when, perhaps, the sound of chariot-wheels carrying belles and beaux to route, ball or supper, rattled along the street, or the hoarse voice of some watchman proclaimed the absence of all danger, natural or preternatural. At such times and in such situations, what cares one for fairies or seers of the wild mountains? An absolute ghost itself would fail to produce any effect upon us, and we feel that we could ask it, without flurry, to take a chair and a look at the Friday's Advertiser. We are all very philosophical and incredulous about the solitary phantoms of autres vast and deserts idle, when we feel ourselves one of a hundred and fifty snug citizens, some sipping

punch, some sipping tea," and preparing to "bundle in" into one of the three-bedded rooms in a tenement of fourteen stories. What could a ghost do with itself in Edinburgh? Would it sleep in a hotel, or go into furnished lodgings? Or would it cool its heels in a common stair? All metropolitan ghosts have behaved most unspiritually—witness she of Cocklane. They have contented themselves with a little scratching of boards—occasional mislaying of tooth-brushes—the oversetting of a stray utensil—or the malicious substitution of a pair of small clothes in the room of a petticoat. Farther than pranks like these the tame villatic ghost seldom proceeds—and as such accidents may, without much difficulty, be attributed to human agency, the blame is more frequently laid on the chambermaid than the spi-

* This article ought to have been in our last Number. We have now all returned to our studies; and purpose being very staid and orderly for some months to come.

rit, and by the inhabitants of great towns, a ghost is generally thought to be very like a whale.

But walk by yourself into the Highlands of Scotland—traverse wide black moors through the driving mists—come suddenly on lonesome and roaring waterfalls—sit by the dashing waves of dreary lochs—lose yourself for a whole wild and stormy day in a savage glen, or a dark pine-forest—scale mountains in company with the sunbeams, the shadows, the clouds, and the red-deer—sleep all night by yourself in some deserted shieling—or in the hut of a solitary herdsman—become a man of the mountains—let your eyes be fed on their colours, and your ears filled with their music, till heart, soul, imagination, life, are all melted into and interfused with the awful shapes, hues, and sounds of the earth you tread, and of the heavens that overshadow you; and you will then know the force and the meaning of the word *Superstition*, and start, in those sublime solitudes, to think how darkly and how obscurely meet the boundaries of truth and illusion, and how mingled is the long tumultuous array of real forms and imaginary phantoms!

We are now sitting by the side of Loch-Aven, a scene of utter solitude. The stream that issues from it flows eight or ten miles through a narrow winding glen before it reaches a human dwelling, and that is a single one in the desert. For several miles farther down, Glen-Aven is still solitary, and even then admits, as with reluctance, the small tree-sheltered cottage and its patch of green pasture or little corn field. But all around us, where we now sit, stretch the mountainous moors of Lord Fife—Sir James Grant—and the Duke of Gordon—and the only mark of feet is a black narrow path winding through the heather, by which the cattle from Strathspey are sometimes brought across the hills to join the great road that leads them to the Lowlands. We have left our Tent on the distant banks of the Dee—and have our little library in our knapsack: The Secret Commonwealth, by Mr Robert Kirk of Aberfoyle, 1691.—Martin's Account of the Isles—Mrs Grant on the Superstitions of the Highlands—and the Queen's Wake. A young Highlander is sitting by our side, who has never been out of the hearing of the storms of his native

hills—and whose uncultivated and dreary mind is charged with all their wildest traditions. We open the Queen's Wake and read the following very poetical note:

Glen-Avin.—P. 104.

“There are many scenes among the Grampian deserts which amaze the traveller who ventures to explore them; and in the most pathless wastes the most striking landscapes are often concealed. Glen-Avin exceeds them all in what may be termed stern and solemn grandeur. It is indeed a sublime solitude, in which the principle feature is deformity; yet that deformity is mixed with lines of wild beauty, such as an extensive lake, with its islets and bays, the straggling trees, and the spots of shaded green; and, altogether, it is such a scene as man has rarely looked upon. I spent a summer day in visiting it. The hills were clear of mist, yet the heavens were extremely dark—the effect upon the scene exceeded all description. My mind, during the whole day, experienced the same sort of sensation as if I had been in a dream; and on returning from the excursion, I did not wonder at the superstition of the neighbouring inhabitants, who believe it to be the summer haunt of innumerable tribes of fairies, and many other spirits, some of whom seem to be the most fantastic, and to behave in the most eccentric manner, of any I ever before heard of. Though the glen is upwards of twenty miles in length, and of prodigious extent, it contains no human habitation. It lies in the west corner of Banffshire, in the very middle of the Grampian hills.”

“Oft had that seer, at break of morn,
Beheld the fahm glide o'er the fell.—
P. 106.

“Fahm is a little ugly monster, who frequents the summits of the mountains around Glen-Avin, and no other place in the world that I know of. My guide, D. M'Queen, declared that he had himself seen him; and, by his description, Fahm appears to be no native of this world, but an occasional visitant, whose intentions are evil and dangerous. He is only seen about the break of day, and on the highest verge of the mountain. His head is twice as large as his whole body beside; and if any living creature cross the track over which he has passed before the sun shine upon it, certain death is the consequence. The head of that person or animal instantly begins to swell, grows to an immense size, and finally bursts. Such a disease is really incident to sheep on those heights, and in several parts of the kingdom, where the grounds are elevated to a great height above the sea; but in no place save Glen-Avin is Fahm blamed for it.”

Nothing can be better than this, our dear James, but what were you dreaming of when you spoke of a long loch in this glen? Loch-Aven is now before our eyes, a small loch of about two and a half miles in circumference;—and the long dreary glen at whose head it lies, with now and then a lovely spot of green turf at the confluence of some little torrent with the Aven, is much more impressive to the imagination than any lake.

Let us see what Mr Kirk says of the Highland fairies. He observes, that the fairies, or good people, are of a middle nature between man and angel, "somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and best seen in twilight." Some of them are fed by sucking "into some fine spiritous liquors, that pierce like pure oil or air, while others prey on grain like crows or mice." In one part of the tract, he hints, that they "eat only the aerial and ethereal parts;" and in another, the most spiritous matter for prolonging life—"such as *aquavite* is among liquids." They are sometimes heard to bake bread, strike hammers, and do "such like services within the little hillocks they haunt." Their ordinary dwellings are any cranie or cleft of the earth where the air enters; "for there is no such thing as a pure wilderness in the universe." It is now the lot of humanity to "labour for these abstruse people;" but before the earth was so overrun by us, they had their own tillage, and the "prent of their furrows are yet to be seen on the shoulders of very high hills." They remove to other lodgings at the beginning of each quarter of the year, "so travelling till doomsday;" and at such times, when their camelion-like bodies swim in the air, "with bag and baggage, seers, and men of second sight, have many terrifying encounters with them even on highways." On this account, our author states, that the Scottish-Irish keep church duly every first Sunday of the quarter to hallow themselves, though, he adds, they may not perhaps be seen there again till the next quarter. Their houses, though invisible to vulgar eyes, are large and fair, "like Rachtland and other enchanted islands—having fir-lights, continual lamps, and fires without fuel to sustain them." It is remarkable of all fairies, that their apparel and speech is like that of the people and country under which they

live. Hence in the Highlands they all wear plaids and variegated garments, and are heard to speak choice Gaelic. They do not, however, speak much, "and it is by way of whistling, clear not rough." The fairy-women are said to "spin very fine—to dry, to tossue, and embroyder"—their webs, however, being in all probability "curious cobwebs, impalpable rainbows of a phantastic imitation of the actions of more terrestrial mortals." They have "aristocratical laws," but no observable religion, and disappear at the holy name. Yet notwithstanding this imputation against them of want of religion, Mr Kirk mentions, "that a very young maid, who lived near to my last residence, in one night learned a large piece of poetry, by the frequent repetition of it from one of our nimble and courteous spirits, whereof a *part was pious*, the rest superstitious (for I have no copy of it), and no person was ever heard to repeat it before, nor was the maid capable to repeat it herself." They have also many disastrous doings of their own—as convocations, fighting, gashes, wounds, and burials, both in the earth and air. With respect to their procreation, Mr Kirk says, "that the air being a body as well as earth, no reason can be given why there may not be particles of 'more vivific spirit formed of it for procreation; and if our aping darlings did not thus procreate, their whole number would be exhausted after a considerable space of time." Though, upon the whole, they prefer doing harm to doing good, yet they do not all the harm in their power; and though never perceived to be in very great pain, yet are usually rather sullen and silent. They are said to have "many pleasant toyish books; but the operation of these pieces only appears in some paroxysms of antic corybantic jollity, as if ravished and prompted by a new spirit entering into them, at that instant, sligher and merrier than their own." Of the Bible they know nothing, "save collected parcels for charms and counter-charms." They are observed to dwindle and decay at a certain period, all about one age. Their weapons are never of iron, but of a yellow soft flint, "shaped like a barbed arrow-head;" and as to their skill in archery, Mr Kirk says, "that they are not infallible Benjaminites, hitting at a hair's

breadth, nor are they wholly unvanquishable. Those persons who are unsanctified, and hence pierced or wounded by such weapons, which makes them do somewhat very unlike their former practice, causing a sudden alteration, yet the cause of it imperceptible, are called *Fey*." With respect to their moral character in general, Mr Kirk justly observes, that whatever may be thought of it in fairy-land, child-stealing is an indictable offence: their trysting, in the shape of *succulæ*, with young men is also highly irregular; but, on the whole, they are not so much given "to swearing or intemperance as to envy, spite, hypocrisy, lying, and dissimulation"—a pretty account of the fairies, or good people.

On the whole, the fairy superstition, as described by Mr Kirk, is not a very pleasant one. The fairies of the Lowlands of Scotland are a more beautiful and harmless race, and seem to afford a better field of poetry. But we suspect, that if "Fairy-Land" be attempted by any poet, (and we perceive a poem with that name announced by Mr Wilson, author of the *Isle of Palms*), he must make it a world of his own imagination; for there is so much inconsistency and contradiction, and even so much of what is unhappy or debasing in the Fairy-creed of all nations, that unless a poet takes to himself a right to deal with its inhabitants as he chooses, it seems impossible that his poem should be a pleasing one. The Highlanders are certainly a melancholy people; and hence, have attributed to their fairies, a dim and indistinct character of fear and sorrow. The *Seers*, too, or second-sight men, who are, by their very gift, always melancholy, having seen fairies more frequently than other persons, have given a dreary picture of them and their pursuits. Without, therefore, endeavouring to seek for the origin of the Celtic fairies, and to shew, that from the history of the times in which the superstition arose, they must necessarily have assumed something of a mournful and unfriendly nature—it is plain, that from the very temperament of the Highlanders, their imaginary creatures would, generation after generation, be touched with darker and still darker hues; till at last the superstition would, on the whole, be
 of fear and danger, and but occa-

sionally enlivened by brighter and gentler fancies, as the minds of seers or bards, (at once priests and oracles of superstition) were withdrawn from the gloomy and grim aspect of the mountains, to those verdant mounds and fragrant birch-woods, so beautiful amidst the desolation, and which, in happier and more pleasant dreams, were imagined to be the dwellings of the Fairy People. Such dwellings are beautifully described by Mrs Grant, in her account of the popular superstition of the Highlands.

"In the narrow part of the valley through which the Spey makes its way from the parish of Laggan downwards to that of Kingussie, there is some scenery of a very singular character. To the south, the Spey is seen making some fine bends round the foot of wooded hills. It is bordered by a narrow stripe of meadow, of the richest verdure, and fringed with an edging of beautiful shrubbery. On the north side rises, with precipitous boldness, Craigow, or the Black Rock, the symbol and boundary of the clan who inhabit the valley. It is very black indeed, yet glitters in the sun, from the many little streams which descend from its steep, indeed perpendicular surface.

"In the face of this lofty rock are many apertures, occasioned by the rolling down of portions of the stone, from which echoing noises are often heard.

"This scene of terror overlooks the soft features of a landscape below, that is sufficient, with this association, to remind us of what has been said of 'Beauty sleeping in the lap of horror.'

"An eminence, as you approach towards the entrance to the strait, appears covered with regularly-formed hillocks, of a conical form, and of different sizes, clothed with a kind of dwarf birch, extremely light-looking and fanciful, sighing and trembling to every gale, and breathing odours after a calm evening shower, or rich dewy morning.

"In the depth of the valley, there is a lochan (the diminutive of loch), of superlative beauty. It is a round, clear, and shallow bason, richly fringed with water lilies, and presenting the clearest mirror to the steep wooded banks on the south, and the rugged face of the lofty and solemn rock which frowns darkly to the north.

"On the summit, scarce approachable by human foot, is the only nest of the goshawk now known to remain in Scotland; and in the memory of the author, the nearest farm to this awful precipice was held by the tenure of taking down, every year, one of the young of this rare bird, for the lord of the soil.

"The screaming of the birds of prey on the summit, the roaring of petty water-falls down its sides, and the frequent falls of shivered stone from the surface, made a

melancholy confusion of sounds, very awful and incomprehensible to the travellers below, who could only proceed on a very narrow path on the edge of the lake, and under the side of this gloomy rock.

"This singular spot, has too many minute beauties to be pictured in description. All its terrors, and all its beauties, however, conspire to give it the air of a nook, separated by surrounding barriers for some purpose of enchantment.

"It did not require a belief in fairies to look round for them in this romantic scene. If one had merely heard of them, an involuntary operation of fancy would summon them to a place so suited for their habita-

"The fairy mounts, or little regularly formed cones, which abound so much in the Highlands, have been, from time immemorial, accounted the abode of fairies. In some places, as at the foot of the mountain Corryarick, on the south side, a large space of ground is entirely covered with them. These are most regularly formed of equal size, and covered with the bilberry and fox-glove.

"This, it is to be remarked, is a place famous for the perishing of travellers in the snow.

"All along that road, numbers of these conical hillocks are seen rising in dry gravelly ground, and thickly covered with heath; whereas, at Lochan Uvie, they rise at a broader base, with a conical summit, to the height of eight or ten feet, and are covered with diminutive birch. The perfect regularity of their form, their resemblance to each other, and the light foliage constantly playing round them, gives a singular and fantastic appearance to the scenery.

"Here the fairies are supposed to dwell, and the children's nursery tales are full of wonders performed by the secret dwellers of these *tomhans*, or fairy hillocks.

"I knew myself an old gentleman, who, though nervous, and a little inclined to the visionary, was "much too wise to walk into a well," and travelled, bought, and sold, like other people.

"He was also much too wise to travel by night. In the day, however, he frequently passed the road I have been describing.

"Far from human dwellings, near the foot of Corryarick, he used to hear, in passing near these *tomhans*, the fairies turning their bread on the girdle, and find the smell of the oatcakes they were toasting waken appetites forcibly. This I believe that he believed; yet I believe, at the same time, that if he had as many things to think back on, and anticipate, as people who live in the world, he would not have heard so well what was going on in these hillocks.

"He was, indeed, the only person I ever knew admitted to so near a cognizance of

the domestic economy of these fantastic sprites; and, to say truth, his own friends were wont to smile at his details with complacent but suspicious silence.

"But the youths, who were accustomed to lead, during the spring months, a wild and solitary life, tending cattle among the hills of that dreary district, were often, as they said, cheered by the music of small sweet pipes, issuing from these awe-inspiring hillocks. These impressions are early given, and deeply fixed by little songs which the children learn almost in infancy, of which the mystic intercourse betwixt fairies and the children of mortality are the subject. These hold the same place with them, that Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer do with our children; with this difference, that our nursery tales of wonder have also something of the ludicrous mingled with them.

"Our children learn very soon to regard with ridicule and contempt, the objects of terror-mingled wonder, by which their imaginations were first excited.

"Not so the little Highlander! There was something like music which Collins gives to Despair, in the tales he first heard, conveyed in strains, of whose expression one might truly say,

"By fits 'twas sad, by starts 'twas wild."

"One of these, which I have heard children at a very early age sing, and which is just to them the Babes in the Wood, I can never forget. The affecting simplicity of the tune, the strange wild imagery, and the marks of remote antiquity in the little narrative, gave it the greatest interest to me, who delight in tracing back poetry to its infancy.

"A little girl had been innocently beloved by a fairy, who dwelt in a *tomhan* near her mother's habitation. She had three brothers, who were the favourites of her mother. She herself was treated harshly, and tasked beyond her strength: Her employment was to go every morning and cut a certain quantity of turf from dry heathly ground, for immediate fuel; and this with some uncouth and primitive implement.

"As she passed the hillock which contained her lover, he regularly put out his hand with a very sharp knife, of such power, that it quickly and readily cut through all impediments. She returned cheerfully and early with her load of turf; and, as she passed by the hillock, she struck on it twice, and the fairy stretched out his hand through the surface, and received the knife.

The mother, however, told the brothers, that her daughter must certainly have had some aid to perform the allotted task. They watched her, saw her receive the enchanted knife, and forced it from her. They returned, struck the hillock, as she was wont to do, and when the fairy put out his hand, they cut it off with his own knife. He drew in the bleeding arm in despair,

and supposing this cruelty was the result of treachery on the part of his beloved, never saw her more."

Mr Kirk's tract then treats of THE MEN OF SECOND SIGHT, who, he says, "do not discover strange things when asked, but at fits and raptures, as if inspired with some genius at that instant, which before did not lurk in or about them. Thus, I have frequently spoken to one of them, who, in his transport, told he cut the bodice (of a fairy) in two with his iron weapon—at other times he out-wrestled some of them." Certain solemnities are observed at investing a man with the privileges of the whole mystery of this second sight. He must run a tedder of hair (which bound a corpse to the bier) about his middle, and, bowing down his head, look through his legs backwards, until he see a funeral advance, and cross two marches. If, during this ceremony, the wind change, he is in peril of his life. The usual method for a curious person to get a transient sight of this otherwise invisible scene, is to put his left foot under the wizard's right foot, and the seer's hand on the inquirer's head, who is to look over the wizard's right shoulder, and "then he will see a multitude of wights, like furious hardie men, flocking to him hastily from all quarters, as thick as atoms in the air." This power of second sight is native in some, and descended from their ancestors, and "acquired as an artificial improvement of their natural sight to others." My Lord Talbot, in his "Letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, on the Predictions made by Seers," (appended to Mr Kirk's tract) says, "that sometimes people come to it in age, who had it not when young, nor could any tell by what means produced. It is a trouble to most of them who are subject to it, and they would be rid of it at any rate, if they could. The sight is of no long duration, only continuing so long as they can keep their eyes steady without twinkling."

* "That which generally is seen by them, are the species of living creatures, and of

inanimate Things, which was in Motion, such as Ships, and Habits upon Persons. They never see the Species of any Person who is already dead. What they foirsie fails not to exist in the Mode, and in that Place where it appears to them. They cannot well know what Space of Time shall intervene between the Apparition and the real Existence: But some of the hardiest and longest Experience have some Rules for Conjectures; as, if they see a Man with a shrowding Sheet in the Apparition, they will conjecture at the Nearness or Remoteness of his Death by the more or less of his Bodie that is covered by it. They will ordinarily see their absent Friends, tho' at a great Distance, sometymes no less than from America to Scotland, sitting, standing, or walking in some certain Place; and then they conclude with a Assurance that they will see them so and there. If a Man be in love with a Woman, they will ordinarily see the Species of that Man standing by her, and so likewise if a Woman be in love; and they conjecture at their Enjoyments (of each other) by the Species touching (of) the Person, or appearing at a distance from her (if they enjoy not one another.) If they see the Species of any Person who is sick to die, they see them covered over with the shrowding sheet."

My Lord Talbot concludes his account of the seers by asserting, that "severals who did see the second sight when in the Highlands or Isles, yet when transported to live in other countries, especially in America, they quite lose this qualitie, as was told me by a gentleman who knew some of them in Barbadoes, who did see no vision there, although, he knew them to be seers when they lived in the Isles of Scotland."

If any person doubts of the existence of second-sight men, let him read Theophilus Insulanus, whose treatise is appended to Mr Kirk's Secret Commonwealth. Upwards of fourscore well authenticated instances of their power are therein given. After studying them, our readers, so far from laughing at Dr Johnson for his credulity on this subject, will rather wonder how any suspicion could ever have entered his mind of the truth of the manifold wild stories recorded of the Highland Seers.* But it is..... (Cetera desunt.)

* Mr Kirk says, "Doth not Satan interpose, in such cases, by many subtle unthought insinuations, as to him who let the Fly or Familiar go out of the box, and yet found the fly of his own putting in as serviceable as the other would have been." In an account of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, it is mentioned, that from a box, found in his pocket, flew out a large bee—a circumstance which Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe says he does not understand. Does this throw any light on it?

THE SCOTCHMAN IN LONDON.

No I.

THERE is an amiable vanity about artists which opens their study doors to all visitants, and not only welcomes them to view works of finished beauty and excellence, but conducts them into the shady recesses of their shops, where they are called upon to admire brushes and modelling tools, and praise portfolios of rude and imperfect outline, and applaud a lump of clay before it has assumed "the port of Neptune, or the girth of Mars."—Artists possess a greater consciousness of genius than poets, who never exacted praise for what they have blotted, nor have called on the world since the time of Milton to worship unfinished verse, because the bards were nothing pleased with what they had done. To this habit of praise we are, however, indebted for much amusement, and we apprehend the titled and the polite owe more of their "pleasant drowsyhed" and political stupor to morning wanderings among sculptors' clay, and painters' portfolios, than to all the productions of living poets—from those of the mere metre ballad-monger up to those who run so smooth on the even road of blank verse.

To share in those high delights, I have been tempted to saunter among the studies of artists, and truly I have felt much more delight and edification than I can hope to communicate by description to your readers. High names attracted first, and I called on a sculptor who came forth to receive me clad in a gown smeared with the clay of a dozen attempts to celebrate the heroes of *Gazettes Extraordinary*. His hands were also covered with this professional dough; for as bears lick their deformed cubs into their own shape with their tongues, so sculptors scratch their clay into human resemblance with their claws. I was conducted into his study, which resembled the land of the Cimmerians from the scantiness of light, and a den of the anthropophagi from the broken and worn members of human figures with which the floor was covered. In this dark domain it was some time before all its curious contents became visible; my conductor said he wished always to meditate and model in a kind

of twilight; it engendered sublime ideas, and there was a grandeur in the indistinctness which it spread over all his productions. He made his study windows of horn like those of Phidias; for he wished to see all things through a Greek medium. When a great monument came into market, and he modelled for nothing else, he carefully dismissed all remembrance of the subject from his mind, the gross mortal matter subsided, and the pure ethereal essence rose; this he took care to seize and embody as it floated before him. By this process the subject was spiritualized; the Greeks made their heroes into gods when they died; he did the same for the thankless moderns. He admired all that was of Greek origin, and had employed much of his time in rendering obscure, by classical designs, every ancient and luminous poem. He had fashioned many gods, and also beings which he called allegorical; he had made a larger and a smaller piece of clay which he called *Hercules fondling Hebe*; it resembled the lion laying his gentle claw on the neck of the most magnanimous kid. Dress was an abomination, and veiled all that was lovely and divine in sculpture. Other artists loved gentlemen leathered and spurred, and buried generals on the field of battle without pulling off their boots. He loved the beauty of unincumbered nature; his ideas had been adopted by ladies of eminent rank; and he admired the gentlemen of the Highland districts in Caledonia, who had not suffered certain parts of their freeborn bodies to be wrapt up and swaddled. Even he was certain looked much handsomer in the sight of man before the adventure of the sinful fig-leaf. It was nonsense to heed the temperature of climates; he despised it himself, and shewed me a naked Hannibal crossing the Alps up to the ancles in snow.—He talked of the royal academy, the institution was unprosperous, students went there to mimic the Greek predilections of the lecturer, to make mouths at Phidias, and puns upon Praxiteles. They had not the studious spirit of Grecian youths, and knew little of Greek sculpture, though its history had been impressed on their minds in

three lectures out of six. He applauded a certain artist who caused all his pupils to wear shoes resembling the Caledonian sandal, but this, he was sorry to find, helped little to reclaim vagrant attention, impart sense, or elevate the grovelling intellect of their cloudy and comfortless region to the sublime pitch of Grecian excellence. He had conceived some mighty national designs, and would disclose them to mankind when their actions were worthy of them. The present was an undeserving age; nothing was passable but what was well dressed; public taste was become tyrannical, and insisted that Englishmen should neither wear Greek faces nor gowns, and the million had lavished more admiration upon the simple representation of a domestic calamity, than on all the sublime fictions of modern art. Our private monuments had sunk from their stilted allegorical elevation to the low eminence of coif-clad dames and snooded damsels; from the dark sublimity of personification, to the palpable grossness of forms of flesh and blood, and our public monuments were become mere paragraphs of Gazettes, so many rank and file in boots, and so many battalions in pantaloons. English sculpture was sinking with public taste; he had long preached without success to support it; eloquence had a better fate in the days of Phidias; we were grown as bad as the Romans who lavished their talents in sculpturing corpulent senators or hordes of barbarians from the Rhine and the Danube. You are now taking leave, said he, as he bestowed a parting bow, of the last of ancient English sculptors.

I had next the good fortune to find out the abode of a youthful sculptor, who had commenced his career under most favourable auspices, having invented a new dress for Minerva, and a new labour for Hercules. This had attracted the envy of his brother artists. He conducted me to his repository of designs, and showed me a monument in memory of a man who had perished in battle. The design was a mixed allegory; substance was mingled with shadow and shadow with substance; human beings shook hands with their personified virtues; and the dying hero was attended by the forms of his own valour and wisdom. This we reckoned the reconciliation of ancient and modern art. The ideas of

the ancient sculptors were amazingly limited; by confining their talents to the mere body they prisoned their faculties in an "augre bore." He had cleared his way through this ancient mist, and made both soul and body visible; other artists concealed the virtues and the soul in the mortal frame; he dislodged them, and thus multiplied the resources of art. This he conceived was a new idea in sculpture—in which new ideas were much wanted—and it was left to his talents to render it popular and permanent. He directed my attention particularly to the figures of Valour and Wisdom. The latter had always been represented in matron-like robes, and nothing had ever appeared naked about the former but his sword—this had made a moody poet sing,

"By valour's armed and awful side."

The main beauty in his invention was a happy deviation from all rules in either poetry or prose; he sheathed his wisdom in complete steel, and to valour he said as the poet said to Venus,

"Thy best armour is thy nakedness,"

and sent him to battle like an ancient Caledonian. I also saw a sketch for a national work, in which I recognized something like an outline of the field of Waterloo. The genius of Wellington was stalking before the Duke himself, laying waste the ranks of Napoleon, who was hurried from the encounter by flight and fear. What I principally admired was a cartridge-box belonging to the 42d Regiment slung across the shoulders of the gigantic figure. From this the artist drew my attention to the perilous situation of the Marquis of Anglesey, who was writhing under the pangs of amputation, though performed by the fair hands of a female angel.

I parted with this ingenious young gentleman, and went to the shop of another artist, who had rendered his name lastingly famous, by figuring Britannia mounted on a sea-horse, which was harnessed to an Indian canoe. He introduced me to the vicinity of a mountain mass of clay, which bore a faint resemblance to humanity, but more from substance than form. This the artist said was a figure of St George mauling the great dragon with a crucifix. When it was finished he would allow the world to find out the meaning—mankind had a particu-

lar facility in wringing a meaning from the most perverse designs, and in this pursuit artists had most liberally indulged them. He meant it darkly to typify the total destruction of French power, at least a gentleman who usually interpreted the meaning of his designs had put this construction on it; but for himself he had not made up his mind on the matter; he felt himself in the situation of the Scottish bard,

"Perhaps it might turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

London was much too limited for the extent of his design, and he had to combat the perverse ignorance of his neighbours as well as overcome the sad taste of the present generation. He had resolved to cut the horse and dragon out of the earth under the figure of the Saint, but an adjoining proprietor had interfered lest his house should be undermined; but he would make the Saint fight the monster on foot, and this would make an agreeable variety. He had proposed to one of the committees which conduct matters of public taste to carve two of the loftiest Welch mountains into statues of Wellington and the Regent; but an eminent grazier from Smithfield had opposed him, lest London should lose its hopes of Welch mutton for the coming year. Their helmets might have been walled cities, and flocks might have continued to graze on their ample sides. These stupendous con-

ceptions were crushed from the taste of the age for trifles. He was compelled to forsake Plinlimmon and stand by St George. He had done much for the sculpture of the present age, and had been repaid with neglect. He seduced Mercury from the service of the heathen, and placed him on British pay; and he brought Apollo and his lyre to charm a man whom all the poetry of mere mortals could neither elevate nor delight. He presented a new helmet to Britannia, which made her a goddess as good as new, and he gave her a thunderbolt well worth a forest of her old spears. In spite of all these high services, however, the world had sadly neglected him; his place was become as a desert, and the grass on his premises, seldom trodden by the foot of man, grew with a most mortifying diligence and luxuriance. As he proceeded, a lump of clay, which for some time had resisted every attempt of the artist to fashion it into a head of St George, dropped from the summit, and buried my declaiming conductor in a mass, out of which I found it difficult to extricate him. Having rescued him from this imminent peril, from materials which, in the metaphysical language of Cowley, threatened to become both his death and monument, I departed with the belief, that though dwarfish in stature he stalked a giant in his own esteem.

Boriana; or, Sketches of Pugilism.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

No IV.

BROUGHTON and Slack were men of principle and integrity, as well as genius and talent, and when defeated, they were entitled to say, "all is lost except our honour." The muse of history has no cause to blush for them; they lie buried in the great road, not the cross-ways of fame, and from their tombs, "siste viator," calls the traveller to solemn thought and loftiest meditation. Such ever is the destiny of Virtue, against whom Misfortune contends in vain, and on whose crown of imperishable laurels Time himself laments to find his scythe fall impo-

tent and edgeless. But Bill Stevens the Nailer was not a pugilist of this kidney. "His conquests," says Mr Egan, "at one time were so numerous, that he sat down like the great Alexander, weeping that he had no more heroes to overcome. But gold, powerful gold, seduced him from his honesty, and ever afterwards, as he most justly deserved to be, he was without a friend to back him." The Nailer had not worn the crown above a twelvemonth and a day, when it was knocked off his brows by George Meggs, a Bristol collier. "Stevens scarcely

knew how to make a fight of it, and let Meggs drive him about as he pleased; and after seventeen minutes in humbugging the spectators, Stevens gave in. The sporting men were properly swindled on the occasion, and the Nailer had the impudence to acknowledge, soon after, that he was *tipped* handsomely to lose the battle. The nailers and blacksmiths of the metropolis were finely *spoke* to by the loss of this battle; and it is said that a celebrated engraving, now extant, of a blacksmith's shop, where the Nailer had worked, the men of which had sported their little cash upon his head, was taken from their hearing he had lost the battle.

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet," &c.

From the year 1761 to 1783, the championship was in a very unsettled state, "and knocked about quickly from one nob to another, as there were few heads to be found whom the conqueror's cap could fit for any length of time." There was, however, no want of sharp fighting; but there was no great master-genius among pugilists in those days—like Scott or Byron among our present bards; and really we feel as if criticism would be thrown away upon the Meggs, the Jackaws, the Shepherds, and Lambs, who were about as good boxers—as Duke, Pomfret, Fenton, Broom, &c. were poets. Darts and Death were unquestionably the best fighting men spoken of by Mr Egan in his chapter entitled "Miscellaneous Pugilism;" and though there are a good many others, whom, by mentioning in this Magazine, we might

"Eternize here on earth,"

yet shall we imitate the example of our master, Milton, and pass them all over as he did the many dozen of devils whom he would not condescend to name.

"Therefore eternal silence be their doom."

But one hero there was who fought and conquered during this very debatable period, whom, for our very souls, we cannot pass by in this Miltonic manner; and it is with the high-

est national pride, blended with the deepest shame, that we, as an Irishman, write down, in large capitals, the name of PETER CORCORAN.

"A most celebrated pugilist, from the sister country, was born at Athye, in the county of Carlow, who took the lead for some years as a boxer in England, and might be said to be the *best man* of his time; was five feet eleven inches in height, well proportioned limbs, and of prodigious strength. Peter, from a boy, was distinguished for his uncommon intrepidity; and was looked upon in the vicinity of his father's mud edifice, as the *cock of the walk*! He left Ireland a mere stripling; and in his peregrination to the metropolis, Birmingham *chanced* to fall in his way, and in which place, through an accidental skirmish, his fame rose so high as a pugilist, that it was not long in reaching London. Corcoran was accompanied from the *sod* by another tight boy, and it so fell out with Peter and his friend, for money was the *tightest* thing they had about them; but, notwithstanding this scarcity of *rhino*, hunger will often intrude where there are no pockets at all; and a *beautiful* little shoulder of mutton, hanging up at a butcher's shop, so fastened on the longing imagination of hungry Peter, that he could not pass it, and instantly went in to know the price. Some difference occurring respecting the terms, *Master Steel*, without ceremony threatened to knock the shoulder about poor Paddy's *nob*! It appeared that this butcher was a bit of a *hit a body*, and well known in Birmingham as a pugilist, and distinguished for his insolence, and who flattered himself that he should have a little sport with these *hay-makers*, as he termed them; but, in the sequel, it turned out somewhat different. Peter, who had not only felt himself balked of his *beautiful little joint*, but insulted also, exclaimed, with all the fervour of the brogue, 'By —, Mr Butcher, but you have too much prate—and for half a pin, I'd *bate* the mutton about your greasy carcass!' Paddy had scarcely uttered these words, when the *butcher* shewed fight, and a regular *set-to* commenced; a concourse of people soon collected, and Peter, with his clumsy thumps, *served out* the knight of the cleaver in the presence of his neighbours, and *knocked down* his consequence as a fighting man in the course of a few minutes; and shortly afterwards enjoyed his mutton with as keen an appetite as if nothing had happened! and the next day pursued his journey to London.

"Corcoran, upon his arrival in the metropolis, commenced coal-heaver, but which calling he soon left for that of chairman; and, owing to some trifling dispute, it was not long afterwards when he went to sea, where the rough elements gave additional vigour to his athletic frame; and, from the frequent specimens he at times had display-

ed, was considered, for a *mill*, the first man in the fleet, and was patronised by Captain Perceval. When at Portsmouth, he performed a number of feats of strength, and one, among the number, was beating a whole press-gang, and breaking the lieutenant's sword over his head. Peter, on leaving the navy, came to London, and took the *Black Horse*, in Dyot-street, St Giles's, where his disposition was experienced to be generous, truly good-natured, and remarkably tender-hearted. As a pugilist, he was a first-rate article, possessing *bottom* which could not be excelled, as he did not know how to *shift*, and scorned to fall without a *knock-down* blow! Peter was denominated a straight fighter; put in his blows with uncommon force; and possessed great confidence in his own powers. His attitude was considered too erect, his arms not sufficiently extended, by which means his guard was incomplete. But Corcoran was distinguished for the use of both his hands with equal facility; his aim was generally correct, and he scarcely ever missed the object in view; and was peculiarly successful in taking advantage of any trifling neglect in his adversary, and likewise celebrated for an extraordinary jumper.

"Peter had several scholars, among whom was *Big Pitt*, well known for many years as one of the turnkeys of Newgate, a man of uncommon size and strength; and being one night at Joyces's house, a pugilist, in the Haymarket, *brim full* of conceit, surrounded by fighting men, foolishly exclaimed, 'that some of the *milling coves* had taught their pupils so well, that many of them were able to beat their masters!' Upon which Peter instantly got up, and addressing himself to Pitt—'What's that you say, you *spalpeen*? come, come out!' Pitt stood up, but received such a *leveller* upon the head, as completely knocked all recollection out of him, for a few minutes, of what he had been *throwing-off* about! and upon recovering himself, acknowledged he had been most woefully deceived.

"Peter beat one Turner, who fought him for twenty pounds; and although the latter had beaten the *Naïer*, yet, in the hands of Corcoran, he was soon disposed of.

"In the Long-fields, behind the British Museum, Peter had a good battle with one Dalton, an Irishman; and also with Jack Davies. They were both beaten dreadfully.

"A desperate contest took place in Moorfields, between Smiler, the *brickmaker*, and Corcoran, when Peter again victorious.

"The famous Bill Darts now mounted the state with Corcoran, for two hundred pounds, to give additional sport to Epsom races. The *set-to* commenced with cautious sparring upon the part of Darts, who soon discovered that he would not win; and in a short time *gave in*! A singular report crept

into circulation, accounting for Darts' losing the battle, that Colonel O'Kelly, one of the most celebrated sportsmen upon the turf, and who, undoubtedly, was awake to every manœuvre in gambling that could be *tried on* with any degree of certainty, either on the turf or at the table, play or pay—cock-pit, or racquets, backed his countryman for a large amount; but to make his bets dead sure, on the night previous to the fight, he presented Darts with one hundred pounds not even to try to win the battle, but *positively* to lose it. Surely no *thorough-bred* sportsman could commit such a bare-faced robbery! And, upon the best information, we are assured, that Darts, in his *prime*, was never half man enough for Corcoran!

"Sam Peters, who fought Peter at Waltham-Abbey, in Essex, was the best man, according to Corcoran's own account, that ever *set-to* with him. It was a complete *hammering* fight; and, at the expiration of ten minutes, Peters declared he was *satisfied*; and Corcoran's body for several days afterwards was entirely black, the bruises were so extremely severe.

"Corcoran, who had hitherto beat all the men which had been brought against him, and whose powers appeared not in the least diminished, was now doomed to sink fast into obscurity, from his memorable contest with Sellers, a West Countryman. There is a considerable mystery hanging over the transaction, and it was most undoubtedly, at the period when they fought, October 16, 1776, the general opinion of the sporting world, that it was a complete *do!* it being well understood that Sellers was deficient in *science* and *bottom* when placed in competition with Peter. The battle was for one hundred guineas, and decided at Staines. On the *set-to*, Peter (who had always fought for victory previous to this combat,) began, as usual, and drove Sellers about the stage like a shuttle-cock, and put in a blow so powerful in its effect, as to knock down Sellers, who fell at a considerable distance from him. The odds were considerably high on Peter; who, as if *recollecting* that he had done too much, immediately *suffered* himself, so as to make it have the appearance of a fight, to be beat about the stage for ten minutes, when he *gave in*! This contest, if it can be so called, took twenty-three minutes. The *knowing ones* were completely *dished*, at least, those who were in the *secret*, and the poor *Paddies* were literally ruined, as many of them had backed their *darling boy* with every farthing they possessed. St Giles was in a complete uproar with mutterings and disapprobation at Peter's conduct!

"Previous to the fight, Peter's house was almost destitute of any liquor—and he had been threatened with an execution for rent, &c.; but in a day or two after the *set-to*, the house was flowing with all sorts of spirits, &c., graced with plenty of new pots; the inside and out painted, and every

thing got up in a superior style to what it had ever been witnessed before—and the very next morning after the mill, Peter Corcoran was playing at shuttles at the Blackney's Head, St Giles's, with all the activity and cheerfulness of a man who had never been engaged at all in pugilism. He shortly afterwards sunk into beggary and contempt, and was as much despised as he had been before respected: and was so miserably poor at his decease, that his remains were interred by subscription!—Reminding us, that

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part—there all the honour lies!"

Alas! we cannot, when thinking of Bill Stevens and Peter Corcoran, exclaim—

"Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello Dextra!"

But the age of Johnson and Big Ben succeeds, and while we exclaim—

"Visions of glory share our aching sight," we also find that our limits render it necessary that we defer our account of those distinguished Gluttons to another Number.

MUSICAL QUERIES.

MR EDITOR;

WHOEVER has taken a philosophical view of the science and practice of music, must feel much interest in the Queries put by a Correspondent in your Twenty-Eighth Number,—Queries which are by no means answered in the succeeding one.

It happens, however, that our modern musical professors seem to think a philosophical view of the subject totally unnecessary—confining themselves to the routine of practice, and replying to every question beyond that with the general answer—"Tis the nature of the key."

So far indeed they are right. It is the nature of the key; but if they are asked, "why it is the nature of the key?" their science is at an end. Just like the Indians, who place the world upon an elephant, and the elephant upon a tortoise, but are puzzled when asked "what the tortoise stands upon?"

Even the best writers give up certain points in despair, saying, that they can only refer certain musical phenomena "to the will of the Creator," and decline any farther investigation of the intermediate causes; and well indeed may they do so, arguing up to musical feeling and expression from the vibrations of the minor chord, or to the more artificial arrangement of a keyed instrument.

But, sir, I can inform your Querist, that he will find a plain, ready, and simple solution to all his doubts and difficulties in a small work, published by Sherwood & Co. about four years ago, under the humble and unassuming title of the "Piano-forte Pocket Companion;" a work whose object is

to meet the first doubts and difficulties that spring up in the mind of the musical tyro, in the execution of which it explains (by means of a new but simple theory, in perfect consonance with all received musical facts) all the questions left unanswered by the most scientific writers. It is true that this theory is assumed in the first instance; but its proofs and explanations go hand in hand, so as to be intelligible to the youngest beginner, and, I should conceive, convincing to the most inquisitive.

The theory is, that musical sounds have their origin in human feeling, and therefore spring up first in the human mind; that utterance is given to them by the human voice, in consonance with which are the powers of sonorous inanimate bodies; and that they are carried back to the mind by the human ear.

It assumes, that when a human body is in a state of musical perfection, then the mind, the larynx, and the ear, are all tuned in perfect unison, which unison may be disturbed in any one of them by certain causes, when the disturbed member changes its key, and tunes the other two in unison with that change.

It divides all the feelings of the human frame, mental or corporeal, under two heads, *pleasure* and *pain*. It shews that each of these, in a state of nature, or infancy, prompts to the utterance of sounds, which, under the influence of the first, are uttered in certain intervals, *ascending* in the *major* key, and under the influence of the second, are uttered in similar intervals *descending* in the *minor* key.

It shews that the first is that natu-

ral octave of the human voice, with which the ascending middle octave of C major, in a piano-forte or organ, is tuned in unison; and that the second is that natural octave of the human voice, with which the *descending* middle octave of C minor is tuned in unison,—the key of A *natural* being so only in regard to the artificial arrangement of the tones and keys on the instrument.

It shews that all the doubts and difficulties, in regard to the minor key, are easily explicable on the principle of its being naturally a *descending* key, the flats and sharps in its ascent being merely artificial; and that the transposition of the last semitone in descent is nothing more than a natural modulation into a major key, after relieving the feelings by the utterance of sounds in a minor octave.

It advances the anatomical theory, that the major key is the natural consequence of a braced fibre, of a braced and contracted larynx; and that the minor key is the natural consequence

of a relaxed fibre, of a relaxed and a widened larynx; also, that the tympanum of the human ear is a series of inusical fibres capable of being tuned to every possible key of each mood, whose vibrations, elicited by unisons and by concords, give bodily as well as mental pleasure; or if elicited by discords, or sounds out of tune, give bodily as well as mental pain; but, in both cases, pleasure and pain being interwoven just as the point of a pen-knife applied to the sole of the foot may either tickle or lacerate.

It shews that the common phrase of being out of tune is literally true, and explanatory of various difficulties; and it reconciles the whole artificial arrangements and variations of different instruments to its own general principle.

I may close by observing, that almost every one of the *Musical Queries* is in itself a proof of the truth of this new theory.—Yours,

IGNORUS.

ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.*

No VI.

THIS is a posthumous publication, and has been given to the world, we understand, by the author's executors, Mr John Keats, Mr Vincent Novello, and Mr Benjamin Haydon. Such, at least, is the town-talk. We wish that these gentlemen had given us a short life of their deceased friend; but that, to be sure, would have been a delicate task. We have heard it whispered, that they found among his papers a quire of hot-pressed wire-wove, gilt Autobiography. Why not publish select portions of that? Neither have they given us a Face. This was unkind, for no man admired his face more than poor Hunt; and many and oft is the time that we have stood by him, at pond and stream, when he tried to catch a reflected glimpse of his "perky up mouth" and "crisp curls" in the liquid element. The blame of this omission lies entirely at Mr Haydon's door, and we call upon him to justify himself before the public. A great historical painter like

Haydon ought not to paint portraits of ordinary men—incre statesmen or warriors—your Canning and your Wellingtons, and so forth, but poets belong to a higher order of beings, and the Raphael of the Cockneys need not to have blushed to paint the divine countenance of their Milton.

But we must put up the best way we can with the want of a Life and Face, and rest satisfied with the image of the mind. It is not easy to explain why Leigh Hunt, the most fierce democrat and demagogue of his day, and whose habits and courses of life were altogether so very vulgar, should have been so fond of dedications to great people. "My dear Byron," was quite a bright thought; and we have sometimes imagined what "confusion worse confounded" must have reigned in the box at Hampstead, when the maid-servant announced his lordship, more especially if it happened to be washing-day.

"Rings in our ashes live their wonted fires,"

* Foliage; or Poems Original and Translated; by Leigh Hunt. London, C. and J. 1818.

and accordingly we have now a posthumous dedication, beginning, "My dear Sir John." Oh! what a falling off is there! Why, had the Cockney lived a few years longer, he might have descended into a plain, paltry "My dear Sir;" and then there would have been an end of all his greatness. From "My dear Lord," the ascent would have been easy to "My dear Duke;" thence to "My dear Regent;" and when earthly potentate could not satisfy the bard's ambition, he might have dedicated a half-guinea volume to Pan or Apollo.

The main features of this posthumous volume are, we are told, "a love of sociality, of the country, and of the fine imagination of the Greeks;" and it is on that account dedicated to Sir John Swinburne, Bart. whom "a rational piety and a manly patriotism does not hinder from putting the Phidian Jupiter over his organ and flowers at the end of his room." This is a very mystical sentence. Rational piety and manly patriotism, as far as we can see, need no more hinder Sir John Swinburne from doing that, than from wearing buckskin-breeches and boots when he takes a morning ride, or from having a turkey-carpet in his drawing-room. But both rational piety and manly patriotism ought, in our opinion, to prevent Sir John Swinburne from admiring either the story of Rimini or the Examiner newspaper; for the first is an affected piece of immortality, and the second has for twelve years past been endeavouring to sap the foundations of all social institutions, and of the Christian religion. Sir John Swinburne is, we believe, a highly respectable person, and must hate and despise licentiousness, sedition, and impiety. A dedication to him, by a writer who so largely dealt in all of these as the late Leigh Hunt, is a gross public insult, not to himself alone, but to the country-gentlemen of England.

Let us see in what way the deceased Cockney exhibits his love of sociality—of the country—and of the fine imagination of the Greeks.

1. *His love of sociality.*

Few traits of this amiable disposition are discernible in the chief poem of this collection, the Nymphs. On the contrary, Mr Hunt seems desirous to have these fair ladies entirely to

himself, and figures away in the character of the Grand Signor. The following is a sketch of part of his scraglio.

Most exquisite it was indeed to see
How those blithe damsels guided variously,
Before, behind, beside. Some forward stood
As in well-managed chariots, or pursued
Their trusting way as in self-moving ones;
And some sat up, or as in tilted chair
With silver back seemed slumbering through
the air,

Or leaned their cheek against a pillow place
As if upon their smiling, sleepy face
They felt the air, or heard aerial tunes.
Some were like maids who sit to wash their
feet

On rounded banks beside a rivulet;
Some sat in shade beneath a curving jut
As at a small hill's foot;
And some behind upon a sunny mound
With twinkling eyes. Another only shewed
On the far side a foot and leg, that glowed
Under the cloud; a sweeping back another,
Turning her from us like a suckling mother;
She next, a side, lifting her arms to tie
Her locks into a flowing knot; and she
That followed her, a smooth down-arching
thigh

Tapering with tremulous mass internally.
Others lay partly sunk, as if in bed,
Shewing a white raised bosom and dark head,
And dropping out an arm.

Several scores more of King Leigh the First's Beauties are described by the pencil of his enamoured majesty—and at the conclusion we are told by him that

Every lady bowed
A little from its side without a word,
And swept my lids with breathless lips serene,
As Alan's mouth was stooped to by a Queen.

But we, "who are ignorant of all noble theories," must not presume to guess at the meaning of these free nymphs, or at the construction which Mr Hunt may have put on their condescensions.

The love of sociality, however, breaks out, at page 40, in a poem entitled *Fancy's Party*. Mr Hunt and a few choice spirits are sipping tea in his parlour—and "cherishing their knees" at the fire, as he elsewhere snugly says—when it would appear that the Harlequin of Sadler's Wells, who we believe was an intimate friend of Leigh's, strikes the chimney-piece with his sword,

And hey, what's this? the walls, look,
Are wrinkling as a skin does;
And now they are bent
To a silken tent,
And there are chrystal windows;

And look ! there's a balloon love !
Round and bright as the moon above.

Now we loosen—now—take care ;
What a spring from earth was there !
Like an angel mounting fierce,
We have shot the night *with a pierce* ;
And the moon, with slant-up beam,
Makes our starting faces gleam.
Lovers below will stare at the sight,
And talk of the double moon last night.

Mr Hunt's notions of sociality are very moderate ones indeed ; and we know not what will be thought of them by those whom he calls " the once cheerful gentry of this war and money-injured land." Reader, if thou art an honest, stout county squire, wilt thou thinkst thou of the following debate of two Cockney's, Hunt and Hazlitt ? Then *tea* made by one, who although his wife she be,

If Jove were to drink it, would soon be in Hebe,

Then silence a little, a creeping twilight,
Then an egg for your supper with lettuce white,

And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at night.

In this passage we have " the love of sociality, of the country and of the fine imagination of the Greeks," all in one. What does Sir John Swinburne think of the Phidian Jove at his fourth cup of tea, putting his spoon across it, or fairly turning the cup upside down, in imitation of the custom of Cockaigne, to ensure himself against the fifth dilution ? Then, think of the delicacy of the compliment paid to the lady who pours out the gun-powder ! Jupiter drinking tea at Hampstead with Mr and Mrs Hunt, and Mr Hazlitt !

" Cedite Romani Scriptores Cedite Graii."

The affable arch-angel, supping with Adam and Eve in Paradise, is nothing to the Father of Gods and Men eating muffins with the Editor of a Sunday newspaper. There, Mr Benjamin Haydon, is a grand historical subject for your pencil. Shut yourself up again for seven years in sublime solitude, and Raphael and Michael Angelo are no more. One is at a loss to know if Jupiter staid supper. Short commons for a god who, in days of yore, went to sleep on Juno's bosom, full of nectar and ambrosia—

An egg for his supper with lettuces white !

Then think of letting Jove decamp, without so much as once offering him a bed—leaning on the arm of Mr Wil-

liam Hazlitt—and perhaps obliged, after all, to put up for the night at Old Mother Red-Cap's ! Mr Hunt then exultingly exclaims, soon as he has got the Monarch of Olympus and the Lecturer at the Surrey Institution out of his house,

Now this I call passing a few devout hours,
Beseeming a world that has friendship and flowers,

That has lips also, *outside for still more than to chat to,*

And if it has rain, has a rainbow for that too !

Who ever supposed that lips were made only to *chat to* ? Their ordinary use is to *chat with*—and really all their other little agreeable offices are too universally acknowledged to allow Leigh Hunt to claim the honour of discovery.

Under the head of " Love of Sociality " we now make room for only one passage more—from an epistle to Charles Lamb, who has for many years past been in the very reprehensible habit of allowing Mr Hunt and Mr Hazlitt to suck his brains, at tea-drinkings and select suppers, to steal from him his ingenious fancies, and to send them out into the world woefully bedizened in the Cockney uniform. Mr Coleridge, too, used to be plundered in this way—and one evening of his fine, rich, overflowing monologue would amply furnish out a lecture on poetry, or any thing else, at the Surrey Institution. Let that simple-minded man of genius, Charles Lamb, beware of such ungrateful plunderers—nor allow himself to be flattered by their magnificent compliments.

You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets,

Without thinking of you and your *visiting seats* !

When you call to remembrance how you and one more,

When I wanted it most, used to knock at my door.

For when the sad winds told us rain would come down,

Or snow upon snow fairly clogged up the town,

And dun yellow fogs brooded over it's white,
So that scarcely a being was seen towards night,

Then, then said the lady *yclept near and dear* !

" Now mind what I tell you,—the L.'s will be here."

So *spoked up the flame*, and *she got out the tea* !

And down we both sat, as prepared as could be !

And there, sure as fate, came the knock of
 you two,
 Then the lantern, the laugh, and the
 "Well, how d'ye do?"
 Then your palm tow'rd's the fire, and your
 face turned to me,
 And shawls and great-coats being—where
 they should be,—
 And due "never saw's" being paid to the
 weather,
 We cherished our knees, and sat sipping
 together,
 And leaving the world to the fogs and the
 fighters,
 Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of
 writers.

There is too much reason to believe,
 that this everlasting tea-drinking was
 the chief cause of Leigh Hunt's death.
 The truth is, that he had for many
 years been sipping *imitation-tea*, a
 pleasant but deleterious preparation—
 more pernicious by far than the very
 worst port; and there can be little
 doubt, that if he had drunk about a
 bottle of black-strap in the fortnight,
 and forsworn thin potations altogeth-
 er, he might have been alive, and
 perhaps writing a sonnet at this very
 moment.

II. *His love of the Country.*

Mr Hunt informs us, that of all the
 poets of the present day he was the
 fondest of rural scenes.

O Spirit, O muse of mine,
 Frank, and quick-dimpled to all social glee,
 And yet most sylvan of the earnest Nine,
 Who on the fountain-shedding hill,
 Leaning about among the clumpy bays
 Look at the clear Apollo while he plays;—
 Take me, now, now, and let me stand
 On some such lovely land,
 Where I may feel me, as I please,
 In dells among the trees,
 Or on some outward slope, with ruffling hair,
 Be level with the air;
 For a new smiling sense has shot down
 through me,
 And from the clouds, like stars, bright eyes
 are beckoning to me.

Having got into this situation, Mr
 Hunt did not long for his wonted cup
 of tea, but for "poetic women"

"To have their *fill of pipes* and leafy play-
 ing."

What vast ideas of tobacco does "fill
 of pipes" awaken! and what a game
 at romps is signified by "leafy play-
 ing!" after this violent exertion the
 poet and his nymphs lie down to sleep.
 There he they, lulled by little whiffing tones
 Of rills among the stones,
 Or by the rounder murmur, glib and flush,
 Of the escaping gush,

VOL. VI.

That laughs and tumbles, like a conscious
 thing,

For joy of all its future travelling.
 The lizard circuits them; and his grave will
 The frog, with reckoning leap, enjoys apart,
 Till now and then the woodcock frights his
 heart

With brushing down to dip his dainty bill.

How beautifully he describes the
 Hampstead clouds of heaven.
 And lo, there issued from beside the trees,
 Through the blue air, a most delicious sight,
 A troop of clouds, rich, separate, three parts
 white,

As beautiful as pigeons that one sees
 Round a glad homestead reeling at their ease,
 But large, and slowly; and what made the
 sight

Such as I say, was not that piled white,
 Nor their more rosy backs, nor forward press
 Like sails, nor yet their surly massiveness
 Light in it's plenitude, like racks of snow.

These are singing clouds, and ought
 to be introduced on the stage.

As they stooped them near,

Lo, I could hear

How the smooth silver clouds, lapsing with
 care,

Make a bland music to the fawning air,
 Filling with such a roundly-slipping tune
 The hollow of the great attentive noon,
 That the tall sky seemed touched; and all
 the trees

Thrilled with the coming harmonies;
 And the fair waters looked as if they lay
 Their cheek against the sound, and so went
 kissed away.

But it is needless to enter at greater
 length into Mr Hunt's "love of the
 country," for it all hangs on one great
 principle—*every grove has its nymph*,
 and that is enough for the author of
 the story of Rimini.

You finer people of the earth,
 Nymphs of all names, and woodland Geni-
 uses,

I see you, here and there, among the trees,
 Shrouded in noon-day respite of your mirth:
 This hum in air, which the still ear perceives,
 Is your unquarrelling voice among the leaves;
 And now I find, whose are the laughs and
 stirrings

That make the delicate birds dart so in
 whisks and whirrings.

It is much to be regretted, that the
 deceased bard's rural life was so limited
 and local. He had no other notion
 of that sublime expression, "sub Dio,"
 than merely "out of doors." One al-
 ways thinks of Leigh Hunt, on his
 rural excursions to and from Hamp-
 stead, in a great-coat or spencer, clogs
 over his shoes, and with an umbrella
 in his hand. He is always talking of
 lanes, and styles, and hedgerows, and
 clumps of trees, and cows with large

K

adders. He is the most suburban of poets. He died, as might have been prophesied, within a few hours' saunter of the spot where he was born, and without having been once beyond the well-fenced meadows of his microcosm. Suppose for a moment, Leigh Hunt at sea—on the summit of Mount Blanc! It is impossible. No. Hampstead was the only place for him. "With farmy fields in front and sloping green."

Only hear how he revels in the morning before breakfast, when out on an adventurous constitutional stroll.

Then northward what a range,—with heath and pond,

Nature's own ground; woods that let man-
sions through,

And collaged vales with pillowy fields be-
yond.

And clump of darkening pines, and pros-
pects blue.

And that clear path through all, where daily
meet

Cool cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and morn-
elastic feet.

Mr Hunt is the only poet who has considered the external world simply as the "country," in contradiction to the town—fields in place of squares, lanes *vice* streets, and trees as lieutenants of houses. That fine line of Campbell's,

"And look on nature with a poet's eye,"
must, to be applicable to him, be
changed into,

"Look on the country with a cockney's
eye."

It is true, that on one occasion Mr Hunt (see a former quotation) talks of having gone up in a balloon—but there is something Cockneyish even in that object with all its beauty—and one thinks of the Aeronaut after his flight, returning to town in a post-chaise, with the shrivelled globe bundled on the roof.

III. *His love of the fine imagination of the Greeks.*

A man, who could ask Jupiter if his tea was sweetened to his mind, must have a truly Greekish imagination of his own no doubt—and pray, where did Mr Hunt find that Iphoe was a married lady with six children? What does that great orthographist, Lindley Murray, think of spelling Apollo with a final *r*, which Mr Hunt is in duty bound to do when he pronounces him *Apollar*? But Mr Hunt used to read Homer, and to translate choice passages

from the Iliad, on which Pope and Cowper had wrought in vain.

Thrice did great Hector dig him by the feet
Backward, and loudly shouted to the Tro-
jans;

And thrice did the Ajaces, springy-strength'd,
Thrust him away; yet still he kept the
ground,

Sure of his strength; and now and then
rushed on

Into the thick, and now and then stood still,
Shouting great shouts; and not an inch
gave he.

When Iris invites Achilles to go to the rescue of the body of Patrocles, the son of Thetis replies to her, as if he were speaking to our old friend Mr Rees, in Paternoster-row, with a MS. for publication in his pocket.

"But how am I to go into the press?"

In another place, Hunt makes Homer call a fountain "clear and crisp," which had he ever done, Apollo would have shot him instantly dead. There is something to us quite shocking in the idea of Hunt translating Homer—and his executors have much to answer for in having made the fact public.

The following description, though very conceited and passionless, seems to us the best thing the late Mr Hunt ever did "in the poetical line." But instead of breathing "of the fine imagination of the Greeks," it is nothing more than a copy in words of a picture in oil. Mr Hunt used to be a great loungee in picture-dealer's shops, and was a sad bore among the artists,—who must feel much relieved by his death. Whenever you meet with a vivid image in his verses, you are sure that it is taken from a picture. Here speaking of Polyphemus descending by night,

To walk in his anguish about the green
place,

And see where his mistress lay dreaming of
Acis.

I fancy him now, coming just where she
sleeps;

He parts the close hawthorns, and hushes,
and creeps;—

The moon slips from under the dark clouds,
and throws

A light, through the leaves, on her smil-
ing repose.

There, there she lies, bower'd;—a slope for
her bed;

One branch, like a hand, reaches over her
head;

Half naked, half shrinking, with side-wel-
ling grace,

A crook's twist her bosom, and crosses her
face,—

The crook of her shepherd ; and close to her
lips
Lies the Pan-pipe he blows, which in sleep-
ing she sips ;—
The giant's knees totter, with passions di-
verse ;
Ah, how can he bear it ! Ah ! what could
be worse !
He's ready to cry out, for anguish of heart :
And tears himself off, lest she wake with a
start.

So much for our deceased friend's
"love of sociality, the country, and
the fine imagination of the Greeks."—
May we add a few specimens of

IV. *His love of himself.*

He gets Mrs L. H. to model a bust
of him, and during the operation, he
talks of becoming

"Worthier of Apollo's bough."

What is to be thought of a man
writing a triumphal sonnet on his own
bust, and publishing it—and what
if that man be, at the best, but a small
poetaster and newsmonger. Then fol-
lows a sonnet to John Keats,
'Tis well you think me truly one of those
Whose sense discerns the loveliness of
things, &c.

And then again comes another son-
net on "receiving a crown of ivy from
the same."

A crown of ivy !—I submit my head
To the young hand that gives it—*young*, 'tis
true,
But with a right, for 'tis a poet's too.
How pleasant the leaves feel ! and how
they spread
With their broad angles, like a nodding
shed
Over both eyes ! and how *complete and*
new,
As on my hand I lean, to feel them strew
My sense with freshness, Fancy's rustling
bed !

This sonnet presents to us a very
laughable picture, which, spite of Mr
Hunt's decease, we hope there can be
no great harm in enjoying. Mr John
Keats was, we believe, at this time, a
young apothecary, and if, instead of
crowning poor Mr Hunt with ivy, he
had clapped a blister upon his head, he
would have acted in a way more suit-
able to his profession. Such an opportu-
nity probably never occurred again.
Well—behold the Cockney—strutting
about the room, for we hope there was
no "out of doors" exposure, with his
ivy-crown, dressing gown, yellow
breeches, and red slippers—followed,
in all his movements by young Escula-

plus, and ever and anon coquetting
with himself in the magic mirror.
No doubt, he rung the bell for the la-
dies, and the children, and the serv-
ants, and probably sent out for his
favourite "washerwoman." When
he dressed for dinner, did the ivy
wreath still continue to deck his regal
temples ? Did he sip tea in it ? Play
a rubber at whist ? And finally, did
he go to bed in it—and, if so, did he
shroud its glories in a night-cap, or
did he lay his head on the pillow like
Bacchus by the side of Ariadne ? All
these little interesting, circumstantiali-
ties are, no doubt, mentioned in his
autobiography.

But one sonnet—two sonnets to
John Keats, do not suffice—and we
have a third "on the same."

It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
Thus to be *topped with leaves* ; to have a
sense

Of *honour-shaded thought*—an influence
As from *great nature's fingers*, and be
twined

With her old, sacred, verdurous ivy-bind,
As though she hallowed with that sylvan
fence,

A head that bows to her benevolence,
Midst pomp of fancied trumpets in the
wind ! ! !

'Tis what's *within us* crowned.

There is a pair of blockheads for
you ! John Keats had no more right
to dress up Leigh Hunt in this absurd
fashion, than he had to tar and feather
him—and we do not doubt, that if
Leigh Hunt had ever had the misfor-
tune to have been tarred and feathered,
he would have written a sonnet on his
plumification, and described himself as
a Bird of Paradise.

From John Keats the transition is
not difficult to John Hamilton Rey-
nolds—for he too had written lines on
the story of Rimini—though by na-
ture fit for far other occupation—and
accordingly Mr Hunt returns him
sonnet for sonnet. In it, Mr Rey-
nolds, clever man as he is, is made to
look very like a ninny.

TO JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS,

On his Lines upon the Story of Rimini.

Reynolds, whose Muse, from out thy gentle
embraces,

Holding a *little crisp and dewy flower*,
Came to me in *my close-entwined bower*,
Where many fine-eyed Friendships and glad
Graces,

Parting the boughs, have looked in with
like faces,

And thanked the song which had sufficient
power

With Phœbus to bring back a warmer hour,
And turn his southern eye to our green
places.

But the most insane of all the Idol-
ators is at hand, in the shape of a cer-
tain Doctor, whose name, lest it should
injure his practice, we shall not men-
tion, and who (upon his knees, we
presume,) makes an offering to the
Idol of Cockaigne OF A LOCK OF MIL-
TON'S HAIR!!!!

To ———, M. D.

On his giving me a Lock of Milton's Hair,
I felt my spirit leap, and look at thee
Through my changed colour with glad
grateful stare.

When after shewing us this glorious hair,
Thou didst turn short, and bending plea-
santly

With gracious hand gav'st the great lock TO
ME!!

An honouring gift indeed! which I will
wear

About me, while I breathe this strenuous
air,

That nursed his Apollonian tresses free.

See what it is to be a favourite of
Apollo! Apothecaries and physicians
flock in upon you from every side.—

And well might it be said of ———

———, M. D., in reference to Keats
and Reynolds,

"The force of nature could no farther go—
To make one Fool, she joined the other
two."

Two more sonnets follow on the
same subject, and Mr Hunt, we are
told, a short time before his death,
had the lock of Milton's hair put into
a brooch, in the figure of a naked Eve,
and wore it, and the Mother of Man-
kind, on the frill of his shirt.

This fashion of fixing off sonnets at
each other was prevalent in the me-
tropolis a short time since among the
bardlings, and was even more annoying
than the detonating balls. We have
heard them cracking off in the lobbies
of the Theatres, and several exploded
close to our ear one morning in Sir
John Leicester's gallery. Like other
nuisances of the kind, they are now
laughed down; and, indeed, after
Leigh Hunt's death, who was at the
top of the fashion, it dwindled quite
away, though sometimes even yet a
stray sonneteer is to be found can-
tering along on his velocipede.

In our next we hope to publish
"Luctus" on the death of Mr Hunt,
by Webb, Keats, and Co.—and also a
funeral oration, by Mr Hazlitt. We
ourselves intend to write his epitaph.
Z.

DECORATIONS OF EDINBURGH.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE read with some sorrow, and
more shame, your correspondent's pro-
posal to adorn Edinburgh with a
Greek Temple. Is he serious? or does
he write it as a satire upon Scottish
invention? and is it true, that no
living man is capable of conceiving a
suitable structure to commemorate the
glories of Scotland? That your cor-
respondent shews good taste in ad-
miring the Parthenon, who would
deny—but he is unwise in recommend-
ing its restoration by his countrymen.
The use to be made of ancient works,
of the majestic remains of Grecian
greatness, is not to transfer them in
the gross into marble or stone, to carry
them off, pillar and rafter, like the
fabled church of Loretto,—but to con-
template and admire them, to elevate
the mind and kindle a fire which may
excite an emulation of their glories.

Your correspondent thinks the
sun of Scottish invention has sunk or
has never risen: therefore, says he, let
us not seek to create the new, but re-

store the old; let us make works which
exercise the memory in recollections
of Athens or Rome, rather than
aspire after an hazardous reputation
for originality. So thought the pru-
dent—the calculating—the painstak-
ing people of America, and what have
they done, and what are they daily
doing? Your correspondent knows
this—you cannot climb an eminence
in the United States but you see
Spartas, Thebes's, and Athens's on
all sides, hills abound with classic
names—here is Ethos—there is Athos,
Parnassus is near, and beyond it arises
mount Pelion, the very hill you have
climbed is the "Calicolone on the
Simio's side."

"And what was Goose Creek once, is Tyber
now."

Now all this is harmless enough,
but what does it shew—all but an ori-
ginal spirit. In the same taste people
may—and many people do baptize
their children. I have seen Lucius
Junius O'Flanagan, which is a so-

norous and well sounding name compared to others;—what do you think of Mr Augustus Stokes, Cicero Cramp, Phidius Bubb, and Mr Michael Angelo Tailor. Something in the same style your correspondent recommends,—who, quoth he, has equalled the Parthenon? Let us go build one. Nobody has equalled the Iliad—why does Walter Scott squander his golden time on nameless knights—on feudal barbarians—let “him” render Homer into his native tongue, and earn the immortality which awaits imitation and forsakes invention. Remember your correspondent does not say, “come let us go look at the Parthenon, contemplate its simple beauty, then conceive something in the same lofty spirit to adorn our native city.” No, he says, imagine not you are capable of conceiving anything excellent, your minds are impotent of any exalted exertion, where you cannot lead, you should limp after.—“Then by all means rear the Parthenon in Scottish stone—what have you to do with originality.” There are too many buildings in Edinburgh already which remind one of other people’s productions—it is not my wish to increase the number.

Your correspondent, however, tries to sooth the insulted genius of his country, by assuring us that we have more than one architect equal to the task of executing a new Parthenon. Why, what has an architect to do when the structure is commenced and the plan completed? Does he dig the foundations or hew the stones—or bed them in mortar by the line and the level? or comes he to clap the mason on the back and cry, “well done.” Conception, the great test of genius, is taken out of our hands—the illustrious Greeks have supplied us with that. Execution is the next—this is pioneers’ work. The master spirit has measured out the task, and his legion of lesser spirits fulfil it.

It is the taste of men like your correspondent which has filled our churches with monuments of British heroes, sages; and bards, in the garb of Greece and Rome—that has given Samuel Johnson a Roman toga and sandals—and an antique shield and helmet to Lord Chatham—that has sent Captain Burgess stark naked with a sword in his hand to gain the weather gage and break the French line, and clothed—and this is the error too of a

great man—General Washington in the costume of Cincinnatus. Our provincial ballad-maker had better taste when he censured the statue of our Dutch King William. John Highlandman in Glasgow sings—

“And there she saw a meikle man
Riding on a horse—
And oh she pe a poor man,
And no hae many claes!
The brogues pe a’ worn off hers feet,
And she see a’ her tae!”

On all sides we see monuments of our want of an original taste, and ancient works pressed into modern service. Your correspondent forgets the lines of the poet,

“Each author was to him well known,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.”

Let none suppose I mean to censure these ancient and immortal works of Greece—that I do not feel their excellence or the honour and the glory they confer. They are noble efforts of human genius, nor do I withhold my applause from the massive and solid structures of the Egyptians—a people who consulted duration more than display. But all those works illustrate the men and the time, and their restoration in Scotland will recal the departed glory of Greece and Egypt, and show the Scotch to be miserable copyists of fine marble in coarse stone. Let us not look at Scotland and her heroes and sages through Greek spectacles—let us make something such as Phidias might have done had he been a Scotchman. There is abundance of genius extant for lofty undertakings. We are by no means deficient in native works of an original spirit—look at the noble reliques of Saxon and Gothic architecture; they want the simplicity, and perhaps the solidity, of the Greek temples; but they are decidedly original—they reflect no other people—they remind us not of Greece or Egypt—and they have a solemn grandeur, and richness, and variety, which do honour to the inventor. What does your correspondent say to this?—perhaps he calls it “the entangled labyrinth of blue-eyed barbarians.” Admiring the Gothic as I do, I mean not to recommend it—I mentioned it to show that originality was not a hopeless matter—that excellence was to be found elsewhere, and of later invention. The Greek has a nobler exterior than the Gothic, is perhaps less expensive in execution, and at all events more

massive and solid—matters of prime importance. The exterior of a Gothic building seems, at a distance, like a huge barn; the Grecian, even in ruins, has a noble outside. But I cannot extend this praise to the Parthenon, which presents an unvaried roof, and seems not to equal the beauty of some other ancient temples. I feel afraid the Calton Hill, (if it is the Calton now that it once was, for I cannot look out at any window and see the tricks which *improvement* has been playing with this admired rock), would be too large a base for this building, the mountain would devour the monument—you must have a building of colossal magnitude to associate with this mighty pedestal. I am surprised that your correspondent did not feel some classical scruples about recommending a hill, even of solid rock, for the scite of his Parthenon; he knows the Athenians were a curious and scrupulous people about the foundations for their national works—they looked forward and contemplated defiance to the revolutions of nature, as well as the machinations of man, and built one of their fairest temples in a morass, where it was less liable to earthquakes than on the summit of a hill. Your cor-

respondent forgot this, else he might have advised you to build your monument in the North Loch.

In conclusion, I may name a few matters I should have lamented, and which would have happened had all been arranged according to the style and taste of your correspondent—I should have lamented, had Shakspeare clipped and squared his romantic Saxon drama by the straight line of Euripides—I should have lamented, had Milton chosen some potent and well booted Greek for his hero rather than the Great Fiend—and sung of Hercules and “Lacedæmons hollow glen profound,” rather than of Belzebub and the bottomless pit—I should have lamented, had Walter Scott listened to the voice of the critics—had not remonstrated in verse,
 “Nay, Erskine; nay, on the wild hill
 Let the wild heath-flower flourish still;”
 but thrown his immortal lays of chivalry into the Ettrick or the Tweed, and squandered his powers on the demigods or the antediluvians. All this I would have lamented, and though my sorrow might be less, I would consider a Scottish Parthenon something in the same taste.—Your humble servant,
 A JOURNEYMAN MASON.

EMIGRATION TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WHEN the public mind is directed to any interesting and important subject, innumerable scribblers are ever on the alert with placards and pamphlets to amuse, if not to satisfy the popular curiosity. Temporary and taking title pages serve to get off edition upon edition of the veriest trash, while books of the most solid information, if not wholly unknown, are very partially consulted. It may be, that men of real talent and knowledge feel some reluctance in appending their names to such undignified and ephemeral tracts as are calculated in a short and humble form to give information to the ignorant. Certain, however, it is, that upon questions of importance, seldom do those address the public who have already gained its respect by more elaborate treatises, and who therefore are best qualified and entitled to write in detail. On the subject before us, Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, we could indeed have wished that Mr

Barrow had compressed, in the compass of a cheap pamphlet, all the valuable information to be gleaned from his excellent “travels to the interior of Southern Africa.” Instead of this, however, there have appeared “a Guide to the Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c.” abounding in every variety of blunder and error, and also, “the Cape of Good Hope Calendar,” a mere reprint, with a flimsy preface, of the annual almanack, printed in the colony. These, nevertheless, have been puffed and placarded with most audacious quackery in every corner of the town.

We have been at some pains to procure every necessary information, and although in a former Number we endeavoured to afford a general view of the Cape and its facilities, we are induced to dwell upon some points which we had not leisure just then to discuss; and moreover, as the subject itself is becoming hourly more extensively popular and seriously important,

the Colonial Office in Downing Street has issued the two following circulars, which at once explain the encouragement and conditions held out by government on the subject of emigration to the Cape :

No I.

“ Downing Street, London, 1819. ”

“ I have to acquaint you in reply to your letter of the _____ that the following are the conditions under which it is proposed to give encouragement to emigration to the Cape of Good Hope.

“ The sufferings to which many individuals have been exposed, who have emigrated to his Majesty’s foreign possessions, unconnected and unprovided with any capital, or even the means of support, having been very afflictive to themselves, and equally burthensome to the colonies to which they have proceeded, the government have determined to confine the application of the money recently voted by address in the House of Commons, to those persons who possessing the means will engage to carry out, at the least, ten able-bodied individuals above eighteen years of age, with or without families, the government always reserving to itself the right of selecting from the several offers made to them, those which may prove upon examination to be most eligible.

“ In order to give some security to the government, that the persons undertaking to make these establishments have the means of doing so, every person engaging to take out the abovementioned number of persons or families shall deposit at the rate of ten pounds (to be repaid as hereafter mentioned) for every family so taken out, provided that the family does not consist of more than one man, one woman, and two children under fourteen years of age. All children above the number of two will be to be paid for, in addition to the deposit abovementioned, in the proportion of five pounds for every two children under fourteen years of age, and five pounds for every person between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

“ In consideration of this deposit, a passage shall be provided at the expense of government for the settlers, who shall also be victualled from the time of their embarkation until the time of their landing in the colony.

“ A grant of land, under the conditions hereafter specified, shall be made to him at the rate of one hundred acres for every such person or family whom he so takes out; one-third of the sum advanced to government on the outset, shall be repaid on

landing, when the victualling at the expense of government shall cease. A further proportion of one-third shall be repaid as soon as it shall be certified to the governor of the colony that the settlers under the direction of the person taking them out, are actually located upon the land assigned to them, and the remainder at the expiration of three months from the date of their location.

“ If any parishes in which there may be a redundancy of population, shall unite in selecting an intelligent individual to proceed to the Cape, with settlers under his direction, not less in number, and of the description abovementioned, and shall advance money in the proportion abovementioned, the government will grant land to such an individual at the rate of 100 acres for every head of a family, leaving the parish at liberty to make such conditions with the individual, or the settlers, as may be calculated to prevent the parish becoming again chargeable with the maintenance of such settlers in the event of their return to this country.

“ But no offers of this kind will be accepted, unless it shall be clear that the persons proposing to become settlers shall have distinctly given their consent, and the head of each family is not infirm or incapable of work.

“ It is further proposed, that in any case in which one hundred families proceed together, and apply for leave to carry out with them a minister of their own persuasion, government will, upon their being actually located, assign a salary to the minister whom they may have selected to accompany them, if he shall be approved by the Secretary of State.

“ The lands will be granted at a quit rent to be fixed, which rent, however, will be remitted for the first ten years; and at the expiration of three years (during which the party and a number of families, in the proportion of one for every hundred acres must have resided on the estate,) the land shall be measured at the expense of government, and the holder shall obtain, without fee, his title thereto, on a perpetual quit rent, not exceeding in any case two pounds sterling, for every hundred acres; subject, however, to this clause beyond the usual reservations; that the land shall become forfeited to government, in case the party shall abandon the estate, or not bring it into cultivation within a given number of years.

“ I am, your most obedient humble servant.

“ P. S. In order to ensure the arrival of the settlers at the Cape, at the beginning of the planting season, the transports will not leave this country until the month of November.”

* The usual reservations are the right of the crown to mines of precious stones, of gold and silver, and to make such roads as may be necessary for the convenience of the colony.

NO II.

Dorning Street, London,

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of the _____, I am directed by Earl Bathurst to acquaint you, that as the circular letter distinctly specifies the nature and extent of the assistance which will be granted to individuals who may be allowed to proceed as settlers to the Cape of Good Hope, together with the conditions under which alone that assistance can be given to them, it is only necessary to refer you to that document, and to add, that no proposal can be accepted which is not framed in conformity with the offer of his Majesty's government.]

"With reference to your particular enquiries respecting the mode in which the views of the settlers may best be attained, I have to acquaint you, that it is not in Earl Bathurst's power to communicate to you that species of information, which can most properly be afforded by the practical agriculturist, or obtained upon the spot.

"The settlers will be located in the interior of the colony, not far from the coast; and in allotting to them the lands which government have agreed to grant to them, their interests and their wishes will be consulted and attended to as far as may be consistent with the public interests of the colony.

"The settlers will be enabled to purchase a limited quantity of agricultural implements in the colony, at prime cost; although they are not debarred from taking with them a moderate supply of these articles, as well as necessaries; and they will find no difficulty in purchasing seed corn in the colony.

"The settlers will not find habitations ready for their reception.

"The persons under whose direction a party of settlers proceed, is at liberty to secure their services by any legal agreement into which they may think proper to enter.

"The new settlement will, of course, be governed according to the laws in force in the colony.

"In conclusion, I beg to observe, that it must be left to the persons taking out settlers, to form their own opinion as to the amount of the pecuniary means with which they should be provided, in order to support the persons placed under their directions, and ensure the success of their undertaking.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant."

Such are the official documents. They have certainly been framed with very great and laudable caution.—Though it be highly impolitic to damp the spirit of enterprise, it is both wise and just, honestly to announce the terms upon which alone proposals can be received. That these terms have nothing to deter, is abundantly evi-

dent from the multiplicity of applications that have been made, both by letter and in person, at Lord Bathurst's office. We understand, from pretty good authority, that these have amounted to upwards of ten thousand. Of the advantages and capabilities of this settlement we have given already our most decided conviction. And if any fresh argument or further evidence were needed, we would confidently derive it from the great success that has attended the meritorious exertions of the Moravian brethren in South Africa. They have, indeed, made a wilderness into a fruitful land, and, a yet more arduous and grateful conquest, they have converted the indolent degraded Hottentot into an active moral member of society. The spot chosen for their chief settlement, Guadenthall, was, a few years ago, a perfect waste; at present this missionary settlement is one of the most beautiful and thriving villages in the colony. We cannot resist transcribing Mr Barrow's account of this delightful spot.

"These people," the Moravians, "have been several years in the colony, for the express purpose of instructing the Hottentots in the doctrines of christianity, but met with little success, in the object of their mission, under the Dutch government.—Early in the morning, I was awakened by some of the finest voices I ever heard; and, on looking out, saw a group of female Hottentots sitting on the ground. It was Sunday, and they had assembled thus early to chant the morning hymn. They were all neatly dressed in printed cotton gowns. A sight so very different from what we had hitherto been in the habit of observing, with regard to this unhappy class of beings, could not fail of being grateful. The missionaries themselves were men of a middle age, plain and decent in their dress, meek and humble in their deportment, but intelligent and lively in conversation, zealous in the cause of their mission, but free from bigotry and enthusiasm. Every thing about the place partook of that neatness and simplicity, which were the strongest features in the outline of this character. The church they had constructed, was a plain neat building; their mill for grinding corn was superior to any in the colony; their garden was in high order, and produced abundance of vegetables for the use of the table. Almost every thing that had been done was by the labour of their own hands. Each (missionary) had learned some useful profession. One was well skilled in every branch of smith's work, the second was a shoemaker, and the third a tailor. The

Hottentots live in small huts dispersed over the valley, to each of which was attached a plot of ground for raising vegetables.— Their houses and gardens were very neat and comfortable, numbers of the poor in England not so good, and few better. Such of the Hottentots as chuse to learn a trade, are paid for their labour as soon as they can earn wages. Some hire themselves out to the neighbouring farmers; others make mats and brooms for sale, some breed poultry, and others find means to subsist by their cattle, sheep, and horses. There appeared no violent zeal on the part of the missionaries to swell the catalogue of christian converts. Their first great object seemed to be, to make men happy, that they might afterwards become virtuous.”— *Barrow's Travels*, vol. 1, pp. 308, 9, 10, 11.

Nothing can be more encouraging to settlers than such a picture. Here are a few men opposed by the government then in being, meeting with every difficulty, and sharing every obloquy, and yet triumphing over all by their patience and perseverance. We have ourselves visited this Moravian village, and have found Mr Barrow's description most exactly verified. Nothing can equal the cleanliness of the missionary houses, rendered, perhaps, more striking and acceptable from the contrast with the filthy and comfortableless habitations of the Dutch boor.

The Zuur Veldt appears to be the part of the colony where the new English settlers are to be fixed. All accounts concur in representing this as one of the most fruitful parts of the colony. Since the Cape regiment has been withdrawn from the frontiers, the Kaffers have made frequent and destructive incursions along these luxuriant though now almost deserted tracts. However, there is little to be dreaded from this barbarous people, should the country be well-stocked with British farmers. Though a cruel, the Kaffers are a cowardly people; and the military efforts that are at this moment directed against them by the colonial government, will doubtless drive them beyond the frontier of the colony, (the great fish river,) and deter them, we trust effectually, from breaking treaties which they have so solemnly pledged; and yet so disgracefully infringed. A missionary settlement, called Theopolis, has been lately established here belonging to the London Missionary Society. What success has attended this recent institution we do not exactly know; but

we are sorry to see, from the newspapers, that the common enemy, the Kaffers, have made an irruption, and stolen away the greater part of their cattle. If these marauders are not subdued by main force, there will be no end to their excesses.

Great and increasing as are the facilities of the Cape, considered in an agricultural view, there is another point most worthy of attention, and which we omitted in our former remarks on this subject; and that is, its geographical situation. Its position on the globe is so commanding a feature, that the bare inspection of a map must at once prove its importance and value in this respect. It has been not unaptly called the key to India. As a middle station between Great Britain and India, enjoying a mild temperature between the extremes of each, the Cape is most adapted to form the habits and inure the constitution of the soldier for India. Among the recruits sent out direct from this country for this service, it has been said that not more than three out of five are calculated upon, as likely to be efficient on their arrival in India, and of those who arrive in tolerable health, a great proportion may be expended in the seasoning for so hot a climate. But it is not only as a nursery for Indian troops that the Cape is important. Its central situation most peculiarly fits it for the purposes of commerce. Its distance from New Holland is the voyage of three weeks, from Brazil a month, from the West Indies six weeks, and two months from the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel.— With the east and west coasts of Africa and the adjacent islands, it commands a ready communication at all seasons of the year. Strange, however, to say, that the Cape has only been considered by the East India Company as a place of refreshment for their homeward-bound ships. The agent of the Company at the Cape, it is true, exposes occasionally to sale a few chests of tea, or bales of muslin and nankeen. All the other articles come out second hand from England at an enormous and extravagant price. Surely this is a narrow policy towards a colony now decidedly English. “It is a notorious fact,” says a late writer on the subject, “that the present policy of the Company has given rise to a very considerable contraband trade

between America and the East Indies. That trade would certainly cease, if the Americans could come to an Indian market at the Cape."

We cannot close our remarks, without reverting to a subject, which we deem of vital consequence to the welfare of this settlement; namely, its government and laws. Whatever may be the views or the efforts of the colonial secretary in this country; however encouraging and practicable may appear the prospects held out to the settler, still, if the governor at the Cape does not enter zealously and sincerely into the project, it will assuredly and fatally fail. If the matter be forced upon the local authorities, however the letter may be preserved, the spirit of the plan will be defeated. It might indeed seem as a matter precluding doubt, that colonial governors should implicitly obey the wishes, and more especially the commands of their superiors at home. So unaccustomed, however, as these governors are to be opposed; so tenuous of authority, and jealous of dictation, as their situation naturally makes them, pretences will never be wanting to evade instructions from this country at all opposing their prejudices or their power. Were the laws of England, and a regular council established, instead of the confused and contradictory laws now in force, and the mere *ipse dixit* of the governor, the British emigrant might repair to the Cape in safety. At present there are few, we fear, who, having resided any length of time in the colony, will not deplore the monstrous union of undefined laws and despotic authority.

Thus far we had written, when a pamphlet* was put into our hands, from the pen of Mr Burchell. We are most happy in having an opportunity of qualifying our strictures on temporary tracts, by some quotations from these able and valuable "Hints." Mr Burchell has been for a length of time in South Africa, and has travelled further, we believe, than any other Englishman into the interior. There are few men better qualified to give information respecting the Cape.—But we shall proceed to our extracts.

"The facility with which the necessaries of life are procured, has perhaps been the

main cause of that indolence and want of energy which is a principal feature in the character of the present inhabitants of the colony; over whom a British emigrant, carrying with him the industry and knowledge of his own country, would have a thousand advantages, and would be the means of bringing to light the real resources of the country, and of turning to profit many valuable productions, now passed by unobserved, or ignorantly supposed to be of no use. Those who have a family of children, of whom at least two or three are old enough to be useful, will derive many advantages from their numbers. The settlers are advised to take with them a moderate stock of clothes, sufficient to last them for two or three years; such medicines as they may judge necessary; agricultural and garden implements; carpenter's and smith's tools; and whatever manufactured articles they may think requisite for domestic use; but not to encumber themselves with any thing not essentially necessary. A body of colonists would require a large area of land fit for agriculture and pasture. This is nowhere to be found within the colony, except in the Zwaare Veldt (Albany).—This tract is about eighty miles by fifty, as measured on a map, or 100 by 60 of travelling distance. The Sunday river bounds it on the west, the ocean on the south, the Great Fish river on the east, and the inhabited part of the colony on the north. It is a beautiful and delightful country, varied with every diversity of scenery and surface; abounding in herbage, wood, and water; and having a soil capable of feeding large herds of cattle, and of producing corn and vegetables more than sufficient for the supply of a numerous population. The greatest part of it is free from wood, and may receive the plough or spade immediately. Within the first twelve months a harvest may be reaped; during which time, to supply immediate want, two or three crops of potatoes may be raised. Here also the vine may be cultivated with complete success, and that lucrative branch of agriculture may at last be shared by the British. To all these advantages is superadded the important one of a line of coast of no less than 100 miles, from which an immediate supply of fish may be procured towards the support of the infant settlement. The Great Fish river, at its mouth, is as broad as the Thames below London, but is not navigable many miles upwards. A jutty carried out beyond the surf would ensure a safe landing for boats at most seasons. The fine harbour of the Nyssa admits ships which have sailed out with cargoes of timber; and were it possible to raise the sunken rocks at its mouth, it would be the most eligible spot in the whole colony for a town. To introduce the practice of well-digging would be to

* Hints on Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, by William J. Burchell, Esq. London. Hatchard. 2s. 6d. 1819.

double the value of this part of Africa. The nearest town is Graaff-Reynét, which bids fair to become a considerable place. The nearest sea-port is Algoa bay, where a jutty is all that is required for making landing safe and easy. Here the emigrants should disembark, and not at Cape Town."

To those of our readers who are interested in such matters, we earnestly

recommend the perusal of this modest and intelligent pamphlet; and we sincerely trust the author may be induced by its success to fulfil his promise, of drawing up, for the use and guidance of emigrants, more detailed instructions, accompanied by all the information and advice essentially necessary upon the subject.

LIFE OF ANTONIO LAMBERTACCI.

From the "Historie Memorabili della Città di Bologna da Gaspare Bombaci."
(Continued from Vol. V. Page 59.)

THE narrative of the events which followed immediately, or very shortly after, upon those last recorded, shall be pursued in the words of our historian.

"Imelda Lambertacci, and Boniface Gieremei, equal in birth, in the graces of person, and in years, to each other, became inspired by a reciprocal passion; and the obstacles which the ancient feud of their parents opposed to its gratification, proved only a greater incitement to their amorous desires. The damsel, enflamed and agitated by the violence of her new passion, discovered plainly to her lover her heart in her looks, and betrayed to him her most secret thoughts by the changes of the colour in her cheek, as if they were painted on her countenance. The youth, well understanding the signs of love, so much the more rejoiced at these tokens of a reciprocal affection, as she was the more precious to him both by reason of her birth and of her beauty. He, at the same time, felt the torment of not being able to find means to obtain the entire possession of her, on account of the mutual hatred of their families, rather smothered than extinguished; because although all occasion of offence was taken away by the reconciliation before mentioned, nevertheless they (the two rival families) still abhorred the idea of union. Despairing, therefore, to obtain her in the way of marriage, and judging, from the mutual tokens they had interchanged, that it depended only upon him to proceed farther, he devised the means of being with her as soon as possible, not less in order to satisfy the impatience of his own passion, than that he might not give time for the fickleness of the female sex to elude him. The agreement of their wishes, to which no-

thing is difficult, made their path of conduct more easy; nor did the fear of exposing himself to the danger of a thousand accidents retard him; either because every one thinks, in such cases, that he is the favourite of fortune, or because the satisfaction of a vehement passion appears the most important object to him who entertains it, and because to evince, in the execution of his designs, less daring than a woman, is deemed the greatest disgrace, and the basest of infamy. At the time and hour resolved upon, Bonifacio was introduced, with the greatest possible secrecy, into the chamber of Imelda. The supreme contentment, the ecstasy of joy, which they experienced, may be more readily imagined than it can be described; and I shall say nothing more than that they would not have exchanged their then present condition for the highest state of felicity ever granted to be enjoyed on earth. But contemplate a little how easily the designs of human creatures are frustrated, and with what close connexion pleasure and misery are linked together! While they were thus engaged together, the brothers of the damsel, who were disporting themselves for the evening at an entertainment in the house of their neighbours, the Cacciaremicci, received information of the fact, as is probable, from some of those who were most bound in honour and duty to have kept it secret; and, immediately on being advertised of it, they silently broke away from their company, and on reaching their own mansion, one of them laid his hands on a poignard, the point of which he anointed with a poisonous unguent, and altogether softly and on tiptoe, approached the chamber-door; on their opening which, Imelda, terrified, fled to the other end

of the apartment, in order to conceal herself. Bonifacio had scarce time to feel the influence of fear, before he found himself assailed on the sudden, and, pierced with many wounds, breathed (as it were) his soul out in the arms of his murderers, who threw the body into a water-course that ran close by the walls of the house, while it yet palpitated with the last gasp of life. It is even to be believed that they would have done the same with their own sister, if it were not that either they were troubled in their consciences by reason of that which they had already committed, or else that, having sought her through the apartment, they were unable to find her, and therefore, not to lose time, hastily flew to Bologna. As soon as they were departed, Imelda, who already trembled at the bare imaginations of the event, repenting herself of having abandoned to his fate the beloved object, without whom life could offer nothing that is desirable to her imagination, beating her bosom, and crying out upon herself as the cause of so great a calamity, followed the track of blood which led her to the spot where her unhappy lover had found, before his death, his place of sepulture. Thither having descended, and having there made discovery of the corpse, which yet retained some portion of animal heat and motion, she knelt down beside it, and as if it possessed the power of sense to understand her expressions, asked of it forgiveness for her offence in deserting him while alive, with so great tenderness, and such abundance of tears, that it would

have excited compassion in any thing less inexorable than death itself; and then, throwing upon him to kiss his envenomed wounds, and imbibe with his life's blood whatever of his spirit might yet linger amid the veins of its ancient habitation,—behold! on a sudden she felt herself wax faint and feeble, and shortly thereafter lay reclined insensible on the bosom of her slaughtered lover, not suspecting, while she breathed her last sigh, that she owed her so speedy dissolution to any other cause than the vehemence of her grief and passion. Next morning the event was made public, and related in divers ways according to the interests and attachments of the relators. Public assemblies, and secret cabals, were spread throughout the city, and when at last the truth became known, as the affair had really happened, some men feared, and others hoped for, the commencement of new contests, as, in each individual, a regard for his own private advancement, or for the public weal, was most predominant. Nevertheless no immediate rising or commotion ensued, both because the accomplices in the deed were at a distance, and because those of the Lambertacci who remained were satisfied with the vengeance taken by their absent brethren, while the Gieremei could not but entertain the reflection that the injury committed by Bonifacio was deserving of punishment; and therefore suppose it probable that they might not be able to excite any classes of men in favour of their quarrel."

(*To be continued.*)

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORIA MAJOR OF MATTHEW PARIS, MONK OF ST ALBANS.

(*Continued from Vol. V. p. 268.*)

I.—The Author's Reflections on the Norman Conquest.

HERE then we may behold the lamentable overthrow of the realm of England, my beloved country! whose kings, in the early ages of their first dominion, barbarous in person and habit, unlike in manners, and heathen in their religion, led their subjects to victory, and subdued their enemies equally by their cunning and their valour. But, when they were converted to the faith of Christ, they

surrendered themselves by degrees to the influence of religion, and neglected the use of arms; many of them assuming the monastic habit; and, some at Rome, others in their own country, exchanging their temporal for a spiritual kingdom. Many, who still continued in the world during their lives, founded churches and monasteries and treasures for the poor, and in short, completed all the good works of charity. The whole island shined so refulgent with the light of martyrs, confessors, and holy virgins, that you

can hardly enter any considerable town without hearing the illustrious name of some new saint invoked within it. At length, however, charity grew cold, and the golden age was converted into an age of clay: then the works of religion fell into disuse, and (as once before happened in the invasion of the Danes, so now again in the expulsion of the English by the men of Normandy) the sins of the people drew down their own destruction upon their heads. For the nobles of the land, enslaved by their sensual appetites, no longer went early in the morning into the churches as Christians are wont, but, in their bed-chambers, and in the arms of their wives, heard the matin service and masses read over to them in haste by some careless priest, and the clerks and those in orders were so destitute of learning, that one who knew his grammar was an object of wonder to all the rest. Their potations all made in common, and they wasted whole days and nights also, in that sort of study. They gorged themselves with food, and drank till they vomited at their banquets. However, you are not to understand this of all men equally; it being well known that many among that nation, of all condition and dignities, were pleasing to God.

II.—*The return of one from the Grave to visit and admonish his Companions.*
Related under the year 1072.

ABOUT this time, there lived in a town of Brittany, called Nantes, two clerks, who from their boyhood had been so knit together in the bonds of friendship, that, if necessity required it, either would have sacrificed his life for the other. One day they agreed together, that, whichever of the two should first die, he should appear within thirty days to the survivor, whether sleeping or waking, in order to certify to him the state of things hereafter, and what is the condition of souls after their departure from the body; so that, being sufficiently informed hereof, he might thenceforth know, which of the opinions maintained by philosophers, concerning the soul, was fittest to be embraced. For the Platonist hold that the death of the body doth not extinguish the soul, but dismisses it freed, as from a dungeon, to God, from whom it sprung; while the Epicureans contrariwise assert

that the soul, when dismissed from the body, vanishes away into the air and is utterly dissolved; and Theologians, holding a still different opinion concerning it, maintain that souls have three distinct mansions assigned them after the dissolution of the body, one in heaven, another in purgatory, and the third in hell; and that, as those which are in hell shall in no wise be saved, so those which are in purgatory shall receive mercy. Now it fell out that, shortly after this mutual pledge was given and accepted, one of the friends departed on a sudden, without having confessed, or received the Viaticum. The other, who remained alive, thought continually of the promise made, but waited for its accomplishment till the end of the thirty days in vain. After this time had expired, hopeless of the fulfilment of the promise, he had begun to apply his mind again to other affairs, when lo! the dead man appeared, and thus accosted him, "Dost thou know me?" he asked. "I do know thee," answered his friend. "Then," said he, "Oh my friend! my coming may (if thou chooseth) be of the utmost importance to thee: to me it can avail nothing. For the judgment of God hath gone out against me, and I am doomed, miserable that I am, to everlasting torments." Then the living man promised that he would give all his effects to the church and to the poor, and pass all his days and nights in continual prayer and fasting, for the redemption of his departed friend; but the apparition answered him, "Nay, that which I have said is fixed; for, because I departed this life without repentance, the judgments of God are just, and by them I am plunged into the sulphureous gulf of hell, where, so long as the stars roll round the pole, and the waves of the sea break upon the shore, I shall continue to be tormented for my sins. Now, that thou mayest feelingly experience only one of my innumerable sufferings, stretch out thine hand to receive a drop of my bloody sweat." The living man did as he was directed, and thereby his skin and flesh were perforated as by a burning caustic, and a hole was made in them, large enough to receive a hazle nut; but, when he testified the greatness of his pain by his exclamations, "This mark" resumed the appa-

rition, "will remain with thee till the day of thy death, in dreadful remembrance of my misery; therefore neglect not this amazing remedy, but use it as the means of salvation; while thou art yet able, change thy garment, and therewith change thy mind also, so as thou mayest escape from the anger of thy Creator." To this the living man returning not a word, the spectre looked upon him with a more stern countenance, and said, "miserable wretch! if thou doubttest, turn thee and read this writing." And thereupon he stretched out his hand, which was all over written with black characters, in which Satan and all the legions of hell were made to return thanks to the whole ecclesiastical order, for that, while they indulged without restraint in their own pleasures, they only suffered the souls of such as were subjected to their care, through their neglect, to descend to hell in such numbers that no former ages had ever seen the like. After which, the apparition vanished. The living man immediately distributed all his goods to the church and to the poor, and took upon him the holy habit at the monastery of Saint Melan, admonishing all present of what he had seen and heard; who, seeing his sudden conversion, exclaimed, "Behold what the hand of the most High hath wrought!"

III.—*The Character and Death of Walter, Bishop of Durham. Under the year 1075.*

IN those days, Walter, Bishop of Durham, occupying himself in secular concerns to the prejudice of the Pontifical Dignity, bought the Earldom of Northumberland of the King, and, acting in the capacity of Sheriff of the county, presided in the Courts of Laical Jurisdiction, and violently extorted immense sums of money out of all the inhabitants of his province, alike nobles and serfs; so that, at the last, the people, seeing themselves reduced to extreme penury by his extortions and those of his servants, became greatly indignant thereat, and meeting together in secret council, unanimously ordained one and all to attend the county court, armed to repel injuries, should necessity demand it. Shortly after, they came to the court accordingly, with spirits determined to exact justice for

their several wrongs, of which they made their complaint, demanding redress; but the Bishop arbitrarily replied, that he would do them no justice for any wrong of which they so complained, until they should have paid down to him four hundred pounds of lawful money. Then one, speaking for the rest of them, asked license of the bishop to consult together about the bishop's demand, that they might return their answer the more advisedly; which license being obtained, while they were consulting together, one, on whose judgment they had all great reliance, hastily said, in the language of his country, "Short rede, good rede, slea ye the byshoppe;" whereupon they all of one accord flew to arms, and the bishop was cruelly slain, with a hundred men of his train, on a spot close by the river Tine, where this fatal court had been held by him.

IV.—*Foundation of the Church of Lincoln by Saint Remigius. Anno 1085.*

BY this time the Normans had accomplished the will of God over the whole English nation, and hardly one nobleman of English birth remained in the kingdom, all being reduced to a state of servitude, in such sort, that it became a disgrace to be called an Englishman. Then did unjust imposts and the worst customs spring up over the land; and, the more those in authority gave judgment according to law and justice, the greater was the oppression. They who were called justiciaries were the authors of all injustice. "To steal a deer or wild goat was punished with the loss of sight; nor was there any man to resist such oppressive laws. For this cruel king loved beasts of chase as if he had been the father of them; so that, at the last, following his evil counsels, he enacted that, even in towns where men hold discourse together, and in the churches themselves which are consecrated to the worship of God, wild deer and other animals should be suffered to run about unrestrained. Whence it is proverbially asserted, that for thirty miles and more the fruitful country was converted into a forest, and into the haunts of wild beasts. In the construction of castles, also, this king exceeded all his predecessors. Normandy had come to him by hereditary right; Maine he

had acquired by the force of his arms; he had reduced Armorick Britain to his vassalage; he reigned alone in England; he held Scotland and Wales under his yoke; but he was so great a lover of peace, that a maiden carrying a weight of gold might have walked securely through the whole island. A short time before this, he had given the bishopric of Dorchester to Remigius, a monk of Fescamp; but it displeased that bishop to have so inconsiderable a town assigned him for his see, when in the same diocese was the city of Lincoln, so much more worthy to be an Episcopal residence; wherefore, having purchased some lands on the top of the hill, he built a church on that spot. And although the archbishop of York asserted that the city belonged to his diocese, Remigius made little account of his claim, and pursued the work he had so commenced with such diligence that he completed it, and filled it with a clergy most approved for doctrine and morals. This Remigius was low of stature, but great in mind; dark in colour, but not in works; once he had been accused of a conspiracy against the king, but one of his servants undertaking the purgation of his lord by undergoing the ordeal of red hot iron, he was thus restored to the love of the king, and wiped clean from the stain of pontifical disgrace. Thus was founded the modern church of Lincoln.

V.—Death of William the Conqueror,
Anna 1087.

THIS same year, king William made his abode in Normandy for some time, during which he delayed the war which he meditated against the king of France. But Philip abusing his patience, is reported to have scurrilously said, "The king of England keeps his bed at Rouen, like a woman on childbed; but when he comes forth to his churching I will light him to church with a hundred thousand candles." The king, exasperated by this and other like sarcasms, in the ensuing month of August, while the corn was on the ground, the grapes in the vineyards, and the apples in the orchards, in all the abundance of the season, assembled a numerous army, and made an inroad into France, wasting and depopulating the country through which he went. Nothing could appease his resentment, but he

resolved to avenge the insult he had received at the cost of multitudes of innocent persons. At last he burned the town of Mantes, and destroyed in the flames the church of the Blessed Virgin, together with two of the holy Vestals (who remained within it, believing that even in that extremity it was not lawful for them to quit their habitation). The king, rejoicing in the sight of this destruction, called to his people to heap fuel upon the flames, and, approaching himself too near the conflagration, contracted a fever from the violence of the fire: added to the unwholesome heats of the autumnal season. His disorder was further increased by an internal rupture, occasioned by leaping a ditch on horseback, so that he returned to Rouen in great pain of sickness; and, as his fever grew worse from day to day, took at last to his bed, being compelled by the violence of the distemper. The physicians who were consulted predicted his fast approaching dissolution from an inspection of his water. In an interval of strength, after having received the viaticum, and performed the Christian duty of confession, he bequeathed Normandy to his son Robert; England, and his maternal possessions, together with his treasures, to William Rufus. He commanded all prisoners to be released, and great sums of money to be distributed among the churches. He assigned a sufficiency for the repair of St Mary's church, lately burned by fire; and, having thus duly settled all his affairs, he died on the 8th of the ides of September, in the twenty-second year of his reign as king of England, and the fifty-second as duke of Normandy, the fifty-ninth of his age, and the 1088th of the holy incarnation. His body was conveyed down the river Seine to Caen, and there buried, amidst a large concourse of prelates of the church.

Robert, the eldest son of the conqueror, was in France, engaged in the war against his father at the time of his death; and William Rufus hastened to England, while he was yet alive, conceiving that it would be more for his advantage to undertake that voyage immediately than to wait and attend his father's funeral. Henry alone, of all his children, was present at that solemnity, and paid, of his own money, 100 pounds of silver to a certain knight (whose patrimony extended to

to the spot in which the body of the king was interred), in order to restrain his tongue from uttering any reproach.

However, William was neither slow nor niggardly in the spending of money. He soon brought forth all the treasure which his father had accumulated at Winchester, and charitably assigned to the monasteries large sums of gold, together with five shillings of silver to the parish churches, and one hundred pounds to every county, to be distributed among the poor. After a time, moreover, he caused his father's tomb to be ornamented with a profusion of gold and silver and precious stones. After these things he was received by all men willingly for their king, and reduced all England under his subjection, and obtained the keys of all the treasures; in doing which, Lanfranc was of no small assistance to him; by whom he had been educated, and consecrated a knight, during his father's life-time. By him also he was crowned king of England, on the day of the holy martyrs Cosmus and Damian; and he afterwards spent the remaining part of the winter in peace. Soon afterwards, however, the nobles of the realm, almost all of them (not without the sin of perjury), made war against him, although crowned king, and, adopting his elder brother, Robert, to govern in his stead, committed the greatest ravages all over the country.

VI.—*A German Count devoured by Mice. Anno 1089.*

IN these days, a certain German count, who had been a bitter enemy to the emperor, while he was sitting one day at table in a melancholy mood, attended by his servants, was on a sudden so surrounded by a multitude of mice, that there appeared to be no means of escaping from them. So great was the number of those little animals, that one might have thought no country on earth had held so many; and the servants, though they armed themselves with clubs and sticks to drive them away, could do nothing at all to get rid of them. They seized on the count by their tails, and tore him in a terrible manner, and, notwithstanding all the hand staves, not one of them was for the servants were unable, with all their endeavours, to strike or wound any of them. Even when they carried him in a ship out to sea, still

could he nowise avoid the fury of the mice; for a multitude of them immediately plunged themselves into the water, and swam after him, and gnawed the bottom and sides of the ship, till they made it leak, and threatened all on board with certain shipwreck. When the servants found this, they made again for the shore as fast as possible; but the mice had landed before them, and fell upon him again as they were bringing him from the ship. At last he was entirely torn to pieces by them, and made a feast to satisfy the cravings of their horrible hunger.

VII.—*Death and Character of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. Anno 1089.*

IN the same year died Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. This prelate, among other pious works, repaired the greater church of Christ at Canterbury, built offices for the monks, restored the dignities of the church which had fallen into neglect under his predecessors, recovered many lands which had been alienated from it, (among others, 25 several manors), and constructed two inns for strangers without the city, to which he assigned out of his own possessions a sufficient yearly revenue for their maintenance. He repaired the church of Rochester, and ordained Hernost, a monk of Bec, to be Bishop thereof; at whose consecration was that verse found upon the altar, "*Cito proferte stolam primam,*" &c. which the archbishop interpreted to predict his approaching death. And so, in effect, he died that same year, and was succeeded by Gundulph, a monk of Bec, who continued there to the time of king Henry. He reduced to its former state the Abbey of Saint Alban, the blessed proto-martyr of England. During the king's absence, he governed his realm; yet withal found ample time for study, to which he applied himself intensely. He endeavoured to correct the books of the Old and New Testament, corrupted by the errors of transcribers, and by the light of his emendations, the church of England, and that of France also, do to this day possess the benefit of being enlightened. After his death, king William retained in his own hands almost all the churches and monasteries of England, despoiling them of their possessions, and farming them as it were to persons of the laity.

Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh,

No I.

Viator's Letters on the History and Progress of the Fine Arts.

[The Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh had, for some time, entertained the idea of publishing annually a separate volume of their Transactions. It would appear, however, that they have now come to the resolution of laying their lucubrations before the public through the medium of this Journal—a resolution which our readers will easily believe has afforded us the most sincere pleasure. Whether the whole of the labours of these ingenious gentlemen may be such as to tend to the edification of our readers, remains yet to be proved. With regard to the very interesting paper which follows we cannot have the least apprehension.]

EDITOR.]

LETTER I.

MR NORTH,

CONSIDERING the excellence which the ancients attained in the fine arts, it is astonishing how little has been transmitted to posterity respecting the works and methods of their most distinguished artists; of the methods of their sculptors we literally know nothing; indeed I believe that many a learned fellow imagines that Phidias and Praxiteles actually worked with the chisel and mallet in their hands, hewing out the statue within the block, with no other guide or model than the idea in their own minds. I recollect to have read somewhere, that Michael Angelo laboured with such enthusiastic fury to get his statues extricated from the encasing rubbish, that it was quite marvellous to see him! Nothing, however, can be more ridiculous than the supposition of this species of the Cæsarian operation in sculpture; an art which requires the utmost patience and minute carefulness, and in which the merit of the artist consists in preparing the clay model. It is the *artizan* who fashions the marble; a humble species of mechanical industry scarcely removed from the toil of the common stone-cutter—the task of the labourers in the workshops of Canova and Chantry.

But what renders the methods of the ancient sculptors still more curious as an object of inquiry, is, that, without tools of steel or tempered iron, they should have been able to work with so much felicity not only in marble, but even in the harder substance of the precious stones. Their dexterity appears still more extraordinary when we reflect that it is necessary to employ the magnifying glass to inspect the minute beauty of many of their gems, cameos, intaglios, and medals. It is almost inconceivable how such works could have been produced with-

out the aid of spectacles or the magnifying lens. That they possessed the magnifying mirror is extremely probable, for their looking-glasses being made of metal, it was almost a necessary result that they should discover the magnifying power of a polished concave surface. By some reflex application of the concave mirror their gem engravers may have been assisted; and I think it would not be difficult still to ascertain in what manner this was done. It has been supposed that in some instances they employed a drop of pellucid water in the perforation of a piece of metal; but I cannot, however, form any very distinct notion of the manner in which this magnifying power could be rendered useful to an engraver. But a pretty discovery of an ingenious friend of mine, and which I would recommend to the attention of our opticians, has suggested a better idea. He has discovered, that by nicely perforating a bit of paper, or any superficial substance, a plate of metal serving the best of all for the purpose,—that in proportion to the size of the hole, a very considerable magnifying power is obtained over objects closely under the eye, and that distant objects are brought apparently nearer, and seen much more distinctly than by the unaided sight. It is therefore possible, that the ancient gem engravers may have made use of some contrivance of this nature.

Our information with respect to the methods of the painters of antiquity is also almost a blank. Their excellence both in drawing and in colouring cannot be questioned; for with such evidence as we possess of their attainments in sculpture, it is almost impossible, without a denial of the force of ocular demonstration, to refuse our acknowledgments to their superiority. We are told, indeed, that Zeuxia

formed the composition of his Juno* from the peculiar beauties of all the most beautiful women in Agrigentum; and that Apelles made use of burnt ivory mixed with varnish to augment the effect of his colours, and to defend them from the action of the air.† But with the exception of these two solitary facts, the one in the art of design, and the other in that of colouring, we possess no practical information respecting the methods of the ancient painters. The use of the black or burnt ivory by Apelles has been questioned by many writers on the fine arts as an improbable misconception; but Mr West has, within these few years, employed it with so much success, that the colouring of his late pictures, compared with that of his earlier, does not appear to have been produced by the same hand. It serves to tune, if the expression may be allowed, the various tones of colouring into one consistent frame of harmony.

At this time, when a taste for the fine arts has been so earnestly excited in the metropolis of Scotland, it may be useful both to the public and to artists to bring occasionally together some of the most authenticated notices respecting their progress and history, and for this object I would now and then beg admission into a corner of your agreeable Miscellany. Without prescribing to myself any precise rule either of theoretical investigation or of historical research, I propose, from time to time, to send you the substance of such memoranda as I have happened to accumulate in my common place-book, either from books or conversation with artists. What I have gleaned from the latter will perhaps possess some originality. It will, however, be necessary now and then to advert to two or three circumstances with which every school-boy is acquainted, but things never become trite until they have been previously acquired, and it should be recollected that the art of teaching by apologues has given rise to many fables which are still referred to as beautiful, although the original application of them is no longer remembered. For example, few cursory readers are aware that the elegant fable of the daughter of Deiotates sketching the profile of her sleeping lover by his shadow on the wall, is a parable invented to

inculcate the principles of the art of portrait-painting. It may even be said, that it inculcates the principles of individual statuary; for Pliny mentions that she afterwards persuaded her father to make an image in clay of the likeness, and that it was preserved as a curious illustration of the progress of art, till the Consul Mummius destroyed Corinth.—These principles are founded on resemblance and characteristic expression; but this beautiful mythological tale teaches more: It implies, that in order to render the portrait or the statue peculiarly interesting, it is necessary that the situation should be chosen in circumstances where the original was seen to most advantage by the parties for whom the work was designed. To the eye of a fond and tender lover, the most affecting situation is that which is associated with the defenceless confidence of sleep.

But I do not propose to enter into any explanation of the classic apologues respecting the arts. I have only adverted to this one, for the present, to shew, that although they have been rendered trite by the incessant reference to them in college verses, they are still curious lessons, and contain more than meets the ear.

Historians differ about the birth-place of sculpture. But the art was undoubtedly early cherished in Asia. Laban, we are informed, adored idols abominated by Jacob. Some, however, are of opinion, that the Ethiopians were the first who employed visible symbols as objects of adoration,‡ and that of course they were the inventors of sculpture. Others ascribe the invention to the Chaldeans, and refer, in proof of their hypothesis, to the statue erected by Ninus in honour of his father. But the Greek philosophers considered Egypt as the cradle of the arts; and Plato says, that works of painting and sculpture may be found in Egypt executed ten thousand years ago. Pausanias thought that at first the priests exhibited a stone, or the trunk of a tree, as the emblems of their gods. Herodotus, the father of profane history, says, that the ancient Egyptians were accustomed to carve the one end of a stick into the form of a head, and, with scarcely more art, to trace a few imperfect lines on the other into a resemblance of feet. In this state they transmitted the art of sculp-

* Pliny lib. xxix. Cap. ix.

† Genesis, chap. xxxi. and xxxv.

‡ Cavaliere Ferro, vol. i. p. 41.

§ Contarino il Vago, p. 420.

ture to Greece. Pausanius mentions, that there was an ancient statue at Pygolia, which served to illustrate the history of the arts, the feet and hands of which were closely joined to the body, similar, no doubt, to the Egyptian statues in the British Museum.

The first attempts in sculpture were no doubt with flexible materials; such as clay or wax. The next were probably with wood, and then marble;—metal, as requiring the aid of another art, was perhaps the last material employed by the genius of sculpture.

The earliest among the Greeks who wrought in marble, were the sons of Dædalus, Dipœnus and Scyllis,* who lived in the first Olympiad, that is, about 576 years before Christ. Phidias, who flourished about 120 years later, carried the art to its utmost perfection. It has certainly not since approached the same degree of excellence, if we admit the Athenian marbles in the British Museum to be his works; and if they were not his works, as there is some reason to believe, we have still but an imperfect conception of the improvements of which the art is susceptible.

On one occasion, when a party of artists were dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, while Burke and Dr Johnson were present, the conversation turned on this very subject. Sir Joshua observed, that it was impossible to understand what was meant among the Greeks, by their saying that the art of sculpture was in its decline in the days of Alexander the Great—the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medici being considered as the productions of that illustrious epoch; and neither the ingenuity of Burke, nor the erudition of Johnson, could solve the enigma. But the merits of the sculptures of the Parthenon were then unknown; I mean the Elgin or more properly the Athenian marbles; and it should be borne in mind, that even they were placed in the exterior of the edifice, merely for the purpose of decoration. The statue of the Goddess by Phidias was in the interior of the temple.

It might be objected to as a paradox, to say that none of the masterpieces of the sculptors of antiquity have yet been acquired by the moderns, but it is certain that none of these, which we consider as such, were particularly famous among the an-

cients. It is at least doubtful if the Apollo Belvidere is the same statue of which Pliny speaks in such terms of admiration as the work of Scopias.—The Venus by this artist was one of the ornaments of ancient Rome—but it is now unknown. He was the architect of the mausoleum which Arimisia raised to the memory of her husband—one of the wonders of the world. The standard by Poliectetis is lost—a statue in which all the most beautiful proportions of the human figure were so admirably preserved, that it was constantly referred to by artists as a model, and thus acquired the name of the Standard. The Media of Eutocrates is also no longer known to exist. The critics in the time of Praxiteles were divided in their opinion with respect to his two Venuses and his Phryne; but he himself preferred his Satyr, and particularly his Cupid, to all his works, and they also are no more.—The story of Pygmalion is of itself a striking comment on the excellence of the lost statues of antiquity; and that of the Colossus of Rhodes shows how far superior in the magnificence of the art the ancients were to the moderns. Glicones of Athens, who produced the Farnesian Hercules, doubtless left other works, which, if not in the same degree, were probably in the same high style of art, but they have all perished. At Agrigentum I saw the foot of a colossal Juno, belonging to the late Mr Fagan, in point of execution, and greatness of style, equal to any thing that lately adorned the Louvre. But although the utmost diligence was employed to find the remainder of the statue, the search was fruitless. At Syracuse, a headless Venus was lately discovered, which, in the opinion of many good judges, is superior to the Venus de Medici.

The Jews have never been considered as entitled to any merit as artists, and it has been supposed that the prohibition in the Second Commandment has been the cause of their deficiency in the arts. But the prohibition only referred to idols of adoration, for Moses himself, the oracle of the command, made the brazen serpent; and Solomon, their wisest king, dealt largely in sculptured pomegranates, to say nothing of the twelve oxen which supported the brazen sea, or of the golden lions that adorned the steps of his throne. As for the cherubim, of which

* Pliny, lib. xxxvi. cap. iv.

we read so much, I beg for the information of our churchyard sculptors to mention, that "a learned student of recondite lore" has assured me that the cherubim were not human figures with wings, but circles representing the signs of the zodiac.

The Romans were tardy in their cultivation of the art of sculpture, which was perhaps owing also to the influence of that ancient law of Numa, noticed by St Augustine* in the controversy respecting the introduction of images, particularly of God the Father into the churches. In fact, the ancient Romans are not considered as having made any great degree of proficiency in the fine arts, notwithstanding the magnitude of their architectural remains; and even in architecture they were far inferior to the Greeks, who distinctively settled the embellishments of the several orders, by which their buildings obtained that appropriateness of character that at once declared the use for which they were erected, and rendered them models to all succeeding ages. The Romans, in the best epoch of their taste, followed the Greeks, but departing from their chaste models, adopted that false principle which supposes a beauty in ornament independent of propriety of application or of fitness of place. The fragments of this corruption of taste, our own architects for a long period were in the practice of imitating, but as I shall have an opportunity on some other occasion of noticing more particularly the progress and state of the arts in this country, I refrain for the present from adverting to this branch of the subject. It may, however, be so far requisite in the meantime, to explain, that the effect of this false principle of taste in architecture, is equivalent to that uninteresting beauty which we sometimes meet with in historical pictures; where, though every figure is in correct proportion, well drawn, and with drapery elegantly folded, yet not being employed appropriately to the subject, the general composition is but a mere academical compilation, unadorned with the impress of that mental conception which constitutes the highest quality of refined art.

The ancient Romans are not to rank high as artists, the and sculptors of modern Rome

have acquired a pre-eminence far above those of any other nation. The Moses of Michael Angelo, for example, in appropriateness of character, is one of the most perfect creations that ever rose from beneath the chisel; and it has been said, that in this respect it may be classed with the Minerva and the Jupiter of Phidias. It has indeed fixed, as it were, an unalterable standard, by which every subsequent attempt to embody the form of the Jewish Lawgiver will not only be estimated, but must also, in some degree, resemble in air, features, and expression. Michael Angelo, however, was not always uniformly successful. His statue of the Saviour, the companion of the Moses, is a complete failure. The benevolent character of Jesus was a subject not suited to his vehement genius; and the statue is scarcely one degree above a common academical figure—framed according to rule, and faultless without merit. In his sublime work on the day of judgment, the same inconsistency may be observed. The single figures are without any appropriate character, without any expression applicable to their tremendous situation; but the groups are composed with admirable skill. Still, however, even as single figures, they have great merit; and although they are but the ingenious adaptation of legs, arms, and heads, to the celebrated Torso, which bears his name, and which served as the model to most of his figures, they are nevertheless the productions of a masterly hand.

The first modern artist who understood the principle of giving to his figures the peculiar expression belonging to their situation and character, was Leonardo da Vinci, and he carried it to the highest point of excellence in his picture of the Last Supper. The appropriate character which he has given to the apostles in that great composition, the significance of expression in their several faces, all show that the point of time by the artist, is when our Saviour said, "There is one amongst you who shall betray me." But he failed in the head of the Saviour. He had exhausted his powers of characteristic discrimination in the heads of the apostles; and in his attempt to blend meekness and dignity in the figure of Christ, he produced only insipience. He had

* St Augustine, Vol. V. cap. xxxi. page 38.

the prudence, however, to leave the face unfinished, that the imagination of the beholder might not be disappointed by an unworthy image, but form in his own mind one more accordant to his feelings and the subject. Pleasing as the works of Leonardo da Vinci are in general, had he not produced the *Last Supper*, and the cartoon of the *Combatants for the Standard*, he would scarcely have emerged above the level of mediocrity, for his pictures, generally speaking, are more remarkable for laborious finishing than for the impress of intellectual power.

The St Mark of Fra. Bartholomeo de St Marco, for appropriate and characteristic expression, is one of the most successful efforts of modern talent; but none of the other works of this artist, except one, possess the same degree of excellence. As that one is but little known to our travelling connoisseurs, it may be interesting to give some account of it; and I am enabled to do so, from the portfolio of one of the most eminent modern artists.

"The picture is on panel, and its dimensions somewhere about twenty feet in height by fourteen in width. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin. The composition is divided into three groups. The apostles and the sepulchre form the centre group, from the midst of which the virgin descends. Her body-drapery is of a deep ruby colour, the only decided red in the picture, and her mantle blue, but in depth of tone approaching to black, and extended by angels to nearly each side of the picture. This mantle is relieved by a light, resembling the break of day seen over the summit of a dark mountain, which gives an awful grandeur to one effect of the first view of the picture, on entering the chapel in which it is placed over the altar. That awful light makes a fine harmonious contrast to the golden effulgence above, in the midst of which the Saviour is seen with expanded arms, coming from a brighter region of glory to receive and welcome his mother. When I saw this sublime composition, I was affected with an emotion of religious enthusiasm, as when I heard, for the first time, the harmonious blendings of vocal sounds in the solemn notes of *Non nobis Domine*. I never felt more forcibly the dignity of music and the dignity of

painting, than from these two wonderful efforts of art. When we consider the combination of excellencies requisite to produce the sublime in painting, the union of propriety with dignity of character—the graceful grouping—the majestic folding of the drapery, and the deep and sombrous tones of the clear obscure—with appropriate colours all blending into one magnificent whole—there is no picture more justly entitled to this highest epithet of excellence, than the Assumption of the Virgin, by Fra. Bartholomeo de St Marco, at Lucca."

When the works of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Bartholomeo de St Marco, were attracting the admiration of all the judges of refined art, Raphael, having attained his adult age, came to Florence. The sensibility of his mind was like the softened wax, which makes more visible and distinct the form of the engraving with which it is impressed. Blest with this happy natural endowment, he became at once heir, as it were, to the treasures and experience of all his predecessors; and availing himself of the examples afforded by the discoveries of the Grecian relics, he combined, by the tuition of his own genius, and a well practised hand, a power to unfold his conceptions. In the exercise of this power, he has attained unrivalled excellence. But the peculiar merits and defects of the productions of this extraordinary young man are of too high and various a kind to be discussed in the present paper. I have, indeed, already extended the limits which I prescribed to myself, nor should I have said so much but for the purpose of intimating that there is a great deal of curious moral matter connected with the history of the arts, altogether independent of the merits of particular works, or the genius of particular artists. The fine arts, as they have appeared in different ages, constitute the visible history of the human mind; and those who regard painting and sculpture merely as contributing to the embellishment of our social pleasures, look only at the surface of the subject. It is necessary, however, to take care that we do not refine overmuch; and yield to the metaphysical suggestions of the imagination, a credence and authority which history refuses to confirm.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Fossil Whales.—In a former Number we gave an account of a fossil whale discovered at Airthrie, and now deposited in the Edinburgh College Museum. Similar remains, we understand, have been discovered in the Carse of Falkirk, and in the county of Ayr. A good many years ago the remains of two whales were discovered in the alluvial soil of the river Po in Italy, and at Castel Arquato. Both of these specimens, although very imperfect, and much inferior in magnitude to the whale of Airthrie, were considered of such value that they were sent as magnificent donations by Beauharnois, formerly Viceroy of Italy, to the Museum of Milan.

Dr Crichton's Mineralogical Cabinet.—We have often heard of the Mineralogical Cabinet of Dr Crichton, physician to the Emperor of Russia, and regretted that no catalogue of it had been published. A few weeks ago we received from Petersburg, an excellent catalogue lately published of this admirable collection, which appears to exceed in richness, beauty, and scientific interest, all the numerous collections hitherto made in the north of Europe. On a future occasion we shall lay before our readers some extracts from this catalogue.

Geology of the Cape of Good Hope.—It would appear from a paper of Professor Jameson, in the last number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, that the peninsula of the Cape of Good Hope, is an enormous crystallized mass of quartz, felspar, and mica, in the form of granite, gneiss, clay slate, and sand stone.

Shetland Cod Bank.—The notice of the Cod Bank lately discovered in Shetland, published in a former Number of our Magazine, has, we understand, attracted the particular attention of those interested in the Fisheries. It is likely to prove a source of great wealth, not only to the Shetland islands, but to the country in general. We are informed that the fishing of last season has been very productive.

Marble in Lord Reay's Country in Sutherland.—Professor Jameson, it is said, has lately examined the mineralogical structure of the county of Sutherland, and particularly the strata of marble in Lord Reay's country. He is of opinion, that the dark variegated marble, which occurs in great beds on the north coast, ought to be quarried and brought to the market, as its texture is excellent and its colours good.

Polishing of Agate.—Dr Macculloch of Woolwich, in an interesting communication to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, informs us that the beautiful black and white zoned agates, sold by lapidaries, are prepared by first boiling the specimens in oil, and afterwards in sulphuric acid. The oil is absorbed by certain laminæ, and these become black when the stone is exposed to the action of the sulphuric acid.

Mineralogical Map of Scotland.—Professor Jameson has been employed for many years in investigating the mineralogical structure of his native country, and has now, we understand, collected so extensive a series of facts and observations, that he will soon present to the public a Map of the Mineralogy of Scotland. Dr MacCulloch, who has been employed in mineral researches in Scotland, at the expense of government, has it also in agitation to publish a map illustrative of the geology of this country.

English Gold.—Some fine specimens of native English gold have been presented to the Royal Institution, by Sir Christopher Hawkins, Bart. through the hands of Earl Spencer. They were found lately, while streaming for tin, in the parish of Ladock, Cornwall; some of the pieces weigh each 60 grains. Native English gold has also been found lately in Devonshire, by Mr Flexman of South Molton. It occurs in the refuse of the Prince Regent mine, in the parish of North Molton; the mine was discovered in 1810, and worked for copper, but was discontinued in May 1818. The refuse is a ferruginous fragmented quartz rock, and contains the gold in imbedded grains and plates. Gold has been reported to be found in some other mines in that neighbourhood.

Age of the Hyman Species.—In the last number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, we find the following very interesting statement in regard to the age of the human species.

Discovery of Human Skulls in the same formation as that which contains remains of Elephants, Rhinoceros, &c.—Some years ago Admiral Cochrane presented to the British Museum a human skeleton, encased in a very compact alluvial aggregation of coral and other similar matters. This curious specimen was at first considered as a true secondary limestone, and there-

fore as affording evidence that the human species had been called into existence during the formation of the secondary strata. Geologists pointed out the inaccuracy of this opinion, and proved that the enclosing mass was not a portion of the older strata of the crust of the earth, but merely a portion of one of those calcareous formations daily taking place on the shores of the West India Islands. It is well known to geologists, that several extensive tracts in Germany are covered with a deep deposit of calcareous tuffa, which contains fossil remains of the mastodonton, megatherium, Irish elk, (*Alci gigantea*, Blum.), and elephant (*Elephas primigenius*), and other colossal animals, which are now considered as extinct. In this very ancient alluvial formation, human skulls have been discovered; and if the statements given in regard to this interesting discovery, at Meissen in Saxony, be correct, we have obtained a proof of the co-existence of the human race, with the gigantic megatheria, elks, and elephants.

Geology of Shetland Islands.—Dr Hibbert of Manchester, at present resident in Edinburgh, has published the first part of his geological description of the Shetland Islands, in the second number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. It would appear from the details there given, that Dr Hibbert considers nearly the whole of Shetland as of primitive formation; and the result of one grand and simultaneous process of crystallization. This view of primitive rocks, although it may be objected to by the mere collectors of specimens, and closet speculators, is not the less likely to be a plausible interpretation of nature.—Professor Jameson, in the first number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, proposes the same opinion, and has there given such details as incline us to view this speculation in a favourable light; and as one likely to improve geological science.

Felspar, and Pitchstone, varieties of the same species.—In the islands of Arran, Mull, Egg, and Skye, pitchstone occurs in beds, veins, and embedded masses, in rocks of various descriptions. It appears to run into felspar, thus shewing that it is nearly allied to that substance, and indeed, that the two substances are probably varieties of the same species. In the mineral system, pitchstone ought to be placed near compact felspar, and under the name *Resinous Felspar*.

Subterraneous Sounds in Granite Rocks.—M. Humboldt was informed by most credible witnesses, that subterraneous sounds, like those of an organ, are heard towards sunrise, by those who sleep upon the granite rocks on the banks of the Oroonoko. He supposes them to arise from the difference of temperature between the external air and the air in the narrow and deep crevices of the shelves of rocks. During the day, these crevices are heated to 48° or 50°. The temperature of their surface was often 39°, when

that of the air was only 26°. Now, as this difference of temperature will be a maximum about sunrise, the current of air issuing from the crevices will produce sounds which may be modified by its impulse against the elastic films of mica that may project into the crevices. Messrs Jomard, Jollois and Devilliers heard, at sunrise, in a monument of granite, placed at the centre of the spot on which the Palace of Karnak stands, a noise resembling that of a string breaking. Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, vol. iv.

Meteoritic Phenomenon called the Lantern of Maracaybo.—This luminous phenomenon is seen every night on a mountainous and uninhabited spot on the borders of the river Catatumbo, near its junction with the Sulia. Being nearly in the meridian of the opening of the Lake of Maracaybo, navigators are guided by it as by a lighthouse. This light is distinguished at a greater distance than 40 leagues. Some have ascribed it to the effects of a thunder-storm, or of electrical explosions, which might take place daily in a pass in the mountains; while others pretend that it is an air volcano. M. Palacios observed it for two years at Merida. Hydrogen gas is disengaged from the ground in the same district: this gas is constantly accumulated in the upper part of the cavern *Del Serrito de Monal*, where it is generally set on fire to surprise travellers.—See Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, vol. iv. p. 254.

Atmospherical or Meteoric Dust.—Professor Rafinesque of New York, in a paper on atmospherical dust, maintains, that an imperceptible dust falls at all times from the atmosphere, and that he has seen it on mount *Etna*, on the Alps, on the Alleghany and Catskill mountains in America, and also on the Ocean. This is the same dust which accumulates in our apartments, and renders itself peculiarly visible in the beams of the sun. He has found it to accumulate at the rate of from one-fourth of an inch to one inch in a year, but in such a fleecy state, that it could be compressed to one-third of its height. Hence he takes the average of the yearly deposit at about one-sixth of an inch.—*American Journal of Science*, No. iv. p. 397.

Royal Geological Society in Cornwall.—This flourishing society owes much to its former secretary, Dr Farys, and to the active and enlightened exertions of Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P. Lord de Dunstanville, and the present accomplished and learned secretary, Dr Forbes. At the anniversary meeting held at Penzance, end of September, many valuable papers were read, of which the following list has been published.

1. On the Importance of Mineralogical and Geological Knowledge to the practical Miner; by Dr Forbes, the secretary.
2. On the Granite Veins of Cornwall; by Mr Joseph Carne.
3. Dr Forbes on the Geology of St Michael's Mount.
4. On Elvan Courses, by Davies Gilbert,

Esq. M.P. Vice-President of the Royal Society, President.

5. On the Temperature of Mines, by Mr R. W. Fox.

6. On the Temperature of Mines, by Dr Forbes.

7. On the Geology of the West of Cornwall, Part II. by Dr Forbes.

8. Appendix to the above, by Professor Jameson.

Besides the above, there were several papers presented which there was not time to read; among which were a paper by the Rev. Mr Greathcad; a short account of the coal field of Pontypool by Mr Llewellyn; a valuable paper by Mr R. W. Fox, on the Transmission of Heat through different surfaces; Mr König on the Cornish Minerals in the British Museum.

Preservation of Water at Sea.—M. Permet, after an examination of the means which are, or may be, adopted for the preservation of fresh water at sea, gives the preference to the following: 1½ parts of oxide of manganese in powder is mixed with 250 parts of water, and agitated every fifteen days. In this way water has been preserved unchanged for seven years.

The editor of the *Annales de Chimie* observes, that oxide of manganese has the power, not only of preserving water, but of rendering that sweet which has become putrid; but he also points out the important circumstance, that the oxide is slightly soluble in water, and therefore recommends the use of iron tanks for the water, as in England.

Simultaneous existence of Salt and Fresh Water Mollusca, in the Gulf of Livonia.—

The difficulty experienced in Geology, of explaining the simultaneous existence in certain strata of salt and fresh water shells, and also the importance, perhaps exaggerated, which many persons have attached to this discovery, induced M. Beudant, some years since, to undertake experiments, with the view of ascertaining if it were possible to habituate marine shell mollusca to live in fresh water, and, *vice versa*, fresh water shell mollusca to live in salt water. It appeared from the results obtained, that these changes could really take place, but the mixture of these two sorts of animals in the same water had not been observed in nature. M. de Fremenville, lieutenant of a vessel, a zealous cultivator of the sciences of Zoology and Geology, has announced, in a letter to M. Brongniart, dated February 11, 1819, this curious discovery.—“The lesser degree of saltiness of the waters of the Baltic Sea is more sensible in the Gulf of Livonia than any where else. It is such that the fresh water mollusca live there very well; and I have found on the shores of Unios, Cyclades, and Anodontes, living intermingled with cardiums, tellenes, and Venus's, shell which generally live in the most salt waters.”—*Journal de Physique*, July 17, 1812.

Suicides in Paris.—The number of suicides committed and attempted in Paris and its environs in the four months of January, February, March, and April, amounted to 124. Of these persons 33 were women; 64 of them were single, and 60 had been married. The greater number destroyed life by the use of fire arms, the vapour of charcoal, or by drowning; 46 resorted to the last method. This period of the first four months of this year, compared with the same period of the last year, offers an excess of 4 suicides.

By the end of June the number amounted to 199, of which 137 were committed by men, and 62 by women; 102 of these were married; and 97 were unmarried. These have been arranged in a sort of scale according to the causes, thus—for love, 17; illness, distaste of life, insanity, domestic trouble, 65; bad conduct, gaming, lottery, 28; misery, poverty, deranged affairs, 47; fear of reproaches and punishment, 6; unknown motives, 36; in the whole 199, of which 53 were unsuccessful attempts, and 146 were completed.

Submarine Volcano near Shetland.—The late Rev. George Low, author of the *Fauna Orcadensis*, in a tour through the Shetland Islands during the summer of 1774 (the MS. of which is in the possession of Dr Hübner), collected some curious information from the island of Fetlar, which appears to have fixed the site of a submarine volcano at no great distance from the British Isles. The late Andrew Bruce, Esq. of Urie, in a statistical account of the Island, communicated to Mr Low, says, “In 1768, we had the visible signs of a submarine shock, which threw ashore vast quantities of shell-fish of different kinds, and of all sizes, with conger eels, and other sorts of fish, but all dead; at the same time, the sea, for several miles round, was of a dark muddy colour for several days after.”

Calculation of the Period of a Second Deluge.—According to the calculations of the learned astronomer of Bremen, M. Olbers, after a lapse of 83,000 years, a comet will approach to the earth in the same proximity as the moon; after 4,000,000 years it will approach to the distance of 7,700 geographical miles, and then, if its attraction equals that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will be elevated 13,000 feet, and a deluge will necessarily ensue! after a lapse of 220,000,000 years, it will, clash with the earth.

Strength of Ætna Wines.—The following wines were furnished to me by Mr Ridgway. The specific gravity of the alcohol, of which the proportions per cent. are given beneath, is 825 at 60° F.

Ætna red contained 18.9 per cent.

Ætna white 18.16 ditto.

Ætna Sercial 19 ditto.

Ætna white Falernian 18.99 ditto.

Ætna red Falernian 20 ditto. M. F.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Completion of Dr Rees's Cyclopædia is daily expected.

Mrs Graham, author of a *Journal of a Residence in India, &c.* who is now in Italy, is preparing for the press, *Two Months Residence in the Mountains near Rome*; with some Account of the Peasantry, and also of the Banditti that infest that neighbourhood. — The same lady has also been employing her time upon a *Life of Nicholas Poussin*.

A Humorous and Satirical work, entitled, *Lessons of Thrift*, is on the eve of publication. It is ascribed to the pen of a distinguished veteran in the fields of literature; and report speaks of it as combining the placid good sense and amiable *bonté* of Montaigne, with the caustic raillery of Swift, and the richly gifted philosophy of Burton. It is to be illustrated with engravings from designs by Cruickshanks, in the best style of that unrivalled caricaturist.

A Description of the Chemical Apparatus and Instruments employed in Operative and Experimental Chemistry, with sixteen quarto copperplates, is preparing by Mr Frederick Accum.

The same gentleman is also preparing his *Lectures on Chemistry*, applied to the arts and manufactures, more particularly to those of brewing, baking, tanning, bleaching, dyeing, distilling, wine-making, glass-making, &c. as delivered at the Surrey Institution. And, as Sir Humphry Davy does not proceed with his elements, Mr Accum announces *Elements of Chemistry for Self-Instruction*, after the system of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. with plates by Lowry, in two volumes octavo.

Thekla, a fragment of a Georgian Tale, is preparing for publication, and may be expected in the course of the winter.

King Coal's Levee, or Geological Etiquette, with Explanatory Notes: to which is added, the Council of the Metals, by John Scafe, Esq.

Substance of the Speeches of Sir James Mackintosh, on moving for the appointment of a Committee, to consider so much of the Criminal Law as relates to Capital Punishments, on the 2d March, 1819; and on bringing up the Report of that Committee, on the 6th of July, 1819.

Characters of the Living British Novelists, with specimens of their works; including a Critical Account of Recent Novels, published anonymously, or under fictitious names.

De Parasivini, a romance, in three volumes, is in the press, and may be expected early in December.

A poem is in the press, in one volume royal quarto, on the Wars of the Duke of Wellington, with thirty engravings by Heath.

It is the press, and will be published during the ensuing Autumn, an elegant and orna-

mental work, entitled "The Sportsman's Mirror, reflecting the History and Delineations of the Horse and Dog, throughout all their Varieties." The work will be elegantly printed in quarto, on superfine paper. The engravings, representing every species of the horse and dog, will be executed by Mr John Scott, in the line manner, from original paintings by Marshall, Renigale, Gilpin, and Stubbs, accompanied with engravings on wood, illustrative of the subjects as head and tail-pieces; by Bewick and Clennell, &c.

M. Devisscher, author of "The French Grammar in twelve Lessons," will shortly publish New French Scholastic Conversations, or Parisian Lessons, in a series of questions and answers.

A Narrative is printing of the Events of the late Westminster Election, with the speeches of the candidates, Sir Francis Burdett, &c. and the report of the Westminster reformers.

A History of the House of Austria, from the foundation of the monarchy, by Rodolph, to the death of Leopold II. 1218 to 1792, is printing in five octavo volumes.

Twenty-two Sermons, by the late Rev. James Stillingfleet, prebendary of Worcester, with a Memoir and a Portrait, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

Dr Burrows' work on Insanity is in considerable forwardness, and may be expected early in the winter.

T. Jones, author of *Phantoms, or the Irishman in England*, a Farce, Poems, &c. &c. is preparing for the press a volume of *Miscellanies*, in prose and verse, consisting of *Essays, Tales, and Poems*, moral and entertaining, which is expected to make its appearance in November next.

The Art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb, by M. J. P. Arrowsmith; with Copper-plates, drawn and engraved by the author's brother, an artist, who was born deaf and dumb.

A work on the Fossils of the South Downs, with Outlines of the Mineral Geography of the Environs of Lewes and Brighton, and observations on the geological structure of the south-eastern part of Sussex, is in preparation by Gideon Mantell, Esq. F.L.S. &c. It will form a volume in quarto, and be illustrated by upwards of thirty engravings of the most interesting fossil organic remains, with plans and sections of the strata.

Memoirs are in the press of the Rev. R. B. Nickolls, L.L.B. dean of Middleham, &c.

Just ready for publication, a new and neat edition of Orton's *Life of Dr Doddridge*, 12mo. bds.

Mr Bucke's work on the *Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, will be published some time next spring.

An Abstract is in the press of all the most useful information relative to the United States of America, and the British colonies of Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Island, exhibiting at one view the comparative advantages and disadvantages each country offers for emigration; collected from the most valuable and recent publications, with notes and observations; by William Kingdon, junior.

In a few days will be published, a New Dictionary of Classical Quotations, on an improved plan, accompanied by corresponding paraphrases or translations from the works of celebrated British Poets; by the late F. W. Blagdon, author of the "French Interpreter."

A work, called Aldborough Described, or a full delineation of that fashionable and much-frequented watering-place; and interspersed with poetic and picturesque remarks on its coasts, its scenery, and its views, is in preparation.

An Introduction to the writing of Latin, containing Easy Exercises on all the Declineable, with arranged lists of the Indeclineable, parts of Speech; adopted to the Eton Latin Grammar; by James Mitchell.

The Spirit of Pascal, comprising the substance of his Moral and Religious works.

Shortly will be published, a new and improved Synopsis of Hebrew Grammar, with points, in three parts; designed to facilitate the acquirement of that sacred language; by William Goodhugh.

A Chronological Synopsis of the Histories of England, Greece, and Rome, on a new plan, to assist the memory; by T. Kitchen, as in the press.

Mr L. J. A. McHenry has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a third edition of his improved Spanish Grammar, designed especially for self-instruction.

M. Lavayasse's Political and Commercial Account of Venezuela, Trinidad, and other adjacent islands, translated from the French, with notes and illustrations, is in the press.

A new periodical work has been planned, the object of which is regularly to supply the public with a series of superior new Novels and Novellettes. It is proposed to publish a monthly volume or novel, varied in type, and containing new works complete, sometimes one story, and sometimes two or more. The works are to consist partly of originals, and partly of translations from the French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Oriental languages; and for the originals some of the first writers of the day have pledged their co-operation.

Mr James, the author of two works, one on the "Naval," the other on the "Military occurrences of the late American war," is preparing for the press, The Naval History of Great Britain from the commencement of hostilities in May 1803 to the present time.

On the first of January will appear the first Number of a new Literary Journal, entitled, the "Retrospective Review," consisting of Criticisms upon. Analysis of, and Extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable books in all languages, which have been published from the revival of literature to the commencement of the present century. Edited by a society of members of the University of Cambridge. To be continued quarterly.

EDINBURGH.

Dr McCre's Life of Andrew Melville, will appear early in December, in 2 vols 8vo.

The Third Edition of Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, will be published in a week or two.

Ivanhoe, a Romance, by the Author of "Waverley," is announced in 3 vols post 8vo, to be published in November.

The Monastery, by the same Author, it is said, will speedily make its appearance in Pattern-strow.

Form of Process before the Jury Court; by John Russell, Esq. C. S. one of the Clerks of the Jury Court. Second Edition. Containing the alterations on the former procedure, and the new regulations, in consequence of the late Act of Parliament.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1816.—Vol. IX.

Edinburgh Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary. Vol. III. Part II.

Supplement to the Fourth and Fifth Editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica.—Vol. IV. Part I.

A Topographical Account of Ayrshire: together with a genealogical history of the

principal families in that county. In three parts. Part First will contain the district of Cuninghame. Part Second the district of Kyle. Part Third the district of Carrick. By George Robertson, author of the Mid-Lothian Survey; Survey of Kincardineshire; Editor and Continuator of Crawford's History of Renfrewshire, &c. &c.—The Work will be published at three different periods. Part First, containing the district of Cuninghame, is now in great forwardness, forming one large volume 8vo, printed on a fine wove demy paper, with a new and correct map, and embellished with about a dozen vignette views of the most interesting ancient edifices. Each volume price 15s. in boards; or a few copies on fine wove royal paper, with proof impressions of the map, £1, 2s. 6d.

Mr Wishart will publish, in the course of next month, a second edition of his Translation of Scarpa on Aneurism, with additional cases, and a Memoir on the Ligature of the Arteries of the Extremities, by the author.

A Description of the Western Islands of

Scotland, including the Isle of Man; comprising an Account of their Geological Structure: with Remarks on their Agriculture, Economy, Scenery, and Antiquities; by J. Macculloch, M. D. F. L. S. 2 vols 8vo, with a volume of Illustrative Engravings in quarto.

An Account of the Arctic Regions, including the Natural History of Spitzbergen and the adjacent Islands; the Polar Ice, and the Greenland Seas; with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. Chiefly derived from Researches made during Seventeen Voyages to the Polar Seas; by Wm Skoresby, jun., F.R.S.E. 2 vols 8vo, with numerous Engravings.

Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, in a Series of Letters, descriptive of Manners, Scenery, and the Fine Arts; by H. W. Williams, Esq. 2 vols 8vo. With Engravings.

Travels in the North of Germany, describing the Present State of the Social and Political Institutions, the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Education, Arts, and Manners of that Country, particularly in the Kingdom of Hanover; by Thomas Hodgskin, Esq. 2 vols 8vo.

The Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*, uniformly printed in 12 handsome 8vo volumes. With a copious Glossary.

Illustrations of the Novels and Tales of the Author of "*Waverley*." In Twelve Prints, after Original Designs by William Allan, and engraved in the first style of the Art.

The History of the Indian Archipelago; by John Crawford, Esq. F. R. S. late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java. 3 vols 8vo. with Illustrative Maps and Engravings.

A Journey in Carniola and Italy, in the Years 1817-1818; by W. A. Cadell, Esq. F. R. S. L. & E. 2 vols 8vo, with Engravings.

The Poetical Works of Walter Scott, Esq. now first collected in 12 vol. foolscap 8vo. With a Portrait of the Author, engraved in the best style.

The "Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," Two Poems; by Walter Scott, Esq. Printed together in one vol. 8vo. uniformly to the Author's other Works.

Tales, by "The Author of *Bertram*," &c. 4 vols 12mo.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia; by Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. Author of "Historical Account of Discoveries in Africa." 3 vols 8vo, with Maps.

DISTINGUISHED LIBRARY.—Mr Ballantyne respectfully acquaints the Public, that Catalogues are now preparing of the late Professor Playfair's Library, which will be Sold, without reserve, at the Rooms, Hanover Street, early in January, especially by itself, the admixture of a single volume from any other Library or parcel

of books whatever. The public may be assured that the contents of this Library, in Science and Miscellaneous Literature, are every way worthy the taste and research of the late lamented proprietor.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.—Speedily will be published, A Catalogue of a Splendid Collection of Books, chiefly relative to Scottish History and Antiquities, and including several Curious MSS.; the genuine property of an English Nobleman. Also, One Hundred and Six Pictures, of the very first class: Historical Portraits by Sir P. Lely, Vandyke, Old Stone, Sir G. Kneller, &c. &c.: and Miscellaneous Subjects by Salvator Rosa, Guido, Jacob Palma, Vermeulen, &c. in magnificent Frames. The whole to be Sold by Auction, without reserve, by Mr Ballantyne, at his Rooms, Hanover Street, the end of November.

At the same time will be published separately, Mr Ballantyne's Catalogue for the Winter, comprising nearly 10,000 Volumes Books in various languages and departments of literature, and many rare and curious articles; several entire Libraries; also, Coins, Medals, Antiquities, Armour, and curious Works of Art; the particulars of which will be given in future advertisements.

In the press, and will be published in the beginning of November next, the third volume, in two parts, of the *Collectanea Majesta*, by Professor Dunbar, containing the following extracts, with copious annotations: The Oration of Aeschines against Ctesiphon; the Oration of Demosthenes for the Crown; the Prometheus Vincit, and seven against Thebes of Aeschylus; the Philoctetes of Sophocles; the Alcestis of Euripides; and the Plutus and Nubes of Aristophanes.

The Rev. Dr Neilson (author of the Greek Exercises) has in the press an improved edition of Moore's Greek Grammar. He has condensed the original work by omitting many superfluous examples; by printing the parts which are not necessary to be committed to memory in a smaller character, and by rendering the table of verbs more compact. He has given a short view of the irregularly formed verbs, indeclinable parts of speech, peculiar rules of syntax, prosody, accents, and dialects in Latin, and very copious notes throughout the work in English. The whole will form a volume not larger than the common editions of Moore, which contain the additions that have been made to it by other Editors.

An edition of the collected works of Dr John Moore, with *Memoirs of his Life*, by Dr Robert Anderson, is printing in octavo.

An inquiry into Opinions Ancient and Modern, concerning Life and Organization; by John Barclay, M. D. Lecturer on Anatomy, F.A.S.E. &c. &c.

Essays on Phrenology, or an Inquiry into the principles and utility of the System of Drs Gall and Spurzheim, and into the objections made against it; by George Combe, Esq.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's and Landlord's Lawyer; by T. W. Williams, Esq. 8vo. 8s.

The Farmer's New and Complete Account Book; by R. Swinbourne. 10s. 6d.

ARTS.

Victories of the Duke of Wellington, from drawings by R. Westall, R.A. folio, £5, 5s.; 4to. £2:12:6d,

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the late Miss Emma Humphries, of Frome, Somerset; by the Rev. J. East of Birmingham. 5s.

A Memoir of Charles Louis Sand; with a Defence of the German Universities, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Lives of the Sages of Antiquity; translated from the French of Fenelon, 12mo. 3s.

Early Blossoms, or Biographical Notices of Individuals distinguished by their Genius and Attainments, who died in their youth, with specimens of their respective talents; by J. Styles, D.D. 5s.

The Life of the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, D.D. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man; by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BOTANY.

Hortus Marybonensis, or a Catalogue of Hardy Herbaceous Plants, deciduous and evergreen shrubs, forest and fruit trees systematically arranged, and now growing in the botanical garden and nurseries of Thos. Jenkins, Regent's Park, 8vo. 5s.

Dialogues on Botany, for the Use of young persons. 8s.

DRAMA.

The Steward, or Fashion and Feeling; a comedy, founded on Holcroft's Deserted Daughter, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Elements of a Polite Education, carefully selected from the Letters of the late Earl of Chesterfield to his Son; by Geo. Gregory, D.D., 12mo. 5s.

A Preliminary Introduction to a New System of Decimals; in which the decimal principle is practically applied to denominations of money, and to certain existing denominations of measure, weight, length, capacity, and time. Part I., 4to. 2s. 6d.

The Juvenile Miscellany, containing Geography, Astronomy, Chronology, Trade,

Commerce, &c.; by R. Humber, 12mo. 3s.

A Synopsis of Latin Grammar upon the plan of Ruddiman, compiled for the use of Schools, 12mo. 2s.

Lessons in Grammar designed more especially for the use of Sunday Schools; by J. Cobbin, M. A. 12mo. 1s.

The Theory of Elocution, exhibited in connexion with a new and Philosophical Account of the Nature of Instituted Language; by B. H. Smart, Professor of Elocution, and public reader of Shakspeare, 8vo. 7s.

A Manual of Directions for forming a School according to the National or Madras System; by the Rev. G. J. Bevan, A. M. 12mo. 2s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, 23d edition, corrected to the present time, 8vo. 16s.

HISTORY.

A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign of the French in Saxony; by General the Baron of Odeleben, 8vo. 2 vols.

The Sufferings and Fate of the Expedition which sailed from England in Nov. 1817, to the rivers Orinoco and Apurc, and joined the patriotic forces in Venezuela and Caracas; by G. Hippisley, Esq. late Col. of the first Venezuelan Huzzars, 8vo. 15s.

Narrative of the Expedition which sailed from England at the close of 1817, for the Service of the Spanish Patriots; by C. Brown, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LAW.

Law of Dower; by Park, 8vo. 18s.

An Elementary Treatise on Estates in Fee, in Tail, for Life, &c. &c. and Will by Sufferance, with preliminary observations on the quality of estates; by R. Preston, Esq. Part I. Royal 8vo. 12s.

Full and Impartial Report of the Cause, Jane Horsman versus Francis Bulmer the Elder, and others; by Mr Fraser, 8vo. 5s.

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The Practical Abridgement of the Laws and Customs of Excise. New edition, enlarged and corrected to August 1818; by Charles Pope, Esq. Custom House, Bristol, 8vo. £1, 15s.

A Digest of the Criminal Statute Laws of England; by H. N. Tomlins. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. £2, 10s.

MEDICINE.

General Views relating to the Stomach, its Fabric and Functions; by J. C. Speer, M.D. 8vo. 5s.

Popular Remarks on Nervous, Hypochondriac, and Hysterical Diseases. To which are prefixed, Observations on Suicide; by T. M. Caton, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

An Essay on two Mineral Springs recently discovered at Harrogate, and on the Springs of Thorp Arch and Jekley, &c.; by Adam Hunter, M.D. F.R.S.E. 8vo.

Medico Chirurgical Transactions published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, 8vo. Vol. X. Part I. 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

Quarterly Review, No XLII. 8vo. 6s.

Daniel Defoe's History of the great plague in London in the year 1665, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Coll Gwynfa Cyfieithiad; Gan W. Owen Pughe, A. C. H. 8vo. 8s.

A Short Account of a New Principle of a Rotative Steam Engine, invented by Sir William Congreve, 8vo. 5s.

Remarks on the Conduct of Man to inferior Animals—on the Primeval State of Man—Arguments from Scripture, Reason, Fact, and Experience, in favour of Vegetable Diet—on the Effects of food—on the Practice of Nations and Individuals, &c.; by G. Nicholson, 18mo. 5s.

Observations on the Payments and Receipts in Bank of England Notes, reduced to their value in Gold, 8vo. 3s.

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The London Commercial Dictionary and Sea-port Gazetteer; by Anderson, 8vo. 27s.

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Quarterly Journal of Science and Arts, No XV. 7s. 6d.

Cavalry, Remarks on its Organization, Equipment, and Instruction, compiled from various authorities; by an Officer of Hussars. 2s.

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History of the Rise and Progress of Music, Theoretical and Practical; by G. Jones. 15s.

The Music of the Farce called "High Notions," or a Trip to Exmouth, composed by J. Parry. 8s.

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Letters on the Events which have passed in France, and the Restoration in 1015; by H. M. Williams, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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Deism Refuted; or Plain Reasons for being a Christian; by Thomas Hartwell Horne, M. A. of St John's College, Cambridge, Curate of Christ-church, Newgate-street, London, 12mo. Second edition. 1s.

A System of Theology, in a series of Sermons; by the late Rev. Timothy Dwight, S.T.D. L.L.D. President of Yale College, in Connecticut (America), with a Life and fine Portrait of the Author, 8vo. 5 vols. £3, 15s.

Adjutamentum, or Prayers for every Sunday in the Year, intended to precede and follow the Sermon; by the Rev. C. Barlee, L.L.B.

Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic; with Reflections on Prayer; by Hannah More, 8vo. Second Edition. 9s.

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Sermons; by the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin, Curate of St Peter's Dublin, 8vo.

Discourses on several Subjects and Occasions; by Wm Hett, M.A. 2 vols 8vo. 18s.

The Holy Bible and Testament, in Italian, from the edition of Diodati, revised and corrected by Rolandi, 8vo. £1, 4s. The Testament separate. 8s.

EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No CXI. for October 1819. 1s. 6d.

Edinburgh Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature; conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. Lond. & Edin. &c. &c. Vol. XIII. Part II. 4to. £1, 1s.

Exercises upon the New Methodical Grammar of the French Language; by M. Ch. Max. de Bellecour, 12mo. 4s. bound.

Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Royal Burghs, with the Minutes of Evidence at large, 8vo. 10s. When sold separately, the Report 1s. 6d.; Edinburgh case, with Report, 6s. 6d.; Aberdeen, with ditto, 5s.; Dundee, with ditto, 3s.; Dunfermline, with ditto, 2s. 6d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Oct. 12th 1819.

Sugar. The sugar market, since our last, has, generally speaking, been dull and depressed. The prices daily gave way about the period of our last publication. Since the beginning of this month, the market has been more firm; but with this exception, that the holders are not so much inclined to press sales, there is no appearance of any favourable turn in the market for the raw article. In refined goods, the holders seem anxious to press sales; and the prices have consequently declined. The price of sugar is now sunk so low, that the consequences must be severely felt by the West India agriculturist, and through them it must again reach the British merchant, consignees, or proprietors, resident in Britain. Those persons who have been making large advances to speculators in West India properties, calculating the value of these from the late high prices of sugar, must be led into difficulty and embarrassment. The consequence of all this will fall heavy upon many branches of our internal trade, particularly iron founderies and manufactories, where large orders have for some time been executed for constructing improved machinery, to lessen labour in the colonies, and improve the works and properties situate in them, and connected with the production of sugar. These, if sugar continue at the present prices, must be greatly curtailed, if not for a time abandoned. Let us hope, however, that the evil will be but of short duration.—*Coffee.* The Coffee market continues to fluctuate greatly. It is scarcely possible to state, with any degree of precision, its state or the future prospects. It altogether depends upon the continental demand; and the situation of most countries is such, that the prospect is not very cheering. Our remarks for last month, on this branch of business, may generally be applied to this. The quantity at market is considerable, and the consumpt of this country, at all times comparatively trifling, must be lessened not increased.—*Cotton.* The Cotton market, which was steady, suffered some depression, but it has since recovered a little, and the demand is considerable at an advance in price. The quantity brought into the country is very great; but at Liverpool, the chief port of importation, it is a few thousand packages less than at the same period of last year. The cotton-spinners seem actively employed, and their exports to the Continent are making up in some measure for the languid and lessened demand in this country for internal supply. From the general aspect of commercial affairs, and from the supply at market, no great or immediate advance in Cotton can be contemplated. It will be found the utmost, for some time, if the market becomes lively and at a small advance.—*Corn.* Grain of all kinds is lower, and declining in prices. The abundant harvest is concluded, and all in excellent order. Plenty must fill the land for the approach-

ing season.—*Tobacco.* There is an improvement in price, and a considerable demand for this article both for the home and foreign markets.—*Rum.* Jamaica Rum is nominal, and without any improvement in price. Leeward Island is inquired after at a trifle in advance. Brandy rather declines, and in Geneva there is nothing doing. The Wine market is in a state of complete stagnation. The other articles of commerce require no other notice than our quotations.

Still we are unable to announce any improvement in our commercial affairs. The distress continues, and is become most severe; nor is there the smallest prospect of any immediate termination to the state of things. Depressed as is our trade, that of every other country is worse; and the accounts from those foreign markets on which our commerce chiefly depends, is gloomy and distressing indeed. By the immense extension of our manufactures we have indeed overlooked almost every market, but this will be found, upon a careful review and consideration of the subject, to proceed more from the inability of these nations, owing to recent political events and convulsions, to find the means of trade, than that their wants have been over-supplied. As these recover their former vigour, so will their demands augment and our trade with them increase. A considerable portion of our internal trade has no doubt been severely injured, and overdone by men without capital rushing heedlessly into the market. The facility with which banks supplied funds, and length of time at which they discounted bills, has been stated as the chief, and, in some instances, as the only cause of this. This we think an unfair statement, and an erroneous conclusion. The evil appears to us to proceed entirely from the merchant and trader, and the commercial rivalry amongst themselves. It is the easy way in which credit is indiscriminately granted to individuals, and the long periods to which it is extended, that is the root of the evil complained of, and which alone brings speculators without capital into the market. Swarms of agents are also planted in, and scattered over the country, whose object is to make sales, and cram every warehouse and shop full of goods, heedless of the persons into whose hands these are put, the purposes to which they apply these, and careless of the consequences. If such men cannot beat a brother out of the market by lower prices, he accomplishes his object by lengthening the credit, a temptation few have the firmness to resist. To crush a rising but poorer and industrious rival in business, persons of large capital lengthen their credits to a time beyond their rival's means, and sell at a price no man can afford who wishes to continue in business. This is a blind policy, though frequently pursued, and must always and inevitably, in times of general commercial distress, return with a fourfold force on the head of those who had encouraged and adopted it. The speculator may and must fall first—he loses nothing because he had nothing to lose. But the loss, whatever it is, that arises from times of commercial distress, must (commence where it will) fall ultimately and most severely on those who have means and capital to lose. It is their business to encourage, not discourage their poorer but industrious brother, and to unite with him in reducing their credits to drive the speculators without capital out of the market, or rather, by adopting such a line of policy, to prevent him from ever getting into it. It is not, therefore, banks, but merchants themselves who are to blame, and who occasion the very evils they complain of. It is the trade of bankers to discount bills, and they will do so as far as their means or their judgment leads them, and in any manner they please; nor has any one any right to interfere or find fault with them for so doing. None will deny that these bankers possess means of knowing the circumstances of individuals with whom they wish to do business, which few if any merchants can attain to. They will not lend their funds to any with whom they think they are insecure, and we will venture to assert, that it is a small portion, indeed, of long dated, or, indeed, of any dated bills, which remain in their hands unpaid, which belonged to the real speculator, or men without any capital. Let the mercantile interest, and particularly the real capitalist, reduce their credit from twelve to three months, and then bankers will have none of those long dated bills to discount that are complained of, while one good, and a most important good, will result to both, but particularly to the merchant, that, when any of his correspondents fail in business (as must in all commercial countries and concerns sometimes be the case) he will have the satisfaction to find, that in place of having £4000 locked up or lost at the most inconvenient moments, he would only have £1000; and further, that this sum being so much reduced in value, will also stand upon a safer footing, and where he could not get four shillings per pound in a debt of £4000, he would almost, to a certainty, get three times, if not four times, the amount out of each pound in his debt of £1000. Under these circumstances, those commercial convulsions which now so frequently take place, and to such alarming extents as to cover whole districts of country with grief, misery, and dismay, could never take place to the extent they now do, while the banker might issue his funds more freely, because his risk was lessened in a mighty degree.

Another evil is, the system of consigning goods to foreign markets, without any regard to quantity or quality, either by men who are not regular and established merchants, or by or to the orders of individuals who stand in the same state. The foreign merchant adopts the same system, and crams every house and every hand with the productions of his country, to an extent at once sufficient for the consumption of years. The consequence

is, in every case, that the merchant of capital and standing must either abandon his business or lose his capital. He chooses the former, and leaves swift ruin to overtake his injudicious opponents, though he too suffers in a considerable degree.* But it may be said, that such competition is for the benefit of a country and its population, by bringing all productions and commodities into the market at a cheaper rate. If it brings these, however, at a price lower than either the grower, manufacturer, or merchant can afford, it must ultimately prove a general evil, not a general good. It requires no arguments to establish this. Every day's experience confirms it. The stream that overflows its banks, in expending its violence, produces mischief, not good, and the torrents which have swelled it, sweep away, not fertilize the soil.

These things we have here pointed out—and others of a similar nature, which we have in former Numbers pointed out, and above all, the system of large capitalists leaving their business, which had made them, and rushing, like the hurricane, into every market, and every land, with goods and wares of all descriptions, in such abundance as to overwhelm every market alike, whether the right or the wrong—and other individuals striving to monopolise any branch of business in a commercial country like this—these things must always be productive of indescribable loss and distress, and must either be conducted upon more judicious and prudent principles, or altogether abandoned, or the ruin they occasion will frequently occur. Instead of individuals who have made princely fortunes in business retiring from it, and laying the field open to industry like what theirs had been—laying out their wealth on fixed property, by which independence and repose would be secured—by which they would withdraw and find a healthful employment to a part of our superabundant population, instead of pursuing a system which crowds them to an already overcrowded mart for their labour—instead of doing this, we daily see men needlessly risking the labours of a prosperous life upon hazardous speculations, the extent of which alone must render them unprofitable, were none of those vicissitudes in human affairs to come in the way, which render their best laid plans abortive, and turn their most sanguine prospects of success into scenes of general ruin and distress.

But it will be said, that if you withdraw the large capitals from our trade, it must cramp it, and give foreigners a decided advantage over us. Our answer is not to withdraw the capital, but the superabundant portions of it—we want to see that laid out in agricultural improvements where it would be permanent, and increase the great capital of the nation, and not go, as it often does by the measures we have mentioned, into the pockets of foreigners—we want not to see our capital or the strength of our population expended in supplying the wants of foreign nations—wants which vary as fashion, fancy, or caprice point out. Leave the trade of the country to moderate capitals, activity, industry, honour, and the credit which must be procured by these both at home and abroad, and these things will, in a judicious manner, supply every channel of trade with streams sufficient to fill but not to overflow their fertile banks. The capital we would wish to see withdrawn is not lost. It lends its aid to honest industry in a surer and more beneficial manner, and it creates an additional internal consumpt for all those productions our skill and our industry may produce.

Instead of looking to remedies that are near at hand and within our power, we look only for relief to those resources which are beyond our reach, and which are also perfectly ideal. The emancipation of South America is looked to, and hailed as an event which is to relieve our commerce from embarrassment. This is a bubble which, if followed, will burst to the ruin of thousands. South America does not contain more than eight millions of inhabitants. More than a half of these are savages, or but a degree removed from that state. The majority of the remainder are naturally, from the climate they inhabit, indolent and slothful, and cannot and will not exert themselves in a manner that an active and beneficial commerce requires. It is not difficult to see how limited the field of commerce must be in such a country as this, and how quickly the market must be overstocked. Those who refuse to see and consider this matter, may lay their account to pay for their rashness.

Amongst the various portions of this globe which we have pointed out as openings for our trade, there is one which can be easily reached, and yet it has hitherto been altogether overlooked, or not inquired after with the judgment its importance deserves. We mean the interior of Africa. There cannot remain a doubt but there is an immense population comparatively removed from the savage state, to which we might, without much difficulty, find an easy access. The countries containing this population abound with many lucrative articles of trade, and particularly gold dust. Along the banks of the Niger, and his numerous tributary and mighty streams, there is undoubtedly a country comparatively cultivated, and a population probably exceeding fifty millions, who are either willing or who could be soon led to be willing to engage in lawful trade. That the Niger communicates with the Atlantic ocean there is no longer any reason to doubt. The absurd hypothesis that it terminates in a lake amidst burning sands, or that, lessened by the evaporation in the torrid regions, it runs on to augment the Egyptian Nile, can no longer be maintained. All the information we receive worthy of credit shews the reverse. The Gulf of Guinea is the outlet of the Niger, and the Bight of Benin or Biafra, the point

where its central mouths disembogue. From the Lagos River inclusive, to the Rio de Gaboon, a distance of about six hundred miles, twenty rivers (independent of numerous creeks or inlets, perhaps arms of the others) of surprising magnitude, open into the deep. These at their mouths are from ten to twenty miles in breadth, of rapid currents and of great depth. The Rio Lagos, the Rio de Formosa, Bonny River, Old Calabar River, New Calabar River, Cross River, Cameroon's River, Malimba River, and the Rio de Gaboon, are all of them streams of this surprising magnitude. A branch of the Rio de Formosa has been navigated ninety miles from the sea by large vessels, and there found two miles broad. The Lagos River, at a considerable distance from the ocean, is so broad, that in the middle of the stream, the banks, crowned with lofty trees, cannot be seen. It flows from the northward, and from that to north east all the others come. The land around their mouths is all alluvial. At Benin it is level, and stones are unknown. The whole coast in the distance we have mentioned is mud. These rivers, according to all accounts, communicate with each other, by branches at a distance from the sea. Amongst these is the outlet of the Niger, if the whole are not found to be outlets belonging to that mighty stream. The natives round the Rio de Gaboon maintain, that all the rivers in that part of the world flow from the Wola, a mighty stream, described by them as coming from the northward and eastward, the direction in which the Niger must flow. The length of the parent stream of the Niger, even at this outlet, must be near three thousand miles. Bearing along all the waters of Central Africa, from the sources of the Senegal to the sources of the Nile, and on the north east, from the kingdom of Bernow; the Niger must be swelled to a magnitude inferior only to the Maranow. Accordingly, we find, from tolerably good information, that this is the case. At the ferry, in the direct road from Ashantee to Bernow, about five hundred or six hundred miles below Tombuctoo, and before it is joined by any of the mighty branches from the eastward, it is represented as extremely rapid, and about five miles broad. At Wassanah, where it turns to the south, the breadth is so great, that the shore cannot be seen from the opposite bank. Such a river cannot sink in the sands, even were such to be found in that quarter—whence all recent accounts lead us to disbelieve. The navigation of the Niger must lay open the whole of Central Africa, by far the most interesting part of the southern portions of that vast continent. It is surprising that while expedition after expedition is sent from the west and the north, to travel three thousand miles through countries barbarous and rude—barren deserts, and barbarians hostile to the Christian name, that no attempt has been made to penetrate into the interior of Africa or the Niger, by means of these rivers we have mentioned—from whose outlets to the termination of the Niger (if it terminates, as has long been supposed, in a lake) the distance cannot exceed three hundred miles, and through countries in every respect easier and safer to travel in than by any of the hitherto attempted routes. This is the more extraordinary, as numerous European ships frequent these rivers. Since the abolition of the slave trade by this country, several ships from Liverpool seek these rivers for the purpose of honest commerce. A small reward to any of them would soon explore the Niger, and without any loss of time to them, because to arrange for and procure a cargo in Africa takes a considerable time, during which they might sail up these rivers and trace out the parent stream, from whence we firmly believe most if not all of them flow. Such an expedition, we are confident, would, in a few weeks, lay open the whole interior of Africa—develope the greatest field of geographical knowledge, which has hitherto remained hidden on the face of this globe—confer immortal honour on the name of Britain—render the greatest service to Africa ever conferred upon her by the hand of man—and, by degrees, open up a field for our commerce, of an extent at present incalculably great.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th Sept. 1819.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,					
3 per cent. reduced,	72 71 $\frac{3}{4}$				
3 per cent. consols,	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	72 70 $\frac{1}{2}$	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$		
4 per cent. consols,	90 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$				
5 per cent. navy ann.	104 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$		
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.		70			
India stock,					
do. bonds,	15 13 pr.		12 9 pr.		
Antiquer bills, 3d. p.d.	15 13 pr.		12 9 pr.		
Consols for acc.	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$		
American 3 per cent.					
do. new loan, 6 p.c.					
French 5 per cents.					

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of August, and the 23d of Sept. 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Andrews, J. Manchester, dealer
 Ashley, W. Cheshire, worsted manufacturer
 Ashton, Higginson & Ward, Agecroft, printers
 Barnett, J. Plymouth, watch-maker
 Batterham, W. Bernondsey, fell-monger
 Bentley, J. Bradshaw, bleacher
 Bott, G. Birmingham, draper
 Bowden, G. Derby, manufacturer
 Braddock, R. Portwood, cotton-spinner
 Brain, B. Britton, dealer
 Broadhurst, W. Macclesfield currier
 Brown, W. Leadenhall-market, fishmonger
 Campbell, W. H. Wood-street, porter-merchant
 Carwood, R. Armley, clothier
 Coates, J. Worcester, draper
 Cockell, J. Widscombe, carpenter
 Crabb, E. Bockington, clothier
 Davis, J. Trowbridge, mason
 Decks & Harper, Norwich, dyers
 Dixon, W. Coleshurst, calico-printer
 Ealer, J. Finedon, farmer
 Emmett, W. London, oil-merchant
 Findlay, R. & G. H. Old Broad-street, silk-manufacturers
 Fisher, S. Winchcombe, mercer
 Francis, S. Norwich, manufacturer
 Frears, E. Birmingham, merchant
 Froad, W. Castleton, flannel-maker
 Fuller, J. Billericay, horse-dealer
 Gash, R. Bidge-road, coach-maker
 Godwin, C. Burnlem, merchant
 Gowland, T. Winchester-street
 Gray, J. Wardour-street, baker
 Greaves, W. H. Philpot-lane, druggist
 Gyles, J. E. Shoreditch, oilman
 Hall, J. R. Newington, merchant
 Halls, J. Lawton, grocer
 Harrison, W. Yeldersley, dealer
 Hart, A. Alic-street, navy agent
 Hawkins, R. Little Bowden, horse-dealer
 Haynes, W. Lowestoff, fish-merchant
 Hickton, W. New Bond-street, confectioner
 Hockley, D. Brook-street, gunsmith
 Hodgkinson, A. Heath Charnock, cotton-manufacturer
 Holland, P. Blyth, ship-builder
 Hudson, T. Arnley, clothier
 Johnson, G. Isle of Man, linen-draper
 Jowett, J. Hutton, farmer
 Kil-haw, jun. J. Leeds, tallow-chandler
 Knapton, W. Leeds, joiner
 Laing, G. London, merchant
 Langston, E. Manchester, cotton-merchant
 Leach, W. Clithero, cotton-manufacturer
 Lee, G. Bristol, woollen-draper
 Manifold, Ann & J. Liverpool, tanners
 Marsdon, E. Bolton-le-Moors, cabinet-maker
 Marsh, J. Sidmouth, bookseller
 Mendes, jun. T. Mile end, cabinet-maker
 Milnes, J. Saddleworth, woollen-manufacturer
 Minchin, Carter, & A. Kelly, jun. Portsmouth, bankers
 Neville, S. Leeds, flour-seller
 Parnell, E. Congleton, milliner
 Perkins & Armstrong, Derby, cotton-spinners
 Pollard, T. Worcester, butcher
 Preece, J. Peterborough-court, gold-beater
 Preston & Gill, Manchester, calico-printers
 Read, A. Grosvenor-street, wine-merchant
 Rimington, S. Chatham, grocer
 Roddam, H. R. North Shields, victualler
 Rogers, T. Worcester, hay-salesman
 Rudman, S. Widscombe, quarrywoman
 Sargent, T. Milbank, timber and stone-merchant
 Saverly, H. Bristol, sugar-refiner
 Sims, L. Bunhill-row, stationer
 Sleddon, W. Stockport, machine-maker
 Stoneley, L. Salford, victualler
 Storkey, J. Bristol, cheese-factor
 Taylor, J. Birmingham, wharfinger
 Trokes, M. Liverpool, merchant
 Unsworth, W. Liverpool, flour-dealer
 Walker, G. L. Leeds, worsted-spinners
 Watson, H. Bolton-le-Moors, druggist
 Webster and Tate, Bolton-le-Moors, ironmongers
 Wigley and Seymour, Chester, brewers
 Wright, J. Bernondsey, vinegar-dealer
 Yates, J. Burnley, scrivener

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th Sept. 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Blyth and Lesslie, hatters in Edinburgh, both as a company and as individuals
 Brown, Alexander, and Co. merchants or manufacturers in Arbroath, and Alexander Brown and John Airth, partners thereof, as individuals
 Black and Isaac, manufacturers in Glasgow, and Alexander Black an individual of that concern
 Caw, James, formerly merchant in Perth, now residing at Benchill, in the county of Perth
 Cowan, Thomas, junior, brewer and corn-dealer, Newburgh, Fife
 Ferguson, James, manufacturer in Glasgow
 Graham, Robert, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow
 Hart, John, grocer and spirit-dealer, Kelvyn Dock, near Glasgow
 Hamilton, John, haberdasher in Dumbarton
 Jaffery, James, meat and grain-dealers, in Airdrie
 Jaffery, Robert, baker and grain-merchant in Airdrie
 Kelman, Alexander, brewer and baker in Aberdeen
 Lawson, John, clothier, Glasgow
 McKnight, Samuel, jun. corn-merchant, ship-owner, and general merchant, Kirkcudbright
 McDonald, Robert, and Son, clothiers in Glasgow, and Robert McDonald, partner of said concern, as an individual
 Mainland, John, fisher and cattle-dealer in Ayr
 James Muirhead, mason and builder in Glasgow
 McSymon, John, jun. baker and grain dealer in Dumbarton
 Nisbet, James, merchant, Aberdeen
 Smith, William, innkeeper in Hamilton
 Smith and Blackburn, cotton-yarn merchants and agents in Glasgow, as a company and as individuals
 Tait, Messrs. James, jun. and company, merchants in Glasgow
 Wilson, John and Son, wire-workers, Glasgow
 Watt, Isaac, merchant in Dundee

DIVIDENDS.

Anderson, Andrew, merchant in Greenock; by the trustee, No 43 Virginia Street, Glasgow; a dividend on the 29th October
 Bathgate, John, late skinner at Bell's Mills; by Thomas Miller, 21, North Bridge Street, Edinburgh, till 11th October; a dividend. Creditors to meet in the Royal Exchange Coffeehouse there, 12th October, at 1
 Clark, Malcolm, bricklayer in Glasgow; by William McCreadie, brickmaker there, till 3d November; a dividend
 Kattie, Thomas, and Co. merchants, Forres; by John Cunningham, agent for the British Linen Company at Forres, till 17th October; a dividend.
 Hunters, Rainey, and Morton, merchants in Glasgow; by the trustee, Post Office Buildings there;

a dividend of 3d. per pound on 29th September.
Kidd, David, sometime a spirit-dealer, Nottingham Place, Edinburgh; by Robert Mitchell, spirit-dealer, Old Physic Gardens, Edinburgh, till 1th October; a dividend.

Laird, James, and Co. manufacturers, Murthall, near Forfar; by David Johnson, jun. a dividend on 8th October.
Simpson, Robert, 1 to builder in Edinburgh; by the trustee, No 12, James's Square, till 30th September; a final dividend of 3d. per pound.

London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, Red	50	to 58	Boilers	52	to 51
Fine	63	to 65	Small Beans	43	to 44
Superfine	68	to 70	Old	43	to 44
Es White, new	58	to 63	Tick	30	to 38
Old	73	to 0	Foreign	0	to 0
Superfine	71	to 74	Feed Oats	1	to 21
Old	77	to 0	Fine	22	to 21
Rye	50	to 56	Poland do	21	to 26
Barley	21	to 30	Fine	27	to 21
Fine	32	to 31	Potato do.	27	to 29
Superfine	53	to 40	Fine	50	to 31
Mt.	60	to 65	Flour, p. sack	60	to 65
Fine	74	to 78	Seconda	53	to 60
Hog Pease	48	to 52	North Country	0	to 0
Maple	50	to 51	Pollard	16	to 18
White, new	40	to 50	Brn	9	to 10

Seeds, &c.—Oct. 10.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown	14	to 0	Hempseed	50	to —
White	14	to 0	Linseed, crush.	56	to 65
Tares	17	to 10	New, for seed	—	to —
Turnips	0	to 0	Ryegrass	36	to —
New	10	to 16	Clover, Red.	100	to 105
Yes	0	to 0	White	105	to —
Cattaway	56	to 0	Coriander	16	to —
Canary	80	to 0	Trefoil	70	to —

New Rapeseed, £38 to £—.

Liverpool, Oct. 2.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat,			Pease, for.	40	to 50
per 70 lbs.			Rice, p. cwt.	0	to 0
English	10	to 11	Flour, Eng.	50	to 61
Scotch	9	to 10	—seconds	51	to 55
Irish, new	9	to 10	Irish p. bl.	30	to 51
Dantide	10	to 10	Amer. p. bl.	30	to 40
Welner	10	to 10	—do.	31	to 53
American	8	to 9	Clover-seed, p. bush.		
Quebec	9	to 9	White	0	to 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Red	0	to 0
English, grind.	10	to 4	Oatmeal, per 210 lbs.		
Maiting	5	to 5	English	30	to 34
Irish	4	to 0	Scotch	24	to 30
Foreign	4	to 4	Irish	21	to 26
Malt p. 9 lbs.	10	to 11	Butter, Recf. &c.		
Rye, for.	36	to 40	Butter, per cwt.		
Oats, per 45 lb.			Belfast	97	to 0
English	3	to 3	Newry	91	to 0
Scotch pota.	3	to 3	Waterford, new	92	to 0
Welsh	3	to 3	Cork, 3d.	81	to 86
Irish, new	3	to 3	Pickled,	88	to 90
—old	3	to 3	Beef, p. tierce	85	to 95
Common	2	to 3	—p. barrel	55	to 65
Foreign	2	to 2	Pork, p. brl.	90	to 98
Beans, per qr.			Hams, dry,	64	to 66
English	10	to 52	Bacon,		
Irish	10	to 42	Short middles	0	to 0
Pease, per quar.			Lamg	0	to 0
Boiling	10	to 50	Rapeseed	£30	to £32

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 25th Sept. 1819.

Wheat, 69s. 1d.—Rye, 44s. 0d.—Barley, 38s. 11d.—Oats, 26s. 7d.—Beans, 40s. 2d.—Pease, 42s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 27s. 10d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Sept. 1819.

Wheat, 65s. 10d.—Rye, 45s. 3d.—Barley, 35s. 1d.—Oats, 26s. 0d.—Beans, 41s. 4d.—Pease, 42d. 2d.—Beer or Big, 32s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 20s. 3d.

EDINBURGH.—Oct. 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 1½d.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern*Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 7d. to 0s. 9d.	New Salt ditto	1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Mitto, per stone	20s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	10s. 0d. to 12s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Hides	7s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.		

HADDINGTON.—Oct. 1.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.
2d,.....35s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....29s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 9 : 7 2-18ths.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

A CONSIDERABLE reduction of temperature took place at the commencement of September, with a brisk wind from the west, which continued during the first week, the range of the Thermometer being generally from 50 to 60. A heavy shower on the 7th was followed by an increase of temperature; and on the 9th the Thermometer rose to 67°. On the evening of the same day it blew a violent gale from the west, accompanied with rain and a rising barometer. From that period till the end of the month, the mean temperature of the day was very variable, ranging between 52 and 46. On the 30th, the Thermometer at 10 A. M. stood at 51 with an east wind and rain. At 10 P. M. the wind blew from the west, and the Thermometer rose to 61. The mean of the whole month is 1.2° higher than that of September 1818, and the mean of the extremes, contrary to what usually happens, is two-tenths of a degree lower than the mean of ten morning and evening. It is a singular coincidence, that, in September last year, the difference was one-tenth of a degree, and on the same side. The mean daily range of the Thermometer is also the same, and coincides nearly with that of the whole year. From the 1st to the 12th, the Barometer, with two exceptions, continued to rise both during the day and night; between the 12th and 17th, it was depressed, after which it rose again, and reached its greatest elevation on the 21st. During the next five days it sunk; and after the 26th it was elevated during the day, and depressed during the night. The mean of Leslie's Hygrometer is one degree and a half, and the mean point of deposition one degree higher than September last year; but if the difference of temperature be taken into the account, the relative humidity will be found to be the same. The difference of temperature will also account for the evaporation being somewhat greater. The quantity of rain is little more than the half of what fell in September last year. On the whole, the month of September may be considered as unusually warm and dry, being superior in both respects to the corresponding month of any year since 1814.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

SEPTEMBER 1819.

<i>Means.</i>		<i>Extremes.</i>	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	60.2	Maximum, 9th day,	67.5
..... cold,	47.6	Minimum, 19th	35.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	55.8	Lowest maximum, 22d	51.0
..... 10 P. M.	52.3	Highest minimum, 8th	56.5
..... of daily extremes,	53.9	Highest, 10 A. M.	61.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	54.1	Lowest ditto, 22d	49.0
..... 4 daily observations,	54.0	Highest, 10 P. M.	62.0
Whole range of thermometer,	380.5	Lowest ditto, 27th	41.5
Mean daily ditto,	12.6	Greatest range in 24 hours, 15th	23.0
..... temperature of spring water,	59.9	Least ditto, 21th	1.0
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 59)	29.753	Highest, 10 A. M.	30.1 0
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 59)	29.775	Lowest ditto, 1st	29.020
..... both, (temp. of mer. 59)	29.764	Highest, 10 P. M.	30.415
Whole range of barometer,	5.670	Lowest ditto, 4th	29.210
Mean ditto, during the day,110	Greatest range in 24 hours, 4th510
..... night,079	Least ditto, 13th010
..... in 24 hours,189		
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Rain in inches,	1.525	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 19th	40.0
Evaporation in ditto,	1.950 Lowest ditto, 30th	2.0
Mean daily Evaporation,086 Highest, 10 P. M. 30th	21.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	21.5 Lowest ditto, 25th	4.0
..... 10 P. M.	18.1	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 9th	59.1
..... both,	17.3 Lowest ditto, 16th	39.1
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	46.9 Highest, 10 P. M. 9th	58.6
..... 10 P. M.	46.6 Lowest ditto, 16th	31.0
..... both,	46.8 Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M. 30th	98.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	75.9 Least ditto, 19th	52.1
..... 10 P. M.	82.9 Greatest, 10 P. M. 25th	96.0
..... both,	79.4 Least ditto, 18th	67.0
..... Gra. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	224 Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M. 9th	35.4
..... 10 P. M.	224 Least ditto, 16th	15.7
..... both,	224 Grains, 10 P. M. 9th	52.0
	 Least ditto, 16th	14.4

Fair days, 22; rainy days, 8. Wind west of meridian, 22; east of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther	Barom	Atmos Ther	Wind		Ther	Barom	Atmos Ther	Wind	
1	M. 55 A. 46	28.864 110	M. 58 A. 51	N.W.	Clear.	Aug. 16	M. 45 A. 38	29.57 79	M. 58 A. 57	Cble.
2	M. 51 A. 17	192 279	M. 58 A. 51	W.	Clear.	17	M. 49 A. 39	159 844	M. 51 A. 57	N.W.
3	M. 56 A. 30	314 401	M. 60 A. 60	(ble.	Do. forenoon aftern.	18	M. 56 A. 33	655 819	M. 58 A. 59	N.W.
4	M. 58 A. 34	15 290	M. 61 A. 60	Do.	showery.	19	M. 46 A. 32	919 919	M. 52 A. 51	N.W.
5	M. 58 A. 49	371 161	M. 62 A. 51	Do.	fair forenoon aftern.	20	M. 18 A. 37	30295 220	M. 51 A. 51	Cble.
6	M. 52 A. 102	529 529	M. 58 A. 58	N.W.	Cloudy	21	M. 19 A. 38	246 246	M. 55 A. 55	W.
7	M. 65 A. 50	523 575	M. 63 A. 61	W.	(cloudy.	22	M. 51 A. 47	208 999	M. 51 A. 53	(ble.
8	M. 58 A. 51	604 738	M. 62 A. 61	W.	Cloudy.	23	M. 52 A. 45	990 845	M. 57 A. 57	Cble.
9	M. 66 A. 57	754 769	M. 65 A. 65	W.	Cloudy.	24	M. 53 A. 45	875 512	M. 57 A. 58	(ble.
10	M. 56 A. 50	665 664	M. 63 A. 63	W.	Cloudy.	25	M. 18 A. 54	28918 20110	M. 58 A. 57	(ble.
11	M. 55 A. 183	986 911	M. 60 A. 62	W.	Clear	26	M. 49 A. 173	104 240	M. 52 A. 55	S.W.
12	M. 50 A. 12	986 903	M. 62 A. 63	W.	Cloudy.	27	M. 49 A. 39	104 152	M. 52 A. 52	S.W.
13	M. 52 A. 51	938 922	M. 61 A. 61	Cble.	(cloudy.	28	M. 52 A. 41	26979 995	M. 53 A. 53	S.W.
14	M. 60 A. 54	945 91	M. 61 A. 61	N.W.	Clear.	29	M. 52 A. 41	907 29226	M. 56 A. 55	S.W.
15	M. 60 A. 50	710 651	M. 61 A. 61	N.W.	Cloudy.	30	M. 50 A. 45	110 158	M. 51 A. 60	S.W.

Average of rain, 1 4 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Rev. Mr Tawse, preacher of the Gospel, has been appointed to be minister of the College Church, Aberdeen, in room of the Rev. Dr Dewar, translated to the Tron Church, Glasgow.

II. MILITARY.

Army. Major Burke, h. p. 96 F. to be Lieut. Colonel 15 Aug 1819
 Maj. Watts, h. p. Unatt. to be Lieut. Col do.
 Captain Downes, As. Mil. Draft man, R. do.
 Mil. Coll. to be Major do.
 R. H. G. Lieut. Bouvier, to be Capt. by purch. 9 Sept. 1819
 vice Sullivan, ret. do.
 Cornet Arnold, to be Cornet by purch. do.
 G. S. Hill, to be Cornet by purch. do.
 7 Dr. Serj. Maj. T. Black, to be Quas. Mas. vice Greenwood, ret. on full pay 16 do.
 12 Bt. Maj. Maxwell, to be Maj. vice Howard, do.
 15 Lieut. E. Byam, to be Captain by purch. 26 Aug.
 vice Hancock, prom. do.
 Cornet Joshiel, to be Capt. by purch. do.
 G. T. Temple, to be Captain by purch. 9 Sept.
 14 T. Bt. Maj. Maclean, to be Maj. vice Fraser, do.
 killed in action do.
 Lieut. M'Lean, to be Capt. do.
 Ensign Peters, to be Lieut. do.

1 F. F. Glover, to be Ensign 9 Sept.
 8 Lieut. Col. Duffy, fm. Rifle Brig to be Lieut. Col. vice Robertson, dism. do.
 13 Capt. Preston, to be Maj. by purch. vice Hancock, ret. do.
 Lieut. Tronson, to be Capt. by purch. do.
 Ensign Kelly, to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 W. M. Stewart, to be Ensign, by purch. do.
 15 Lieut. Hutchinson, fm. h. p. 95 F. to be Adj. and Lieut. vice Humphreys, res. do.
 Adj. only 10 do.
 16 Lieut. Gregory, to be Capt. by purch. vice Nugent, retires 5 Aug.
 Ensign Skinner, to be Lieut. by purch. 6 do.
 Frederick Smyth, to be Ensign by purch. do.
 17 E. N. Boscawen, to be Ensign by purch. vice Anley, prom. 26 do.
 21 Capt. Appellus, fm. 1 W. I. Reg. to be Capt. vice Angelo, ret. h. p. News. 9 Sept.
 37 Lieut. Magennis, fm. 28 F. to be Capt. by purch. vice Black, retires do.
 43 Bt. Maj. Dallas, to be Major by purch. vice Meira, retires do.
 Lieut. Whitehead, to be Capt. by purch. do.
 Ensign Constable, to be Lieut. by purch. do.

- 43 F. H. Ward, to be Ensign by purch. 9 Sept.
 44 Lieut. Col. Sir G. H. F. Berkeley, K.C.H. f.m. h. p. 35 F. to be Lieut. Col. vice King 12 Aug.
 52 Lieut. Kenny, to be Capt. by purch. vice Brownrigg, prom. 2 Ceylon R. 9 Sept.
 Ensign Monins, to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 Gent. Cadet W. Forbes, to be Ensign by purch. do.
 64 Capt. Hutchinson, f.m. h. p. 78 F. to be Capt. vice Galbraith, ret. list. 2 do.
 77 Lieut. T. Molyneux, to be Capt. by purch. vice M'Lachlan, retires 16 do.
 Ens. and Adj. J. Molyneux, to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 J. Elliot, to be Ensign, by purch. do.
 92 Bt. Lieut. Col. Sir F. Stovin, f.m. 28 F. to be Lieut. Col. vice Mitchell ret. 2 do.
 98 Henry Connop, to be Ensign by purch. vice Lysaght, retires do.
 Rifle B. Bt. Col. Norcott, to be Lieut. Col. vice Duffy, 8 F. 9 do.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Leach, to be Major do.
 1st Lieut. Manners, to be Captain do.
 2d Lieut. Milligan, to be 1st Lieut. do.
 Henry Gascoigne, to be 2d Lieut. do.
 1W.L.R. Captain Stewart, Newf. Fenc. to be Capt. vice Appelus, prom. 21 F. do.
 2Ceyl.R. Bt. Lieut. Col. Brownrigg, f.m. 52 F. to be Maj. by purch. vice Chaplin, prom. 26 Aug.

Miscellaneous.

- Barr. Mast. Godlard, f.m. Gibraltar, to be Barr. Mast. in Great Britain 31 Aug.
 Robert Metcalfe, to be Barr. Master. at Gibraltar do.
 Hosp. Mate D. J. Stewart, to be Hosp. Assist. vice Williams, prom. 50 F. 9 Sept.

Exchanges.

- Bt. Lieut. Col. Tonym, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Major Tovey, h. p. 95 F.
 Bt. Major Eckersley, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. between a full pay Tr. and a full pay Comp. with Captain Green, h. p. 60 F.
 Maj. Hicks, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Burke, h. p. 99 F.
 Captain England, from 12 F. with Captain Nilas, 23 F.
 Temple, from 14 F. with Captain Maidland, f.m. Staff in Ionian Islands.
 Tappenden, from 54 F. with Captain Campbell, h. p. 56 F.
 Duberley, from 11 Dr. with Captain Crawford, h. p.
 Lieut. Phillips, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Waller, h. p. 97 F.
 Wilson, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Vincent, h. p.
 Horton, from 2 Life Guards, rec. diff. with Lieut. Kingscote, h. p. Coldst. Gds.
 M'Swiny, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Baynes, h. p. Corsican Rang.

- Lieut. Green from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Carthy, h. p. 22 F.
 Mackenzie, from 93 F. with Lieut. M. of Worcester, h. p. 7 Dr.
 Crabbs, from 46 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Rice, h. p. 58 F.
 De Ruyne, from 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Godfree, h. p. 50 F.
 Codd, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Croad, h. p.
 Sharp, from 72 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Glover, h. p.
 Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Hanbury, f.m. 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet M'Donnall, h. p. 25 Dragoons
 Cornet Burke, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Ensign Dalrymple 29 F.
 Ensign Herbert, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Locke, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
 Cumming, from 42 F. with Ensign Clark, h.
 Flattery, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Marsh, h. p. 95 F.
 Clarke, from 16 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Henley, h. p. 89 F.
 Surgeon Hume, 59 F. with Surgeon Reynolds, 72 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Col. Mitchell, 92 F.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Chaplin, 2 Ceylon Regt. Handcock, 13 F.
 Mein, 43 F.
 Bt. Maj. Brook, 37 F.
 Captain Nugent, 16 F.
 Sullivan, R. Horse Gds.
 M'Lachlan, 77 F.
 Ensign Lysaght, 95 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Bt. Col. King, as Lieut. Col. 41 F.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Howard, as Maj. 12 Dr.
 Major Buck of 8 F. as Lieut. Col. by Brevet. 12 Aug. 1819

Dismissed.

- Col. Robertson, 8 F.

Deaths.

- Col. Sir F. E. B. Hervey, Bt. 14 Dragoons, 24 Sept. 1819
 Brevet Major Bromie, 10 F. at Malta, 25 June
 Captain O'Keefe, York Rang. at Barbadoes, 24 June
 Siborn, 9 F. at St. Vincent's 14 July
 Leonard, 52 F. at Corru
 Lieut. King, 16 F. at Halifax, Nova Scotia 22 July
 Gill, 2 Ceylon Regt. at Calcutta 29 Nov.
 Bruce, ret. list. 4 Vet. Bat. at Quebec 30 June
 Adj. Dixon, h. p. Ogle's Levy
 As-Fung. Bell, 86 F. at Madras 17 Mar.
 Barr. Master, Cowell, at Gosport Aug.

III. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, Sir William Young.
 Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, Sir James Saumarez, Bart.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Admirals.	Admirals.	Admirals.
John Child Purvis, Esq.	Sir Thos. F. Fremantle	Chas. Wm. Paterson, Esq.
Theophilus Jones, Esq.	Sir Francis Laforey, Bart.	Sir George Cockburn
Sir William Donnett	Sir Philip Chas. Durham	Thos. Surridge, Esq.
William Wolsley, Esq.	Sir Isaac Pellew	Samuel Hood Linzee, Esq.
Sir John Sutton	Alexander Frazer, Esq.	James Carpenter, Esq.
Robert Murray, Esq.	Sir Benjamin Halliwell	Robert Barton, Esq.
Hon. Sir Alex. Inglis Cochrane	The Right Hon. Lord Amelius Beauclerk	Sir Graham Moore
John Markham, Esq.	Wm. Taylor, Esq.	Matthew Henry Scott, Esq.
Henry D'Este, Esq.	Sir James Nicol Morris	Rear-Admirals.
Edward Boscawen, Esq.	Sir Thos. Byam Martin	Willoughby Thos. Lako, Esq.
George Boscawen, Esq.	John Lewford, Esq.	Sir Charles Ogle, Bart.
Sir Edm. Harvey	Frank Sutherland, Esq.	Henry Raper, Esq.
Sir Edmund Nagle	Thos. Wolley, Esq.	Wm. Charles Fahie, Esq.
Vice-Admirals.	Sir Wm. Johnstone Hope	Sir George Eyre
Francis Fayerman, Esq.	The Right Hon. Lord Henry Paulet	Robert Lambert Esq.
The R. N. G.E. of Galloway, K. T.		Joe. Bingham, Esq.
		Robert Dudley Oliver, Esq.

Names	Names	Names
Thomas B. V. Esq.	Robert Riddell	John F. Herbert
Sir Charles Brisbane	George Aug. Westphall	Spencer L. R. Vassell
Sir John Lubbock	Erno Wm. P. Wallis	Thomas Graham
John Huthlay Esq.	Hon. Fred. Gould	Hugh Hawkshaw
John Colford Esq.	Hugh Patton	Robert Ross Achmuty
John West Esq.	Alexander Dobbs	Horatio S. Nixon
Stephen Poyntz Esq.	Hon. Charles O. Bridgeman	Hon. Montagu Stopford
The Right Hon. J. Lord Colville	<i>Commanders</i>	John G. Dewar
John Collet, Esq.	James B. Linnall	Henry Rushworth
Sir Arch. C. Dickson, Bart.	Robert Aitchison	Thomas Robinson
Robert Winthrop, Esq.	Joseph Griffiths	Andrew Smith
Henry Dabry, Esq.	Peter S. Hambly	Charles Philip Yorke
Charles T. Phipps Esq.	Robert C. Barton	Joseph Clark
John Spratt Rumney, Esq.	John Maples	William Whitfield
Benjamin Wm. Pike, Esq.	Massy H. Herbert	Richard Cockfield
Hon. Philip Welch Esq.	Edward W. C. Ashley	Thomas Willes
Thomas Alexander Esq.	Charles Jackson	Henry Simmons
<i>Adj. Gen. & R. A. Admirals</i>	Charles B. Lours	William Dovel
Adm. D. J. Esq.	Robert B. Sutton	<i>ROYAL MARINES</i>
Adm. D. J. Esq.	Henry Butler	<i>Captains</i>
Adm. D. J. Esq.	George Cheyne	William B. Broughton
Adm. D. J. Esq.	John Murray	Edward B. B. B. B. B.
Adm. D. J. Esq.	Henry J. Elliot	William B. B. B. B. B.
<i>Captains</i>	<i>Lieutenants</i>	Thomas M. B. B. B. B.
James T. Minkson	John Jarvis Mallock	Robert C. B. B. B. B.
James T. Minkson	David H. W. B. B. B. B.	Patrik Hill
Sir Chas. T. Jones, Knt.	Keith Stewart	Thomas Witney Parker
Charles P. Strong	Henry Brooks	
John Baldwin	Richard Sadler	
	Robert P. Herbert	

Appointments.

To be Commander in Chief in the East Indies Rear Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, Bart.
 The Lieutenant, Price Blackwood
 To be Commander in Chief in South America, Commodore Sir Thomas M. Hardy, Bart.—1st Lieut. Lieutenant, Thomas Bourchier

Names	Ships	Names	Ships
<i>Captains</i>			
F. E. V. Vernon	Blossom	James R. Thew	Ditto
Henry St. Leger	Commission	James Henderson	Owen Glendower
Thomas B. M. M. M.	Cygnet	Raymond Evans	Ditto
A. B. B. B. B.	Dover	Edward Lambart	Ditto
W. N. G. G. G.	Duke	George Russell	Ditto
John I. Coffin	Lily	Charles Wemyss	Phaeton
Charles C. Parker	Mailequin	John W. Young	Owen Charlotte
Henry A. F. F.	Mailequin	R. R. Achmuty	Raleigh
Charles Richardson	Mailequin	G. C. Blake	Rio Geo. Yacht
Thomas H. H. H.	Mailequin	Thos. Lawrance (act)	Supho
Hon. Robert Pender	Mailequin	B. Aplin	Sacrum
Sir Michael Seymour	Mailequin	George Hans Blake	Ditto
Hon. Charles Paget	Mailequin	James Talley	Ditto
John D. Boswall	Mailequin	William T. T. T. T.	Spirian
Thomas Whit	Mailequin	Sp. J. H. Vassell	Ditto
<i>Lieutenants</i>		Hon. Fred. Spencer	Sup. rb
George Smith	Alert	Thomas J. C. Evans	Ditto
Thomas G. G. G.	Bann	Hon. Henry Knich	Ditto
Edward Aitchison	Bann	Thomas Bouchier, F. I.	Ditto
James Robinson	Bann	Charles Graham	Ditto
Thos. Robinson	Bann	H. D. D. Derby	Ditto
Charles Davis	Bann	William Southey	Ditto
W. E. Taylor	Bann	John Heshire	Ditto
James M. Donald	Bann	Edward Cole	Ditto
W. J. Wentworth	Bann	Charles Wokenge	Ditto
Robert Card	Bann	<i>Royal Marines</i>	
H. R. Fastwood	Bann	Capt. G. P. Wingrove	Leander
C. R. Milbourne	Bann	Capt. Jos. Vallack	Superb
Christopher Johnson	Bann	1st Lt. John Morgan	Crook
Henry R. Moorson	Bann	1st Lt. W. S. Dadd	Owen Glendower
R. P. Herbert	Bann	1st Lt. Benj. Bunce	Superb
Andrew Smith	Bann	1st Lt. J. F. Crowther	Vengeur
John Train	Bann	2d Lt. R. W. Pascoe	Andromache
Edward L. Rich	Bann	2d Lt. C. Glassen	Blossom
William Jones	Bann	2d Lt. John Wood	Hypocion
Edward Hillman	Bann	2d Lt. Chas. C. Burry	Leander
Thos. Pennington	Bann	2d Lt. B. Shillito	Mercy
Robert Gordon	Bann	2d Lt. Hugh Evans	Owen Glendower
Charles English	Bann	2d Lt. James Baker	Ditto
James Gordon	Bann	2d Lt. J. H. Mallard	Superb
Allan F. Gardner	Bann	<i>Masters</i>	
Benjamin T. Stow	Bann	L. Gillies (act)	Carnation
Robert Gore	Bann	James Raft	Cherokee
James Blackwood, F. L.	Bann	George Cayme	Cygnet
James Savage	Bann	John Botham	Dover
Henry Rushworth	Bann	Edward Gilling	Palmouth
Rich. Beaumont (act)	Bann	Benj. (arwell) (act.)	Fly
Henry Richmond (act)	Bann	James (re)	Leander
Hugh Hawkshaw	Bann	John Bolton	Lee
J. E. Griffith (act) F. L.	Bann	William Smith	Owen Glendower
M. M. Magrath	Bann	Edward Hanks	Rouzo

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Robert J. Barrett (act.)	Scout	Thomas Buton	Ditto
William Wilson	Sybilie	Thomas Brownrigg	Ditto
<i>Surgeons.</i>		John Hamett	Ditto
James Rankin (act.)	Bann	Hugh Moffatt	Minden
Joseph Maclean (act.)	Beaver	Robert Marshall	Nunrod
John Crockett	Cygnat	Wm. Donnelly	Owen Glendower
Wm. M'Donald	Dover	Robert M'Kay	Pike
D. T. M'Carthy	Falmouth	John Embling	Pioneer
Wm. Boyd	Leander	George M'Millon	Seyern
T. M. Buchan	Minden	Wm. Rogan	Superb
Samuel Phillips	Nunrod	Peter M'Dougall	Ditto
James Brown	Owen Glendower	W. G. Borland	Ditto
Robt. Finlayson	Phaeton	M. Mairdoch	Ditto
Patrick Hill	Ruffeigh	John Isatt	Sybilie
George Roddam	Roy. Geo. Yacht	Patrick Boyle	Ditto
M. Burnside	Slaney	George Webster	Ditto
John Neill	Superb	James Armstrong	Ditto
John Tarn (act.)	Sybilie	James Patton	Ditto
Charles Kent	Tartar	Wm. Clarke	Ditto
Wm. West	Tyne	Charles Mortimer	Topaze
Obadiah Pined	Vengeur	William Lamb	Vengeur
Robert Guthrie	Wasp	John Greenish	Sheern, Ordinary
<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>		<i>Purser.</i>	
J. H. Chandler	Argonaut	John Thomson	Blossom
Daniel Schaw	Bulwark	Thomas Harding	Cygnat
Wm. Dickson	Camel	Alfred Carpenter	Dover
W. E. Courtis	Dwarf	Thomas Watson	Leander
John Love	Heron	John Richards	Owen Glendower
David Nimmo	Hyperion	R. L. Horniman	Phaeton
Abraham Courtney	Larne	Thos. Winney Parker	Sappho
John Dobie	Leander	John Loudon	Superb
Alex. Blair	Ditto	<i>Chaplain.</i>	
Henry G. Brock	Ditto	Joseph Littlewood	Leander
Wm. Bell	Ditto	John Kirkby	Owen Glendower

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

August 12. At No 41, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Thomas Ewing, a daughter.

— The Countess of Abingdon, a son.

14. The lady of Admiral Sir Richard Strahan, a daughter.

16. At Drums, Carse of Govrie, the wife of a labouring man, named Alexander Moodie, three children, a boy and two girls, who are all doing well.

20. At Anne Street, Stockbridge, Mrs Faulds, a son.

21. The lady of H. H. Jones, Esq. of Llynnon, North Wales, a son.

22. At Madeira, the lady of Robert Walkas, Esq. a daughter.

23. At Parson's Green, Mrs Alexander Smith, a daughter.

24. At Lieutenant-Colonel Sir David Ogilby's, London, lady Ogilby, a son.

— At Stirling, Mrs Captain Forrester, a daughter.

26. At Chesterhall, Mrs Gray, a daughter.

27. At Letham, Fifeshire, the lady of Thomas Snook, Esq. a son and heir.

28. In Curzon-street, London, the lady Caroline Ann Macdonald of Clanronald, a son and heir.

29. At Clumber Park, Tuxford Notts, her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, a daughter.

— At Netherley, Mrs Silver, a daughter.

— At Forge Lodge, Dumfriesshire, the lady of P. Mein, Esq. a son.

30. At Darham House, Suffolk, the lady of Major Purvis, a son.

— At Dundas-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Donaldson, a daughter.

31. At Ayr, Mrs Hill of Dudley, a son.

— At Rosiere, near Lyndhurst, the Countess of Errol, a daughter.

September 3. At Dumnotar, lady Kennedy, a son.

5. At Saxonybury Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, the lady of Daniel Rowland, Esq. a son.

7. At Rockbank, Mrs Colin Campbell, Jura, a daughter.

— At ... the lady of Major-General Macleod, a daughter.

— At ... the lady of L. Mackintosh, Esq. a son.

— At Wimpole-street, London, the lady of Edward Marjoribanks, Esq. a daughter.

9. Hawkhill, the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk, a son.

— At Slatford, Mrs Dr Belfrage, a son.

10. At Stonefield, Canaan, near Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant Peter Thomson, a daughter.

12. The wife of a poor labourer, named William Hannah, who lodges near the Swan Inn, in the Old Fishmarket, Dumfries, was safely delivered of three daughters, who, with their mother, are doing well.

14. In Albany-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Walter Ferrie, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Henry Mercedyth Jervis White Jervis, Esq. a son.

— At the manse of Strathden, Mrs Gordon Forbes, Towie, a son.

15. At Thirlestane, in Etterick, the lady of the Honourable Captain Napier, R. N. a son and heir.

— At New Saughton, the lady of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton, a son.

16. At Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major James Lee, a daughter.

17. The lady of Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Carron Vale, in the county of Stirling, a son and heir.

— At Montpelier House, Burrowmuirhead, Mrs Scott, a son.

18. No 23, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Stoddart, a son.

21. At the manse of Maderty, Mrs Touch, a son.

22. At Penicuik House, lady Clerk, a son.

23. At Edinburgh, the honourable lady Ferguson, a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 13. At Trudston, Captain J. Clerk, of the 73d regiment, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Roger Graham, Esq. of Ardnachan, Argyleshire.

19. The Earl of St Germain, to Harriett, daughter of the right honourable Reginald Pole Carew.

23. William Ronny, Esq. W.S. and Solicitor of Legacy Duties, to Margaret, second daughter of John Napier, Esq. of Mollan.

24. At Crailing Manse, the Reverend James Strachan, minister of Caver, to Jane, second daughter of the Reverend David Brown.

25. At Luss Manse, the Reverend Mr James M'Lagan, to Miss Stuart, daughter of the Reverend Dr Stuart, Luss.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Sanderson, surgeon, Musselburgh, to Miss Agnes Thom.

27. Carl Gustaw, Baron von Hulow Wischen-dorff, to Helen Hay, third daughter of the deceased Henry David Inglis, Esq. advocate.

— At Gloucester, Charles Bathurst, Esq. eldest son of the Right Honourable Charles Bathurst of Sydney Park, to Miss Fendall, only daughter of the late William Fendall, Esq.

— At Biggar, Robert Craig, Esq. of Guildie, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr John Young, manufacturer, Littlewell.

30. At Laurieston, Dr Alexander Tweedie, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, to Miss Hannah Brown, daughter of the late David Brown, Esq.

— At Glasgow, William Macfie, Esq. Greenock, to Janet, second daughter of the late Claud Marshall, Esq.

31. At Edinburgh, Mr James Burnet, bookseller, Leith, to Jessie, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Donaldson, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Pollock, Paisley, to Isabella, third daughter of Mr William Russell, Arkaldy.

September 1. At Eastwood Manse, Wood Sinclair, Esq. Leith, to Helen, daughter of the Reverend George Logan.

3. At Dunbar House, Edward Stanley, of Cross Hall, county of Lancaster, Esq. to lady Mary Maitland, second daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

6. At Glasgow, John Kinross, Esq. of Cork, distiller, to Isabella, only daughter of John Gibson, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Kirkcudbright, Captain Dun, of the Gallo-way militia, to Marjory, daughter of Alexander Melville, Esq. of Barwhar.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr James Wright, jun. merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr John Watt, tobacconist, West Nicolson-street.

— At St Mary's, Islington, John Ingleby, Esq. of Holloway, to Miss Euphemia Mack of Dundee.

8. At Paxton House, Rear-Admiral Sir David Milne, K. C. B. &c. &c. to Miss Stephen, daughter of the late George Stephen, Esq. of the island of Grenada.

10. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant E. Payne, 75th regiment, to Mary, only daughter of the late Thomas Brisco, Esq. island of Jamaica.

16. In London, Michael Stewart Nicolson, Esq. of Carnock, eldest son of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart. to Eliza Mary, only daughter of Robert Farquhar, Esq. of Portland Place.

— At Carfrae, John Paterson, Esq. Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, to Jane, second daughter of Robert Hogarth, Esq.

17. At Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, Patrick Dal-laway, Esq. to Mrs Isabella Howie Garson Currie, youngest daughter of the late John Currie, Esq. of Dale Bank.

— At Edinburgh, Adolphus Macdowall Ross, Esq. M. D. second son of the late Colonel Andrew Ross, of the 21st regiment of foot, to Miss Catharine Hume, youngest daughter of David Hume, Esq. Advocate.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr James Anderson, civil engineer and land-surveyor, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr Walker, Prince's-street.

22. At Campbellton, Mr Donald Macmillan, merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Armour, Esq. Campbellton.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr Adam Geddes, to Eliza, second daughter to Mr Richard Fraser.

29. At Hope-street, Leith Walk, this morning, George Crichton, Esq. R. N. to Gifford, eldest daughter of William Allan, Esq. merchant, Leith.

Latcly, In the parish church of Trentham, in the county of Stafford, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Belgrave, eldest son of the earl Grosvenor, to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Mary Leveson Gower, youngest daughter of the most noble the Marquis of Stafford.

Latcly, At Mary-la-bonne, London, John W. Grieve, Esq. of the 2d regiment of Life Guards, to the Honourable Mrs Sydney Bowles, sister to Lord Norwick.

DEATHS.

November 5. At Seharunpore, David Hastie M. D. on the Bengal establishment, formerly of this city.—He fell a victim to a malignant fever, which has carried off great numbers during the last two seasons.

Dec. 30. At Hussingabad, Captain Hugh Inglis Ker, of the 7th Bengal cavalry, youngest son of the deceased William Ker of Kerfield, Esq.

Mr William Auldjo, youngest son of the late George Auldjo, Esq. chief magistrate of Aberdeen. He was first officer of the East India ship, Queen Charlotte, which was totally lost in a hurricane off Madras, on the 24th October last, when all on board unfortunately perished.

Feb. 2. At Sourabaya, Java, Mr Peter Kirkwood, midshipman on board the India ship Marchioness of Exeter, son of Mr P. Kirkwood, late merchant in Dundee.

7. At Allahabad, Bengal, Archibald Murray, Esq. East India Company's civil service, son of the late William Murray, Esq. of Polnaine.

Feb. 18. On the march from Russalpoor to Joulmah, Lieutenant-Colonel Heau, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

— At Calcutta, Mr William Nichol, cooper, formerly of Leith.

March 20. On her passage to Bombay, on board his Majesty's ship Minden, the lady of Rear-Admiral Sir Richard King, Commander-in-chief in the East Indies.

June 4. At Montreal, Mrs Martha Mair, spouse of Mr John Stephenson, merchant, aged 50.

18. Off Porto Rico, during a voyage to Demerara, in the 18th year of his age, Alexander, eldest son of Dugald Campbell, Esq. Achhan.

July 22. At Trinity Cottage, Margaret Stevenson, mother of Lieutenant John Mitchell, R. N. and great aunt to Mrs Abercrombie, jun. Birkenbogue.

31. At Wells, aged 80, the Honourable Samuel Knollis, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Somersetshire. He was one of the few surviving officers who fought and conquered on the plains of Minden.

Aug. 12. After labouring for several years under a paralytic affection, George Langton of Langton, Esq. aged 48; and on the Monday following, worn out by unremitting attendance on him, Mrs Langton, his widow, aged 32.

— At Maxwelltown, Miss Marion Maxwell of Carruchan, in her 79th year.

16. At Dysart, aged 78, John Jamieson, Esq. town-clerk of that burgh, and factor to the Earl of Rosslyn.

16. At Arbroath, Miss Mary Fraser, daughter of John Fraser, Esq. late of Greenlawhill, and granddaughter of General Sir James Wood of Binnington.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnston of Lathrisk, widow of the late David Johnson, Esq. of Lathrisk and Bavelaw.

18. At Aberdeen, Alexander Rhind, Esq. merchant.

— At Loch-head, near Aberdeen, Mrs Simpson, relict of the Rev. Alexander Simpson, minister of Fraserburgh.

19. At Dalkeith, Helen Ramage Murray, youngest daughter of the late William Murray, accountant, Edinburgh.

20. At Gilmore Place, Miss Margaret Scott, daughter of the late Mrs Thomas Scott, Craiglockhart.

— At Eaglescarmie, Mrs Lindsay, of Eaglescarmie, in the 90th year of her age.

21. At Queensferry, Miss Mary Murray.

— Drowned, while bathing in the Isla, Mr John Gordon, surgeon in Keith.

— At Pitcautley, Hugh Morris, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Fairley, writer, aged 42.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Parland, youngest daughter of Mr James Stevenson, merchant.

22. At Dunfermline, Mrs Catharine Beveridge, wife of Mr James Macbean, writer there.

— At Hull, aged 34, Roderic M'Cleod, of the 15th regiment of foot, who fought at the siege of Quebec, under the gallant General Wolfe, and was in various other engagements.

23. At Leckie, Robert Moir, Esq. of Leckie, M. D. aged 88.

— At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Mr Peter Steel, wright, much regretted by a numerous circle of acquaintances.

— At Canaan, Miss St Clair, Benny, aged 14.

— At Castletown, Cathness, Alexander Coghlin, Esq. merchant.

— Mrs Fox, widow of Mr Richard Fox, of the

Blue Bell Inn, Otkey, Yorkshire. Her death was occasioned by putting her legs and feet into cold water, when in a free position which brought a severe affection of the brain.

24 At Kaskue, lady Ruisey of Blimund.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Reid of New cratch upon Tyne, aged 71.

— At Dalkeith, Mr David Chalmers, portmancer, there, aged 80.

— At Bonnington Place, Mrs Mary Oliphant, spouse of William Oliphant.

— At Gilmore Place, Mrs Elizabeth Knox, relict of Mr John Home, land surveyor, Edinburgh, in the 67d year of her age.

— At Bullingate, county of Wiclrow, Ireland, aged 12 years, Major Edward Mundy of the Honourable East India Company's service.

25 Mrs Janet Hannay, wife of James Ogilvie Mack Esq, writer in Edinburgh.

— At Surrey Place, Glasgow, Mr Andrew Oswald, wine and spirit merchant.

26 At his lodgings at Harrowgate, where he had gone for the benefit of the waters, and a few days of his death was awfully sudden. At dinner he appeared to be slightly unwell, but retired to his room as usual, after he had dined, and was found there two hours after, on the point of death. He had retired from the bath some time ago.

— At Gosport Barracks, John C. Cowell, Esq, late Lieutenant (Colonel) Royal Scots.

27 At Hillhead, Mr John Somerville, sen merchant, Glasgow.

28 At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Malcolm, wife of Mr Daniel Robertson, Black Bull Inn.

— At her house, Dunfermline, of a very sudden illness, Mrs Enlay Malcolm, relict of the late Mr Enlay Malcolm, brewer in Dunfermline, aged 51.

29 At South St James's Street, Miss Mary Bell, daughter of the late Andrew Bell, Esq of Craigfootie, Fife.

30 At Stranraer, Patrick Taylor, Esq.

— At Irvine, Mrs H. Reid, wife of Richard Reid, Esq, writer.

— At Sanguhar House, Moray, George Grant, Esq of Burgh.

— At 10 Malvern, lady Coppe, wife of Sir John Coppe, Bart.

31 At Edinburgh, Samuel Kendall, Esq, late of the colony of Barbadoes.

— At his seat at Fulham near Bognor, Dr Cyril Jackson. The doctor has been Dean of Christ Church for 26 years, and was admired for his learning, and revered for his virtue.

— Margaret, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel G. Napier, 7d guards.

32 At Inverness in her 78th year, Jane, relict of the Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat.

— At Craighall, near Brantford, Mrs Hamilton, wife of Mr James Hamilton, accountant general of Fife.

— At Glasgow, Miss Ann Mure, eldest surviving daughter of the late William Mure, Esq, formerly of Lancashire, in the parish of Carlisle.

4 At Saltcoats, Andrew Glasgow, Esq of Deanfoot, Peeblesshire.

— At Rothsay, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, Mrs Wilson, wife of the Rev. Dr Wilson, minister of it, Elrick.

— At Blyth, David Barrington, Esq, late merchant in London.

— At Moncrieff House, George Hugh, son of the late James Mackay, Esq of Scotland.

— At Leith, Mr Robert Thomson, shipmaster there.

— At Edinburgh, Dame Matilda Phereas Cochran, wife of Sir Thomas Cochran, Knt, royal vintner, and daughter of the late Sir Charles Ross of Balmogown, Bart.

5 At Ilogu, Mary Ann, wife of James Roucher, Esq.

— At Bessborough, Miss Maria, Jane Riddell, second daughter of the late Thomas Riddell, Esq, of Bessborough.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Harriet Erskine.

6 At his cottage in Easthorn, Arthur Piggot, M.P. in the 69th year of his age. The death of this eminent lawyer causes a vacancy among the Benchers of the Middle Temple, of which society Sir Arthur was a member.

— At the Palace in Lismore, William de la Poer Bessford, Lord Devis, D.D. Archbishop of Tuam.

— At Canon Park, William Cuthill, Esq, of Banton, aged 82. Mr Cuthill was one of the original founders of the Canon Iron Works, and during the whole course of his active life was engaged in many useful and important undertakings.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Cuthill, widow of the late Dr William Cuthill, minister of Peebles.

8 William Somerville, Esq, Ampleforth.

9 At Aberdeen, William Forbes, Esq, late of Skelton, aged 88.

— At Perth, Jane, only daughter of Mr George Condie, writer.

— At Arbroath, Mrs Rose, widow of the Rev. Patrick Rose.

10 At Edinburgh, Mrs Munro, relict of Daniel Munro, Esq, of Sutherland.

— At Perth, aged 16, Miss Margaret Brown Thomson, eldest daughter of the late Mr George Thomson, married in this city.

11 At Gouthrie, Catherine, daughter of Mr Alexander Gouthrie, book seller in Perth.

— At her house in Oxford street, London, the Right Honourable Lady Isabella, second daughter of the late John Duke of Roxburgh, and the last of the original family of the Earls and Dukes of Roxburgh.

12 At Brompton, near London, aged 17, Robert Dalrymple Horn, eldest son of the late Mr Horn, Liphinstock, of Horn and Lophinstock.

13 On his passage to London, William A. Downes, Esq, auditor of his Majesty's customs in Scotland.

— At Edinburgh, in the 89th year of her age, Mrs Ann Campbell, relict of the late Major Thomas Wood of the royal marines, and daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq, of Otter.

— At Island, in the county of Perth, James J. Wedderburn, eldest son of P. Wedderburn, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Archibald Mercer Mack, when 2d lieutenant of foot.

— At his house in Bury at Fulham, London, William Smith, Esq, in the 88th year of his age, formerly of Drury Lane Theatre.

14 At Edinburgh, Dr Patrick Linday, assistant inspector of hospitals.

15 At Perth, Sarah Ann, infant daughter of Alexander Stephen, Esq, Minister, relict, Edinburgh.

— At Yarmouth, the Right Honourable Lady Collingwood, widow of the late Vice Admiral Collingwood.

— At Fulham House, Sir James Sibbald, Bart.

— At Linderts, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr Messon, Esq, of Linderts.

17 At Edinburgh, Dr William Wemyss, M.D., F.R.S., & F.R.S., late physician to the regent.

20 At his seat in Kent, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart, one of the members for the county.

— At Edinburgh, Lawrence Hume, son of the late son of William Forster, Esq, of Clonmel, Co. Wick.

Lat by At Walsall, Staffordshire, in the 42d year of his age, William Bulger, Esq.

— At Ingonville, on the banks of the Seine, on the morning of the 8th ult. Caroline, daughter of John Lill, Esq, of Comyngham Place, and daughter of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart, Admiral of the Fleet, daughter in law of the Right Hon. Ragnald Pele, & an, and first cousin of the Lord Howard de Walsden.

— The preliminary to her alliance with Colonel Sir Robert Pele, Knight of the Order of Charles III of Spain, & who was in progress at the moment of her lamented dissolution.

The Pavilion was hung in black and illuminated by flambeaux. The remains of this accomplished lady had been embalmed, and lay in state previously to their being brought to England for sepulture.

— Recently, in the Island of Antigua, at the residence of her only son, Samuel Auchinleck, Esq, the representative of the ancient Barons of this ilk, a gallant and distinguished Lowland race, most honourably alluded to in Miss Porter's historical novel of the Scottish Chiefs, Elizabeth, relict of the late Samuel Auchinleck, Esq, many years collector of the customs at Antigua—her memory is endeared to her family and friends by the remembrance of those amiable domestic, humane, and christian virtues which adorned her while living—and render her lamented when dead.

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No. XXXII.

NOVEMBER 1819.

VOL. VI.

Contents.

Horæ Germanicæ, No I. <i>Guilt ; or, the Anniversary. (A Tragedy, from the German of Adolphus Mullner, &c.)</i>	121	The Rector. A Parody on Goldsmith's Country Clergyman in the "Deserted Village".....	197
STATUES. <i>Composed in Shrewood Plantation</i>	136	Character of Sir Thomas Brown as a Writer, by Mr Coleridge.....	ib.
Olden Time.....	ib.	Chevy Chase—Idem Latine redditum.....	199
Restoration of the Parthenon in the National Monument.....	137	De Foe on Apparitions.....	201
Alastor ; or, the Spirit of Solitude : and other Poems. By Percy Bysshe Shelly.....	148	The Warder, No I.	208
Nugæ Canoræ ; by Charles Lloyd.....	154	LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.....	213
On Public Lectures on Works of Imagination at Literary Institutions.....	162	WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.....	216
Recollections, No I. <i>The Cameronians</i>	169	Letters of Mr Ballantyne and Mr Learman, relative to the New Tales of my Landlord.....	217
Notices of the Acted Drama in London, No VII.....	171	MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	219
Remarks on Dr Chalmers' New Work.....	177	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
On the Edinburgh Musical Festival.....	183	Commercial Report.....	223
Don Juan Unread.....	194	Meteorological Report.....	227
Fancy in Nubibus. A Sonnet, composed on the Sea Coast. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.....	196	Appointments, Promotions, &c.....	229
The Negro's Lament for Mungo Park.....	ib.	Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	231

EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH ;
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To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed ;
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We intend, henceforth, to have an Article, in each Number, on the Political affairs of the Country, under the title of "The Warder."

The Analytical Essays on the Old English Drama will most probably be resumed in our next. We are forced, for the sake of variety, occasionally to interrupt the succession of Articles in themselves interesting.

We intend now, according to our promise made some time ago, to present our readers with accounts of the finest German Tragedies—at least six times a year. We are confident that our first specimen, in this number, will give general satisfaction.

Our Cork Correspondent's Letter, though dated 1st October, did not reach us till the 8th of November. We hope to hear from him frequently—and if he wishes to hear from us, he can tell us so.

The Letter sent to us by Mr Abraham Longchops, shews ability—but is by far too long, and we have tried in vain to shorten it.

The same objection applies, even to a greater degree, to the "Legend of Craigmillar Castle." It too is the work of a man of talent, and the opening is very picturesque.

The paper signed O. T. (the signature in pencil marks) it would scarcely be fair in us to publish. But if its author chuses to favour us on some other scientific subject, we believe him to be very able to write well.

N. N.'s remarks on Don Juan do great credit both to his head and heart. But we have already given our opinion of that poem; and though N. N. may have expressed his ideas better and more fully—we do not think that he has added any thing new to what we said on the same subject. His letter is now lying for him with Messrs Cadell and Davies.

For the same reason we must decline inserting another very ingenious paragraph.

John Greencorn writes very good-humouredly and facetiously—but we do not wish to resume the subject of his communication. We send our compliments to the Club. His Article shall be transmitted according to the direction.

A similar cause prevents us from inserting "Sarcasticus."

Viator's second letter in our next.

We intend ourselves to write a short notice of a poem lately published here, called, "Common Sense," by the Rev. Mr Terrot. "Common Place" would have been a more appropriate title.—"Tu quoque," therefore, is laid aside.

Our Unknown Friend in Derbyshire expostulates with us, in a very kind and amiable tone. We hope to improve, upon some of her (for so gentle a person must be a Lady) intelligent suggestions—but as her letter seems intended solely for our own amendment and encouragement, we do not think it necessary to publish it.

Odoherly's first letter on the Errors of the Duke of Wellington in our next.

We have returned to the judicious author (with a letter) "An Account of a Visit to York Minster, &c."

The paper signed W. Old Vennal, Glasgow, probably in our next. Would a letter reach our Correspondent, addressed to him according to the subscription of his note to us?

We regret that we can do nothing for our Islington Correspondent. It is a great hardship, no doubt, not to be permitted interment in a patent coffin—but it does not fall under our jurisdiction. Posthumus must apply to the proper authorities.

It goes to our very heart to reject poetry of any of our fair Contributors. But non-insertion does not imply disapprobation. A Sonnet to Lord Byron, (M. A. C.) in particular, we unwillingly reject—for—though inaccurate in one line or two—it is exceedingly elegant.

"A Young Lady" in our next.

We have received a well-written notice of "Select Sermons from the Danish of Di Nicolas Edenger Balle" (sold by Ogle, Duncan, & Co. London) but we have not yet had an opportunity of reading the Sermons themselves.

Will A favour us with a prose Article?

We are told by C. D. to attempt to please every body. Did he ever make such an attempt? All that we wish is to please a great majority of mankind, and, as C. D. thinks we do so, we hope he will be contented with us; though there should be a few dissentient voices heard crying in the wilderness.

S. S. complains of our severity. No doubt, we have occasionally said a few sharp things; but, on the whole, as Editors go, we are among the best-tempered, and best-humoured, and best-natured of them all. We must take care not to get too tame.

"Man of age thou smitest sore,"

is an exclamation used only by a few Marauders.

Some notice soon of that entertaining little book, "Annals of Peterhead."

We had some other notices to Correspondents, but this one is in danger of falling over the brink of the page. So, for another month farewell.

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HOÆ GERMANICÆ.

No I.

GUILT; OR, THE ANNIVERSARY.

(*A Tragedy, from the German of Adolphus Müllner, &c.*)

THE best German critics of the present day seem to be agreed in thinking very poorly of their own dramatic literature. They are proud indeed, as they ought to be, of a few masterly pieces in which the intellectual subtlety of Lessing—the uncontrollable fire and energy of Schiller—and the matchless union of reason and passion which characterizes the genius of their Goethe, have been abundantly displayed. But they complain, with justice, that no one of these great men has given them such a number of fine works, composed upon one set of principles, and in one form, as might furnish any thing like a model for the erection of a true national literature of the drama. Each of them appears, throughout the whole of his dramatic career, to have been perpetually engaged in the search of some great idea or principle which might comprehend within itself the two elements of novelty and dignity, in such a manner as might render it worthy of lying at the root of a great superstructure destined to convey to the most distant times an adequate expression of the genius of German thought and German feeling. It may be doubted whether this search has been in any one instance successfully terminated by any of the three powerful writers we have named—and it is quite certain, that if such were the case, no one of themselves was ever quite satisfied that it actually was so. Of all Lessing's dramatic works, the Nathan the Wise is the only one which is now

talked of in Germany as quite worthy of his genius; but, in truth, that singular production has very slender claims to the character of a proper drama. It is rather a philosophical romance, composed in a dramatic form—and as a romance, it is certainly one of the very best, both in conception and execution, to be found in the whole body of European literature. There was something exquisitely happy in the idea of choosing for the exhibition of a picture of the various characters of men as modified by the nature of their religious creeds, that fine period when men of so many different persuasions came together under the influence of the most opposite, and yet the most noble of feelings, to rival each other in all the heroism of devotion and chivalry beneath the inspiring sky of Palestine. The very name of Saladin, too, who is the true hero of the piece, possesses a charm beyond which nothing could be desired. It is a thousand and a thousand pities that all the beautiful imagery and passion of the scene and the poet should have been chilled by the coldness of those tenets, the propagation of which was the real object of the whole piece—but this very defect renders it less a matter of regret that the form of the piece, as a work of art, should have been such as it is—and that, therefore, the masterpiece of Lessing should have failed to be a German tragedy.—In like manner, the greatest of all Goethe's works, the Faustus, although it exhibits, in

the highest degree, almost every power necessary for the construction of perfect dramatic poetry, is, after all, a mere sketch, or rather a mere fragment of a mystical romance. The poet himself never dreamt of its being brought upon the stage—and, indeed, without the magic rod of Faustus himself, it would be utterly impossible to bring even any two or three consecutive scenes of it upon any theatre in the world. But Goethe has made many attempts to produce true acting dramas—he has tried every thing from pure imitation of the highest Greek tragedy in his *Iphigenia*, down to the almost prosaic delineation of domestic manners in his *Stella* and *Clavigo*—and at last he seems to have given up the attempt partly from total dissatisfaction with the result, of his own endeavours, and partly, no doubt, from observing the much more triumphant effect produced upon the public mind by those almost boyish works which first made known the name of Schiller. That fiery genius, however, was destined to prove, in the end, nothing more successful than his great master and rival. He has produced no works more perfect or satisfactory in form than Goethe's—and while neither the *Wallenstein*, nor the *William Tell*, nor the *Mary Stuart*, can be placed above the *Egmont*—nor the *Bride of Messina* above the *Iphigenia*—it must be confessed, that among the whole creations of his genius, he has left nothing that can sustain, for richness of invention, for purity and variety and strength of language, any comparison with the *Faustus*. By that most untranslatable of all works, we think the great problem has been effectually solved, and for the first time—of the possibility of possessing and exercising even in immediate juxtaposition, nay, almost in perpetual interfusion with each other, the utmost powers both of clear speculative understanding and mysterious superstitious enthusiasm. If any man living can give any thing like a translation of it, it must be Coleridge—but with all his majestic dreams of imagination, and all his way of sweet and awful numbers, we fear even he would fail to do for *Faustus* the half of what he has done for *Wallenstein*.

Since the death of Schiller, and silence of Goethe, the German drama does not seem to have produced any

thing worthy of being named along with their master-pieces. Imitation is more a passion among the modern German writers than even among our own—and, in general, it may be said, that the stages of Vienna, Berlin, and Weimar have been supplied with little more than caricature regenerations of *The Kobbars* and the *Götz of Berlichingen*, and still more offensive, because more tame, stale, and spiritless copies of the more sustained and regular productions of the same mighty hands. There is much genius no doubt, and much fine passion in some of Henry Collin's plays, particularly, we think, his *Coriolanus*, which bears reading after Shakspeare's a thousand times better than Voltaire's *Brutus* does after the *Julius Cæsar*; but that poet wanted both originality of invention and command of expression to be a founder of any thing, far less to be a founder where such men as his great predecessors had failed. As yet the chasm remains unfilled—but after the extracts we are about to lay before them, our readers may, perhaps, be inclined to hope, that the rising genius of Adolphus Müllner may be destined, if wisely directed by himself, and sustained by the favour of his countrymen, to do much for the removal of the reproach. What would we not give to see such a genius among ourselves bestowing all the fine and free energies of his youth upon our own drama. It is true we have not so much to wish for in that department as the Germans, then, we also would indeed hope, he might fulfil them, would indeed have high honours.

This tragedy, which is the first dramatic piece of regular length and construction that has proceeded from its author, produced a most powerful impression when brought forward on the Vienna stage, and continued during many weeks to form the chief subject of conversation among the highly elegant and cultivated audience of that city. It has since been acted with distinguished success on almost all the other stages of Germany, and has, in fact, already taken a place quite superior to that of any drama written for many years in the language of that country. There are many minor excellencies which have had their share in creating so speedily for the piece this high distinction; but the main cause

of it must, without all doubt, be sought in the profoundness of those views of Man and his whole destiny, which have been embodied by the author in his performance—views which were never before perhaps embodied in any German drama with so much consistent and uniform seriousness of thought, purpose, and expression, but of which scattered traces may be found. In not a few of their most favourite pieces, formed on the Greek model, and in which those who are acquainted with their literature in many of its other branches, will see abundant reason for supposing there is much to harmonize with the prevailing spirit of German thought and philosophy. The interest of this tragedy is deep—it grapples with, and reveals, so far as they can be revealed, many of the most hidden mysteries of the human soul. The elements of feeling, of which it chiefly makes use, are indeed simple elements, unperplexed in the main with any sophistical or phantastic intermixtures, and undisguised by any considerable crowding together of events, incidents, and personages. But the simplicity, both of the story itself, and of the passions which it develops, does not diminish, but very greatly increases the effect of the whole drama.

There is enough to satisfy both the eye and the imagination, and surely there is more than enough to awaken trains of reflection that must be lasting, because they are essentially inexhaustible. The nobility of man, when he falls a free-will offering to his virtue;—his poverty, his misery, when he has sinned against the voice of conscience, and feels himself thenceforth to be a cast-away, a limb dismembered by unworthiness from the harmonious whole of nature;—these are the great and beautiful ideas which this poet has undertaken to illustrate, by his living picture of the workings and the fortunes of humanity. On that picture no man can look without unconcern, for who is he that is so pure and so happy, as to find nothing in such a picture that reflects back some faint image of what has passed within himself? The thoughts that he scarcely dare avow to himself have ever passed across his mind—the feelings that have been smothered—the passions that have been strangled in their evil birth—all these are forced back upon his memory; and in read-

ing the tragedy of GUILT, every man must confess to his own soul, that in much he has been guilty.

The greatest beauty in Müllner's management of his fable, lies in the skillful and yet perfectly natural manner in which he has contrived to exhibit guilt in the fulness of its misery—without so far disgusting us with his guilty hero, as to take from us any part of that lively interest with which fortunes so strange as his are, are formed to be regarded. In this respect there is no play in the world, except only *Macbeth*, that seems to us so fully to satisfy the mind of the reader or the spectator. In the *Bride of Messina*, indeed, there is much of the same merit; but the defect of harmony in the whole tone of feeling and language in that powerful tragedy, is sufficient to counteract, in no slight degree, the deep impression its catastrophe might otherwise have been fitted to create. Imperfectly, notwithstanding, as the moral of that tragedy is brought out by the images of the fable themselves—it is nobly expressed by the chorus in its conclusion; and, in truth, those sublime words (not easily to be rendered) might have formed, with equal propriety, the conclusion of Müllner's tragedy, or of Schiller's.

“Das Leben ist der güter höchstes nicht,
Der übel grösstes aber ist DIE SCHULDE.”

Another great excellence is the author's use of the idea of *Destiny*—the manner in which he has presented that idea throughout, with all its power and mystery, and yet without compromising in any degree the entire freedom and responsibility of the agent. His hero, Hugo, is brought before us as one concerning whom evil action and miserable fortune had been foreboded and predicted even before his birth; and yet, with such truth and power has he given back the image of our mysterious life, that this circumstance does not clash with any of our natural feelings concerning the proprieties of retribution—and we see, that however much of his life may have been foreknown, he was yet master of that life, and the sole artificer of all its issues. In poetry, which is itself the reflection of life, through a medium that both beautifies and magnifies that which it reflects—above all, in such noble poetry as that of Müllner—we are not astonished, that more of the hidden mysteries of life should be seen,

than in ordinary life, as we ourselves contemplate it,—any more than that the palpable features of actual life should be exhibited in such poetry with new freshness and energy of colour and of tone. It is only as if the poet were permitted to have some glimpses of that prescience which we know *does* exist, and amidst our admiration of his genius in its other workings, we scarcely permit ourselves to question the possibility of such things being granted to one so gifted as he is. It is possible, without making any use of this awful idea, to represent, with abundant power and energy, some single tragical event, some one unhappy accident in one man's life ; but without its use it appears to us to be quite impossible to unfold a complete panorama of all that inextricably mingled, and indissolubly connected progress of thoughts and actions in which alone the true and entire tragedy of any man's history can be revealed.

The mother of this Hugo, a Spanish lady, being alarmed by some dark words of a gypsy, which promise nothing but evil for his fortunes, is prevailed upon, in the absence of her husband, to give the boy to her friend, a northern countess, who is anxious to have an heir, and who presents him in that character to her own lord. He is carried to the Scandinavian castle of this lord, and educated there in all the wild freedom and wilder superstition of the north. Ere he has passed the limit of manhood, however, he travels over the world, and is led by his delight in reviewing the recollections of his infancy, to spend some years on the soil of Spain. Knowing nothing of the secrets of his own strange history ; and, in consequence of a change of name, being unknown in like manner to any person in Spain, he forms an intimate friendship with a young nobleman of his own age, and conceives an unfortunate passion for this friend's beautiful wife. After long contending and struggling with his passion, his resolution is at last overcome by the knowledge that his passion is fervently returned. The honour of Elvira is no more, and the suspicions of her lord are soon excited :—in his jealousy he insults Hugo, and kindles thereby the first stirrings of that guilty thought which is destined to lead him to all his misery. He is slain by Hu-

go in the forest—but it is supposed that he had fallen by an accidental discharge of his own fowling-piece—and (amidst many sorrowful fears on her part, and some dark suspicions, but without any actual knowledge or belief of his guilt) he becomes the husband of the beautiful Elvira, who loves and is loved again with all the matchless fervour of southern imagination and southern blood. They leave Spain, carrying with them the son of Elvira by her murdered husband, and take up their abode in the paternal castle of Hugo, where they spend a year in company with Hugo's unmarried sister Bertha, a lady whose pure northern simplicity of virtue and of happiness affords a strange contrast to those tumultuous miseries and pleasures, between which the life of the guilty husband, and the not innocent wife, is divided.

It is on the evening of the day with which this year terminates, that the action of the play commences. Elvira appears alone upon the stage, beguiling the time with the music of her harp in her secret chamber, while Count Oerindur is engaged in the chase among the mountains. A gloomy dread—a presentiment of something about to befall her husband, seems to hang upon her mind ; and the sudden breaking of one of the strings of her instrument is sufficient, in the excited and feverish state of her fancy, to make her give words in solitude to the apprehensions, whose weight she cannot throw from her. The sister of her husband comes into the chamber and observes her alarm—and being informed of its fantastic origin, ridicules her for indulging in it.

Bertha. (*With cheerfulness.*) You know not yet

The ways of northern spirits. It is true, Beyond your Pyrenees, guitars may breathe From shadowy hollows, and terrific steepes, Prophetic music. But, in these cold realms, Spiritual guests another language hold.— Down through the chimney's narrow throat the winds

All blow with swelling cheeks. Then all the doors

At once fly open :—hands invisible Extinguish every light. The affrighted stork, Screaming, departs from the devoted house. The roof-tree cracks, portending sudden fall :—

Owls, great as eagles, at the window peck, While in the chimney-corner, spitting fire, Black cats are stationed ; and at last behold, Dancing in flames of blue and green, appears—

Even a whole armament of darts from hell:
But if you hear not, close upon your ear,
The owl cry,—“HUGO:” you need never
fear
That he will not return.

Elv. (*Reproachfully.*) Bertha!—and yet
Thou mean’st it well;—by jesting wouldst
beguile

And tranquillize my spirit. Oh, were this
But apprehension!

Ber. Say, what is it more?

Elv. Past sufferings now their wonted
power assert,
Even in my inmost heart; for at the chace
Perish’d my husband Carlos—Otto’s father.

Ber. How!—

Elv. He fell, his horse and he together,
And, in the fall, itself by accident
Discharging, his own carbine then gave
The mortal wound.

Ber. Ah! then, forgive, I pray,
My ill-timed mirth. But, tell me, why was
this

So long from me concealed?—

Elv. Thy brother, Bertha,
Shuns all remembrance of that sad event;
For Carlos was his friend, and was to him
Indebted for his life. The creditor
And debtor, more than brothers, loved each
other.

Ber. Thou knew’st my brother, then,
while Carlos lived?

Elv. (*Confused.*) No—yes—

Ber. How’s this?—You leave me a free
choice

Of Yes and No. Thy lord was Hugo’s
friend;—

You must have known each other.

Elv. We—it was—(*After she has by de-
grees forced herself to look up at
BERTHA.*)

thy pure and penetrating mind

I know will seal Elvira’s condemnation;
Yet must I tell thee what has been to me
The overflowing source of anguish. Hugo!—
yes—

I knew him—nay, I LOVED him yet before
The sudden death of Carlos.

(*She turns herself away; BERTHA goes
from her with the expression of dis-
approbation. After a pause, ELVIRA
resumes.*)

Therefore, now,
A leaf that rustles in the evening breeze
Will make me tremble. God has given me
Hugo.—

But still, methinks, just vengeance lies in
wait,

With sharp extended sabre, o’er the head
Of that devoted sinner, that, led on
By passion wild, could dare, though but in
thought,

To anticipate a husband’s early doom.—
Therefore, dread apprehension haunts Elvira,
That she, too soon and suddenly, may lose
The gift bestow’d, but not deserved, of Hea-
ven.

(*BERTHA returns, looking on her as
if with compassion.*)

Ber. That conscience thus disturbs thine
inward peace,

Bear humbly as a purifying penance;
It is my brother Hugo whom thou lovest,
And Hugo’s sister cannot judge Elvira.

(*They embrace with emotion, and go se-
verally to the windows. The rustling
of the wind, already heard, becomes
stronger and more perceptible in the
few moments of silence.*)

Elv. Hear how the wind awakens on the
shore,

And the North sea is roaring. All the stars
Are veil’d in clouds, and from the obscure
horizon

Comes the thick snow, by raging tempests
driven;

And, like the sands of the Arabian desert,
In dusty whirlwinds rises up again,
Covering the numb’d and frozen earth with
wreaths,

Like church-yard mounds, as if to mark the
graves

Of those that in the reckless storm have
perish’d.

(*She comes from the window.*)

To me it rustles, even as if the air
Were filled with vultures’ wings.—Oh Ber-
tha, Bertha!—

Could’st thou but teach me to restrain my
fears

For Hugo’s safety!

Ber. Be composed, I pray you,
With this assurance, that a band of hunters,
On Danish horses mounted, cannot lose
Their way through well-known woods. Be-
sides, when clouds

Obscure the stars, still through the flaky drift
A soft resplendence falls to guide their course,
Even mid the darkest paths of rocky vales.
We call it SNOWLIGHT;—but in your
warm climes

Even is the name unknown.

At this moment the sounds of hunt-
ing are heard faintly, and at a far dis-
tance—and Elvira, believing that her
husband has returned, calls on her son
Otto, to go forth and receive him at
the castle gate. The boy obeys, but
in a short time returns with the intel-
ligence, that a stranger has arrived, an
old knight he says, and a Spaniard, with
a retinue. The boy is delighted with
the sight of their Spanish dresses, and
the music of their Spanish speech—
and he wonders why his mother should
not partake in his innocent joy. The
stranger, however, is hospitably re-
ceived, and after he has been conduct-
ed to his apartment, the conversation
between Elvira and Bertha is resumed.
The sister laments over the changed
manners and ill-concealed unhappiness
of her brother. There is much beauty
in the whole of this dialogue. Elvira
says, towards its conclusion,—

How ? not happy ?—he is mine,
And if he loves me, then he must be so.

Ber. (*With a melancholy smile, and doubt-fully shaking her head.*)

With inward peace his bosom deeply fill'd,
And singing as he goes, when winter comes,
To southern realms the white swan hies away.
Thence duly he returns, with clearer voice,
And lumage more resplendent.—*Not so*
Hugo !

Borne through the azure kingdoms of the
main,

Gaily he went, unruffled as the swan,
Strong as the mountain-eagle. But, alas !
As he went forth, not so did he return
To his paternal hearth and anxious friends.

As in your bosom, so in his prevails
A storm of passions fierce that blaze away
The torch of his internal energy.—
His lock'd up bosom, that but ill conceals
The impulse to wild pleasure ; and his looks
Retiring, dark,—that, when they meet in
yours,

Gleam after gleam of self-destroying fire—
(*She pauses.*)

Ah, these are not the signs of happiness !—
That cannot live, unless where it is fed
By calm repose and peace.

At last word is brought that the
Count is safe, although he has been
in great danger from the assault of a
wild boar—and shortly after he en-
ters the castle. He will not see El-
vira till he has washed the blood from
him—and while he is doing so—once
more Bertha and Elvira are left alone,
and the first act closes with this strik-
ing passage.

Ber. How is it with you, sister ?—Why
are thus
Your looks disturbed ?

Elv. That fearful narrative !—
How vividly all came before my sight !
Oh horrible !

Ber. Exaggeration all !
He who assists to cut away a branch
Makes it a towering tree.

Elv. (*Possessed by her own fancies.*)—
Oh Heaven protect me !

He is a raging tiger !
Ber. (*Surprised.*) Who ?

Elv. Count Hugo.

Ber. Surely you dream.

Elv. Ay, it was a frightful dream.
That on our marriage night o'erpowered my
soul.—

I thought to embrace my husband—when
behold !—

A tiger glar'd upon me.—While I tell it
Even now delirium almost seizes me.—
I could not leave him ;—and I kissed his
claws

And bloody teeth.—*He—*

(*She pauses overpowered by her
imagination.*)

Ber. Phantoms all !—the offspring
Of heated blood.

Elv. Oh no !—too true—too near

Is the resemblance !—Bertha—say your-
self—

Does not the Count now every day become
More wild and daring ?—When he would
embrace me,

I throw myself all shuddering on his breast—
He is indeed a tiger—whom I must
With terror hate ; or even to madness love.

Even while he gently leans himself upon
me,—

Sighs lovingly, with eyes demanding kisses ;
Even then within those eyes a frightful
gleam

Of-times appears, that like the lightning's
flash

Pierces my frame ; and mine own chosen
husband

Seems to me like a wild beast of the forest.
That loves me,—yet might rend me, even
to death !—

(*After a pause and earnestly.*)

May Heaven protect your pure and virgin
heart

From such internal furies, that, conflicting,
Alternate urge me on to hate and love.

(*Exit.*)

Ber. (*Having looked after her.*) Are these
dire sufferings then in fervid climes
Called love ?—(*Deeply moved.*)—Oh had my
brother staid at home !

At the opening of the second act,
Hugo is discovered reposing on a sofa
in his chamber quite exhausted with
his fatigues. His sister Bertha enters,
and a fine and highly dramatic con-
versation ensues between them. Ber-
tha narrates the alarms of Elvira, and
Hugo turns to go to his wife's apart-
ment. Bertha says—

— the wild boar attack'd you,
and you seized

Him in your turn, and conquer'd him like
Sampson,

Or Hercules, that with his hands alone,
A lion could destroy.

Hugo. He is a fool
That Holm—a babbling fool. 'Twas no-
thing.

Chance made the encounter somewhat rough,
and vex'd me.—

Danger there could be none. Yet was the
tale

Not suited for Elvira.

Ber. So it seem'd ;
For almost like a corse with open eyes,
So haggard, and so pale she look'd, when
Holm

The story ended. Scarcely could her limbs
Support her trembling frame. Yourself she
called

A ravenous beast, and then began to tell
A frightful dream, that on her bridal-
night,—

(*HUGO turns to go out.*)

But you are going ?

Hugo. I will go to her.—
If against me her heart has now been turn'd,
I must take care to win it back again.—
'Tis but when absent that Elvira hates me.

Ber. Yet leave her time to be more tranquillized,

Dear brother, and meanwhile impart to me,
Thy faithful Bertha, what in truth it is,
That so disturbs thy peace.—'Tis plain to all,
In your intoxicated looks, the flame
Of mutual passion glows, and you possess
Each other with the church's benediction,

Hugo. (*Half aside.*) The blessing of a priest,—but not of Heaven!

Ber. This union of true hearts will not remain

Unblest by children.—What—I beg you tell me—

What can thus drive you from and to each other.

Even like two ships on a tempestuous sea,
Asunder borne, or on each other dash'd?

Hugo. Know I myself?—Methinks the south and north

Should never kiss each other.—They are poles

Of one straight line divided by their axis.—
If the blind efforts of fierce violence change

That right line to a circle, and tie up
The south and north together, for a space
By force they may be join'd;—but like the steel

Of a bent bow, that circle will return
Ere long to what it was, and so remain.

Ber. To clear up riddles, and afford solution

To anxious doubts like mine, comparisons
Will not suffice.

Hugo. I have no more to give.—

Even to myself, no less than to my friends,
I am a riddle.—In my feverish being
The hostile poles methinks are met together.—

Born in the south, but here bred up I feel
Nor here, nor there, like one that is at home.—

Even as a tree, whose roots dislike the north,

Yet in the south, his branches meet decay;—

Here frozen in the stem, and there with leaves

Inflamed and parch'd.—Together in myself,
I join both cold and heat,—and earth and Heaven,—

Evil and good.

Ber. Delusive visions all!—

Though first in Spain mine eyes beheld the light,

Yet were our parents both from the same stock

Of northern worthies.

Hugo. Thine were so, 'tis true—

My parents were of different origin.

Ber. (*Surprised.*) How?

Hugo starts on perceiving that he has said more than he intended; then becomes tranquil.)

Hugo. There is no reason now,

That I should still conceal, what on the field,

Surrounded by his own victorious troops,
While he lay dying in mine arms, thy father
To me confided.

Ber. Ah!—What must I hear?

Hugo. That I AM NOT THY BROTHER.

Ber. (*Who sinks on a chair, covering her face.*) Oh! poor Bertha! (*Suddenly she springs up again.*)

Good Heavens!—and wherefore?

Hugo. What alarms you thus?

Ber. 'Tis nothing. Pray tell on.

Then follows the whole narrative of Hugo's birth, which had been revealed to him by his supposed father at the moment of death. It is beautifully thrown together, but our limits forbid our yielding to the temptation. At its close—Bertha, who has listened in unbroken silence, exclaims with pathetic emotion.

Ber. Oh, farewell all

My golden dreams of pleasure!

Hugo. What is this?

Bertha, what thus afflicts you?

Ber. Oh, thou NAMELESS!

And can'st thou ask?—Think on our early years?

How we, from youth, grew up even like twin flowers,

That on the self-same stalk together bloom.

I lov'd you;—nay, the fibres of my heart,

With yours were intertwined. A sweet delusion

Sanctioned and rendered holy my attachment.

(*In tears.*) Now is the magic seal in pieces broke;

My heart is broken with it.

Hugo. Bertha!—girl!—

Forget what Hugo said—love him again,
And he shall ever as a brother love thee.

Ber. (*After a long negative shaking of the head.**)

Oh, no!—The dream is past and gone.—
The days

Of innocent love are past. No more shall I,

Embrace thee.—Thou art not an OERINOUR.

Between a sister's and a woman's love

The veil is rent asunder. From this roof,

My father's castle, where thy silence held me,

If so thy countess wills, I must away. (*Exit.*)

Shortly after the boy Otto enters; he comes to inform the count of the arrival of the Spanish stranger. Ere he has done speaking Elvira enters: Bertha has been telling her the strange story just communicated by Hugo—and Elvira, in her wildness, has conceived jealousy of Bertha, now no more believed to be the sister of her lord. Hugo repels her suspicions—and after

a pause, Elvira thus speaks—tremblingly
Hugo! can'st thou forgive me?

Hugo. I deplore

Thy misery and my own.

Elv. Can Bertha?

Hugo. Freely.—

She in her heart is conscious of no crime;—
She can look boldly, and defy suspicion—
But we have not even power to trust ourselves,

(*Half aside.*) If e'er we cast our eyes upon
the past!—

Elv. (*Alarmed.*) Hugo! Why these remembrances?—

The wife

Of Carlos lov'd thee; and for this, in turn,
Now feels the raging pangs of jealousy.

Hugo. (*In a hollow voice.*) To-day?—

Ay, ay! This day is still accursed.

Elv. (*Anxiously.*) To-day!—What mean'st thou?—

Hugo. Was it not the time

When Carlos perish'd?—

Elv. (*Covering her face.*) Oh, Almighty Powers!

(*The candles are gradually burnt out, and the stage becomes obscure.*)

Hugo. Remember'st thou how, in the chapel then,

Surrounded by the coffins of thy fathers,
We met in secret, 'mid the mouldering graves.

Sadness without, but mutual joy within?

How then and there—

Elv. Hold—hold! or thou wilt kill me.

Hugo. (*After a considerable pause, and at last with superstitious terror.*)

If now he were to come, at this dark hour,
When love at last, by its own fire consumed,
Burnt out even like those candles, laughs no more

In either heart—if out of these grim vaults
He came as a remembrancer!

Elv. (*Shuddering.*) O horrible!

(*A short stillness; afterwards knocking at the door. HUGO and ELVIRA support each other.*)

Hugo, Elv. (*Together.*) Ha!—

This last exclamation is called out by the entrance of the Spanish guest—in his lofty lineaments and air, Hugo recognises at once the father of the murdered Don Carlos. The old man had been absent for many years in America, and bearing, on his return to Spain, the calamitous issue of his son's life—he has come hither to see in the North the only remaining heir of his family—the child of Carlos and Elvira. It soon appears, however, that far other thoughts have had at least as large a share in the motives of his journey. His fears had been excited by the appearance of his son's embalmed body—and an unconscious suspicion has haunted him till he resolved to

satisfy it by seeing the husband of Elvira. The confusion of Hugo, on hearing the narrative of Don Valeros—his wanderings—his purposes—and his hopes—for he says more than enough to awaken all the alarms of that guilty conscience—is terrible to Elvira, and confirms too well the suspicions of the Spaniard.

Some of the finest scenes in the tragedy occur in the third act. The suspicions of Don Valeros are alternately lulled asleep and awakened again by the favourable representation he receives of Hugo's character from the lips of the boy Otto, and the native nobility of Hugo's dispositions as manifested in many of his own words, on the one hand;—and by hints of the truth darker and darker every moment which fall from Hugo himself on the other—till his anxiety is at last wrought up to a pitch of anguish.

Val. Are you quite sure?

Otto. Nay, there was ample proof. Count Hugo once in public risk'd his life To save my father.

Val. Was it so?

Otto. Most certain.

Val. But how—and where?

Otto. Now, only hear my story.—

'Twas at a bull-fight—one of those encounters

Where the bull only is to be enraged.—

Before the sport began, my father came,
Guiding some foreign ladies from above,
Down to the ring below;—where they desired

Something—(I know not what)—to view more nearly.

There suddenly, a door by negligence
Left insecure sprang open; and we heard
On every side loud screams—"The bull!—the bull!"—

The ladies fled; and in their consternation
Lock'd up my father with the raging beast.—
"Where are the dogs?—Unkennel them!"

This cry

Succeeded,—but no dogs appear'd.—The monster

Whetting his horns, with lowering aspect then
Began his dread attack.—Then louder screams!—

"He's lost! he's gone!" with horror fill'd our ears.—

But on the instant sprung like lightning down

From his high seat, the Count—

Val. (*Interrupting him.*) Aye—that was brave!—

Otto. Then drew his sword, and boldly struck the beast,

Who raging turn'd; but that first stab was mortal;—

When Hugo was assailing him again,
He fell down with an hideous roar convulsed,

And stretch'd ere long his stiffening limbs
in death.—

Then with loud shouts of wonder and applause

The place resounded !

Val. But did'st thou behold

That noble feat ?

Otto. Yes, I was there.

Val. (Aside.) Aye—this

Has overpower'd my horrible suspicions ;

And even in this mysterious house again

I freely breathe.—(*To OTTO.*)—Now, for
your narrative

Of such a noble Spanish deed, I thank you.

Again, when Hugo and Valeros
converse alone ;—nothing can be finer
than this dialogue :

Hugo. —You are a father—and you
weep the loss

Of a loved son.—I LOST MYSELF IN
HIM !

Like an enchanter did that man divide me
Into two separate existences ;—

And as in life—so in his death he proved
The source, at once, of happiness and woe.

Val. (Doubting, and surprised.) How ?

Hugo. Once upon a time a pious knight
Through an enchanted forest rode, and there
Forgot to cross himself. Then suddenly

A Pagan fell upon him, who display'd
A form, cuirass, and helmet, like his own.

They fought together, (while the evening
closed)

Till, mutually, a furious encounter
Struck to the ground both visors, and with
horror,

Each combatant, by supernatural light,
Saw his own features glaring out upon him
From his opponent's head-piece. And,
thereafter,

When the light faded, the blind influences
Of darkness either champion impell'd
To hack and hew his enemy with wounds,
That his own limbs most painfully sus-
tained.—

So, since my wandering steps within the
house

Of Carlos brought me, I have fall'n asunder
Into two separate beings, that support
A ceaseless warfare.

Val. Such discourse to me
Is most obscure ; and yet thou paint'st in
riddles

A not unfit resemblance of what I
Myself experience in the alternate impulse
Now to join hearts with thee—and now to
hate thee !

Hugo. So have I also felt towards thee.

Val. Which impulse

Then must I follow ?

*Hugo. (After a short silence, in a severe
tone.)*

Hate me !

Val. This to avert,

Prove that thou hast not merited my hatred.

Hugo. (without looking up.) Then love
me !

VOL. VI.

Val. But if so, methinks, it follows,
I must abhor your wife.

Hugo. (Starting.) How so ?—Wha
mean'st thou ?

Val. In truth, my Lord, I mean that
one of you,

I know not which, has been unjust to Carlos.

Hugo. Indeed !—Then fix the crime on
me alone ;

Because on me thou can'st avenge the wrong
With sword in hand.

Val. All voices plead for thee
That I have heard in Spain. All styled you
there,

THE FRIENDS.

Hugo. (Much moved.) Aye, so we were.—

Take not, I pray,

The words in ordinary acceptance.

Our lives resembled, then, two mountain
streams,

That, singly, when they wind around the
cliffs

Can scarce a fisherman's light bark sustain ;

But, when united, they rush nobly on,

Both richer by that union, and admired

By all around—then lightly dance the
waves,

Triumphant, bearing loaded ships along.

Val. If this comparison is just, you were
In truth most enviable. Where, and how,
United were the streams ?

Hugo. Bereft of parents—by no brother
aided—

To none allied—I came to Talavera,

The abode of many a noble family,

Where courteously I was received. Don
Carlos,

Whose residence was there, until the king

Appointed him an office at Tortosa,

With hospitable kindness welcomed me :

His house became like my paternal home ;

Mysteriously it seem'd that the same rooms
Which then I saw, had shelter'd me in
childhood ;—

The same ancestral portraits frown'd upon
me ;

And faces like to them, and his, and thine,
Had round my cradle stood. The home I
sought

Was found at last ;—Carlos and I were
one ;—

His son became my child—Elvira then

Was to me like a sister. (*With painful
emotion.*)

Oh my Carlos !—

Val. (Affected.) Excellent man ? No—
he who thus had loved

Could not so fall !

Hugo. (Startled.) How ?—not ?—

Val. Let me not utter

That which even to have thought I am
ashamed !

What you were to my son, be now to me—
A FRIEND !

Hugo. (fixing his eyes on him.) To YOU ?

—Aye—you may venture it,—

You have no tempting wife.

Val. (With horror, stepping back.) My
lord !—

Hugo. (Suddenly, and in a deprest tone.)

Judge not!—

Thou art a man, composed of soul and body—

One day, may be Heaven's denizen;—to-morrow,

The slave of hell! *(Freely, and more quickly.)*

Go reckon with THE SUN,

That comes too near our foreheads in the south,

For the lost golden joys of Innocence—

That looks unguarded, and the impulse wild

Of heated blood for ever has destroyed!—

(After a pause.) Now, dost thou know the knight of whom I told,

That in the gloom of an enchanted wood Contended with himself? Hast thou compas-

sion For him who loved his friend with heart sincere,

Yet loved his friend's wife more? Or sympathy

With anguish such as mine, when I embrace

The widow of Don Carlos, and behold

(So it appears to my distemper'd brain)

His angry spectre frowning still upon me?

Val. My lord, have I received full explanation?

Is this then ALL?

Hugo. (Recollecting himself.) Yes—all that I dare tell

Of the sad history.

Val. (After a pause.) Spirits blest, in heaven,

They only can be pure. I do lament Thy sufferings, Count.—May Heaven in mercy judge thee!—

Hugo. (Half aside.) Amen!—

Val. Your ladies come.

Hugo. (Suddenly.) Receive Elvira

As one who merits friendship.—She is guiltless.

In the same act the secret of Hugo's real parentage is first disclosed to him in the course of a very skilfully conducted conversation, in which he and Valeros, and Elvira, and Bertha, all bear a part—each contributing some separate item of knowledge,—the aggregate of which, as our readers may already have suspected, amounts to nothing less than a complete proof that the Spanish lady who gave away Hugo to the northern countess, was the wife of Don Valeros, and that consequently he has married the widow of his brother. The other, and the far more fearful truth which is thus forced upon his guilty mind of Count Hugo, is Elvira, in like manner, suspected by far others; but nothing can surpass large a shanner in which the disclosure ney. Truth is wrung from the remorse the appricide himself in the anguish of body—governable spirit.

has her

Val. Ah! there is no doubt,—

'Tis she! And, Oerindur! thy name is Otto!

THOU ART MY SON!

(He wishes to embrace him. Hugo resists him with outstretched arm, and turns away his face.)

Ber. My lord, compose yourself.

The whole affair is clear.

Hugo. (In a hollow voice.) Clear!—Aye, indeed,—

Clear as the lurid flames of yawning hell, That now are laughing out into the night, Rendering the footways visible whereby The devil walks on earth!—

Val. Count Oerindur!

I stand perplex'd before thee—

Elv. Can'st thou not

Explain what moves thee thus?

Hugo. Oh, it would kill thee!

Such knowledge to contain, no mortal breast Affords fit space.

Ber. Nay, speak—it must be told!

Hugo. By dreams and gipsy prophecies, to those

Who listen and believe, hell threatens danger.

Thereby the light of reason is obscured—

The senses all disorder'd—deeds insane

Forthwith are done; and horrid guilt incur'd,

Even through the stratagems employed to shun it.

(Solemnly.) Mother! before the judgment-seat, on thee

Must fall a share of this foul crime!—

Elv. (Suspecting.) Oh Heaven!—

Hugo. Fly to its mercy!

Val. (Also with suspicion.) Otto!—

Hugo. CAIN, say rather!—

Cain, the accurs'd!—By this hand Carlos fell.

(Valeros staggers, and falls into a chair.

Bertha starts back with horror.

Elv. (Who turns herself away; her hands folded and reversed upon her forehead, and cries out, thinking of her dream.)

Tiger! *(She faints.)*

Ber. (Hastening to her.) Oh God! She dies!

Hugo. (Approaching Valeros slowly, with compassion.)

You sought a son,

Whom you had lost, ere he beheld his father.

Woe to the eyes that found him out at last, And cannot weep!

Val. (Raising himself up with difficulty.)

Curs'd be the day whose light

Thou first beheld'st—the womb that brought thee forth—

The breasts that fed thee—Monster! whom the north

Rear'd up for murder, and the southern heat

Matured!—*(He sinks exhausted back into a chair.)*

Ber. (Still busied with Elvira.) Oh, had I not unveil'd this horror!

Hugo. Aye, this at last is consolation.
Mark me!
That which I knew alone, and which from
others,
(That so the innocent might not partake
Its dread effects) with pain I have conceal'd,—

That secret was a slow and wasting fire
That raged within my breast, as in a house
Whose doors and windows all are closely
barr'd,—

But cold and heat alternate reign'd within
me;—

Contending pain and pleasure;—for the
heart

Wherein flame rages thus to cool itself
By pain and pleasure strives. Even like
his hounds,

In toil and blood the hunter finds repose.—
(*Breathing more freely.*) But this is consolation!—the fierce flames

Broke forth into the day-light with the
words

Which desperately I utter'd. Now comes
peace,—

Burnt out at last, and tranquil stands the
ruin!

El. (*Who has raised herself up in the
arms of Bertha.*)

Bertha? why wilt thou not in mercy let
My bonds of life be broken?—*(Staring forward.)*

Carlos' Ghost,
Blood-stain'd, is pointing to his wound,—
and now,

His threatening arm is rais'd against my
husband.—

Fal. Ah! 'tis too true—all direfully confirm'd!

The obscure presentiments that led me on
Were but the longing and the natural horror
To meet, thus face to face, the murderer!—
HE IS MY SON!

The struggle of the father's feelings
at last ends in his commanding his son
to repair to Rome, and seek from the
common father of the faithful that
pardon which he only, as the vicar of
God upon earth, is supposed to have
the power of granting. But Bertha,
who is a protestant, conjures Hugo to
adhere to the faith in which he had
been bred, and not by apostacy add
new guilt to his overburdened soul.
Hugo exclaims as follows, and with
this the act terminates.

I am a Christian and a man. Too well
I know that words alone may not efface
The stain of fratricide.—(*Disturbed and earnestly.*)

But to the sinner
Remains another dome; a prouder vault
Than aught that Rome can boast! And
this to all

Who trust in God, whatever be their creed;
Is open. Proudly arch'd, and sapphire blue,
Rises this vault magnificent on high!—

And there, even at the dark hour, you behold

Pictures, with sparkling diamonds surrounded.

Five of those look down on me, and present

Of my own life the portraiture; for there
I find a BULL; two BROTHERS, and a

WOMAN,
(Sovereign in charms) an ARCHER and a
SCORPION

In morning's early beams, those symbols
fade,

And in a wide area, there is risen
An altar for a sacrifice. Then come

The pious crowd, assembling to behold
(While solemn dirges sound) the victim wait

His final doom.—(*He pauses for a moment.*)

Know'st thou this altar? Fools
Name it a SCAFFOLD!

(*All are visibly startled. He concludes
firmly and rapidly.*)

There, and only there,
A blessing can be gain'd. The axe alone

Can reconcile me with myself—or Heaven!
(*Exit suddenly.*)

It is in this third act that the whole
burning interest of the tragedy is
concentrated. Here every thing is
pressed together and conglomerated
to bring out the full measure of
Hugo's guilt, and to prepare us
for the consummation of his fearful
destiny. Nor can any thing be to our
mind more admirable than the deep and
pathetic and unfailing power with which
the poet has extricated himself from
the difficulty of drawing out of so few
persons, each of them in part ignorant,
a secret made up of so many minute
circumstances,—and yet, presenting,
when once revealed, such an easy and
satisfactory fullness of effect.
Above all, it appears to us that there is
masterly beauty in the episodic character
of the child Otto. The boy moves
among things of horror without suspecting
the least of that which has
heaped so much misery on the halls of
Oerindur. His pure spirit walks uncontaminated
even by the dread of guilt, amidst all the
glowing embers of guilt—passion—repentance—remorse—
vengeance—and desired death.
With a true poetical reverence for the
dignity of his innocence, the tragedian
has continued to keep the boy clear,
and removed from all his most violent
spectacles of struggling passion; and yet
he has made a part, and that, too, a great
part of the fatal story, to be gathered
from the lips of the innocent; and besides
has introduced him ever and anon to increase,
by the contrast of his unsuspecting simplicity, the

terror inspired by the other agents of the piece. Throughout, the boy's character and behaviour are made to furnish a new point of view from which the whole scene is viewed with emotions of a nature much opposite to the principal one—and yet harmonizing in most delicate union with it—tempering it and us by its tenderness—without in the least distracting our conceptions or our interest of terror. He is a beautiful personification of the loveliness of those infant years—when the world, and all that it inhabit, are seen through the medium of joy and confidence, and reposing love, and the convulsions of intellect, and the storms of passion rave all around, without obscuring for a moment the bright serenity of the faith of youth—

Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark—substantial black—
An Ebon mass—methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
There is thine own calm home, thy chrystal
shrine—
Thy habitation from eternity!

At the close of this act the reader feels irresistibly that he stands on the threshold of some scene of visible horror—and that in blood alone can all these fierce flames of polluted love and guilty conscience be quenched. It is clear that the moment of earthly expiation is at hand for the sinner; that if the world could bear him, he can no more bear the world; and that to die is all that remains for Hugo. Elvira also, though far less guilty than he, is a part of him; it is impossible to dream of those whose union has been bought at so dear a price being separated from each other. They live but in each other's existence; they have dared all the scorns of the world to be united—a dark necessity has intertwined inextricably all their hopes and wishes—and imperfect pleasures—and ill-concealed miseries: they are one in life—and we feel, that, without a sin against nature, they cannot be represented as otherwise than one in their death. Clearly, however, as the catastrophe is foreseen, we have no conception by what means it is to be brought about. And great is the art which the poet has exhibited in bringing it about—preparing the persons themselves gradually and surely for the issue—leading them step by step to the

see an entire and perfect termination to all the earthly darkness of their destinies.

The first idea of Hugo, as we have seen, is to deliver himself up to justice, and expiate his guilt upon the scaffold; but the Spanish pride of Valeros rejects this idea with horror. Bertha proposes that her brother should offer himself to take the command of an armament about to proceed against an invading enemy—there to meet an honourable death; or, if he survives, to wash out by his heroism the remembrance of his sins. She mentions this first to Elvira, who shudders at the notion of being separated from him—even now in his despair.—In her first emotion, she says to Bertha—

Cruel woman!—
Because he cannot wholly be thine own,
Thou dost set him to destruction!—
Ber. (With dignity.) To destruction!—
The polar star that guides the mariner,
Dies only with the world. He whom I love,
Dies but with me. Still cherish'd in my soul
As in the artist's gifted mind exists
The beautiful IDEAL! He partakes not
The fate of perishable mortal frames
That are desir'd—possess'd—and turn'd to
dust—
Only the stains, that on the picture still
Are visible, disturb imagination—
Therefore let Hugo go, and with the sword
Defend his country! So even in his death
Methinks a purer life he shall acquire!
Elv. (With increasing vehemence.)
Ay—thus proud woman! even on earth be-
low,
Thou can'st belong to heaven, and contem-
plate
The soul abstract from its corporeal frame,—
Renown from life. I cannot!—What I
love
Seems indivisible. When I embrace
My husband, he is all the world to me,—
And Bertha shall not rob me of mine em-
pire.
Ber. Let him decide. I hear him now
approaching.

Hugo comes in pale and disordered; and having heard the proposal of Bertha, accepts it with eagerness, but with far different views from what she had contemplated. Before this, however, he bursts into a passionate lamentation over the conduct of his mother—to whose charge a part at least of his guilt should be ascribed. Bertha says,

Ber. May God forgive her errors!
Hugo. Had thy mother
Not told the secret, I had not been lost!—

'Twas this that drove me from the pea-
north

Into the burning clime where love is rage,
And heated blood to murder instigates.

(*Half aside.*) Crimes whilst they but ex-
ist in thought, are nothing;

And when in silent darkness perpetrated,
They still are nothing while the heart and
lips

Can guard the secret.

(*To BERTHA, with more vivacity.*)

M. you!—these are snares

That hell employs. Because man has the
power

In sinful thoughts to revel uncontroll'd,
The devil draws him on to realize them;

Believing in the breast's obscurity

To veil his actions, as he veil'd his
thoughts.—

Then patiently must be endur'd the load
On thine own shoulders by thyself imposed.
But weaker grow thy steps; and heavier
still,

At every step, thy burden; till at last
The bearer's limbs are broken, and he falls,
And tears with him, to the profound abyss,
Wife!—father! (*He groans deeply.*) Oh!

Ber. (Agitated, and half aside.) Alas!
this is beyond

The power of the physician!

Then comes the proposal; it is thus
he receives it:

Ha! gentle Dove! Where hast thou
learn'd so well

What fits the ravenous vulture?

This indeed
Affords the cure. I thank thee, mild phy-
sician!

Who heal'st with fire and sword!

(*With inflamed looks.*) BLOOD WILL HAVE
BLOOD!

Ber. (Agitated, and turning from him.)

Oh, Heaven!

Hugo, A man,—were it a brother—
murder'd—

Shot by a coward and insidious aim,—'tis
nothing!

Too much indeed for conscience, but too
little

To satisfy the cravings of an Hell,

Whose flames are thereby nurtured.

(*With increasing effect.*) With mankind
I will have bloody reckoning, even for this,
That I was born a man, and like to man
From innocence have fall'n.

No longer now

On single victims, but on MULTITUDES

My arm will bring destruction. I will sow

The bloody fields with mangled carcasses.

Towns fortified the firebrand will assail,

And though the pious should implore for
mercy,

Devote their peaceful homes to raging
flames,

That crackling flash on high, and fill the
streets

With heat and horror. O'er the piled up
dead

Is the last rampart storm'd. The gates are
shatter'd.

The troops, to madness, rous'd up by the
blood

Of their fall'n comrades, rush with shouts of
triumph

Amid the lamentations; merciless,

With female blood pollute the sacred altar:

Or, by the white hair, tender children drag

And whelm them in the flames.

(*More slowly.*)—Then when the day

Of glory is concluded, and the victor

Binds up his tigers;—when the cries of
death

Have pass'd away, and night's obscurity
Conceals the ruin'd town, then lamps are
kindled,

And from the half-burnt churches thou shalt
hear

“Te Deum!” wailing forth.

Ber. (Shuddering.) Oh, horrible!—

I had no thoughts like these. I wish'd
thee rather

(*Humanely—risking thine own life*) to
rescue

Thy countrymen from hostile chains. The
laurel

Might thus adorn thy temples, and conceal
The fratricidal brand upon thy brow.

Hugo. Well then! my disposition is not
evil—

Those frightful images were but the game
Of fantasy. I know what thou intend'st—

That I should die, and bury far from home
My foul disgrace and misery.

Ber. (Leaning on him, and weeping.) Oh,
my brother!

Hugo. (Moved.) See now—thou weep'st;
Think'st thou I fear to die?—

DEATH HAS FAR LESS OF TERROR THAN
REPENTANCE!—

The dead perchance are happy.

Yet even here his soul makes mani-
fest its pollution, and a new thought

Of guilt enters his mind.

Hugo. It shall—by Heaven it shall!

Dispatch that letter. The lost provinces

Shall be re-captured;—but not for the king:

They shall belong unto the conqueror.—

I will exalt the injur'd exil'd son

High on the throne of power;—will sow

with diamonds

Elvira's rich dark tresses; till like stars,

They dazzle every eye.—I will adorn

Her temples with the regal coronet;

Her graceful form with gold embroider'd

purple;

Then to my heart the lovely woman press,

And die of pleasure—Haste!—It shall be
done.—

Ber. Ay, true, indeed! Hell will not
let escape

Whom it has once o'ercome. Even as the
needle,

Touch'd by the magnet, ever seeks the north,
So he that once by guilt has been defiled,

Turns ever more to evil.

Hugo. What hast thou

So wicked found in my designs?

Bar. (Sternly.) High treason !
Treachery and devastation !—Woe to thee !
The influence of a father's curse is on thee !

Hugo (After a short pause) *Ay—thou
art in the right I am indeed
I callin' !*

Bar. Hugo, be composed !—The secret
So suddenly disclosed, has, like a flash
Of lightning, stunn'd thee. What, in such
a trance,
Thou dream'd'st of evil, thou wouldst not
not fulfill,
If once awake !—

Hugo Indeed ?—yet in thy breast
The thought first rose—therefore it must be
good.

Bar. It was at least intended well. But
yet

An inexperienced maid may strive in vain
To look into the heart of man.

Hugo Not so —
Thou hast decided well. The die is cast.

After the departure of the females,
there comes a fine soliloquy of Hugo,
in which it is easy to see that his spirit
is brooding upon the idea of imme-
diate self-destruction ; but the imita-
tion of Hamlet is here too evident, and
the poetry far far inferior. He is in-
terrupted by Valero—and there fol-
lows a scene which is, perhaps, the
most daring in the tragedy, and which,
although we have far transgressed our
limits, we cannot resist giving entire.
It is quite worthy of a Ford or a Web-
ster.

HUGO, VALEROS. *His sword at his side,
and carrying another cautiously concealed
under his cloak.*

Val. (Yet in the back-ground, and in a
deep protracted tone.) ORTO !

Hugo. (Who starts violently, and his
knees tremble as he turns towards the
door) Oh, is it you ?

Val. (Coming forward.) Wherefore are
you thus trembling !

Hugo Your voice ! It seem'd almost that
Carlos called.

Val. (Half aside.) Indeed !—Who
knows ?—

Hugo. (Disquieted.) Then will you not
retire

To rest ?—But you are armed !—And
wherefore thus,
At such an hour ?

Val. To arms a Spaniard still
Resorts where'er his name has been dis-
grac'd.

Hugo. Be quiet—I know all.

Val. What ?

Hugo. For thy sake,
And Bertha's, and Elvira's, I must forfeit
That last resource of ordinary sinners—
Before the people to kneel down and gain
The church's absolution. Yet the curse—
So Bertha told me—the dark influence
Of that paternal curse still hovers o'er me,

And drives me restless on to wickedness—
Could you not break the fearful spell ?

Val. (Unimpassioned, but firmly.) Ri-

VI 461

Dissolves it. Therefore, as you see me here,
Arm'd I have sought you.

Hugo. (Stepping back.) What ? You
would that !—

Val. (Throwing, from a short distance the
sword that he carried under his cloak,
without violence, at Hugo's feet)

As it may happen !—I would have you
fight !

Hugo. That God forbid !—Against a
father ?

Val. Aye—

The father of thy victim !

Hugo. With a man

In years ?

Val. This is no knightly tournament
Not strength but skill these weapons will
require.

Hugo. (Awakened.) Can you not think

Val. I have resolved. The secret
Is known to women—therefore will trans-
pire ;

And Carlos, unrevenge'd, may not remain
The stain of fratricide, in such a house.
As mine, by Heaven ! blood only can efface
Nay, more—this is the ANNIVERSARY !
He fell to-day ; and therefore now shall I tell
The murderer of my Charles or I !

Hugo. (Shuddering.) Alas !—
Could'st thou but read my soul ?

Val. Well may the combat

To thee seem horrible.—but as a debt
Thou ow'st it unto me. Now Love and
Hate,

Nature and Duty, all contending, tear
Thy father's heart ; and by the sword alone
Peace can be found.—So draw, and guard
thyself !

Hugo. Oh, never. Momentary impulse
rules

Our actions. It might be, that when the
sword

Approach'd my heart, the love of life might
seize me,

And I might kill thee !

Val. Well so much the better !

Hug. And, if the father or the son pre-
vail'd,

Then would thy life be forfeit to the laws
That in this kingdom strongly—

Val. (Interrupting him, and proudly)

Who has taught thee
To draw such false conclusions ?—Don Vi-
leros

Owens upon earth one king alone, who rules
Two southern worlds. Here in the foreign
north

No laws can us controul.—If thou should'st
fall,

Then by the proper chieftain of thy house,
Has God decreed thy punishment. Come
on !—

Hugo. Oh, kill me rather !—

Val. (Significantly.) Like a coward !—
No—

That is no trade of mine !

*Hugo. (Feeling the rebuke.) Trade?—
(Then with a mixture of supplication and warning.)—Father!*

Val. Come on, I say! we may be interrupted.—

Will thou not fight?—

Hugo. (Depressed.) No!

*Val. How!—Thou bear'st the name
Of two heroic lines, and art a coward?*

*Hugo. (Forgetting himself.) Who dared
to say so?*

Val. Coward and assassin!—

*Hugo. (Enraged, takes up the sword.)—
Death and hell!*

*Val. (Stations himself, and draws his
sword.)*

At last!—Thou roused up Tiger,

*Unsheath thy sword!—Fall on!—have at
my heart!—*

Hugo. (After a short pause of recollection.) No!—cursed

*No!—curs'd for ever be this hand, if now,
It bears the steel!*

*(He breaks the sword, still in the scabbard,
close over by the hilt—and throws
both pieces behind him.)*

Go—and may rust devour thee!

Val. (Struggling with unconquerable rage.)

*Ha!—cattiff! if thou dar'st not risque the
combat,*

Then die at once!—

*(He suddenly takes his sword, and turns
it in his hand like a dagger.)*

We cannot both survive!

When Valeros is just about to stab Hugo, they are interrupted by Elvira—and another beautiful scene occurs which ends in the reconciliation of the father and the son—a reconciliation which is not the less deep and tender, because neither of the reconciled entertains any prospect of felicity either for himself or in the other. After this, the unhappy pair are left alone upon the scene, and we feel that the presence of any third individual would be a profanation of their retirement, and a needless insult to that love which even in guilt preserves something of its nobility. A deep stillness prevails for some minutes, during which Hugo sits on his chair, and prays with apparent tranquillity in silence. Elvira kneels by her harp opposite to him, and prays also earnestly, but without moving her lips. The clock strikes twelve; and the Anniversary of Guilt is at a close. A slight shuddering seizes Elvira—she rises slowly from prayer, and calmness is spread over her countenance. Hugo, when the clock has ceased striking, rises slowly from his chair and approaches Elvira.

*Hugo. The hour has call'd! Sweet wife,
Now give me what thou hast, and I require!*

Elv. Oh! I can understand thee—

(She draws forth the dagger.)

It is this?

Hugo. Its place was on my heart—

Elv. And thou shall have it!

(Embracing him with ardour.)

Farewell!—until we meet again!

Hugo. Aye—there

*Where sister, friend, and wife at last unites.
The same chaste bond. Then give it me—
and fly!*

Elv. Softly!

*(She rises from him, and takes hold
with her left hand of the harp, which
rests on a chair; then adds resolutely,
and with dignity.)*

To me, even as to thee, for ever

*Is peace destroy'd; and equally has guilt
Oppress'd my soul. Now, therefore, since
the time*

*Has come for parting, I shall boldly go
Before thee through the dark and unknown
path*

That leads to life eternal.

*She stabs herself; her knees falter,
the harp falls sliding from the chair to
the ground, and she sinks down upon
it, holding the dagger in her right
hand.*

At this moment the whole persons of the drama rush in, alarmed by the noise of Hugo's fall—but we cannot quote any part of the heart-rending scene which follows. As soon as both have expired, Don Valeros draws the dagger from the wound of Hugo, and exclaims

If the spirit

*When thus the body falls, is free—then
come,*

Oh friendly steel; and give me freedom too!

*Bertha wrests the dagger from him,
and says,*

*Knight! be a man!—Kneels not your
grandson here?*

*Val. And can'st thou live, if thou indeed
hast loved him?—*

*Ber. I am a Christian;—only those
whom GUILT*

*Or madness rules, are suicides. Be thine
To live, even for this orphan boy,*

Otto. Oh Heaven!

And wherefore are these horrible events?

*Ber. Enquirest thou why stars arise and
set?*

That only which exists is clear below—

More only can the judgment-day reveal.

(The curtain falls.)

Such is the termination of this noble tragedy—we feel that no words of ours could add any thing to the effect it must produce.

One word, however, before we close the column, concerning the translation

from which we have quoted so lavishly. Our readers may rest assured that it is executed with astonishing closeness to the original—and having said this much, we have said all that is necessary. The translator (who is, as we understand, Mr Gillies, the author of *Childe Harriquet*;) has exhibited masterly skill in the management of our dramatic blank verse—but that is the least of his praises. He has shewn himself to be not a skilful versifier merely but a genuine poet, for no man but a true poet can catch and give back again as he has done the fluctuating and ethereal colours of poetry and passion. He has produced a work which is entitled to take its place as a fine English tragedy—the finest, we have no difficulty in saying, that has for many

years been added to that part of our literature.

Our readers will observe, that this translation has not as yet been published. The author has merely had a few dozens of copies printed for the use of his friends, and he has been so kind as to send us one of them. It is a very fine specimen of typography, one of the most elegant that ever issued from the press of Ballantyne. But we trust he will soon give the world a large edition. The encouragement this play must receive, will also, we hope, stimulate Mr Gillies to further efforts in the same style. What a fine field lies open for one who possesses, in such perfection as he does, the two richest languages in Europe—the German and the English.

STANZAS.

Composed in Sherwood Plantation.

“The remembrance of youth is a sigh.”—*Words of Ali.*

THERE is a moaning sound abroad—
I list its passage through the trees;
The desolate, and mournful breeze,
With yellow leaves, bestrewn the road:
Dull—gray—and cheerless is the sky;
The sun hath sunk—the sterile plain,
Half hid in mists—while mournfully
Comes down the pattering rain.

The harvest wealth hath disappeared;
Nor sight nor sound is left to bless;—
The very thoughts are comfortless,
Of all that lately smiled and cheered:—
Hence joy hath fled on changeable wings,
And left the sombre landscape drear;
To grief that broods o’er bitter things,
And dull, foreboding fear!

Yet I remember—Ah! too well,
Remember me of glorious days;
When beautiful the golden rays
Of morning on these forests fell;
And birds were singing overhead,
Amid the sky, their carols light,
And waveless the river spread
Its silver mirror bright.

Up with the sun—a happy boy,
O’er heath, and rugged fields, I hied;
And wandered by my brother’s side,
For hours, and hours, with heart of joy;

As searching round, with eager foot,
The pointer snuffed the tainted gale;
Crouched at the yellow stubble’s root,
And waved his joyous tail.

Yea!—often, o’er this very field,
Amid the hoar frost have we strayed,
Peeping down every leafy glade,
Which, faintly here and there, reveal’d
The footsteps of the timid hare;
Then listened to the plaintive bird;
Or knelt, as forward thro’ the air,
The noisy partridge whurr’d.

Ah! happy days like lightning fled!—
For ever—and for ever gone;
Ye come upon me like a tone
Of music issuing from the dead.
Before my view, is there unfurled,
A map of feelings, perished—past—
The visions of another world,
Without a cloud o’ercast!

Time alters all—alone I stand,
And listen to the moaning breeze,
And to the rain-drops, from the trees,
Down dripping on the moistened land;
But thou, my brother, placidly,
Far—far beyond the ocean’s roar,
Within a grassy grave dost lie,
Upon a foreign shore!

OLDEN TIME.

Is a mystery on departed things,
Hides distance beautiful! no more
Chemist, with crucible and ore,
Light miraculous invention brings!—
No more, at eve, wrapt up in sable gown,
—What time the babe acts out on life’s
career,—

Gazing on night, the sage astrologer
Notes every planetary aspect down:

The hooded monk, no more, in gothic aisle,
Sequester’d, ponders o’er his massy tome,
As, thro’ the stained glass, the sun-beams
roam

Upon his wall, with many coloured smile;
Romance is passing from us all the while—
Witchcraft, and sheeted ghost, and haunted
dome!

RESTORATION OF THE PARTHENON IN THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING that in a late Number of the Magazine we called the attention of our readers to the proposal of restoring the Parthenon in the National Monument for Scotland, we have no scruple in again adverting to the subject, being convinced that it is one in which a great portion of our readers take a lively interest, and that its importance is such as to demand a large share of the public attention. The embellishment of the metropolis, indeed, is becoming now a matter of national interest. From all quarters we find strangers flocking to our city, and vying with each other in praises of the grandeur of its situation, and the rising beauty of its edifices. Yet a few years of public spirit and exertion, such as those which have just terminated, and Edinburgh may vie with any metropolis in Europe in the splendour of its architectural embellishment.

From what has been done in those years, indeed, we are disposed to augur most favourably of the future embellishment of the city. The Advocates' Library, with the great stair leading to it, will form one of the most splendid rooms in Europe—the celebrated gallery in the Colonna Palace at Rome not excepted. The vista of Waterloo Place, with some defects, presents a magnificent instance of architectural ornament, and does equal honour to the correct taste and sound discretion of the very eminent architect by whom it was designed. The University promises to throw into the shade every building in Britain in the exquisite beauty of its interior apartments; and the traveller who enters the great museum is transported to the regions of classical taste, and feels that the taste which formed the superb hall in Dioclesian's baths, and modelled the glorious dome of the Pantheon, yet lives in our northern regions; and that the same name, which is so honourably distinguished among the philosophers of the age, is destined to be associated also with the greatest triumphs and most splendid productions of art.

The continuance of this taste, and the progressive improvement of our public edifices, is a subject of interest not merely to the citizens of this me-

ropolis, but to the whole inhabitants of the empire. There is nothing which contributes so much to uphold the fortunes of a city, or to improve the taste of its inhabitants, as the existence of great models of art within its walls. To this day, travellers are attracted from the most parts of the world, by the beauty of the edifices which have survived the political decay of Athens. The cities of Florence and Naples owe almost all their present celebrity and prosperity to the magnificent models of art which they contain, and the Piazza St Marco of Venice upholds the fortunes of the city amidst the utter ruin of her commercial and political greatness. We are informed by Gibbon, that Rome itself, the mistress of the world, would have sunk under the accumulated disasters which followed the wars of Belisarius and Narses, and have been converted into a perfect desert, but for the sanctity of the tomb of St Peter, and the interest which the beautiful ruins with which it abounded created on the revival of the arts. The importance of such public edifices was well understood by Bonaparte; and every body knows, that the great works which he executed in every part of the empire, but especially at Paris, contributed as much to establish his popularity as the lustre of his foreign conquests.

Now, in the eventual desertion of this city by the higher ranks of the nobility and gentry who have hitherto made it their residence, and in the risk which it runs of degenerating into a provincial town, and ceasing to be eminent either in science or art, it is a matter of the last importance to establish some great and *permanent objects of attraction*, which may survive the fluctuating taste of fashion, and counterbalance the strong propensity which draws every thing that is distinguished, either in genius or manners, to our southern metropolis. Such an object Nature has given to her people, in the matchless beauty of its situation, and the admirable quality of the quarries by which the city is surrounded. These circumstances have given Edinburgh the means of obtaining architectural ornament to a degree infinitely beyond any other city in the empire, and if properly improved by

the public spirit and taste of the inhabitants, promise to combine with the eminence of its university in making it the northern capital of science and of art.

But towards the attainment of this great and most desirable object, which we wish in the most earnest manner to press upon the attention of the leading men in the country, it is absolutely necessary that the great models of ancient art should be established amongst us, and that the public taste should be formed on those perfect edifices which the genius of ancient Greece has bequeathed to the succeeding generations of men. In this respect there is a wide difference, which has never been sufficiently attended to, between the progress of *literature* or poetry and the improvement of *art*. In literature and science the works of ancient genius are in every body's hands, and the taste of succeeding generations is formed upon the incessant study and habitual influence of the most perfect works of former times. It is thus that Homer and Virgil laid the foundation of the immortal works of Milton and Tasso; and it is from the unceasing influence which their beauties have exercised upon succeeding times, that the present eminence of the age in poetry and eloquence has arisen. But, in the fine arts, the models of antiquity are fixed to one place, and their influence is wholly unfelt by nations a little removed from their vicinity. No art of printing there exists to perpetuate and multiply the glorious achievements of the human mind, or to imbue distant nations with the sublime ideas and perfect taste by which they were at first created: And if this is true in general of the fine arts, most of all is it true of architecture; for though the art of engraving can extend to a great degree the taste for painting, beyond the sphere of those who have seen the originals, yet it is matter of universal observation, that such copies give no conception of architectural beauty, or of the proportions on which it depends.

Universally, therefore, in modern times, the revival of art, and the improvement of taste, have been in the neighbourhood of the remains of ancient genius. It was from the study of the great statues of antiquity, that Raphael and Michael Angelo corrected the stiffness of their early manner, and

brought the art of painting to perfection in the space of a single generation. It was in the same spot, and from the influence of the same causes, that the sublime conceptions of Dominichino and the Caraccis arose. Michael Angelo, we are told, boasted that he would build the Pantheon in the air; and in the dome of St Peters, there remains a monument of the force of his genius, chastened by the incessant study of that matchless edifice. The superb architecture of Sansuvino and Palladio is formed entirely on the study of the Coliseum of Rome; and the Piazza St Marco would not have stood aloof from every thing else in architectural beauty, had not the minds of its authors been imbued by the study of ancient symmetry. Nor is it to be forgotten, that the art of sculpture has been revived in modern times from the same causes; and that it is in Rome, amidst the remains of ancient art, that the genius of the north has been compelled to seek the spark by which the fire of Grecian genius could alone be rekindled.

This is the real cause of that singular phenomenon in the present condition of mankind—that while England and France have outstripped all other nations in the career of knowledge, of eloquence, and of philosophy, and while there exists in this country far more wealth for the encouragement of art than ever was before accumulated in modern Europe—yet both nations are so decidedly inferior to the Italians in the arts that address themselves to the imagination; and that the same nation who justly pride themselves upon their acknowledged superiority in every department of human genius, should still be compelled to borrow from a people whom they despise, the rules and the models of the fine arts. The solution of this extraordinary problem, so unlike any thing else which we know of human affairs, is to be found in the absence of those models of ancient art, upon which the taste of modern Italy has been formed, and without which all the efforts of genius, like the wanderings of the Israelites who had lost their celestial guide, leads yet farther from the promised land.

When we earnestly wish to impress upon the public attention, therefore, the propriety of selecting the Parthenon as the model for the National

Monument, we do it, not from any blind partiality for ancient art, or from any propensity to undervalue the genius of contemporary artists, but from a sober survey of the causes which have led to the eminence of art in other states, and by which the celebrity of our own literature and poetry has been created. We cannot forget that the works of antiquity were restored, and their spirit diffused over Europe, before the Jerusalem Delivered, or the Paradise Lost, were written. It is from a wish to obtain *similar advantages* for the arts in this country, that we press so earnestly for the restoration of the most perfect edifice of antiquity in the National Monument. It is just because we have the highest opinion of the genius of our own artists, that we would wish to give them the immense advantage of having the finest monument of ancient art continually before their eyes. It is by such *habitual* contemplation, more than by the hurried impression of a transient visit, that the spirit of ancient excellence is to be inhaled; and could they obtain in this way the advantages which the Italian artists have derived from the study of the Pantheon and the Coliseum, we have not the slightest doubt that the genius of this country would rival the architecture as it has long done the poetry of Italy.

Such a measure would be the same service to the arts in this country, that the restoration of Virgil and Cicero were to the poetry and eloquence of Europe. It is not to be forgotten, that till such an edifice is erected, the influence of the magnificent ruins of Athens is as much lost, towards forming the public taste in this country, as the *Æneid* or the orations of Cicero would have been had they still remained undiscovered amidst the rubbish of the monastic libraries: And were it accomplished, we are sanguine enough to imagine, that the genius of Britain would make the same addition to the simplicity of the Grecian original, that the fancy of Tasso or Milton did to the poetry of Greece and Rome.

But if the present opportunity be suffered to escape, it is impossible to say when an opportunity may again occur of adorning our northern metropolis with this matchless edifice, or of transferring to its inhabitants the taste which grew up in Athens round the

works of Phidias. Centuries may revolve before another similar opportunity occurs; and never, perhaps, in the future history of this country, will it fall to the lot of its inhabitants to erect a building in which public feeling will be so deeply and universally interested. Greater and more beneficial consequences, therefore, may be anticipated from the adoption of this measure, at this time and on this occasion, than on any other that may occur in the future history of the country.

It is of the utmost moment, moreover, to give a proper impulse to the public mind when it is in a state of *excitation*, and when extraneous events have already occasioned a rapid progress in its exertions. The progress of art does not resemble the slow and unceasing advancement of science or philosophy, which gathers new additions from every year which passes—but consists in sudden starts, followed by long intervals of slumber or decay. The arts of Grecian sculpture and architecture rose to absolute perfection in the forty years which elapsed between the burning of Athens by Xerxes, and the building of the Parthenon; and the art of painting in modern times was brought from a state of infancy, to the greatest excellence which it has since attained, during the lifetime of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. These brilliant epochs in both countries were succeeded by long intervals of time, in which the arts were stationary or retrograde, and during which they fell into a slumber from which they have never yet been awakened. Now there is reason to hope, that in this country we are now in that state of excitation and progress which is the forerunner of perfection in the fine arts. Like the Athenian republic after the Persian war, we have just terminated, with unexampled glory, a contest of unparalleled duration and interest; and like them, the vigour and public spirit, which was called forth during the struggle which had preceded, in the defence of the state, is now turned towards its embellishment and decoration.—Like the Italian republics, the treasures of ancient art are now newly opened to the higher classes among our people, so long excluded from them by the events of the war, and our nobility return from the classical scenes of Athens and Rome

with minds fraught with the magnificence of their ruined edifices. In the rapid increase of the splendour of this metropolis since the termination of the war, we discern the influence of the same causes which made Athens rise in imperishable splendour from the ashes of the Persian invasion, and filled Florence with the noble edifices with which, as Sismondi has observed, the first years of the establishment of her liberty, and the glorious triumphs of the "year of victories," was followed!

Now, then, is the critical moment, when so many causes have prepared the minds of our people for distinction in the fine arts, and given so strong an impulse both to the vigour and the taste of the public mind, to aid this effort by transferring to our city the most perfect monument of ancient art, and giving to our inhabitants the advantages which the united genius of Phidias and Pericles conferred upon the Athenian people. It is not in every age that such extraordinary talents are given to mankind, or in which circumstances exist capable of calling them into action. Like the genius of Raphael, or Newton, or Tasso, the powers of Phidias burst all the ordinary barriers of human advancement, and attained a perfection, in a few years, which the subsequent efforts of men have sought in vain to rival. It is this perfection which we wish to seize—it is these powers of which we seek to avail ourselves; and it is just because this moment seems more favourable to the rise of Scottish genius in the fine arts, than any other that perhaps may ever arise, that we would now communicate to it the extraordinary and unequalled advantages which this measure would confer. If the measures be postponed, it may come when the tide is turned, and when these consequences can no longer follow its adoption.

It is, moreover, in a peculiar manner expedient to erect, in this some unexceptionable model, may give our artists and our people an opportunity of estimating the value, and feeling the magnificence of the DORIC ORDER. Of every other species of architecture we have great and splendid examples amongst us. York and Durham cathedrals stand

unrivalled in the grandeur of Gothic taste—St Paul's rivals, in so far as the exterior goes, "the sun of the Vatican;—the dome of St Peter's, the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion;"—the Louvre, and the Place Louis XV. surpass every other edifice in the world in the peculiar style in which they are built; and the front of Whitehall, and of several noblemen's seats in England, convey some idea of the gorgeous magnificence of the Venetian architecture. But of the Doric temples, of that order which the taste of Phidias selected as most appropriate for public edifices of triumph or gratitude, we have no examples on this side of the Alps. Except in the simple but sublime structure of the Brandenberg gate at Berlin, there is no instance of an attempt even to adopt this order in a building of any description in any modern capital. The traveller must go to Pestum, or traverse the ruins of Agrigentum and Attica, before he can see an example even of the buildings which have immortalized the name of the Grecian artists; for it is hardly necessary to observe, that no conception of the beauty of the Doric order can be formed from the porticoes of Covent-Garden, or the Court-Room of Glasgow, where both the situation and the buildings to which they are applied are totally unsuited to that species of architecture.

Now there never before was, perhaps there may never occur again, an opportunity of erecting in this island an edifice of *precisely the same description*, and destined to *exactly the same purpose*, as the Parthenon of Athens. This celebrated temple, dedicated to Minerva, the tutelary deity of the city, and erected after the glorious termination of the Persian war, was, under the name of a temple, in fact the NATIONAL MONUMENT OF ATHENS. There is something very remarkable in this coincidence. The taste and genius of Phidias, unrivalled perhaps in the subsequent history of the world, selected this building as the most appropriate for an edifice which was to combine national gratitude with religious devotion, and to awaken in the mind the joint emotions of exultation at past success, and gratitude to the celestial power by whose protecting in-

fluence it has been obtained. Widely, indeed, as the feelings with which we regard a Christian temple differ from those with which the Athenians approached the temple of Minerva, there is yet a most remarkable coincidence between the purposes to which our National Monument is destined, and those to which that exquisite building was applied; and when we recollect by whom this form was selected for that expression, and how uniformly Grecian sculpture addresses itself to the universal feelings of mankind, it is well worthy of consideration, whether any deviation from the means which they employed would be attended with any reasonable prospect of advantage.

The great disadvantage, moreover, which has hitherto attended the attempts of our artists to revive the Doric order, has been, that it has been introduced as an appendage only to other buildings, or as a part of an extensive pile, reared after a different style, and intended for a different purpose. But the chief beauty of the Doric temple consists in its being one *unbroken whole*—in all the sides presenting the same simple but imposing aspect. In the partial imitations of it which have hitherto been introduced in this country, this great beauty has been of course entirely lost. In the National Monument, we have an opportunity, for the first time, of presenting an *entire Grecian temple* to the public eye, and of exhibiting that *unity of effect*, in which, perhaps, more than any thing else, its overwhelming grandeur will be found to consist.

The situation, too, of the Calton Hill seems calculated, in a most remarkable and fortunate manner, for the attainment of this object. The striking similarity of this hill to the Acropolis, has been observed by every traveller, and may be perceived, in the clearest manner, from the beautiful drawings which Mr Williams has brought home of Grecian scenery. With the exception of Stirling, there is no town in Great Britain, perhaps none in Europe, which contains an eminence bearing so close a resemblance to the spot which Phidias selected for the site of his triumphal edifice. In Edinburgh, therefore, we have the extraordinary, the unparalleled advantage of possessing the means of raising another Parthenon, to the celebration of triumphs yet more mo-

mentous to mankind than those which the original was intended to commemorate, and of erecting it on the precise spot which its original author would have chosen as best calculated to display its peculiar excellencies. With such advantages, and with the possession of quarries capable of yielding blocks of any dimensions, and susceptible as the capitals in Waterloo Place demonstrate of the utmost delicacy of carving, is it not reasonable to expect, that the erection of the Parthenon would be attended with a great and most salutary effect on the public taste; and that the eyes of our artists and our people, habituated to the *whole beauties* of the Grecian temple, and trained to the perception of the purposes for which it is adapted, would no longer tolerate those deviations from its principles, or those misapplications of its design, by which the genius of modern architects has so often been perverted, and the efforts of modern patriotism so often misapplied.

If this advantage were given to the public taste, it is not, perhaps, presuming too much upon its probable consequences, to anticipate that Edinburgh may become the centre of taste, and the school of correct design in the fine arts. It is extraneous events indeed which communicate vigour to a people, and nurse that spirit of emulation amongst them, which is the foundation of excellence in every branch of human exertion. But when the impulse is given, inconsiderable circumstances are often capable of determining its direction. In the present state of exaltation of the public mind, and with the ardent passion for the fine arts which foreign travelling has excited in so large a proportion of our higher classes, it is impossible to estimate the effect which the perpetual contemplation of the work of Phidias may eventually produce. Every body knows the rapid and unequalled progress which the art of agriculture has made in this country during the last forty years; which, in spite of all the obstructions of an unfavourable climate, has raised it from the lowest state of depression to the highest perfection in that short period; and it is equally well known, that it is to the efforts of a few patriotic individuals, who led the way in reforming the husbandry in our agricultural districts, combining with the native vigour and

acquired intelligence of our people, that we are indebted for this extraordinary change. Consequences equally beneficial and astonishing may with still more confidence be anticipated from the measure which we propose in the fine arts; for the knowledge of agriculture, though doubtless greatly aided by practical example, is yet capable of being communicated by writing; but without the erection of fine models in architecture, all attempts to improve the public taste are as utterly hopeless, as it would be to communicate good manners, without at the same time giving the advantage of living in polished society.

In architecture too, when an opportunity for erecting a great building does occur, it is of the last importance to fix upon a model of known and approved excellence. The influence which an ornamental edifice exercises upon the public taste, is almost beyond the power of estimation. Whether it is good or bad—it must stand for centuries, and determine the taste of those who view it when the name even of its original author is forgotten. Of what incalculable importance then to choose well, the design of an edifice from which such important effects upon the national taste must follow. Now it is no doubt possible, that as fine an original design as the Parthenon may be obtained, just as it is possible that, in a few years, as beautiful a poem as the *Æneid*, or as fine a statue as the *Apollo*, or as sublime a work as the *Principia*, may be produced. But surely the chances are infinitely against such an occurrence. That building was not the work of any single man. It was the result of the joint deliberations of those masters of design who adorned the age of Pericles, and whose works, both in sculpture and architecture, subsequent ages have sought in vain to rival.—The taste of its authors long chastened by the habitual contemplation of the Grecian edifices, was directed and aided by the genius of Phidias; a name to be classed with Milton, and Newton, and Cicero, among those who stand aloof from the celebrity of any other men. The universal consent of subsequent ages have stamped their authority upon the perfection of the design. From the age of Pericles to the time of Canova, there has been but one opinion upon the extraordinary

beauty of this edifice. The Roman youth, we are told by Plutarch, flocked to the Acropolis of Athens to contemplate those glorious edifices which were even then unrivalled in the wide extent of the Roman dominion. It was there that Cicero went to fill his mind with the contemplation of every thing that is majestic in architectural design; and there it was that Marcus Aurelius and Trajan repaired to borrow, from a subject city, conceptions of art worthy of the imperial throne. It was round that centre of taste that those Grecian sculptors were found, whose works the universal consent of subsequent ages have stamped as the most perfect efforts of the human mind. The genius of Michael Angelo, and Bramante, has sought in vain to deviate from the rules which the Athenian edifices have established; and at this day men of all descriptions, differing from one another in every other subject of human thought, unite in admiration of their unequalled beauties, and, forgetting the rivalries of nations, meet in the ruins of the Acropolis to do homage to that perfection of design, which for above 2000 years has stood unrivalled among the works of men.

In suggesting, therefore, the Parthenon as the model of the National Monument, we are not presumptuously setting up our own opinion above that of our contemporaries infinitely better qualified to judge of the subject than ourselves. It is just because we distrust our own opinion, and are strongly impressed with the importance of selecting an unexceptionable model, that we make the suggestion; trusting in support of our opinion to the united suffrages of the greatest men whom the world has ever seen, and the concurring opinion of twenty centuries on the only subject, perhaps, in which perfect unanimity is to be found in the whole history of human affairs.

These considerations are so obvious, that they must have occurred to every one who has thought for an instant on the subject; and they would, we are persuaded, have universally led to the adoption of the measure which has been proposed, were it not for certain objections which are urged against the proposal, and which being, as we conceive, founded on a misconception of the subject, shall be shortly noticed.

It is said, in the first instance, that there is something humiliating in *copying* any work, however admirable, or in servilely imitating the works of others, when an original design is within our reach. Better, it is thought, to have the whole merit of a secondary design, than come in merely as successful imitators of first rate performances.

In answer to this, it might be observed, that if this *copy* is to be the forerunner of future excellence in the art of *original design*; and if it is by serving such an apprenticeship only to past merit that the foundation of future or present excellencies is to be laid, then it is surely the part of wise men to do that by which their own or their country's eminence in art can alone be secured. No man was more conscious of the greatness of their powers than Petrarch and Dante; yet we are told that they sought more to restore the works of the ancients than publish their own performances; and felt that their principal claim to the gratitude of future ages consisted in the works of ancient genius, which they had raised from oblivion and neglect.* It is no doubt more flattering to the genius of a young artist to make original designs than copy the works of others; yet we have the authority of Leonardo de Vinci for saying, that for many years a student should be confined entirely to studying the works of others; and that from the fidelity and diligence with which he imitated their excellencies, he augured best of his future proficiency in original design.† As a nation, we are now forming our taste to prepare the way for future excellence in design; let us not then desert the models of ancient excellence before we are qualified to do without their guidance.

But this objection, in fact, proceeds upon an entire misapprehension of the nature of architectural design, and the limits within which the invention of the artist must be confined. In poetry, in painting, and sculpture, the great variety of objects on which the powers of the artist are to be exerted, renders a corresponding variety of design within the reach of his exertions. To copy in these arts, when an infinite

variety of forms is possible, may justly be deemed a reproach to the invention of this artist. But this is wholly inapplicable to architecture. The objects which the artist has there to attain are comparatively so small in number, and the materials on which he has to operate, so limited in extent, and so uniformly the same in strength and texture, that the multiplication of forms or proportion is wholly impossible; and after the first efforts of art have fixed on the most appropriate for the materials for building, future ages are of necessity compelled to adopt the models which antiquity has left. The forms on which the architect has to exert his powers do not resemble the varying expression of the human figure, or the endless variety of natural objects, but rather the combinations of mathematical figures, in which the same elements must, of necessity, be resorted to in the latest as in the earliest stages of the art.

Nor is it to be imagined that the powers of modern artists are, on this account, confined to mere imitation. How impossible soever it may be to invent new forms or propositions, which shall be adapted, as well as the old ones, to the permanent character of the materials of which all buildings must be composed; yet to select and arrange these forms, and adopt those models best suited to the expression intended to be conveyed, or the situation in which the edifice is to be placed, furnishes a boundless field for modern genius. And when we observe how often the Grecian models have been misapplied, and their expression misconceived, by modern artists, we are almost tempted to believe that the power of choosing well among the remains of ancient arts is a rarer gift than the faculty of originally conceiving them.

It is observed both by Eustace‡ and Forsyth, and the observation has been reiterated by every person who has visited the Italian cities, that the ruin of the modern Italian architecture has been the continual attempt at *novelty*; and that in no instance have they succeeded in forming edifices of real beauty, but where they have exactly adhered to the monuments of antiquity.

* Sismondi Let. du Midi, 3. 42.

† De Vinci's Treatise on Perspective. Forsyth, 343

Now this is a circumstance well worthy of consideration. The utmost force of Italian genius has, for above five hundred years, been directed towards the Grecian architecture; and in the attempt to give variety and novelty to its forms, many of her greatest men have been unremittingly engaged. That they have uniformly failed in such attempts cannot be imputed to want of genius in those who engaged in them, where the names of Michael Angelo, of Bramante, of Palladio and Sansuvino, are to be found amongst the number. The same men who were most successful in *extending* the bounds of invention in painting and sculpture, and whose genius was *most uncontrolled* in these arts, have felt themselves obliged to copy the ancients in architectural design: or where they have deviated from them, have left perpetual monuments of the futility of their attempt. Let us take wisdom from their failure, and not seek to pass limits which the genius of Michael Angelo and Bramante was unable to overcome.

So sensible indeed have all men of taste become of this leading truth in architectural design, that the most eminent architects of the present day aim at nothing else but restoring, without variation, the monuments of antiquity. The County Rooms of Edinburgh is exactly copied, so far as the columns go, from the Erytheum of Athens; the pillars in Waterloo Place are taken from the same model; the beautiful inner-gate of the college is taken from the lower order of the Colyseum; the portico of the court at Glasgow is copied from the temple of Neptune, and that of the court at Perth from the temple of Ceres at Pestum. Nay, in the design which has been given for a National Monument, the very eminent architect who formed it has followed entirely the mausoleum of Adrian, before its pillars were carried to the church of St Paul beyond the walls. In mentioning this, we have not the slightest intention of depreciating from the merit of the very distinguished artists who gave these different designs; on the contrary, we regard it as the highest proof of their judgment and taste, that they have selected so well the model of their edi-

fices; we wish only to guard against the ruinous idea, that novelty is to be attained in the Grecian architecture, or that we are creating new edifices when we are only borrowing at second hand from the masters of antiquity.

Now since such is the limit and the nature of the art, that, to obtain beauty, we must recur to the models of antiquity, is it not better to draw at once from the pure fountain of Grecian excellence than lower down, where the stream has been polluted by the intermixture of more turbid waters? And would it not be a proud thing for this country, that, while all nations, from the time of Pericles, have concurred in admiring the Parthenon, in Scotland alone were artists to be found of sufficient magnanimity to renovate that edifice, and a people to be met with capable of appreciating the benefits which would attend its restoration?

Again, it is said that the Parthenon of Athens would lose much of its beauty by being transferred to Scotland; and that what is admirable in Grecian marble, and under an Athenian sun, would appear very different in freestone, and in our cloudy atmosphere.

Those who make this observation are not duly aware either of the excellence of the Edinburgh freestone, or of the qualities on which the grandeur of the Doric architecture depends. Perhaps there is no where to be found a species of stone more admirably adapted for the purpose of ornamental architecture than that which is to be obtained in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and of this the extreme beauty of the capitals recently erected there affords sufficient proof. And certainly there is no species of architecture so entirely independent of all exterior things, and in which so much of the beauty consists in proportion and general form as the Doric. As a proof of this, it is only necessary to observe, that the celebrated temples of Pestum are not only composed of coarse stone, but greatly corroded and injured by the effects of time; yet, such as they are, more than one writer* has given them the preference even to the colossal dome and splendid marbles of St Peter's.

A more prevalent idea seems to be, that, with the funds which may pro-

bably be collected for this purpose, it is in vain to think of imitating the Parthenon of Athens; an edifice erected by Pericles in the days of his imperial splendour, and with the aid of contributions from all the subject states in Greece. This objection proceeds entirely from a mistaken idea in point of fact as to the expense of restoring this edifice on the same scale with the original; and from the real state of the fact, we draw the strongest arguments for its adoption.

The Parthenon could certainly be erected on the Calton Hill, on the same dimensions with the original, for £40,000. In making this estimate, we have reason to believe, that we are rather beyond than within the mark. It is 240 feet long, 120 broad, and somewhat under 60 feet high. The reason of the expense of erecting it being so small, is, that its beauty consists so much in form and proportion which cost nothing; and that the Doric order is so simple in its capitals and cornices. Now, in what other style of architecture could we hope for that very limited sum to form any building which would possess a tenth part of the beauty, or interest, by which this could be distinguished. In almost every other order, beauty consists much in the richness of ornament, or the profusion of details; and without a great expenditure, it is entirely hopeless to aim at distinction. Such is the expense with which the rich pinnacles and fretted work of the Gothic is attended, that York Cathedral, we are told, cost £3,000,000; and yet great expense is unavoidable in that order, for it is matter of common observation, that without the richness of its details Gothic architecture would be in a great measure devoid of interest. St Paul's cost £1,500,000 even when it was built, which was above a century ago; and we have the authority of Eustace for saying, that though the marbles of which it is composed were found in the ruins of the ancient city, St Peter's at Rome cost twelve millions Sterling. No one can look for an instant at the superb facade of the Louvre, or at the portico of the Pantheon at Paris, without seeing that an edifice of a similar rich and florid style would exceed the probable funds which may be collected for this undertaking. It is the peculiar advantage therefore of the Doric Temple, that its forms are

so massy and simple, that a small sum, comparatively speaking, when judiciously applied on such an edifice, produces a more imposing effect, and goes farther in the production of beauty, than perhaps ten times the sum, in a more costly style of building. Of this there cannot be a stronger example than is to be met with in Italy, where the Temple of Neptune at Pestum captivates most travellers, even more than the splendid dome of St Peter's; although the former could be erected here for as many thousands as it would require millions to attempt even to rival the latter.

It is another very serious consideration in this view, that if an edifice be adopted similar to any of the Established Churches or triumphal buildings in modern Europe, the inferiority which it must exhibit to its prototype will immediately occur to every observer. If a church with a dome be selected, the recollection of St Paul's and St Peter's will instantly recur to the spectator, and it will be the boast of the Italians, that the National Monument of Scotland possesses no greater magnificence than is to be met with in the ordinary churches in every city of Italy. If the Gothic style be preferred, the unapproachable splendour of the English Cathedrals will sink it at once into insignificance and contempt. If the Corinthian or Ionic orders be chosen, the magnificence of the Parisian or Venetian edifices, on which the riches of royal magnificence, or the wealth of the Imperial Republic have been lavished, will occur in painful contrast to the Scottish patriot. It is in the Doric Temple alone that the National Monument of Scotland could have no rival in modern Europe; and by availing ourselves of the rock which nature has given us for its pedestal, and the materials which she has put into our hands for its construction, it is in our power to raise an edifice which will attract the eye of taste even from the splendid facade of the Louvre, or the pillared scenery of Venice.

It is contended by others, that the Calton Hill, if loaded with this massy Temple, in addition to those which are already placed upon it, would be too crowded, or that the magnitude of the edifice would appear disproportioned to the size of the base on which it must stand.

In regard to the last objection, that

the magnitude of the Parthenon is unsuited to the size of the Calton Hill, it proceeds entirely on a misapprehension of the fact. The Calton Hill is in fact *larger* than the Acropolis of Athens; the situation which Pericles and Phidias selected for the Temple of Minerva, and to the admirable choice of which the experience of two thousand years has united in bearing testimony. If any one will consider how small a proportion, one hundred yards in length, and fifty in breadth, which is the dimension of the base of the Grecian Temple, bears to the plain which forms the top of the hill on which it is proposed to restore the edifice, it will readily occur, that this objection is without foundation.

In regard again to the argument which we have often heard urged, that the Calton Hill would, by such an addition, become too crowded, this appears to us to be an objection of much the same kind, as if the proprietor of a house were to refuse to admit the Venus de Medicis into his drawing-room, for fear of incommoding his tables and chairs. It is surely unnecessary to observe, that on a spot so conspicuous as the Calton Hill, and set apart, as it now is, for the purpose of public ornament, it would be advisable, at any rate, to gain the addition of the most beautiful edifice which human genius has ever formed. Even, therefore, if it were necessary, in the attainment of this object, to pull down Nelson's Monument, it would be a sacrifice worth making for the end which is in view. This edifice, while it undoubtedly does honour to the patriotism and public spirit of the inhabitants of this city, is a lasting blot on the public taste. It was built during the war, before we had obtained the assistance of Playfair and Elliot, and before a knowledge of architecture had made any progress amongst us. As it now stands it is regarded by every stranger as a blemish upon the taste of a people whose subsequent advance in correct feeling has been so remarkable, and as such we believe it is felt by every native who has turned his attention to the subject. Occupying the finest and most prominent position in the city at the end of Waterloo Place, it is unworthy both of the hero to whom it is consecrated,

and of the metropolis which it professes to ornament. Could we then, in clearing the way for the Parthenon, get rid of this prominent deformity, we would not only *positively* add the greatest ornament to the metropolis, but *negatively* do perhaps equal service by withdrawing its greatest blemish.

There is, no doubt, a natural and very laudable prejudice against beginning one work of ornament by pulling down another. But if the building, which is to be removed, while it professes to be an ornament, is in fact only a disgrace, it may well be doubted, whether there is any policy in supporting it. Least of all, is there any wisdom in such a course of proceeding, when, by so doing, we are prevented from raising *another edifice*, dedicated to the same hero, more worthy of his glory, and more consonant to the improved taste of the times. If Nelson's Monument were removed, unquestionably, the committee for forming the National Monument, would raise another pillar to that great man, in some other central situation; in the centre, for example, of St Andrews Square. The pillar of Antoninus might be restored there for £4000 and surely *all parties* would concur in giving a place to such a monument, to that hero, in that fine situation. The sum thus expended by the committee for the National Monument, would be in fact *the purchase money of the site of their edifice*; and surely, in no other situation could they either obtain so fine a site for so small a sum; or in any other way do so important a service to the metropolis, as by withdrawing the present non-descript monument, and raising in its place one of those superb columns, whose grandeur seems to have awed even the barbarians of the north into respect for its magnificence. And thus, while the rock of Edinburgh would vie with the Acropolis in the matchless glories of its triumphal edifice, the level extent of the New Town would rival the plain of Rome, and the superb columns which yet grace the memory, and perpetuate the triumphs of Trajan and Antoninus.*

But though we are individually fully convinced of the wisdom of such a measure, yet we anxiously wish it to be understood, that the plan of restoring

* It is already determined to erect the pillar of Trajan at the west end of the New Town, in memory of Lord Melville.

the Parthenon is *wholly independent* of any such proceeding. We are informed, that from a local plan, made by Mr Reid, who has lately visited Athens, and is intimately acquainted with all the dimensions of the building, it appears that there are **THREE DIFFERENT SPOTS ON THE CALTON HILL**, on either of which it might be built, without interfering either with Nelson's Monument or the Astronomical Observatory. To those who doubt the degree in which the Parthenon would ornament our metropolis, if placed on that commanding situation, we earnestly recommend to inspect the views which that artist has made of the Grecian Temple placed there, with all the appendages of the edifices at present existing upon it. The publication of an engraving of that design would, we are convinced, remove all hesitation from the public mind on the subject; and such a measure, we venture to suggest, as well befitting the approved taste and public spirit of the existing committee.

The last objection which we have heard urged against the measure for which we contend is, that the form of the Parthenon is inconsistent with the purpose of a church for divine service, such as it is proposed to make of the National Monument. Whether this plan will ever be carried into effect, and whether the funds will ever amount to such a sum, as to authorise the endowing of clergy for the proposed establishment, may well be doubted. But without entering into that question, it is sufficient to observe, that in a room of such great dimensions as the interior of the Parthenon would afford, upwards of 200 feet long, and nearly 60 high, with an arched roof, and capable of being lighted entirely from the top, the genius of our modern architects might surely create a church of the most magnificent form and the finest proportions. Here, then, is the place where the genius of our own country has an ample field for exerting itself. Let the exterior of the building be taken from the work of Phidias, and let its interior be wholly modelled by modern artists. Let the genius of antiquity, and of our times, be brought fairly in competition; and, like rival beauties side by side, let the most perfect bear off the prize. It is by so doing that we can best rouse the exertions

of modern genius; it is by putting before their eyes the perfection of antiquity that we are most likely to inspire them with its spirit; it is by compelling them to enter the lists with so redoubted a rival, that we are most likely to secure for them the victory. And if it shall be found, that the interior bears away the prize, even from the exterior design of Phidias, no one will more sincerely rejoice in it than ourselves, or feel more deeply the triumph of modern over ancient art.

Should the Parthenon be selected as the model of the National Monument, we are convinced the public taste would soon fix on the Calton Hill as the spot alone fitted for its adoption, as the form of the Doric temple, grand and imposing on a rocky eminence, sinks into insignificance on a plain. Of this the superiority of the effects of the temple of Minerva at Athens, both to the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the temple of Theseus, which stand in the plain, is a sufficient demonstration. The Greeks always chose, where they had it in their power, a rocky eminence for their temples; and the taste of such men, unequalled in the perfection of their designs, and best qualified to judge of the situations adapted for their own architecture, is not lightly to be rejected. In fact, the spire or the dome seem fitted to give dignity and variety to level cities, while the massy form and open pillars of the Doric temple are adapted for the summit of eminences, where their weight is relieved by the light seen through their interstices, and the unity of effect arising from the similarity of their sides is brought into view. Imagination can hardly conceive the addition which such an edifice would make to the beauty of the city, whether seen when its noble outline was first illuminated by the light of the morning sky, or where its western front flamed in the rays of the setting sun. And it is no trivial matter that, while the National Monument, placed on any other situation would adorn only a *particular* quarter of the city, and augment the splendour of a *single* street, placed on that superb eminence it would be seen on every side, and form the greatest ornament of every landscape.

In conclusion, we cannot avoid calling the attention of our readers to the great addition which the selection of such a model as the Parthenon would

undoubtedly make to the amount of subscriptions that are likely to be received. It is from uncertainty as to the plan which is to be followed, and from hesitation as to the eventual ornament which the proposed edifice would make to the Scottish metropolis, that the backwardness of the public has hitherto arisen. Let this uncertainty be removed, and the effect, we may reasonably hope, will cease also. If it were once universally known that the Parthenon was selected as the model of the edifice to be raised, the minds of our higher classes, already warmed by foreign travelling, and interested by classical associations, in such an undertaking, would become ardently engaged in the cause. None who had made a pilgrimage to that ancient edifice; none even who

had been inspired by the venerable ruins of ancient Rome, would withhold their assistance. There is no traveller who does not dwell with rapture on the recollection of the Acropolis; there is none who does not mark the Calton Hill as the spot marked out for its restoration. In such an attempt we might reasonably anticipate assistance beyond our own country; and the English youth, already so honourably distinguished by their classical enthusiasm—their indefatigable zeal in travelling—and their increasing taste in the fine arts, would hasten to contribute their share towards an undertaking in the success of which so many of the finest, as well as the most delightful feelings of our nature, are interested.

ALASTOR; OR, THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE: AND OTHER POEMS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

WE believe this little volume to be Mr Shelley's first publication; and such of our readers as have been struck by the power and splendour of genius displayed in the Revolt of Islam, and by the frequent tenderness and pathos of "*Rosalind and Helen*," will be glad to observe some of the earliest efforts of a mind destined, in our opinion, under due discipline and self-management, to achieve great things in poetry. It must be encouraging to those who, like us, cherish high hopes of this gifted but wayward young man, to see what advances his intellect has made within these few years, and to compare its powerful, though still imperfect display, in his principal poem with its first gleamings and irradiations throughout this production almost of his boyhood. In a short preface, written with all the enthusiasm and much of the presumption of youth, Mr Shelley gives a short explanation of the subject of "*Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude*," which we cannot say throws any very great light upon it, but without which, the poem would be, we suspect, altogether unintelligible to ordinary readers. Mr Shelley is too fond of allegories; and a great genius like his should scorn, now that it has reached the maturity

of manhood, to adopt a species of poetry in which the difficulties of the art may be so conveniently blinked, and weakness find so easy a refuge in obscurity.

"The poem, entitled "*Alastor*," may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of correspond-

ing powers in other human beings. The Poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave."

Our readers will not expect, from this somewhat dim enunciation, at all times to see the drift of this wild poem; but we think they will feel, notwithstanding, that there is the light of poetry even in the darkness of Mr Shelley's imagination. Alastor is thus first introduced to our notice.

By solemn vision, and bright silver dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient
air,

Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew. When early youth had past, he
left

His cold fireside and alienated home
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness
Has lured his fearless steps: and he has bought
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage
men,

His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps
He like her shadow has pursued.

He is then described as visiting volcanoes, lakes of bitumen, caves winding among the springs of fire, and starry domes of diamond and gold, supported by crystal columns, and adorned with shrines of pearl and thrones of chrysolite—a magnificent pilgrimage no doubt, and not the less so on account of its being rather unintelligible. On completing his mineralogical and geological observations, and on re-ascending from the interior of our earth into the upper regions, his route is, to our taste, much more interesting and worthy of a poet.

His wandering step
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old:
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of
strange

Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble dæmons
watch

The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men

Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls
around,

He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long burn-
ing day

Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when
the moon

Filled the mysterious halls with floating
shades

Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth, of time.

During the soul-rapt enthusiasm of these mystic and magnificent wanderings, Alastor has no time to fall in love; but we are given to understand that, wherever he roams, he inspires it. There is much beauty in this picture.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his
food,

Her daily portion, from her father's tent,
And spread her matting for his couch, and
stole

From duties and repose to tend his steps—
Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe
To speak her love:—and watched his night-
ly sleep,

Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath
Of innocent dreams arose: then, when red
morn

Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home
Wildered, and wan, and panting, she re-
turned.

This poor Arabian maid has no
power to detain him, and

The poet wandering on, through Arabia
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,
And o'er the aerial mountains which pour
down

Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,
In joy and exultation held his way.

At last, as he lies asleep in the lone-
liest and loveliest dell in the Vale of
Cashmere, a vision comes upon him,
bringing with it a dream of hopes never
felt before.

He dreamed a veiled maid
Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes,
held

His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her
theme,

And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all her
frame

A permeating fire: wild numbers then
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous
sobs

Subdued by its own pathos: her fair hands

Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange
 harp
 Strange symphony, and in their branching
 veins
 The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
 The beating of her heart was heard to fill
 The pauses of her music, and her breath
 Tumultuously accorded with those fits
 Of intermitted song.

In an agony of passion, he grasps
 the beautiful phantom in his arms;
 but awaking in that delirium, finds
 himself alone in the now desolate
 loveliness of nature. A fire is now in
 his life's blood, and he is carried along,
 from clime to clime, on the tempest of
 his own soul.

He wandered on
 Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep
 Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud;
 Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs
 Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind
 Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on;
 Day after day, a weary waste of hours,
 Bearing within his life the brooding care
 That ever fed on its decaying flame.

At length upon the lone Chorasman shore
 He paused, a wide and melancholy waste
 Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,
 Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
 It rose as he approached, and with strong
 wings

Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
 High over the immeasurable main.
 His eyes pursued its flight.—“Thou hast a
 home,

Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy
 neck

With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
 Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
 And what am I that I should linger here,
 With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
 Spirit more vast than thine, frame more at-
 tuned

To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
 That echoes not my thoughts?”

Just as he finishes his exclamation,
 he sees a little shallop floating near
 the shore, and a restless impulse urges
 him to embark,

And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's
 waste;

For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves
 The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

He sails along in calm or storm, till
 the shallop is driven into a cavern in
 the “*Marial cliffs of Caucasus.*” It
 is scarcely to be expected that his sub-
 montane voyage should be very dis-
 tinctly described, and we lose sight of
 Alastor and his pinnace, in dark and
 boiling caverns, till we joyfully hail
 his fortunate reappearance.

A wandering stream of wind,
 Breathed from the west, has caught the ex-
 panded sail,

And, lo! with gentle motion, between banks
 Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,
 Beneath a woven grove it sails, and, hark!

¶ The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar,
 With the breeze murmuring in the musical
 woods.

Where the embowering trees recede, and leave
 A little space of green expanse, the cove
 Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow
 flowers

For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,
 Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave
 Of the boat's motion marred their pensive
 task,

Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton
 wind,

Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay
 Had e'er disturbed before.

Here some mysterious influences
 seem breathed from the spirit of nature
 over Alastor's soul, and its agitation
 to sink into a sort of melancholy calm.
 The following description, though ra-
 ther too much laboured, in the unsatis-
 fied prodigality of opulent youth, is,
 beyond doubt, most highly poetical.

The noonday sun
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnifi-
 cence

A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge
 caves,

Scooped in the dark base of their airy rocks
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,
 He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some
 bank,

Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
 And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
 Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
 The ash and the acacia floating hang
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless ser-
 pents, clothed

In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow
 around

The gray trunks, and, as gamesome infants' ^{eyes,}

With gentle meanings, and most innocent
 wiles,

Fold their beams round the hearts of those
 that love,

These twine their tendrils with the wedded
 boughs

Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
 Make ret-work of the dark blue light of day,
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy
 lawns

Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed
with blooms

Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined
with jasmine,

A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through
the dell,

Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the
shades,

Like vaporous shapes half seen ; beyond, a
well,

Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent
wave,

Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms ;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or, painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of
noon.

In this sublime solitude, his worn-
out being is felt to be interfused with
that of nature itself, and, at the same
time, there blends with his dying de-
light a profound remembrance of that
momentary vision that flashed upon
his soul, and filled his longing heart,
in the Vale of Cashmere.

—When his regard

Was raised by intense pensiveness,—two
eyes,

Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of
thought,

And seemed with their serene and azure
smiles

To beckon him.

He now feels the dark approaching
consciousness of death—and we think
the following address to a stream, on
whose banks the youth is lying, con-
tains a wild, and solemn, and mysteri-
ous foreboding of dissolution.

O stream !

Whose source is inaccessible profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome still-
ness,

Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow
gulphs,

Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course
Have each their type in me : and the wide
sky,

And measureless ocean may declare as soon
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud
Contains thy waters, as the universe

Tell where these living thoughts reside,
when stretched

Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall
waste

I' the passing wind !

The beauty of the woods seems now
to decay, and there is a gradual but
ghastly change all around, which is
described by a very fine image.

For, as fast years flow away,
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair
grows thin

And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes
Had shone, gleam stony orbs :—so from his
steps

Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful
shade

Of the green groves, with all their odorous
winds

And musical motions.

The stream, on whose banks he
strays, leads him into a dreadful land,
where all is wrapped in the dimness
and thunder of fear ; but the pilgrim's
dreary travel ends in peace. For,

One silent nook

Was there. Even on the edge of that vast
mountain,

Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity

The dark earth, and the bending vault of
stars.

Soon as his feet fall on the thresh-
old of this green recess, the wanderer
feels that his last hour is come. There
is scarcely any part of the Poem which
does not partake of a character of ex-
travagance,—and probably many of our
readers may have felt this to be the
case in our extracts, even more than
ourselves. Be this as it may, we can-
not but think that there is great sub-
limity in the death scene.

He did place

His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,
Diffused and motionless on the smooth brink
Of that obscurest chasm ;—and thus he lay,
Surrendering to their final impulses

The hovering powers of life. Hope and
despair,

The torturers, slept ; no mortal pain or fear
Marred his repose ; the influxes of sense,

And his own being unalloyed by pain,
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed
The stream of thought, till he lay breathing
there

At peace, and faintly smiling :—his last sight
Was the great moon, which o'er the western
line

Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,
With whose dun beams inwoven darkness
seemed

To mingle. Now upon the jagged ills
It rests, and still as the divided fran.

Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,
That ever beat in mystic sympathy

With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still ;
And when two lessening points of light alone
Gleamed thro' the darkness, the alternate gasp

Of his faint respiration scarce did stir
The stagnate night :—till the minutest ray
Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.

It paused—it fluttered. But when heaven remained.

Utterly black, the murky shades involved
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.
Even as a vapour fed with golden beams
That ministered on sunlight, ere the west
Eclipses it, was now that wonderous frame—
No sense, no motion, no divinity—
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream

Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream
Of youth, which night and time have quenched for ever,

Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered now.

Several of the smaller poems contain beauties of no ordinary kind—but they are almost all liable to the charge of vagueness and obscurity.—Mr Shelley's imagination is enamoured of dreams of death ; and he loves to strike his harp among the tombs.

There is no Work, nor Device, nor Knowledge,
nor Wisdom, in the Grave, whither thou goest.
Ecclesiastes.

The pale, the cold, and the moony smile
Which the meteor beam of a starless night
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man ! hold thee on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll

Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a fearful blow
To a brain uncompassed with nerves of steel ;

When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
Where all but this frame must surely be,
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear

No longer will live to hear or to see
All that is great and all that is strange
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death ?
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come ?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb !

Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see ?

There breathes over the following scene, a spirit of deep, solemn, and mournful repose.

A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCH-YARD,
Lechlade, Gloucestershire.

The Wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray ;
And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of day :

Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards departing day,
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea ;
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.

The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aerial Pile ! whose pinnacles
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,

Around whose lessening and invisible height
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres :
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound

Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,

Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,

And mingling with the still night and mute sky

Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild

And terrorless as this serenest night :

Here could I hope, like some enquiring child

Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight

Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

Long as our extracts have been, we must find room for one more, from a strange and unintelligible fragment of a poem, entitled "The Daemon of the World." It is exceedingly beautiful.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep !
One pale as yonder wan and horned moon,
With lips of lurid blue,

The other glowing like the vital morn,
 When throned on ocean's wave
 It breathes over the world :
 Yet both so passing strange and wonderful !
 Hath then the iron-scepter'd Skeleton,
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
 To the hell dogs that couch beneath his
 throne
 Cast that fair prey ? Must that divinest
 form,
 Which love and admiration cannot view
 Without a beating heart, whose azure veins
 Steal like dark streams along a field of snow,
 Whose outline is as fair as marble clothed
 In light of some sublimest mind, decay ?
 Nor putrefaction's breath
 Leave aught of this pure spectacle
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?—
 Spare aught but a dark theme,
 On which the lightest heart might moralize ?
 Or is it but that downy-winged slumbers
 Have charmed their nurse coy Silence near
 her lids
 To watch their own repose ?
 Will they, when morning's beam
 Flows through those wells of light,
 Seek far from noise and day some western
 cave,
 Where woods and streams with soft and
 pausing winds
 A lulling murmur weave ?—
 Ianthe doth not sleep
 The dreamless sleep of death :
 Nor in her moonlight chamber silently
 Doth Henry hear her regular pulses throb,
 Or mark her delicate cheek
 With interchange of hues mock the broad
 moon,
 Outwatching weary night,
 Without assured reward.
 Her dewy eyes are closed ;
 On their translucent lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs that burn
 below
 With unapparent fire,
 The baby Sleep is pillowed :
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Twining like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column.

We beg leave, in conclusion, to say
 a few words about the treatment which
 Mr Shelley has, in his poetical charac-
 ter, received from the public. By our
 periodical critics he has either been en-
 tirely overlooked, or slightly noticed,
 or grossly abused. There is not so
 much to find fault with in the mere
 silence of critics ; but we do not hesi-
 tate to say, with all due respect for the
 general character of that journal, that
 Mr Shelley has been infamously and
 stupidly treated in the Quarterly Re-
 view. His Reviewer there, whoever
 he is, does not shew himself a man
 of such lofty principles as to en-
 title him to ride the high horse in com-

pany with the author of the Revolt of
 Islam. And when one compares the
 vis inertie of his motionless prose with
 the " eagle-winged raptures" of Mr
 Shelley's poetry, one does not think
 indeed of Satan reproving Sin, but one
 does think, we will say it in plain
 words and without a figure, of a dunce
 rating a man of genius. If that critic
 does not know that Mr Shelley is a
 poet, almost in the very highest sense
 of that mysterious word, then, we ap-
 peal to all those whom we have ena-
 bled to judge for themselves, if he be
 not unfit to speak of poetry before the
 people of England. If he does know
 that Mr Shelley is a great poet, what
 manner of man is he who, with such
 conviction, brings himself, with the
 utmost difficulty, to admit that there is
 any beauty at all in Mr Shelley's writ-
 ings, and is happy to pass that admis-
 sion off with an accidental and nig-
 gardly phrase of vague and valueless
 commendation. This is manifest and
 mean—glaring and gross injustice on
 the part of a man who comes forward
 as the champion of morality, truth,
 faith, and religion. This is being
 guilty of one of the very worst
 charges of which he accuses another ;
 nor will any man who loves and hon-
 ours genius, even though that genius
 may have occasionally suffered itself to
 be both stained and led astray, think
 but with contempt and indignation and
 scorn of a critic who, while he pre-
 tends to wield the weapons of honour,
 virtue, and truth, yet clothes himself
 in the armour of deceit, hypocrisy, and
 falsehood. He *exults* to calumniate
 Mr Shelly's moral character, but he
fears to acknowledge his genius. And
 therefore do we, as the sincere though
 sometimes sorrowing friends of Mr
 Shelley, scruple not to say, even though
 it may expose us to the charge of per-
 sonality from those from whom alone
 such a charge could at all affect our
 minds, that the critic shews himself
 by such conduct as far inferior to Mr
 Shelley as a man of worth, as the lan-
 guage in which he utters his falsehood
 and uncharitableness shews him to be
 inferior as a man of intellect.

In the present state of public feel-
 ing, with regard to poets and poetry,
 a critic cannot attempt to defraud a
 poet of his fame; without paying the
 penalty either of his ignorance or his
 injustice. So long as he confines the
 expression of his envy or stupidity to

works of moderate or doubtful merit, he may escape punishment ; but if he dare to insult the spirit of England by contumelious and scornful treatment of any one of her gifted sons, that contumely and that scorn will most certainly be flung back upon himself, till he be made to shrink and to shiver beneath the load. It is not in the power of all the critics alive to blind one true lover of poetry to the splendour of Mr Shelley's genius—and the reader who, from mere curiosity, should turn to the Revolt of Islam to see what sort of trash it was that so moved the wrath and the spleen and the scorn of the Reviewer, would soon feel, that to understand the greatness of the poet, and the littleness of his traducer, nothing more was necessary than to recite to his delighted sense any six successive stanzas of that poem, so full of music, imagination, intellect, and passion. We care comparatively little for injustice offered to one moving majestic in the broad day of fame—it is the injustice done to the great, while their greatness is unknown or misunderstood that a generous nature most abhors, in as much as it seems more basely wicked to wish that genius might never lift its head, than to envy the glory with which it is encircled.

There is, we firmly believe, a strong love of genius in the people of this country, and they are willing to pardon to its possessor much extravagance and error—nay, even more serious transgressions. Let both Mr Shelley and his critic think of that—let it encourage the one to walk onwards to his bright destiny, without turning into dark or doubtful or wicked ways—let it teach the other to feel a proper sense of his own insignificance, and to be ashamed, in the midst of his own weaknesses and deficiencies and meannesses, to aggravate the faults

of the highly-gifted, and to gloat with a sinful satisfaction on the real or imaginary debasement of genius and intellect.

And here we ought, perhaps, to stop. But the Reviewer has dealt out a number of dark and oracular denunciations against the Poet, which the public can know nothing about, except that they imply a charge of immorality and wickedness. Let him speak out plainly, or let him hold his tongue. There are many wicked and foolish things in Mr Shelley's creed, and we have not hitherto scrupled, nor shall we henceforth scruple to expose that wickedness and that folly. But we do not think that he believes his own creed—at least, that he believes it fully and to utter conviction—and we doubt not but the scales will yet all fall from his eyes. The Reviewer, however, with a face of most laughable horror, accuses Mr Shelly in the same breath of some nameless act of atrocity, and of having been rusticated, or expelled, or warned to go away from the University of Oxford ! He seems to shudder with the same holy fear at the violation of the laws of morality and the breaking of college rules. He forgets that in the world men do not wear caps and gowns as at Oriel or Exeter. He preaches not like Paul—but like a Proctor.

Once more, then we bid Mr Shelley farewell. Let him come forth from the eternal city, where, we understand, he has been sojourning,—in his strength, conquering and to conquer. Let his soul watch his soul, and listen to the voice of its own noble nature—and there is no doubt that the future will make amends for the past, whatever its errors may have been—and that the Poet may yet be good, great, and happy.

NOTE CANORÆ ; BY CHARLES LLOYD.

AN age which, like the present, has produced several great poets, must be full of the spirit of poetry. Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, and Byron, are men distinguished above their contemporaries only by an excess of that power, in which many thousands participate. Their thoughts are not beautiful and

solitary flowers breathing in a desert—but are only conspicuous among other products of the soil of England, by their richer bloom, and their finer fragrance. The whole of our worthy literature is now pregnant with imagination and passion. There seems to be at present a mingling and inter-fusing of the thoughts, sentiments

and opinions of men, of all kinds and degrees of power, that perhaps never existed before in this or any other country. Poets walk not in the light of their own imagination alone—but in the light shed around them, by the imagination of their brethren. Peculiar as is the genius of each of our great living poets to himself—and, opposite to each other their several theories of the art, yet may we observe frequent gleams and flashes of the one in the pages of the other, as they unconsciously lend or borrow splendour: however various their creeds and professions of faith, yet are they all priests of one religion.

This stir and communion of thought, feeling, and passion, is observable throughout that part of our literature, which, in former times, was uninteresting and contemptible—we mean, that poetry which is created by minds not in the first rank of poetical power. Our merest versifiers, now-a-days, may be set on an equality with men whom a former age considered true sons of Apollo—while we have among us not a few poetical writers, who, without aspiring to the very highest honours of the art, exhibit a familiar and profound knowledge of much of its subject-matter, and are permitted, at times, to behold glimpses of the glory revealed in full only to the mightier prophets.

Of this interesting class of poets Mr Lloyd is unquestionably one of the most interesting. He has been, from his youth upwards, a student of human nature, and he has studied it in the cell of his own heart. He has discovered for himself many of those hidden fountains of feeling, which, in ordinary men, often slumber undisturbed through all the years of life. Almost all his combinations of thoughts and emotions are peculiar, characteristic, native—so that even those passages which, if taken by themselves, might seem false or feeble, not unfrequently possess a singular charm to the reader who has formed an acquaintance with the very original mind of the author, and acquire force and meaning from the reflection of other passages with which they are mysteriously allied. This volume gives to us, more than any other we ever read, the image of *one character*—a character, no doubt, various and multifarious and perplexing, but which is felt irresistibly to be that

of a real living man. We detect no latent design in the poet of artificially building up a character. He never tries to impose any belief upon us; but bold, free, and unrestrained in his impulses, he writes as he feels, and we cannot choose but sympathize with him. Though all his poetry is about himself, yet is he as far from being an Egotist as any man can be, for even his most peculiar feelings are made to come home to the hearts of those who may never have experienced them, by the mysterious power of a common nature. He puts his trust in humanity, and is therefore not afraid to speak to his brethren of mankind of many of his sacred and awful emotions; but there is a true religious spirit in all his confessions, and intimately as he sometimes reveals to us his very soul, and the arteries and pulses of it's life, we never on any one occasion lose for him any share of our respect, but feel as if he were bound and endeared to us by the sadnesses and sufferings of which so noble and powerful a nature partakes, in as full and overflowing measure as the humblest of ourselves. He who merely dips into the volume, may chance to be offended by quaintnesses, obscurities, and metaphysical distinctions, but we think that no person can read it through, (and it is no unusual thing, we hope, to read a book through) without a very high opinion of Mr Lloyd's intellect, and a very kind opinion of his heart. Other thoughts of more solemn mood will also arise during its perusal—of which we hardly know how to speak; for they spring from the contemplation of a spirit too often disordered, distracted, and bewildered in the multitude of the thoughts within it, and delighting as it were to gaze too intently on its own agonized workings, nay, even at times seemingly anxious to aggravate rather than to relieve its own strange and incomprehensible sufferings. The heart of man is a holy thing. And there are certain sanctities of our nature which would seem to be violated if touched by the hand even of the kindest critic, which may yet be thrown open to the world by the heart in which they dwell, graced and guarded by that spirit of poetry and of passion in which they live, and have their awful being. There are many such revelations in this book—of sufferings that carry with them looks and sighs of a

dreadful sincerity, but for which, it is hoped, a cure has been, or soon will be found in that same profound depth of feeling and of passion, in whose darkness they have been engendered.

But now that we have ventured to say this much of the man as he is seen in the poet, we shall quote, as an illustration of our meaning, a poem which, while it is full of tenderness and beauty, and must touch every parent's heart, will not fail to give dark intimations of a dim and dreary and disturbed desolateness of soul, which even the infantine innocence and affection, which Mr Lloyd so brightly recognizes and so profoundly feels, is yet powerless to cheer, or to illuminate. No man better understands the mystery of exceeding love than this writer. From the depths of all our domestic affections and joys, sorrow and sadness is for ever breathing up; and it often depends on the state of our souls, while we are gazing on what we most dearly love, whether it strike bliss or agony through our being. Fear and terror seem to watch by the bed-side of infancy; and the sleeping smiles of the innocent and the beautiful can send us, in one moment, into the imagined darkness of death and the grave.

Likes to my Children. Written under the Influence of great Depression of Spirits, 11th June, 1819.

Heu! quam minus est reliquis versari,
quam vestrum meminisse.

My babes, no more I'll behold ye,
Little think ye how he ye once lov'd,
Your father who oft did unfold ye,
With all that a parent e'er proved,
How with many a pang he is saddened,
How many a tear he has shed,
For the eight human blossoms that gladden'd
His path, and his table, and bed.

None knows what a fond parent smothers,
Save he who a parent has been,
Who once more, in his daughters, their mother's,

In his boys has his own image seen!

And who—Can I finish my story?
Has seen them all shrink from his grasp;
Departed the crown of his glory,
No wife and no children to clasp!—

By all the dear names I have utter'd,
By all the most sacred caresses,
By the frolicsome nothings I've mutter'd,
In a mood that sheds tears while it blesses;

By the kisses so fond I have given,
By the plump little arm's cleaving twine,
By the bright eye, whose language was heaven,

By the rose on the cheek pressed to mine;

By its warmth that seemed pregnant with spirit;—

By the little feet's fond interlacing,
While others pressed forward to inherit
The place of the one thus embracing;
By the breast that with pleasure was troubled,

Since no words were to speak it availing;
Till the bliss of the heart was redoubled
As thy smiles on the lips 'twas exhaling;

By the girl, who, to sleep when consign'd,
The promised kiss still recollected;
And no sleep on her pillow could find,
If her father's farewell were neglected;

Who asked me, when infancy's terrors
Assail'd her, to sit by her bed;
And for the past day's little errors
On my cheek tears of penitence shed.

By those innocent tears of repentance,
More pure e'en than smiles without sin,
Since they mark with what delicate sentence
Childhood's conscience pronounces within.

By the dear little forms, one by one,
Some in beds closely coupled half-sleeping,

While the cribb'd infant nestled alone—
Whose heads at my coming all peeping,
Betrayed that the pulse of each heart

Of my feet's stealing fall knew the speech;
While all would not let me depart,
Till the kiss was bestowed upon each;

By the boy, who, when walking and musing,
And thinking myself quite alone,
Would follow the path I was chusing,—
And thrust his dear hand in my own;

(Joy more welcome because unexpected,
By all this fond store of delights,
Which, in sullen mood, had I neglected,
Every curse with which Heaven requites,

Were never sufficient for crushing
A churl so malign and hard-hearted)

But by the warm tears that are gushing,
As I think of the joys that are parted;

Were ye not as the rays that are twinkling
On the waves of some clear haunted stream,
Were ye not as the stars that are sprinkling
Night's firmament dark without them?

My forebodings then hear!—By each one
Of the dear dreams through which I have travell'd,

The cup of enjoyment from none
Can I take, till the spells, one by one,
Which have wither'd ye all, be unravell'd.

No poet that ever lived would be disgraced by such lines as these—so tender, pathetic, and passionate—so filled with the joy and grief—the sinkings and the soarings of a human soul surrounded by all the perturbing sanctities and felicities of life.

There is a poem, if possible, yet more affecting, entitled "Stanzas,—let the reader determine their title." Here the poet gives free vent to many feelings of indefinite misery, and in the worked-up hopelessness of

his self-tormenting spirit longs to fly from the voices and faces of men, and to bury himself in the refuge of solitude and desolation. There is more poetry in this wild production than in any thing else of his we have read—the language is richer, and the versification sometimes rushes on with a pre-rapt grandeur. The opening is finely impassioned.

Oh, that a being in this latter time

Lived such as poets in their witching lays,
Feigned were their demi-gods in nature's prime!

The Dryad sheltered from noon's scorching rays.

By leafy canopy;—the Naiad's days

Stealing by gently wedded to some spring,
In pure connatural essence; while the haze
Of twilight in the vale is lingering,

The Oread from mountain-top the sun-rise
welcoming.

Oh, that a man might hope to pass his life,
Where through lime, beech, and alder,
the proud sun

His leafy grot scarce visited;—where strife
Is known not;—to absolve—to impeach
him none;—

His moral life, and that of nature, one:—
Where fragrant thyme, and crisped heath-
bells prank

The ground, all memory of the world to shun,
And piercing, while his ears heaven's mus-
ic drank,

Nature's profoundest depths, the God of
Nature thank.

After a few more stanzas of similar
aspirations, he exclaims,

My God! this world's a prison-house to some;
And yet to those who cannot prize its
treasure,

It will not suffer them in peace to roam
Far from its perturbation and its pleasure.
No! though ye make a compact with its
measure—

Except to one or two by fortune blest!—
'Twill only mock your efforts; thus your lei-
sure,

Yielded to her, becomes a sad unrest;—
It pays the fool the least that worships her
the best.

Yet, on the other hand, if ye forego
Her haunts, and all her trammels set aside,
Though 'tis her joy ungratefully to throw
Scorn on her slaves, her vassals to deride—
"Hewers of wood, drawers of water," plied
With daily drudgery know this truth full
well—

She will from pole to pole, through time and
tide,

Still follow you with persecuting spell,
And by her whispers foul, make solitude a
hell.

Therefore breathed I this prayer, that, as in
years

Long parted, beings were supposed to live

Exempt from human ties;—from human
tears,

And human joys;—endowed with a re-
prieve

From friends to flatter, or foes to forgive;

So it might fare with me!—Oh, Liberty,
I ask for thee alone;—with thee to weave

Quaint rhymes, to breathe the air, were
heaven to me;

To dream myself the only living thing, save
thee!

When Heaven has granted thought and
energy,

Passion, Imagination, Fancy, Love,
Pleasures and pains, hopes, fears, that will
not die,

'Tis surely hard to be condemned to rove
In a perpetual wilderness; to move

Unblest by freedom, and humanity;—
I blame not those for whom the world hath
wove,

Spells that to them are best reality—

Some are there 'twill not serve, nor yet will
let them fly.

Oh! for an island in the boundless deep!

Where rumour of the world might never
come;

Oh! for a cave where weltering waves might
keep

Eternal music!—round which, night-
winds roam

Incessantly, mixed with the surging foam;
And from their union bring strange sounds
to birth;—

Oh, could I rest in such an uncouth home,
No foes except the elements;—the earth,
The air;—though sad, I'd learn to make
with them strange mirth.

I'd learn the voices of all winds that are;

The music of all waters; and the rude
Flowers of this isle, although both "wild
and rare,"

Should be by me with sympathy endued.
I would have *lovers* in my solitude;

Could animal being be sustain'd, the mind
Such is *her* energy, would find all good;

And to her destiny e'ensoons resigned,
In solitude would learn the infinite to find.

Oh! thou first Cause, thou giver of each
blessing,

E'en were I cursed, so vain a thing I'm not
As to suppose *nothing* is worth possessing;

That misery's the universal lot.
A cold hand lies on me;—a weight;—from
what,

Whence, where, or how—boots it not here
to tell:

I only wish that I could be forgot,

And that I might inherit some small cell,
With blessings short of heaven, and curses
short of hell.

There follow this, some stanzas that
to us are very obscure—not in the
conception, which is good, but in the
expression, which is imperfect. These
we omit, and go on to where the poet

describes the mind's gradual change
from extremest misery to dreary des-
pondence.

But, let hours, days, weeks, months, and
years pass by,

A sullen acquiescence then succeeds,
And the first proof of nature's sanity .

Is, that the mind its own condition heeds :
Though it be choaked with thorns, and
clogged with weeds,

A parent's fondness still it 'gins to feel
For its own creations ; and to this succeeds
Strongest imagination ;—the barbed steel
From foes has pierced too deep for other
men to heal.

No ! still betwixt him and his fellow men
The irrepassable gulph, when once passed,
gapes ;

Yet, though his thoughts, that creep as in a
den

The slimy insect, e'en in all their shapes
Have nothing reconciling, yet escapes
Nought that is harmful ; like the bloated

toad,
They are dark, they are dreary, loathsome :
human apes

Thence deem them poisonous : they are a
weary load ;
And not the less since undeservedly bestow-
ed.

In such condition of mind, no won-
der that the poet's song is dismal.

Like the lorn harp of Tara on the walls,
Swept by the invisible breathings of the
wind,

When as that harp had ceased in Tara's
halls,

To pour the soul of harmony refin'd—
That tells his fate. Strange melodies as-
signed

To it, harsh discord seem to the ears of
all :
Yet not a note doth breathe from it design-
ed

To give a pang : it mayn't be musical :—
Well may a shattered lyre, a shattered bard
befall.

Tones untranslatable should it discourse,
When by its master touched ; oh, deem
not ye,

Because ye know them not, and think them
hoarse,

That in those tones no mystery may be,
Such as unravell'd might give harmony
To its wild cadences !—Then let him
sing ;

And though his song please not, yet still if
he

Feels, while it floats around, as though a
wing

Protected him with tremulous faint o'er-
shadowing,

'Tis more than naked skies, and naked stars,

'Tis more than Heaven's canopy bestows,

'Tis more than storms, and elemental wars,

And murky clouds, winds, rain, sleet,
hail, and snows,
Think not that I blame these. They are
not my foes.

I seek communion, covet sympathy,
E'en with their wildest moods :—they suit
my woes—

I meant to say when souls from agony
A little respite feel, souls will self-question-
ed be.

And now, oh God ! e'en let my wish once
more,

Ere this lay cease, be to thy love con-
fessed,

Grant me to vegetate on some wild shore ;

Since I cannot be happy, as the best

I e'er can hope to be, let mine own breast

Be to itself its sole companion ;—there,
Though much of wretchedness, and much
unrest

Be housed, at least there need be no des-
pair

From that which I once deemed sole
source of cureless care :

After a few more stanzas, full of
the same wretchedness, and the same
aspirations, the poet thus concludes
his prayer and his confession.

Once more, oh Father, hear !—Thy will is
power !

Act, thy decision is :—all, all is thine !—
The pangs that shake me, bodings that de-
vour,

Both how I agonize, and how I pine,
Thou knowest well ; and though each fal-
tering line

Of mine betray affliction's cleaving cure,
Thou knowest well the torments that are
mine

As far exceed the pictures of my verse,
As atoms are exceeded by the universe.

Lays such as these might then seem rounde-
lays,

And madrigals, compared to truth's plain
theme,

To elegies, to epitaphs, on days,

On friends, on joys, departed like a beam
Of summer, or the lightning's trackless
gleam :

Oh, then, my humble prayer do not deny
If I implore, or that the feverish dream
Of life might end, or that in liberty
Forgotten I might live, since unwet I must
die.

We have already said, that poetry
such as this, when, as in the pre-
sent case, we feel it to be the bitter
language of suffering, is too sacred to
be subjected to criticism. But we are
not now acting the part of a critic, but
of a friend, which every one must be
to Mr Lloyd, who reads this volume
with a thinking and a feeling heart.
It is deeply to be deplored, when so
fine a nature becomes, as it were,

bound to unhappiness by a kind of self-willed and infatuated attachment. Misery, with this poet, is a passion; the life of his very intellect seems to move in misery. The wild combinations which an imagination, often perverted, is constantly forming, and making to pass before his soul, like the endlessly varied clouds and glimmerings of a rueful sky, present food to his restless and energetic intellect; and he becomes a troubled speculator on the infinite varieties of his own distressful being. At last pleasure, or something at least partaking of the character of gratification or indulgence, grows out of this habit—such a mind would not be tranquil, even if it could; and to it quiet would be like a calm at sea, so wearisome and soul-killing to the mariner who feels himself alive only in gales and in storms. All Mr Lloyd's poetry, even his very earliest compositions, exhibit traits of this disposition of mind; we think we see it

making the food it feeds on," till, at last, it has shewn itself in the poems we have now quoted, in lamentable and pernicious strength, a strength, to be sure, unable to weaken an intellect, by nature both powerful and acute, but which, we fear, may have done sad, though, we trust, not irremediable injury to his capacity of untroubled happiness.

It is not for us to say, what may be in the power of men of genius, by nature too liable to the impression of melancholy or despairing thoughts, to do for themselves, or yet, what cheering and healthful impulses may come to them without—from the face of nature, and the bosom of human life. It is certain, that whatever the general tenor of our lives may have been, all men have known seasons of calm and happiness. We have evidence, then, that we ourselves are capable of happiness, and we only want to know how those seasons were brought on, and how they were dispersed. If it be clear, beyond doubt, that they were the effect of circumstances, independent of our will, we can draw from them no favourable conclusions of our future life. It was happiness which we received and departed from us. But if our souls tell us, that some part, at least, of our peaceful enjoyments we owed to ourselves, it is possible that the same influence or controul which we then ex-

erted over our life may still be within our power; and by discovering how that controul, or that unintended unconscious influence was exerted, we may exert it again consciously, powerfully, and more durably. Surely, if this poet, and others like him, so much in love with mournful and depressing dreams, were to attempt cultivating happiness with the same passion with which they seem to cleave unto misery, they might almost transform their natures, and see as many more prospects of cheerfulness and joy than ordinary men, as they now see of despondency and grief.

We conceive that few men are more likely to have a certain portion of their happiness in their own power than such a writer as this; if he would but exert that power, for besides the fineness of all his sensibilities, and the vigour of his intellectual faculties, few seem to have had so many self-experiences. Now, men are not individually governed by common experience. That common belief which we share with all men is scarcely belief at all, in our own case. Our conviction deserts us when we begin to act; the evidence which we behold clearly, is suffused and clouded over, as soon as action or expectation begin to stir up in our bosoms the motions of passion or of power. The wisdom which we hold in common with others, and the wisdom by which we must regulate ourselves, seem quite different in kind. They are quite distinct at least, in their authority; and in the manner in which they are produced in our minds. Those observations, opinions, judgments, which seem to compose a system of prudence, an entire economy of life, established among men, and which we receive in part of our common inheritance, seem yet to surrender us up unto all the perils, difficulties, and trials of life, as unwisely untaught, and ignorant, as if we could apprehend no knowledge but what we draw from life itself. And yet the wisdom, when it is acquired, seems the same again; and we can but add our experience of life to the experience of all generations. It does seem indeed, then, to be a law of our own minds, that our belief for ourselves must be drawn from our own life—that the truth which we knew for others we do not know for ourselves, till we have studied it with pleasure and pain—

that the knowledge we accepted in transmission from others, has no application to our own life, till our life itself has, by reproducing it, made the application—yielding to it evidence, and clothing it with power which it could no otherwise possess.

Poetry of this character, filled with the self-experiences of a pure and high nature, will be cherished as a sacred possession, in every heart that is not afraid to look life in the face. There is not a man breathing, whose faculties and affections have been expanded and tried, that has not images and emotions in the secret chambers of his bosom, dim; threatening, and terrible. Few poets have had the courage, perhaps the power, to grapple with such thoughts, and subject them to the fetters of words—to the power of their art. Mr Lloyd, we have said, has dared to do this—while we peruse his passionate communings with his soul, we are thereby made more distinctly acquainted with our own; yet at times we cannot help feeling regret that such a mind should have known miserable thoughts so well as to be enabled thus agitatingly to paint them—and our hearts leap with delight within us whenever the poet comes before us in his gladness, and shews that, acquainted as he is with grief, he equally well understands the beauty and delight, both of the natural and moral world.

We rejoice, therefore, to conclude our notice of Mr Lloyd's poetry, with some specimens of a milder—a happier character. There is a great deal of happiness in this volume, and much tender and profound enjoyment of human life. We may guess what joy all the best affections of our nature, must yield this most amiable poet, from some of those pious strains, in which he mourns over the passing away from earth of those he had loved and honoured. The sonnets on the death of his mother's mother,—written in youth,—are all of them exceedingly beautiful. No relation between human beings in this life, is more solemn and affecting to a young heart, than that which prompted these effusions. To a young and happy child, there is felt, unknown perhaps to itself, a reverential awe, for the stillness, the purity, and the sanctity of Old Age sitting solemnly before it like a being scarcely belonging to its bright and gladsome

world, and yet looking down upon it from morning to night, with a countenance of benignity and love. A child feels in the gray hairs, and saintly calm of her whom its own mother reverences, a power that tempers mirth,—deepens happiness, and calms the overflowing of tears. These are feelings which from a good heart will never pass away—and he whose own head may be getting gray, will think on the aged saint long buried in the grave, with all the undiminished reverence that filled his boyish heart, when he knelt in prayer at the feet of the breathing image, or heard from her pale lips the words of eternal life.

SONNET VIII.

My Bible ! scarcely dare I open thee !
Remembering how each eve I wont to give
Thy due texts holly, while She did live,
The pious Woman !—What tho' for the meek

Thou treasurest glad tidings, still to me
Of her I lov'd thou dost so plainly speak.
And kindling virtue dost so amply tell
Of her most virtuous, that 'twere hard to quell
The pang which thou wilt wake ! Yet hallow'd book,

Tho' for a time my bosom thou wilt wring,
Thy great and precious promises will bring
Best consolation ! Come then, I will look
In thy long-clasped volume, there to find
Haply, tho' lost her form, my best friend's mind !

SONNET IX.

When from my dreary home I first mov'd
on,

After my Friend was in her grave-clothes
drest,

A dim despondence on my spirit prest,
As all my pleasant days were come and gone !
Strange whispers parted from th' entombing
clay,

The thin air murmur'd, each dumb ob-
ject spake,

Bidding the overwhelmed bosom ache :
Oft did I look to Heaven, but could not pray !
"How shall I leave thee, quiet scene ?"

said I,

"How leave the passing breeze that loves
to sweep

"The holy sod where my due footsteps
creep ?

"The passing breeze ? 'Twas She ! The
Friend pass'd by !"

But the time came ; the passing breeze I
left ;

"Farewell !" I sigh'd, and seem'd of all
bereft !

SONNET XI.

As o'er the dying embers oft I cower,
When my tir'd spirits rest, and my heart
swells

Lull'd by domestic quiet, Mem'ry dwells
On that blest tide, when thou the evening
hour

Didst gladden: while upon th' accustom'd
chair

I look, it seems as if Thou wert still there :
Kirtled in snowy apron thy dear knees,
Propt on the fender'd hearth my fancy sees,
O'er which exchanging souls we wont to
bend !

And as I lift my head, thy features send
A cheering smile to me—but, in its flight
O'er my rain-pelted sash, a blast of night
Sweeps surlily ! starting, my fancy creeps
To the bleak dwelling where thy cold
corse sleeps !

SONNET VI.

When Thou that agonized Saint dost see
Worn out, and trembling on the verge of
death,

Murmur meek praises with convulsed
breath,

And sanctify each rending agony,
Deeming it a dim Minister of Grace
Medicinal, and stealing her from all
That subtly might her ling'ring spirit
thrall ;

When Thou dost read in her unearthly face,
How She doth keep in thankful quietness
Her patient soul, dar'st Thou thy best
Friend deem

As One deceiv'd by a most idle dream ?
Ah, surely no ! if Thou at all possess
A humanized heart ; e'en if thy mind
Hate not the only hopes of humankind !

We should have to give many more
quotations, before we could convey to
our readers a complete or faithful
character of these interesting poems.
But we have shewn them enough, to
make them desire to see more ;—and
if they really love poetry, they will not
be satisfied till they peruse the volume.
It contains much description of ex-
ternal nature ; and description, too,
everywhere full of intelligence and
feeling, of all her beauties and subli-
mities.

There is at all times, too, a deep,—or
a delicate—or a tender moral feeling,
blended with the mere joyfulness com-
municated through senses keenly alive
to impressions from without—and such
feeling, though always true to nature,
is, at the same time, almost always
characteristic of the very original mind
of this poet. There are few or no com-
mon-place things in Mr Lloyd's ver-
ses, certainly none in his sentiment,—
and if in description some do occur,
they are in general saved from our
dislike, by something ingenious in
thought, or tender in emotion, being
unexpectedly connected with them.

Sometimes there occurs an unam-
bitious, unpretending sonnet, which
seems breathed out in a happy
moment, from a heart filled with de-

light inspired by the sweet aspect
of earth and heaven ;—and which
awakens, in a moment, in the reader's
mind, trains of imagery without end,
and sad though delightful dreams of
the days gone by. Of this character
is the following composition.

SONNET XIX.

26th March 1803.

Thou cottage gleaming near the tuft of trees,
Thou tell'st of joy more than I dare believe
Falls to the lot of man ; where Fancy sees
(For credulous Fancy still her dreams
will weave)

Him whose low fate no restless cares de-
ceive,

Blest by your smiles, pure as the mountain
breeze ;

Love, Peace, Humility, whose ministries
Give all that happiest mortals can receive.

'Yon sun-tipt grove's embosom'd harmony,
As fades the splendour of departing day,

Swells on my ear most like the minstrelsy
Which from thy inmate's pipe shall bear
away

The soul of him who listens, till he hear
Sounds that awaken love's forgotten tear.

We must quote one other of the
sonnets, which is every thing it ought
to be.

SONNET XXIII.

14th April 1803.

There is I know not what within my breast,
Which, when these days of vernal beauty
come,

Excites my ardent sentiments to roam
For happiness by mortals not possess'd :

The song of birds, the lawn whose soft green
vest

Is prank'd with spring-flowers ; the trans-
lucent foam

Of yon clear stream that winds around my
home,

Whose mossy banks my tottering babes have
press'd

With daily joy : the hills aerial height

Piled in the summer skies of cloudless blue,
And faintly bathed with like cerulean hue,
So raise my soul, that, when she shares the
sight,

Who doubles every charm she loves to
view,

My o'ercharg'd heart is troubled with delight.

We conclude our extracts with a few
lines from a little poem quite of a dif-
ferent character from almost any other
of Mr Lloyd's productions. In it, he
escapes from himself, and turns on a
friend every way worthy of them, all the
kindly regards of his kindly nature a-
wakened, by one of those little inci-
dents in the intercourse of life, which
genius enables sensibility to remember
for ever. The poem is entitled, " Lines
on an Hour-glass, addressed to Miss
H— W—."

(For as this toy, the welcome guest
Of buoyant mirth or languid care,
Doth solemn thoughts to one suggest,
And to the other solace bear,—
So she, disinterested friend,
Has smiles for joy, for sorrows sighs;
Though still her inward feelings tend
With sacred grief to sympathize).
“ Oh, may no present hour, attired
In gloom, a prayer for change draw forth !
Yet each successive hour, inspired
By hope, exceed the last in worth :
May fancy wreath around this toy
Blooms stolen from the Elysian clime ;
And Peace, the monitor of joy,
Brood on the tranquil lapse of time !
These sands, that fall in silent showers,
To their *first* source we turn once more ;
May friendship so for thee the hours
Of youth, in distant age restore !”
Oh, Harriet, thoughtless of thy power !
And humble, useful glass, like thee,

The highest blessing thou dost shower
Unconscious of thy destiny.

E'en as this toy, that through life's span
The quick illapse of time revealed,
Doth bring prime benefits to man—
Till Time to Eternity doth yield ;

So of the virtues' holy train,
Disinterested love shall call
For Heaven's most gratulating strain—
Till self be lost !—God all in all !

We do not think so well of ourselves, as to believe that many readers of poetry would take the character of this work, merely on our authority ; neither do we think so poorly of others, as to believe that many readers of poetry can have perused these extracts, without a deep impression of their beauty, and the highest opinion of Mr Lloyd's taste, sensibility, and genius.

ON PUBLIC LECTURES ON WORKS OF IMAGINATION AT LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

WE think that all liberal persons will speak with respect of those institutions, literary and philosophical, which, of late years, have been formed in the Metropolis and other parts of the empire. They owe their existence to a generous and honourable spirit—to a desire among the wealthy of an enlightened country to give encouragement, from their wealth, to those sciences and arts, which are at once the intellectual ornaments of a people, and the means of their highest civilization. The Libraries and Collections which belong to those establishments, for the foundation and support of which the members feel themselves repaid by the right of access they retain, are a permanent service rendered to knowledge, and, if maintained with the spirit in which they have been begun, may give a national dignity to such Societies.

The repositories of knowledge can bear but one character, nor is their purpose open to perversion. But another purpose which has been connected with almost all these Institutions, and which has been held to form a most important part of their plan—namely, the immediate communication and diffusion of knowledge by public lectures—though equally honourable to the spirit of the institutors, is more difficult to carry into useful effect, and, in our opinion, exceedingly open to misapplication.

A library stands in silence. Those,

who do not desire to consult it for instruction, do not visit it. But a public discussion invites an audience ; and if an audience will not come together for earnest instruction, such instruction must be found as will bring them together. It seems undeniable, that the experiment of such courses of public instruction, in the mixed assemblies of populous commercial towns, necessarily includes much hazard. It is hard to say, that, under any circumstances, they can be of very great utility, and they run a great risk of degrading the character of instruction. The lectures delivered in the seats of learning, by professors discharging to the public the functions of their high office, are grave and severe instruction to students gathered together from all quarters of the country to devote to study, with all the ardour of their youthful faculties, several entire years of their life. They are a body united for this sole purpose, and submitting, for its sake, to an established authority of discipline, as well as an authority of reverence, residing in the seat of learning, in the persons of their teachers, and the ancient renown of the place. From the character and efficacy of such instruction, nothing can be adduced in probability of the success of the scheme of which we would now speak—neither can absolute conclusions be drawn against it,—only it must be at once admitted, that this purpose of instruction cannot be the

sane as in those venerable Establishments.

It is not possible for any person to speak decidedly of the spirit with which such Institutions have hitherto been conducted, with respect to this very important part of their plan—for they are yet all in their infancy. But the very first question which a friend to such Institutions puts to himself is, what ought to be the character of their public lecturers? and then he looks around him, and judges for himself, whether or not that character be realized in the persons elevated—for it is a great elevation—to situations of such high duties, and such sacred trust. On the spirit of those who found and support such Institutions, will depend that of the men whom they bring there to listen to; and if purposes of worth and importance are undertaken without the spirit which is adequate to carry them into effect, the good cause itself will be injured and degraded with the public, and the high objects which they professed will cast something of ridicule and scorn upon their failure. Let us consider with ourselves for a little what should be the character, for example, of a Lecturer on poetry and literature at such an Institution.

The man who stands up to instruct his countrymen on such subjects—not in books, which are open to all consideration—but by a public appointment as a half-professor, ought especially to be a *sound* teacher. His hearers are not, at least ought not, to be assembled to hear speculations and fancies however acute and amusing—not to hear *him*, but to hear *truth*. He stands there as a sort of literary representative of his lettered countrymen, and ought, therefore, to speak authentic knowledge and belief, that which is held, and avouched, and avowed by literary and intellectual authorities. There is no necessity for his being a mere repeater; he will mark the strength and character of his own mind upon what he says, though he does not assume to make the substance of it, and consents to speak the feelings and thoughts of a thousand minds as wise as his own. The national character of our literature imperiously demands this, a literature comprehending that spirit of thought, feeling, and moral sentiment, which makes it English, and England the better for it. Himself, his language, his opinions, must all be classical Eng-

lish. The land is ancient, calm, and good, and that which is of the land, which is old and hereditary, has the deep power of the land breathing in every word. Nothing, we conceive, can be so hurtful to the public mind as an innovating and rebellious temper in literature, not arising from conviction of the intellect meditating on the grand sweep of its past course, but from a diseased love of novelty, or a base and mean love of reputation for originality and genius. Such a spirit of hazarding and propagating paradoxes teaches, to all infected with it, dislike and disregard for antiquities—presumption and self-confidence to the ignorant, who would fain attempt to think before they know, and to know before they feel—and who, in the midst of their imagined independence of opinion, are in truth the veriest slaves of other men, who impose upon them at will the fetters and the stripes of their own reckless and capricious tyranny. The great feelings and opinions of men are strong by their universality. That is evidence for, not against them. We are not required to be all original inventors of thought. It is no dishonour or condemnation of our opinions, that they are simply those of every body else; nor will any devout and ardent lover of truth, either in literature or morals, start back from principles or feelings, because their universal acknowledgement has deprived them of all air of originality, and because, while he promulgates them once more to young minds, the world can give him credit only for the love, the discernment, and the enunciation of what has been long believed to be important, and will confer on him the praise only of being a wise expositor of wisdom.

But the great and important question is, what kind of instruction can reasonably be expected to be communicated, by even the very best teacher, to such an audience as is gathered together in the lecture-room of a literary institution? It cannot, we should think, be intellectual discipline to the mind on which future important science may be built up. What can be expected from him? That to men whose occupations of life have been different from those of the studious, men of active and intelligent minds, but unstored with philosophic knowledge, or the wealth of literature, he should give—what? The know-

ledge they want? That is utterly impossible, from the very nature of his lectures, few, detached, and coming, in their own unassisted strength or weakness, into the midst of the ardent avocations of life. But it will be said, they may shew people what that knowledge is—they may open up access to it—they may give them a taste of the pleasures with which it is accompanied. And something of this they probably will do; but a little consideration may, perhaps, serve to shew that it cannot be to a great degree—certainly not to such a degree as to make amends for many evils that must spring out of so very imperfect a method either of communicating knowledge or inspiring the love of it, at least in poetry or literature.

The subject of lectures at such Institutions should not be the works of imagination. Are books inaccessible or rare? Is it to make an English audience acquainted with the contents of the volumes of Shakspeare or Milton, that they are to be lectured upon? Why, it is probable that, of such an audience, many have little poetical delight in those works. It is probable, that with the works of many poets they are not acquainted at all, and that the poetry of Chaucer, and Spenser, and Fletcher, &c. may, then, for the very first time, be laid open to them. Is it, then, to dictate a taste to men, that such lectures are given? If so, then we are led to inquire what is the real natural process by which the works of imagination diffuse themselves among a people, and establish their hold in their minds. They are propagated from one to another by delight. They are universally accessible, and are brought to the hand of all. It is true that works of great interest lie dormant among a people—and why? because the present temper of their minds does not bear them. But the mind of society changes, and that which it demands, it will bring forth. It will call buried writers from the dust, as it will call into life writers that shall minister to its delight. If a man does not know what is in the pages of Milton, it is because his mind does not desire poetry. It is of all the desires a man can have in this country, the one most easily and cheaply administered to, and therefore it would be quite idle to talk of grounding lectures on poetry, on the sole object of introducing poetry to unacquainted minds.

But let us suppose that the lecturer is appointed to instruct and guide the public taste in poetry. And this, no doubt, is the purpose seriously proposed—to cultivate taste—to preserve men's minds from running riot in delight—to teach them how to admire—to be wise in their enjoyment. The audience of such a lecturer is one we shall suppose acquainted, but imperfectly so, with poetry, so that his object is to chastise, to guide, to enlighten a beginning taste. But this is to confound the nature and the uses of things. Nature herself instructs us in poetry, by taking strong hold on our imagination, by opening up our feelings, by preparing and kindling our passions. Men are led into poetry, as into all other courses of natural delight, by the tenderness and powers of their own minds. The works of great poets are before them, as the fields, the woods, the rivers, the vales, and the mountains of their native land. If desire leads their steps abroad, delight once finding them, will lead them on. They are in the midst of nature, and impressions are showered upon their hearts, which deepen their desires, continually recurring upon them with finer and more ethereal enjoyment. It is because a man has imagination of his own, that, when the objects of imagination are presented to him, he knows and rejoices in them. The processes of nature are both sudden and slow. Objects are presented for the first time to the mind, and are received with impassioned transport, which never passes away; or they awaken a gentle pleasure, and still, with the renewed impression, the pleasure grows more vivid, till at last it infuses a vital delight through the whole frame of the soul. But in either case, the principle of nature's operation is the same; it is the natural action of the object on the mind, and which takes effect, because the mind has faculties that answer to the object. Such is the natural love of poetry. Upon some minds it comes with rapture, from the first work of true poetry that is opened to them; on others it gradually grows, as they are led on with increasing delight through successive years. But in none of these processes do we recognize the artificial skill of human instruction. Means there may be of engendering a false seeming of the love, and of producing an imitative

taste. But this is the growth of the genuine native love, which may be wild and erring to be sure, though, as we conceive, no more to be set right than produced by men lecturing upon it—for the only kind of cure lies in all instruction, in every association that teaches self-suspicion, self-government, and sobriety of mind—in short, in all mental discipline.

We may, in farther prosecution of this view of the subject, remark, that instruction in poetry must be intended either to impart a taste for poetry, or to correct it. Now, as to giving, implanting, diffusing, a taste for poetry,—such a taste is a feeling, an affection of the imagination, and of the passions; an application of natural sensibility to its peculiar object. Knowledge and skill may be imparted by instruction; but emotion, enjoyment, fervour, seem by their very nature, excluded from its province. The love of poetry, in truth, belongs to sensibility, not to intellect. The only legitimate object then, we might say, the only intelligible object of instruction in poetry, is to rectify the taste. How then is this to be done? In the first place, it supposes a taste to be rectified,—it presumes a love of poetry,—and a very considerable acquaintance with its productions. It not only supposes a love, but that such love has grown up into too wild luxuriance. To correct all this will be important, only in as far as poetry itself is an object of importance to the mind. Now poetry may have an undue and dangerous importance, by taking too much of a practical hold on the sensibilities; by entering into, exciting, and disturbing, the feelings that belong to real life. This is a danger, that does, beyond all doubt, attend poetry, with young and susceptible minds. Most surely it is not to be guarded against by instruction in poetry,—by any development of canons of criticism,—by leading the over-excited mind to blend more of its power, and its more subtle faculties with an object already too dear,—not surely by heightening the dignity and importance of poetry,—by calling the reason itself to its study, and setting the chief faculty of life to minister to the play of fancy, and the cravings of distempered sensibility. Much rather is it to be done, by closing the volumes altogether, and recalling the distempered mind to the discipline

of severer studies,—to simpler, healthier pleasures, and to the service of real life.

But poetry may have importance to the mind also, as the character of that mind, and the external circumstances of its condition, permit the study of the arts of imagination lawfully to be made an important pursuit. To such a mind it is evident, that a just regulation of taste does become important; because so much of its powers is given to the pursuit, that no less is therein implied, than a just regulation of the intellectual faculties. By what means then, is a youthful or more advancing mind, to which the just study of poetry, and the just regulation of the action of so many powers, is an object of real importance,—by what means is such a mind to get the benefit of such regulation? By instruction in poetry, as a part of systematic education? Rather by universal instruction. As far as the mind itself is to be formed and governed,—by all those serious and dignified studies which call the higher faculties into strenuous and ardent exertions; and as far as poetry itself is concerned,—by setting before it the highest models, and leaving them to work their own effect. The study of poetry will itself receive the influence of such general high intellectual instruction. For the light which is in the mind, will fall upon all its works. It will itself turn thought, intelligence, knowledge, upon that which is to itself an important and cherished pursuit. In every mind, the love of poetry, in whatever degree it exist, is of the nature of feeling and passion. It is of the things therefore, which belong, we might almost say, to the privacy of the mind; to the things which it keeps to itself, and into which another cannot penetrate. To intrude upon it,—to interrogate it,—to lay it out in public examination,—is not to rectify but to destroy it. It is lowering the dignity of the mind, and weakening its self-dependence, to bring the inquisition of instruction into such parts of it. The mind that is ardent in these pursuits, must in youth be wrong by enthusiasm,—it can only get right by the self-correction of its maturer years.

It sufficiently appears, then, that the principle on which all public instruction in poetry is founded, is in nature false; and the lectures which,

even in the most authoritative academic forms are given on this subject, would be inefficient if not injurious,—were it not that at universities, a course of reading and study is pursued, almost exclusively, of those grand-books with which what is called philosophical criticism is conversant; and that there the enlightened youth is drinking for himself at those living fountains from which his teacher either has or pretends to have drawn his inspiration. But in such a school as that of which we are now speaking, this only possible ground of argument is, from the beginning removed. For what is the audience that will attend the poetical lectures of such an Institution? Rather let us ask on what footing does poetry stand to them? What can it be more to them than a pleasure, or in what other light important? And do they choose to go to a place of public instruction, to be set right, to be lectured on their pleasures? To those who in the midst of serious and useful avocations, can find leisure and inclination to turn to the works of eloquent writers, for relaxation of their own strained faculties, for refreshment and restoration to their overtoiled minds, such works must be a precious delight, a spring of gushing waters. In these, a simple pure pleasure is granted, and preserved to them by the truth of their minds, and the openness of their affections. What purpose can be served by turning this genial love of literature into a curious, intricate, and doubtful study—or why seek to disturb it by listening to imperfect and perplexing disquisitions, penned by lecturers who can know nothing of the secrets of the heart, or understanding of those to whom their speculations are addressed? Such minds, naturally open to the interest of poetry, feel its highest, purest, and dearest feelings set in motion by its works,—feelings great and undefined, for which they neither know, nor seek expression. It is little likely, that public lecturers will give expression to such feelings, unless it happen—as it has happened—that he be himself a true poet, like Coleridge or Campbell. It is probable, that he will be able to give much fuller expression to feelings of lower rank, and thoughts of lesser moment,—that he will make these

predominant in the mind, and will rather lower than exalt the tone of its sentiments. It is surely unnecessary to say any thing of the evil done to such ingenuous minds, by being trained to talk, and hear talk of all kinds of vain and idle conversation, about objects and thoughts and feelings, once so dear to them, perhaps in the sacred privacy of their own closed hearts, but which come at last to be valued by them merely as affording means of the display of talent or the gratification of vanity.

But there is one general view of the study of poetry which perhaps might serve instead of all arguments upon this subject. The love of poetry, it is true, is one of the simplest delights of the mind; but the study of its principles is one of the most abstruse and highest speculations. It is one of the most complicated and difficult parts of metaphysics. An exposition of these principles never has been given—perhaps never will be. But every mind that, with intellectual power, pursues poetry as an important study, does make, according to its faculty, metaphysical discoveries in these principles, and so far finds light. In poetry,—imagination, reason, and passion, are all blended together in the same act of the mind, and to understand the principles of poetry is to have analyzed, in its most subtle products, this joint operation. It is an undertaking to baffle the ablest metaphysician; and is it to be made the subject of lectures to youthful students and to popular assemblies? The true character of the real study has assigned the character of the false shows of that study. In the schools, and in the hands of professed critics, the commentaries on poetry, and the expositions of the rules and principles of the art have been intelligible, for there was serious purpose of instruction; but, to be so, they have relinquished every thing essential to poetry—have confined themselves to the plainest matters of understanding which the works of poets would afford; and from Trapp to Blair, have offered notorious examples of uninteresting treatises on most interesting subjects.* But where the nature of the plan and occasion have afforded such license to the instructor

* An exception is to be found in Mr Copplestone, of whose strangely neglected Lectures we do not remember to have seen any notice whatever in the Reviews. We hope to have an article on them very soon from an able pen.

or lecturer, he has made it an object to please, and no object to instruct. The public teacher has been converted into an orator—a declaimer. From all the deep passions which poetry commands—from the power and splendour of imagination with which it is filled—it is open to a man of any talent in this kind to captivate an audience, and, without impeachment of their understanding, to raise in them unusual and undue interest, but with no result as instruction in poetry. If their views be imperfect, and their feelings erroneous or confused, will they be made just and true by the subjection of the mind, for a time, to the influence of eloquent declamation? By having been held in the midst of the contagious emotions of a thronged assembly, listening with excited feeling to a mixture of reasoning and passion? Surely a just taste would have been more advanced by contemplating in its single self, and in undisturbed solitude, the work which was the subject of the lecture, than in such a situation fragments of that work, intermingled with what can only be itself considered a work of art, and that of a very inferior kind—a piece of criticism. To this, then, it comes at last, that there is neither instruction nor pleasure of any value conferred on an audience by a lecturer, as far as poetry is concerned—but that a work of art of his own, namely a disquisition or an oration, or, it may be, a batch of paradoxes piping from the oven of a heated fancy, is delivered to a number of persons who may be all the while imagining themselves absolute and downright students of poetry and philosophy.

We cannot conclude without once more insisting on the injurious effect which all kind of literary criticism must have on the mind, unless that mind receives it with caution, and imbibes what may be congenial with its own feelings, instead of slavishly forming its faith on dogmas. Every view is a false one which is not a view fitted to the mind that entertains it. The impression which a natural mind takes of a book, is an impression of pains, and pleasures, and sympathies, and is no reasoned opinion. It is like the impression that remains from traversing some new, and beautiful region of external nature; and the delight which struck upon the sense recurs with the

pictured remembrance of what was seen. What remains in the mind of the sensation felt—of the scenes beheld—while the spell of poetry was in operation,—or while the events of history rose up before it in august procession,—or while it accompanied the perilous adventures of the traveller,—or penetrated the still seclusion of him who rendered no other service to men than to live on their earth in virtue,—all that remains from such contemplation will recur with renewal of the same feelings, in its own vividness, and by its own power, unbidden, when motion of life plays in the mind. But in all this there is nothing of opinion—of elaborate intelligence. It is mere natural remembrance—a fainter living over again of that which has been more vividly lived before. But to turn sensation into opinion—to convert remembrance into criticism, is either the work of a mind much advanced in thought, or it is a forced and unnatural process. Then the mind, instead of simply surrendering itself to its own impressions in reading, reads with a purpose. Instead of recollecting by pleasure, it recollects by an imagined opinion; instead of a strong native sense growing up in it by the force of nature, there is engendered a factitious conception of things which leads to nothing.

If the minds of men were to think and feel more freely for themselves on all subjects of their country's literature, it would come to fill their hearts with a far deeper and more impassioned love. The voice of the present times would be to them sacred as that of the days of old, and they would acknowledge in it a similar power over the presumption of modern criticism. To rail, or to scoff at the divine productions of mortal men, would then seem to them to have in it something of the wickedness and madness of infidelity; to be indifferent or callous to beauty and to grandeur, would be a shame and a degradation. There would be a generous and a reverent gratitude in the mind of the people towards all who immortalized the noblest qualities of that mind in works of literature; and literature would then come to have a deeper and wider influence on human life. How strong might be this love of literature, may be illustrated by the attachment of a people in simple unaltering life to their

traditionary poetry. It is to the shepherd an integral part of his being, blended with, and ennobling all his affections. Now, is it not possible, that, when farther refinement has brought the works of genius in more various shapes before the apprehension of men, that a similar character and influence might still remain to them? If history is now in books instead of tradition, must it therefore be separated from the native feelings of the reader, from his personal interest, from the relation that he feels in his own person to the society of which he is a portion? If the voice of the muse is committed to written characters, has it therefore acquired a different relation to the human mind? Has it become so severed from human life that it has no longer any profound interest to the man himself, that it must become merely the play-thing of idle imagination, and nothing, or less than nothing, to the man himself looking around him over all the shews of the world that overshadows him? It need not be so—it will not be so with them who give nature fair play, and consider the works of genius in all their forms, as at once symbols of the soul's immortality, and guardians of the consciousness of that immortality in every mind that can intensely feel their beauty and their grandeur.

To general readers the literature of their country ought to be what we may imagine it to have been to an inhabitant of Athens to walk among the edifices and statues of his city of Minerva. Or, what it is to an inhabitant of Switzerland to traverse his mountains and mountain vales? The delight of the native lies in the original impression remaining upon the soul pure and entire. But that reflex act of the mind which brings upon this original and great impression, intellectual inquisition, dissolves the power of nature; and that which was sublimity and beauty becomes a critical question. Imagination and sympathy are the faculties, by which we are moved with delight from the great works of art. To cherish these faculties ennobles our nature, and in some degree preserves us from the contracting and abasing effects of the ordinary business of life. But that dominion is maintained by giving just play to the faculties, and not by making their workings matter of disquisition. It

has sometimes been said, that the best canons of art have been produced in its decline. No doubt the best canons of art were those which were known to the greatest masters, and which were produced to their own minds by their own experience of art. But such canons were their own possession, and were not promulgated in literature. This is that belongs to the decline of arts,—that which was done and felt is then talked of—the experience of greater times is at last gathered into words by a feeblér generation—the result is collected, and the art finally exists only in its canons. That which was active in the life of creative genius, is transferred to the department of mere speculative literature.

Now, it is easy to apprehend, that what really takes place in such cases is a decay in that energy of passion which originally and properly belongs to art. That energy of intelligence, which subsists only in passion must decay with it; but an intelligence clear, though cold and tranquil, remains, and that comes in place of the great creative power of art. It might not be difficult to shew, that, in certain states of society, in great refinement, there is an aversion to strong emotion; that the energies of passion are found painful; and that men's minds gladly seek a refuge from passion in the mere intelligence of passion. The true and simple sympathy, with great power of any kind, demands a corresponding power of life which the weak being does not bear in himself, and, as all effort beyond the strength of nature is painful, he shrinks from such sympathy with a mortifying sense of his own imbecility. But those great powers of our nature which we ought to possess and do not, we can still flatter ourselves with discovering in our own bosoms, when we have only to trace over their lines in ourselves with the finger of intelligence. If we can study even the outline of the passion in ourselves, we have good evidence that we are not bereft of those noble properties of our nature, and in the indolence of excessive refinement, can still have the satisfaction of knowing ourselves kindred to the great natures of a greater time—an illusion not lightly to be rejected. There is strong temptation, therefore, to an age of refinement to seek, in all kinds, passion in the disquisition of passions. But it

must be seen, that the very temptation is an argument that injury will arise from yielding to it. The disquisition which is substituted for passion, and the intelligence which takes the place of power, serve in their turn still more to withdraw the mind from its natural strength. To those who in the simplicity of life possess natural

affections merely, without exercised intelligence, the acts of intellect are difficult and painful. But to those in whom intellect is cultivated, its action is so very easy and prompt, so compendious and comprehensive, that it seems to them a great gain to possess in it a substitute for the slow and labouring movements of affection and passion.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No I.—*The Cameronians.*

FOR the Cameronians, those reliques of the stern enthusiastic Covenanters—those resolute maintainers of the unblemished purity and rights of the reformed church—those dwellers on the misty mountain tops—I entertain the greatest respect and reverence. It was my lot to pass the early part of my life in the neighbourhood of their hill of worship—often in the company of their leading men, and most admired professors—and at all times in the society of a portion of their number. Though the son of a man they abhorred as a sinful complice with establishments which they denounced as destroying the dignity of religion, they did not demand, as the price of their friendship, that I should either curse the iron hand of patronage, or bewail the sinfulness of that state into which the Scottish Kirk had fallen in those days of time-serving compliance. They had hovered for many years about the mountainous regions of the parish of Kirkcubbee in Dumfriesshire; and as they began to confide in the kindness of their less rigid brethren, they commenced descending, step by step, from a large hill to a less, till they finally swarmed on a small sterile mount, with a broomy glen at its foot, beside a little village, which one of their number named “Graceless Quarrelwood.” This settlement was chosen with some skill, and, in the period of the persecution, might have done honour to the military tactics of John Balfour of Bunley. Quarrelwood is a long straggling village, built in open hostility to regular lines, or the graceful curves of imaginary beauty. The cottages which compose it are scattered as if some wizard had dropt them down by random; and through the whole a streamlet winds, and a kind of road infinitely more crooked than the stream. This

lane is fringed chiefly by old plum-trees, and seeks its way to the eastern extremity of the village, with a difficulty which a stranger will soon be sensible of, should he be so hardy as endeavour to thread this Cameronian labyrinth. There is also a wide wilderness of gardens, hemmed in by strong walls of rough free-stone. It is a very defensible position; and, in case of retreat, the deep channels of two scanty streams present direct openings to the upland holds; and these are covered ways—for the brooks contrive to maintain as many stately trees and flourishing bushes on their steep and impassable banks, as would do honour to mightier streams. Nor is this a fantastic view of their choice, for I have heard many of the Cameronians declare, they believed the day would come when they might have to vindicate their cause with cold steel. To this rural encampment several hundreds resorted weekly to hear their pastor’s instructions; and at their great midsummer Festival of the Sacrament, several thousands usually assembled, many of them from distant parts, even from Fife and Banff. All around were objects to cherish their ancient spirit, and remind them of other days. The seat of their bitter persecutor, General Dalzell, was within two short miles—the grave of the cruel Laird of Lagg was visible from their mount; and in the church-yard of Dumfries, in the moors of Iron-gray, and the moorlands of Nithsdale, were buried, under broad and inscribed stones, some of the most renowned of the martyrs. With two of their preachers I had the pleasure of being acquainted; and I have also heard several of the western professors preach during the continuance of the sacramental holidays. Of their professors

I shall endeavour to render some account. I still remember, with reverence, the thin long snowy hair and bald shining crown, and primitive look of the patriarchal Farely; and it is impossible I should ever forget the familiar and fervent eloquence of that delightful old pastor. Towards the close of his life, which was unusually long, he was accused of cheering his decaying spirits with other beverage than what cold brooks afforded. Of this infirmity I have heard some of the sternest of his flock speak with unlooked-for gentleness; and I believe none of his fellow preachers chose to rebuke him for this indulgence, from a just dread of his powers for keen dry sarcasm. He was a great favourite with the Cameronian ladies, old and young, and his reputation with them was not at all diminished, by the renown he acquired by his ability in inflicting the discipline of his sect on fair trespassers. An exhibition of this kind attracted much notice—and the prudent divine had the pleasure of seeing the usual beauty of the softer part of his flock augmented by the fair adherents of a sterner kirk. I once, and but once, only saw him employed in this thankless and ungentle task; and I shall never forget it. I see yet the venerable man rise in his place, the sun beaming on his smooth bald head, and the scanty locks of white hair which I lamented to see every year made thinner, hanging loosely on his neck; even his dark-gray coat, with its huge hair buttons, must make a part of the picture. Before him stood the miserable transgressor—she was in the bloom of youth, the only daughter of a respectable farmer, and her fall had broken the heart of her mother—as she arose she trembled much, and looked immoveably on the ground. The soft voice of the pastor made her start like the hiss of a serpent; she gave one wild look upward, and lifting a large blue mantle with both hands, dropped it over her head and body like a shroud. I saw many an eye wet, and mine did not remain quite dry. An old childless man, with an aspect of cast-iron, said audibly, “tear the cloak from the harlot,” and passed several rows of the hearers to remove it. The face of the preacher, which was not without moisture, lowered down at once, and a look of bitter scorn and loathing arrested the intruder, as if he

had received a bullet. “Jenny,” said he in a voice of thrilling emotion, “I acknowledge this visible token of thy shame and repentance—sin no more, and become as the righteous.” The congregation interchanged gratified looks with each other. And the old iron faced zealot said in a bitter tone, to a group of neighbouring girls—“Aye! aye! ye may look pleased.—Conscience! ye’ll find him occasions for kindness.—Oh Sandie Peden! this is a sad sliding away.” Alluding to the rebuke which that famous professor gave to the young girl in Gallo-way.

Of John Curtis, the regular pastor of the flock that frequented Quarrelwood, I do not remember so much as I do of Mr. Farely. He was a man unaffectedly pious, rather than eloquent, and was deservedly and warmly beloved. He adorned his discourses with that melodious tone which some call the Cameronian drawl, and which the pious Cowper complained of in the Conventicles. Each sentence has a kind of starting note; and I can discover remains of this old puritanical fashion in the eloquence of Wilberforce and also Lord Milton. It would require some constraint in a pious stranger to listen, without an inward smile at least, to this continually recurring chorus. With a gifted preacher it is less ungraceful, for he contrives to make it tell in better time than an ordinary man—still it might be spared; but a very sensible divine told me, he dared as soon renounce predestination as part with the “twang;” it was as dear to his flock as the memory of Richard Cameron. John Curtis, for he abominated the prelatical designation of “Master,” was not an unfrequent, or unwelcome guest at my father’s house.—His coming was a visitation, for it came over our mirth as a cloud. He invariably was invited on week days; Sunday was a day that had higher duties; his coming was the signal for seven children, I was one of them, to cease their play and pranks, and mix trembling with their mirth. We became as quiet as a brood of chickens over which the hawk is hovering. Even the nuts or raisins which filled the pockets of this primitive person, and which he divided among us with many a clap on the head and benediction, failed to inspire confidence. The last time I saw him was on a

sunny knoll, at the end of his dwelling, airing one of the "Pious Remnants" flags which had been captured by General Dalzell. It had remained unheeded many years among the General's descendants; found its way, I know not how, into the hands of an innkeeper, and under this ancient and honourable banner mine host was found retailing spirits to the wondering rustics at the shooting for the Dumfries silver gun. It was instantly purchased, and deposited in the hands of the pastor, by whom it was annually submitted to an airing, and the examination of the chosen, as I have described. The preacher who succeeded John Curtis, was Mr James Thomson; he was remarkable for a rapid delivery. I cannot say of very elegant sentences—and the "tone" seemed a serious impediment in his way. I heard him preach the introductory, or, as the Cameronians more properly call it, the "Action Sermon," to a sacrament, and I endured him for four weary hours. He was singularly mysterious and controversial. He was, however, a favourite with the flock, and might have been esteemed, at his death, worthy of ranking with some of the renowned leaders of the covenant. But by deep meditation it was his destiny to discover, that Scripture warranted belief in a place of lesser punishment than hell; and though he backed it by quotations, it came on his flock with a clap and a cry which the charge of General Dalzell's dragoons would have failed to excite. They looked on it as a supplemental purgatory—or as one of the Cameronians said, "it was setting up a chamber for wantonness in the pit," or "drawing," said another, "a stake and ryse dyke through the everlasting lake." Death stepped in and arrested the preacher's discoveries, and closed the clamour of his flock.

The chief revolution in the affairs of the Cameronians of Dumfries-shire was effected at the death of John Curtis. They had been driven by persecution to preach on the mountains, and though persecution had ceased, on the mountains they remained. Now, it was certainly a beautiful and impressive sight to see a congregation worshipping God on a mountain side or a wild glen; to see the upright pulpits rows of bared, and white, and bald heads recently ranged around—and more extended ranks of beautiful wo-

men and active men drawn up in a regular confusion—the whole listening to the eloquence of my old friend Farley. This, with a clear day and a bright sun, must make an impression of devotion on the most obtuse intellect. But as the mason said of the wise men who sung, "Snow is beautiful in its season," "My case," said he, "it was easy for him, with his lasses and his wine, to sing so, had he been a poor freestone mason, he would have sung another sang." For the weather seemed sometimes to inherit the rancour of the bloody Claverhouse, or the renowned chieftain of Lagg, to this persecuted race; and instead of June giving one of her brightest and balmy days for the Sacrament, I have witnessed the heavy rain come down sans intermission for four stricken hours, as if anxious to measure its mercies by the length of the "Action Sermon." By some this circumstance was hailed as a divine acknowledgement of their presence and influence; and after some very dry weather, I have heard Mr Farley turn a timely thunder shower to good account, by apostrophizing the Deity for his kindness to "this dry barren land." On another occasion—the morning was serene during the introductory discourse, and just as my friend Farley began to administer the sacrament, a huge black cloud sailed from the westward, and hung heavy and ominous over the congregation. Ere the ladies could raise their plaids, it descended perpendicular plump down, and the huge drops splashed off the bald crown of the preacher, in a manner that Kemble would have excelled in acting King Lear. A Cameronian with an umbrella, at that time an unusual thing in the country, arose and stretched it over the Professor's head, regardless of himself. At this visible interposition between him and heaven, the preacher was wroth, and said audibly, "Take the Pope's cap off me," and his conduct was highly applauded.

To such a congregation, after the decease of John Curtis, my friend of the umbrella made a proposition to have a chapel erected. And I question much if a proposal to go to mass would have excited a stronger commotion—particularly among these whom the measure meant to protect—the old and infirm. He of the umbrella offered

to subscribe largely himself, and promote the subscription among others, hinting that many of the members of the kirk favoured the cause, and would be glad of an opportunity to display it. The motion was well timed too, namely, at the close of one of those four-hours benedictions from a thunder cloud, which had urged its way through the broad bonnets and thick plaids of the most obstinate believers. I cannot enumerate to you all the bitter and brief exclamations of dismay and indignation which this proposal excited. The decided wrath of one old moorland dame I shall long remember, "Foul fall ye," said she, starting up and hurling her heavy clasped black print Bible at the proposer's head, "foul fall ye, ye deserve to be brained with the word ye hae abused;" and had he of the umbrella not caught this religious missile, as the Curtal fryar's dogs caught the outlaw's arrows, namely, as it flew, he might have been numbered with the martyrs. "Shall we," said she, "who were hounded like deer to the mountains, there to worship God in fear of evil men, shall we, whom he marvellously protected there, doubt his providence, and descend to keep yer couped timber—yer covered cushions—and yer canopied, fringed, and painted prelati cal pulpits—and yer walls of hewn stane—far frae me—fit places are they, not for the word, but for ye ken what;"—and so she sat down: The more sensible part reflecting, however, that the showers of spring were cold—that the winds of autumn were not always gentle—and that winter indulged them with various and dubious blessings, under the semblance of snows and sleets, and sudden thaws, resolved, that the erection of a house of worship was a justifiable measure; and a house was accordingly built. But the eloquent dame of the moorlands introduced a salvo, by which the sacrament was directed to be administered in the open air, and so it still continues. Many of the opulent and sympathizing members of the established kirk contributed largely to the expense, after warm and ineffectual remonstrances from the aforementioned lady.

The religious festival of the sacrament is commenced after due private preparation by prayers of unwonted length, and the lovely brooding hollow where it is held exhibits on Sabbath

morn to a stranger a grand and solemn spectacle.

The last time I was present at this meeting I was invited to breakfast at the house of a respectable and recently converted member of the "Broken Remnant," a warm-hearted weaver, a man of rare conversation—ready wit, and clattering dry sarcasm. He was also as much celebrated for his poetry as the unrivalled productions of his loom. His birds-eye, his barley-pickle, his lowland plaiden, and fine linen, were the theme of praise among the young maids in danger of being married—and to their praise I add mine. I have proved his hospitality, and proved the labours of his loom. I sat down to an ample breakfast with this Cameronian worthy—his wife lively always, and once handsome—his two sons inheriting their father's powers even to overflowing, and a solemn browed Cameronian from the borders of the moorlands. This family auxiliary undertook to pronounce a blessing on our good cheer; a serious trial of my patience and appetite. I endured his sermon for many minutes; it was in its nature controversial. He touched on the adventure at Drumclog, and addressed Providence in strong and similar terms anent the disaster at Bothwell Brig. I looked piteous but resigned, and the goodwife poured forth the tea. But then there came headings and hangings, and finings and confinings, and sad travels and sore tortures. The goodwife placed a plate of smoking and savoury cake before him, but he was not to be tempted; she threw a passing curse or two on patronage, still he was distant from our day half a century at least: I looked with an imploring eye, and my entertainer closed his, but I could see by the sarcastic curl at the corners of his mouth that he was inwardly enjoying my misery. Once I stretched my hand, for I had half a mind, like the renowned and impatient goodman of Drum-breg, on a time of similar trial, to seize my cup with a cry of "ye have done brawly man," and cut short all explanation by falling to. I endured it to an end however, and an excellent breakfast, which would have extracted praise from Sir William Curtis, the potent king of good cheer, enabled me to endure the infliction of a "return thanks," eminently curious and controversial. We then sallied

forth to the preaching—the pastor had already commenced ; it might be half past nine o'clock. I was struck with the magnitude and repose of the congregation. Besides the sodded seats which held the oldest and most respectable members, the broom then, I think, in full bloom, with all its perfume about it, was bent down for many acres to form rural seats to Cameronian dames, and dames indeed of all persuasions. There were many dressed in the latest fashion ; the old simple mode of dress however prevailed. Though all shewed deep symptoms of devotion, and many of awe, the young women by no means confined their eyes, and many had bright ones, to the contemplation of the preacher. This festival always attracts an immense multitude, and though the Cameronians are the only communicants, all sects and denominations of Presbyterians crowd to the place and occupy the vacant ground. I saw many of the Cameromians with whom I had a personal acquaintance, and a silent squeeze of the hand, or an acknowledgment, an austere one, of the eye was all the recognition to be obtained. The list of offences and sects excluded from communication is extensive and curious—they call it “debarring”—Socinians, Arminians, Unitarians, Episcopalians, false teachers, promiscuous dancers, and playhouse frequenters. I cannot inflict the whole of this tremendous catalogue upon you. One prudent and warning exclusion I cannot omit to mention, namely, that of all wives who disobey their husbands.

In the green hedge-row lane, leading to the tent of the preacher, various stalls were established by persons who thought—as godliness was great gain, great gain was godliness. Here refreshments of all kinds, particularly liquid consolation abounded, and one tent, rivalling in dimensions the tabernacle of the preacher, looked presumptuously down from the very crest of the hill on its more devout neighbour below. Here the owner of a neighbouring public house had established himself, and into this canvass mansion in a moment of weakness I was tempted to enter. I had sundry reasons for this piece of backsliding ;—first, I had become wearied with the unexampled length and tediousness of the before mentioned four hours sermon ;—secondly, I was desirous to par-

take of either Ram-Jam, Mid-Row, or Pinkie, three denominations of ale, for which the landlord was become deservedly famous, and in the brewing of which, weak nerves, as well as a good head, had been doubtless consulted ;—and, thirdly and lastly, a dark-eyed damsel from the mountains wished for my private opinion anent the sinfulness of dancing, and to instruct me in a near road over the hills to her father's house, which stood in a remote glen by the stream of Ae. While deeply employed in taking a chart of this desert path, I could not avoid remarking with what particular gravity all were drinking, and many getting drunk. Consolation had been poured forth in no stinted tide, for a huge wall of empty vessels flanked the entrance. The proprietor of this house of call for the thirsty, was a ruddy carrot-headed rustic, who had contrived to draw down his checks for the occasion in a manner unusually solemn. He sat apart busied, or apparently busied, with that chief of all sage books, the Young Man's Best Companion ; while his daughter, as active a girl as ever chalked a score to a thirsty man, managed the business. But his mind had wandered into a long and studious calculation of the probable profit of his fermentations, and the Book, which was only put there as a decoy to the godly, was neglected. I contrived to withdraw it unperceived from before him, and for this feat I was rewarded by a grim smile from a broad bonneted son of Cameron, and a snuff from a Taphorn with a silver lid. On returning to the meeting, the stars were beginning to glimmer amongst the thin mist of the summer evening, and I could see groupes, already at some distance, of the spectators retiring home. Far differently demeaned themselves the pious remnant. They crowded round their preacher's tent after the repose of a brief intermission, and I left them enjoying a mysterious lecture on Permission, Predestination, Free Grace, The Elect, and Effectual Calling.

I am now, and I say it with sorrow, far removed from the society of those exemplary and pious people ; and I heard, I confess, with something of an old Cameronian spirit and regret, that a proposition has been made to remove the meeting House into the

neighbouring town of Dumfries. Of my old favourites, few I understand survive, and year after year lessens the number of those devout men who regularly passed my Father's window on the Sabbath morn. Mr Farley has long since been numbered with the blessed—and Jean Robson, a very singular and devout character, has also rested from her labour of instructing the youth of the Cameronians. She taught the writer of this imperfect account to read—the Bible, and the famed Prophecies of Alexander Peden. She tore the leaf from the Bible which said, "James, by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith," and denounced the name of *Sunday* as Popish, or what was worse, Prelatical, and caused us all to call it the Sabbath. She died 83 years old. She used to flog her scholars, and exclaim,—"Thou art an evil one—a worker of iniquity"—while the tawae and to the kept time and told sharply.

The Cameronians make few converts—few people are fond of inflicting on themselves willingly the penance of controversial prayers, and interminable sermons. There is a falling off in the amount of the Flock. My friend, the weaver, became a convert from conviction. Another of converts joined the cause in the decline of life, not without suspicion of discontent, because his gifts had been overlooked by the minister of the parish kirk, in a recent nomination of elders. He was fond of argument, and seemed not unwilling to admit the potent auxiliaries of sword and gun on behalf of the cause. On one occasion, he grew wroth with the ready wit of a neighbouring peasant, on the great litigated point of patronage—and seizing the readiest weapon of his

wrath—a hazel hoop, for he was a cooper—exclaimed, "Reviler—retire—else I'll make your head saft with this rung." On another time, he became exasperated at the irreverent termination of an epigram on a tipping blacksmith, which was attributed to Burns, who then resided within sight—at Elisland.

On the last day,
When some man to judgment rise,
Go drink a dog, lie still incog,
And dinna stir if ye be wise.

The honest Covenanter, after three days and three nights meditation, brought forth his expostulation with the mighty bard of Caledonia. It commences thus—

Robert Burns ye were nae wise
To gie to Rodds sic an advice.

It has lost all its attraction since the voice of its author is mute, for who can repeat it as he did—the pithy preliminary remarks on the great poet's morals—the short Cameronian cough—the melodious trail of the tongue—and the frequent intrusion of explanatory notes, which the uninspired could not always distinguish from the poem itself, all these things are departed and passed away, and the verses sleep as quietly as the dust of the poet. Two other occasional converts scarcely deserve notice—one of them was saved from thorough conviction by the well-timed exaltation to a neighbouring precentership, and the other has returned to his seat in the kirk, since the dark-eyed daughter of an adjacent Cameronian gave her hand, and it was a white one, to one of the chosen who was laird of an acre of peatmoss—and I have not heard of any other damsel of the covenant having caused him to relapse.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA. LONDON.

No VII.

CIRCUMSTANCES have lately occurred, which tempt us to say a few words more on the present brightening prospects of the Acted Drama in this country. At the time of writing our last Article, we could merely discern the distant opening of those prospects; but at present we have little hesitation in saying, that what we then anticipated only as a bare probability, is now

near at hand. In fact large theatres for the performance of the regular drama have had their day in this country, and are on the point of being entirely exploded. We have not space, nor is it necessary, to particularise the circumstances which have brought this about; with the results alone is the public concerned: but so confident are we as to the nature of those re-

sults, that, if it were not that the *métier* of a prophet has fallen a good deal into disrepute of late years, in consequence of certain lamentable failures that it has experienced in the great world of politics,—we should venture to stake the value of our pretensions to this faculty in the little world of theatricals, on the following prediction; viz. that, in less than two years from this time, the whole theatrical arrangements of the English metropolis will have assumed nearly the same aspect as to number, character, &c. as those of Paris. But, in order that our prediction may not be subject to the usual charge of vagueness, we will descend to particulars. We anticipate, then, that at the time of which we speak, the King's Theatre will remain, as heretofore, appropriated to the Italian opera, perhaps without ballets, on the plan of the *Salle Luvois*. Drury-Lane Theatre will be contracted to a moderate size, and the little theatre in the Haymarket re-built as a second to it, for the performance of what is (vaguely enough) called the legitimate drama exclusively, viz. tragedy, comedy, and farce. These two theatres will then exactly correspond with the Theatre *Francois*, and the second Theatre *Francois* (late the Odeon). Covent Garden Theatre, if it should not be remodelled to form third with the above two, will retain its present form, and be converted into an establishment on a similar plan to that of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, for the encouragement of a grand national opera and ballet. But of the fulfilment of this part of our prediction we are less confident, and less anxious than of the rest; for the English are neither a singing nor a dancing people; nor do we wish them to become so. To match the delightful *Feydeau* we already have Mr Arnold's pleasant little theatre in the Strand;—Mr Dibdin at the Surrey has been making near approaches to the fun, frolic, burlesque, and parody of the *Variétés* and *Faudeville*; and the little Sans Pareil Theatre in the Strand has fallen into new hands, and from the list of its performers, &c. we judge that it means to tread in the same path. The theatre in Well-close Square is also being remodelled under the direction of Mr Rae; and this, with the Cobourg Theatre on the other side the water, will form establish-

ments on the footing of the *Porte St Martin*, and the *Gaieté* and *Ambigu*. And lastly, Astley's, with some modifications, will probably remain the English *Franconi's*; and it cannot do better. Supposing all these arrangements to be completed, and we have little doubt that they shortly will be so, we shall then have no more theatres than Paris has; with a metropolis more than twice as large.

But there is one other grand point in which the English theatres must be assimilated to the French, before they can hope or deserve to enjoy the attraction and prosperity of their foreign rivals, viz. the moderate prices of admission to them. Upon what pretence can the English managers demand higher admission than the French? The French theatres are in every respect as commodious as our's; the first-rate actors are in every department equal to the English; and the second and third-rate infinitely superior—their costumes and decorations are faultless; they are inferior to us in no one particular, but that of scenery; and they fall short of the English in that, only because here it has been carried to an extravagant and useless pitch of expense and refinement—a circumstance, too, which has arisen merely from a secret consciousness that such enormous theatres were fit for nothing but the exhibition of panoramic pictures. On the French stage the scenery is quite perfect enough for all the purposes of the drama. Indeed, for our own parts, we have no doubt whatever that the absence of that picture-looking glare and freshness which distinguishes the scenery at our theatres is a certain and positive advantage. And what are the prices of admission at the French theatres? They must surely be forgotten, or not generally known here—otherwise our own extravagant ones would never be tolerated. We will state, as near as we can remember, the prices of admission to the pit of the principal theatres in Paris. About two years ago, when Catalani had the management of the Italian Opera, she raised the price of the pit to about half-a-crown—and there was a kind of O. P. row in consequence! At the *Académie Royale de Musique*, which is conducted on a much more splendid and expensive scale, and where the accommodations for the audience are

much superior to those of our Italian Opera, the admission is about three and sixpence. At the *Francots*, where Talma, Georges, Duchénois, Mars, Fleury, &c. perform, it is about two shillings. At the *Varietés*, and the *Vaudeville*, where they have Potier, Brunet, Joly, and Gavandan—four of the most exquisite comic actors in Europe, and where they usually perform three or four little pieces, breathing the very spirit of gaiety, wit, and light-heartedness—the admission is about fourteen pence. But in Italy the prices of admission are still more moderate, while every thing else is nearly on a par with England. At the *Scala* at Milan—the very first theatre in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of the new one at Naples—you sit or lye at the most luxurious ease, on couches with stuffed cushions and reclining backs, and hear the first-rate Italian singers, and see the very finest ballet in the world (much finer than the boasted one of the *rue Richelieu*), for less than eighteen pence; and at the King's Theatre in the same city you see the best actors perform a comedy of Goldoni's, and a farce, for half that sum! What do the English managers,—or—which is more to the purpose—what do the English public, say to this? On this point, too, we confidently anticipate, that, if the spirit of the one party does not bring about a change, the policy of the other very soon will.

But these pleasant anticipations are making us forget Mr Elliston, and the furtherance that he is giving to them by the manner in which he has begun to conduct Drury-Lane Theatre. We thought what all the daily critics' cant about "public enthusiasm," and his own about the "classical drama," would come to. The combined result of them is as follows:—On the 20th of October we walked leisurely into the house at seven o'clock, and had an opportunity of choosing our seat in any part of it, to see the first representation of a new piece which had been studiously announced as the production of Mr Tobin; and it turned out to be a stupid and stultifying mixture of captious common-place, that could not have been brought forward with any chance of success at the lowest theatre in the metropolis. The announcement of the piece as Mr Tobin's must have been nothing less than a

paltry trick; and we care very little whose authority we are impeaching when we state our belief, that little, if any of it, was written by him. He may have left the sketch of an opera, and amused himself by writing the songs for it; but the dialogue of the *Fisherman's Hut* could not have come from the terse and tasty pen of the author of the *Honey Moon*. The very circumstances (for it was circumstances, not nature, that made Mr Tobin a poet) which enabled him to write the one, made it impossible for him to write the other.

We are spared the trouble of entering into a detailed criticism on the *Fisherman's Hut*, as the bills announce that it has been withdrawn "in compliance with the wishes of the public." The impudent *charlatanerie* of this statement can only be surpassed by that of the one which followed the first representation of the piece. Nearly the whole of the last act was inaudible, from the tumult of disapprobation by which the public expressed their "wishes" then; and, in answer to them, Mr Elliston, the next morning, announced that the piece had been completely successful, and should be repeated "every evening till further notice." In fact, the managers of theatres now-a-days attend to no opinion, and understand no criticism, but that which is written on *empty benches*: That there is no gainsaying, and no tampering with; and it works wonders upon them accordingly. It is even more disgusting to us to point out these things than to observe them; but as it is evident that Mr Elliston has contrived to find favour in the eyes of those who ought to notice them, we must be content to take the odium of doing so—but we must, at the same time, claim the credit of it. The drama will never prosper while they are tolerated, because it can never deserve to prosper while they are necessary.

Covent-garden has presented us with another fairy tale, called *Arthur and Emmeline*; but we shall spare the reader any very particular account of it;—not only because it is written by Dryden, and therefore well known,—but because it is very dull, though it were written by twenty Drydens. The only part of this revival which is worth notice, is Miss Foote's performance, or rather *appearance*, in *Emmeline*. Her face, person, voice, and

carriage might, for any thing we can fancy to the contrary, have been those of the true Emmeline herself—the mistress of the chivalrous and princely Arthur:—but we can hardly forgive her for loving the Arthur of Covent-garden Theatre, after she gained her sight. Indeed this character was given to Mr C. Kemble; but he has withdrawn himself from the theatre, in consequence of some misunderstanding with the proprietors.—To us the only pleasing passage in this masque is the prattle of Emmeline to her own image in the glass. This is very pretty and natural; but, to make up for it, the managers have retained one or two of those

refined vulgarities—those decent indecencies, of which Dryden was so fond—but which nobody likes now-a-days, but the managers themselves,—except some few of the persons who frequent the upper galleries; and *they* don't understand them, and could not hear them if they did. We cannot help thinking, too, that Purcell's music to this piece, as well as the gorgeous scenery, partakes of the general character of dullness. Indeed, the whole theatre, on the night we saw the piece, wore a rather gloomy aspect—which perhaps arose from the gas lights not being in a very good lu-

REMARKS ON DR CHALMERS' NEW WORK.

IN our last Number we gave a short account, accompanied with extracts, of Dr Chalmers' new work on the Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns. The celebrity of the author, and the importance of his subject, may perhaps justify a more extended analysis than we have yet had an opportunity of attempting; and we shall therefore devote a few pages of our miscellany to that purpose.

This number of the reverend author's new work, forms but the first chapter of a larger publication, which he meditates, and which is in the first instance to appear periodically. The present number is only introductory, and perhaps we ought to have waited for the complete developement of the author's plans in his successive publications, before giving any opinion of their merits. But if we mistake not, the opinion of Dr Chalmers on one of the most interesting topics which will be embraced by his larger work—we mean the moral and religious melioration of the lower orders, and the practicability, under an improved system, of dispensing with parochial assessments for the support of the poor, are *not* new to the world; and the pamphlet now before us, so far as it unfolds the means, or points to the accomplishment of this great reformation, may fairly be considered in connexion with the anonymous, but not unavowed speculations of the same reverend author, which appeared

some time ago in a celebrated literary journal.*

It appears then to be the opinion of this eminent person, that by an improvement in what he has denominated the Christian and civic economy of large towns; by the assimilation of their various districts to the moral and religious condition of country parishes; by the relief of the parochial clergy from the enormous pressure of secular duties with which they have of late years been overwhelmed; by the establishment of a parochial agency, created and controlled by the minister alone; by extinguishing the mischievous influence of the general sessions in large cities, which has paralyzed the benevolent energy of all local operations; by a return, in one word, in all populous and crowded districts, to the original simplicity of the presbyterian model, which still survives in some remote parishes, and sustains the worth, the dignity, and the independence of the population, such a mighty reform might be accomplished in the habits and feelings of the labouring classes, as would animate them to unremitting and unconquerable industry—inspire them with horror for a state of dependence on public charity—restrict the evils of pauperism within the narrowest possible limits of inevitable calamity; and, by bringing every application which might be made for relief within the scope of voluntary charity, rescue the people of Scotland from the cor-

ruption and degradation inseparable from an established system of poor laws. Such was the author's confidence in his plan, that he suggested an immediate enactment, by which the parochial assessments established in large towns, should be appropriated exclusively to the relief of the mass of pauperism already existing, leaving every new case to be provided for by voluntary contribution alone; the assessments, as the demands upon them should be reduced or extinguished by the death of the claimants, not to be discontinued, but to be applied to the erection of new parishes, and the foundation of schools—to the multiplication of the sources of moral and religious instruction now scandalously deficient in the great cities; to the diffusion, in short, throughout the most obscure recesses of society, of that benign moral influence, upon the power of which the reverend author mainly relies, for the success of his great experiment.

Dr Chalmers, without professing himself a convert to the doctrines of Malthus, upon which ignorance has endeavoured to cast so much odium, has substantially adopted his principles, and arrived in effect at his conclusions. The utter inadequacy of charitable institutions, however munificent, to support the mass of pauperism, which they either find or create; the indefinite expansion, and ultimate triumph of the evil over their purest and most assiduous exertions; the impossibility of protecting the appropriated fund from the inroads of imposture, without the instrumentality of the most prying and intolerable despotism; and the consequent temptation presented to the increase of the malady, without limit, and without hope of relief, have been fully admitted by him, and have led him to conclude, that legal establishments for the maintainance of the poor, besides their malignant metamorphosis of the spirit of charity itself into the machinery of compulsion; their tendency to harden the hearts of the donors, and extinguish the gratitude of the receivers; to mar that moral refinement which is insensibly diffused over all classes of society by the free and cordial interchange of the offices of benevolence, have in truth no power to realise even their primary object, but, after exhausting all their resources, leave the

field for the exercise of voluntary charity extended rather than abridged, and darkened by the shadow of their contiguous corruption. Mr Malthus has not in substance said more of those melancholy monuments of abortive legislation; and it will be seen immediately, that as he and the reverend author before us concur in their view of the causes, as well as in their general description of the character of the disease, so they do not essentially differ in their opinion of the only practicable remedy.

The remedy proposed by Malthus, and suggested, indeed, by common sense, is *moral restraint*, including under this general description every arrangement or institution calculated to exalt the character and feelings of the lower orders, and to impart to them a provident, industrious, and independent spirit. There is no striking or profound discovery here indeed—nothing to dazzle the imagination, or interest the pride of literary ambition; there is nothing more than the impartial development of the ordinary maxims of morality, by enforcing the stern alternative which nature holds out in the shape of moral restraint, or of suffering and shame, and the clear exposition of the important principle, that the same contempt of prudence which involves individuals in misery, will, in the issue, cover society with wretchedness, and sap the foundations of empire. But the true dignity of moral science consists in the universal truth of its principles, and the genuine triumphs of the great masters of wisdom have been realised, not in ring eccentricities of speculation, which only betray an undisciplined fancy and crazed intellect, but by carrying acknowledged principles to their remote and sublime conclusions, and by subordinating the common reason and universal feelings of the species to the great ends of social happiness. It is easy indeed to say in general, that moral restraint is the only cure for pauperism and its attendant miseries; but it required a mind of more than ordinary powers to bring home this doctrine to the understandings and the hearts of enlightened men, and to render it something more than an insipid truism, repeated without emotion, and admitted without any purpose of political reform. This could be done only by tracing to the neglect of it the

gigantic evils beneath which society already totters; by demonstrating their resistless and interminable accumulation, so long as this fatal neglect prevails; by exposing to the reprobation of sound philosophy the vaunted establishments in which the very spirit of evil is incorporated; by tracing the practicable combinations of skill and experience, through which the progress of the malady may be gradually but surely arrested; by elevating, in short, the vulgarity of a trite and barren maxim to the dignity of a great political truth, and reducing the vague and almost hopeless aspirations after an improvement which seemed to elude every grasp, to the precision and energy of a practical system.

Mr Malthus had the undoubted merit of leading the way in speculation; but Dr Chalmers, if we mistake not, has been the first boldly to vindicate in his writings, and to attempt to reduce to practice, what we consider as the leading principle of the whole theory of population and of pauperism. It is his opinion, that the moral restraint which Malthus enjoins, may be best created and invigorated by the agency of the ministers of religion zealously exerting themselves among their flocks; frequently communicating with them by offices of kindness and beneficence; descending to personal intercourse and familiarity even with the lowest and most depraved of them; and exercising a gentle but unremitting inspection over their conduct, which, after feelings of friendship and good-will have once been excited, cannot fail to have a powerful influence over the whole cast and temperament of their minds. There is in Scotland a mighty moral mechanism already established in the constitution of her church; in the habits, character, and functions of its ministers; in the temper and disposition of the people, which has hitherto, throughout the larger portion of the land, saved us from the disorders that have overtaken the sister kingdom. The first object of Dr Chalmers has therefore been to attempt the restoration of his own parish, situated in the most populous city of Scotland, to the purity and simplicity of the ancient model; and he has, on a former occasion, assigned the reasons which lead him to expect so many beneficial results from

such a change, and explained the circumstances which render the ecclesiastical mechanism of a Scottish country parish so powerful an instrument in sustaining the decent pride and independent spirit of the people.

The commission to the minister and elders, who generally reside within the parish, of the power of managing and distributing the funds for relief of the poor, the limitation of these funds in the ordinary case, to the collections made voluntarily at the church doors; the character of a voluntary contribution, which is carefully stamped even upon the extraordinary donations made by the heritors in seasons of general distress; the feeling which is thus diffused among the poor, that for the assistance granted them they are not indebted to any right which *they* can vindicate, but to that benevolence which others are pleased to exercise; the consequent uncertainty of any provision for their wants; the powerful stimulus thus given to their industry; the deeper shame attached to an application for that aid which is considered as a matter of favour only, not of legal claim—all concur in animating the peasantry of Scotland to the hardest struggles with fortune, before descending to the degradation of pauperism. Add to all this, the narrow limits and scanty population of many country parishes; the general acquaintance and intimacy which subsist among the inhabitants; the deep reluctance which is felt at the exposure of misfortune, before those to whom the pauper has not only been long known, but with whom he has long been accustomed to live upon terms of equality; the dreadful humiliation of receiving aid from a fund which is not formed of the exclusive contributions of the rich, but into which the pauper's own neighbours and friends have also thrown their mite; the minute and degrading enquiries into the condition of the applicant, which the system of economy, in the management of a fund so limited, must imperiously demand—and compare these, and many other obvious circumstances which we have not leisure at present to detail, with the seductive obscurity attainable in our large cities under the present system; with the perplexing amalgamation of all interests and claims produced by the interference of general sessions; and, above all, with

the fatal prevalence of legal assessments, which impart to the claim of the pauper the dignity of a right, and give to its final establishment, through resistance and litigation, the pride of a victory; and you can have no difficulty in discovering what has kept most of our country parishes aloof in their original purity, and what that fatal combination of circumstances is, which is fast approximating the population of the cities to the corruption and misery of the English system.

It is true that the country parishes have advantages peculiar to themselves, which can never be communicated to great and especially to manufacturing towns; and we conceive that it is the greatest error committed by Dr Chalmers, that he has not duly considered the amount and value of these peculiarities, and that in the sanguine spirit natural to a great reformer, he has imagined it possible to transfer the quiet innocence of the country to the fevered and guilty combinations of a large city. Much of the purity and simplicity of character, and of the moral dignity and independence, which he so justly and ardently admires, and to which he has with great truth ascribed the inconsiderable progress of pauperism among the peasantry of Scotland, must be accounted for solely upon those principles, and with reference to that cast and description of feeling which can be created and sustained only in the comparative seclusion of a country parish, amid the regularity of its severe but animating toils, and the reserve and retirement of its scattered population. Transport such a body of people into the dismal alleys of a crowded city; give them, in place of their solitary and reflective habits, the discipline of a vast and noisome manufactory; substitute for their rustic toils the circle of its incessant and paralyzing labour; let them mingle in free and various communication with each other, and thus impart to the elements of contamination, which will certainly be found in every large assemblage, the power and the facility of affecting the whole mass; above all, let them exchange for the humble regularity of their former occupations, by which industry is never either starved or pampered into profligacy, the sudden vicissitudes and fatal revolutions of commercial and

manufacturing labour, and it will be found, we are afraid, that although you may have the same individuals, you have no longer the same materials to work upon; and that the moral mechanism, which, under happier auspices, proved omnipotent in the support of virtue, will, in this altered state, have lost much of the energy of its operation.

By what process are you, in a large city, to break down that barrier which, by separating the friends and acquaintances of an individual from his parochial connexion, extinguishes the natural pride upon which Dr Chalmers relies so much, and subdues the deep reluctance of the pauper to a disgraceful act, by enabling him to perform it under the eye of those to whose censure or approbation he is wholly indifferent? He may, indeed, if the plan of the reverend author shall be realized, act under the inspection of the minister, or some one of his parochial agents; but can this dim and distant regard, cast upon him from an higher sphere, approach in intense influence to the concentrated scorn, or the still more galling compassion of his equals? But in what manner are you to put town and country parishes upon an equality in point of moral habitudes, or give fair scope for an equal trial of the provincial system in the heart of large cities? How are you to destroy the conducting power inherent in a dense population, by which vice is so rapidly disseminated; to arrest that degradation of mind inseparable from the cheerless servitude of the body; to animate to the vivacity of rustic occupation the care-worn tenant of an unwholesome manufactory; to rouse from the lethargy of dissipation the helpless being upon whom the grosser pleasures of sense have been obtruded by his exclusion from all higher and better excitement? How, above all things, are you to provide against these rapid transitions from comparative opulence to the depths of misery, which appear to be bound up with the very existence of an extended commerce, and which, by the violent agitation of the most powerful of natural feelings; by the sad and sudden scenes of domestic misery, reiterated till they have almost lost their power of exciting emotion; by the reckless and gambling spirit which they favour, and the induration of heart

which they finally create, have proved more injurious to human virtue and happiness than the pride of commercial legislation has ever designed to understand, or dared to acknowledge? We allude to these matters not to discredit the benevolent views of Dr Chalmers, but merely to remind him, that important as are the particulars embraced by his plan of approximating town and country parishes, there are others not less essential in which this approximation must fail, and the guilty wealth of cities pant in vain after the simple and virtuous economy which has disappeared with their unnatural expansion.

But the *principle* of the reverend author at least is sound—for who can question the wisdom of imparting increased moral activity to the ministers of religion, and of opening up to them the recesses of indolence and vice, which, under an erroneous system, have been shut against their pious exertions? We concur entirely with Dr Chalmers, in thinking that the Christian religion, not merely by the force of its direct precepts, but by its elevating influence upon human character, affords the surest antidote against the prevalence of pauperism, and the long train of vice and misery by which it is attended; and that the same sublime system, which, while it inculcates indulgence to the frailties of others, prescribes the most scrupulous self-restraint among its followers, provides at once for the abridgement of the claims made upon public benevolence, and the enlargement of that bounty by which inevitable calamity is to be relieved. It cannot be the spirit of that religion which broke the chains of domestic slavery over the wide extent of a converted world, to encourage that crouching habit, which is at once the cause and the consequence of poor laws, and which subjects the *mind* of the labouring classes to all the corruption of real slavery, with this additional degradation, that their state is the result of profligate choice, not of over-ruling necessity. The ascendancy of Christian principles over minds where their power is now unfelt, is the highest and noblest form in which that moral restraint can be diffused, to the redeeming energy of which philosophers have trusted for arresting the disorders of society. The disciples of Malthus cannot refuse their approba-

tion of the course pursued by Dr Chalmers—for he proposes to make the first grand experiment that has yet been attempted to verify their speculations, which, but for the enthusiasm of this great preacher, might have long remained a dead letter in the repositories of neglected wisdom. The disciples of Christianity cannot refuse *their* approbation—for it is the object of the author, by relaxing the springs of a complex machinery, under which the moral energy of his office was chained down in inaction, and by repelling from his order a monumental incumbrance of secular duties, imperceptibly accumulating, and slowly exhausting their spiritual vigour—to restore them entire to the native dignity of their functions; and by the augmented power of their ministrations, not only to diffuse the blessings of religion where they are at this moment unknown, but to render Christianity the instrument of a great deliverance from an evil, fearful in its actual magnitude, and yet more appalling as it is seen in the distance of futurity. The men of the world, who, without philosophy or religion, cannot remain insensible to the actual pressure, nor shut their eyes to the approaching danger, must applaud the benevolent zeal, even if they should distrust the sanguine anticipations, of him who solicits only the unenvied privilege of labouring upon a field of neglected misery, from which feeble and fainting virtue would at once recoil, and who dares to traverse those regions of human wretchedness and despair from which worldly policy dreads every moment a fierce and wasteful explosion.

Every step made towards the accomplishment of the author's benevolent designs, is a clear and positive advantage to society. This is not a case where questionable principles are to be acted upon—where much good in possession is to be hazarded for uncertain improvement—where partial success is real failure—and where there are no intermediate points, in the progress of achievement, at which the mind can rest with the satisfaction that something has been gained. When one profligate character has been reclaimed by the assiduous ministrations which Dr Chalmers so beautifully enforces in his pamphlet, and which in their unostentatious privacy are yet so

much more powerful than the public services to which the clergy have, by the system of large towns, been necessarily limited, something of great and unquestionable value has been effected. Dr Chalmers has elsewhere remarked, that the influence of the Christian religion may be shed over the whole of society, although but a small number of individuals may be truly imbued with its spirit—for such is the influence of purer character, and a more elevated tone of feeling, even over the profligacy with which it is surrounded, that it gradually raises worthlessness itself to an approximation of its own better standard. Every individual reclaimed becomes an instrument in the reformation of others; and the minister, acting upon the plan suggested by Dr Chalmers, without supposing him to have any incredible success in the work of conversion to Christianity, may, by multiplying, even in a very limited ratio, the examples of industry, sobriety, and independence of spirit, which the persons with whom he is the most successful will certainly exhibit, create a very magnificent result of moral and social improvement.

What the reverend author demands, is the improvement of the Christian and civic economy of large towns, by subjecting to the pious influence of each clergyman a fixed and limited population, with every individual of which he can communicate, either directly, or through the medium of an agency chosen and confided in by himself—by restoring to the kirk sessions of towns the sole and uncontrolled management of the voluntary fund contributed for the maintenance of the poor—and by relieving the minister of the secular duties, which have of late years been crowded upon him in unexampled succession, and which have deprived him of the leisure necessary to the adequate discharge of his spiritual functions. Upon this last point, which has long been a favourite one with the reverend author, he has a vehement and powerful pleading in the pamphlet before us.

That the execution of his arrangements would increase the moral influence of the clergy, and prove a blessing to the people of Scotland, it is impossible to doubt; but that it would not be speedily or generally attended with all the practical consequences anticipated by the enthusiasm of the author, it is

impossible to disguise. He approaches the subject with the zeal natural to the founder of a system, and seems to count upon the general diffusion and the perpetuation of that ardour which is perhaps confined to his own sanguine and benevolent bosom. His own accomplishments are of a rare, and what is more to the present purpose, of a highly popular order; and what may be found practicable to the attractive talent of Dr Chalmers, may prove utterly impossible to the pious and useful mediocrity with which he must, in the nature of things, be surrounded, and by which he and his contemporaries must alike expect to be succeeded. The system of the reverend author is one of a simple and obvious structure, owing little to the ingenuity of invention, and claiming every thing from the energy of performance. It is one which proposes to recall the clergy of our large cities from the minute but useful toils of a secular nature, which have, in the progress of society, been superadded to their spiritual functions, and of which the performance is exacted with the regularity, and yielded with the facility of mere official routine, to the sublimer offices of Christian zeal, which there is no external influence to enforce, no reward but the approbation of conscience to encourage, and which, above all, are beset with difficulties such as can be conquered only by something like apostolic energy and devotion. Is it unreasonable to fear, that a project of this kind, cast above the level of the ordinary capacities of execution, may perish with the ardent spirit of the projector, and that its very essence may be found to be that unconquerable zeal, which the lapse of years, alas! must extinguish, and which the system itself cannot survive? Dr Chalmers has eloquently demanded the exemption of his order from that load of secular duties, of which, no doubt, he has personally felt the intolerable pressure, and has urged the splendid contributions which they might make to the literary and philosophical fame of the country, as an inducement to the concession, and painted in strong colours their intellectual degradation in another age should the reasonable boon be refused by the legislature. But among the clergy of the church of Scotland, highly respectable as they are, how minute

must be the proportion which men of original and commanding genius bear to the whole number, of which that reverend body is composed? Does Dr Chalmers believe that the church could fill one half the chairs in the universities with philosophers, historians, or poets, or that men of this high class, as they rise successively into distinction, can be defrauded by baser competition of an asylum, which, by presenting at once excitement and leisure, combines the very elements described by the author himself, as essential to the development of the powers of genius? But genius, in truth, loves to struggle with difficulties, and is invigorated by the contention. No one can question the genius of the reverend author himself, and high expectations are justly entertained of his powers of future performance; yet is he about to rush, with pious benevolence, upon a scene of arduous and repulsive duty, before the Alpine prospects of which, all but the energy of genius, and the firmness of Christian fortitude, would retire in dismay. Yet we have no doubt of his success, and that he will continue to unite the popularity of a great preacher, with the yet more grateful popularity of an unwearied philanthropist. The sum of good which he is destined to accomplish must necessarily be great; but whether he may be able to effect an immediate revolution in the system of poor laws, and to lay a foundation for the ultimate disuse of compulsory assessments in the great city where his experiment is to be tried, appears extremely questionable. Even if Dr Chalmers should personally succeed, can this be deemed an earnest of the future triumph of his plan, as a general measure, to be executed by ministers of every various degree in the scale of accomplishment and popularity? Will it be possible to an ordinary man, or even to one of the deepest erudition and most exalted talent, but undistinguished by those popular gifts which have made the name of Chalmers be pronounced every where with enthusiastic applause, to collect together and assess an

admiring and crowded audience to the extent which this renowned preacher may be able at all times to realize? It may be in his power to substitute the persuasions of the gospel for the enactments of the law, without the danger of serious defalcation, but it is not upon every one that nature has bestowed this incommunicable power of wielding, at will, the passions of their fellow-creatures. We doubt, therefore, the practicability of executing the plan of Dr Chalmers to the extent which he meditates, and of deriving from it the immediate political advantages which he appears to contemplate; but it is only as to the extent of possible performance, not the soundness of the principle, that any question can arise. The moral and religious improvement of society, which forms the grand object of the reverend author, affords the only prospect of mitigating the evils of pauperism with which the country is at present afflicted, and averting the yet more appalling calamities with which it is menaced for the future. The standard of speculative improvement may be fixed too high for the mediocrity of that active virtue by which it is to be realised; but when the principle itself is sound, we can afford to fall short of the mark without incurring the ordinary hazards, or the yet more formidable disgrace of failure. The ardent pursuit of lofty aims will leave the vestiges of vigour and of virtue to dignify the course even which has closed in disappointment, and redeem the spirit of high endeavour from the reproach, that its energy has been poured forth in vain. The rude resistance of the world may, in the issue, be found too strong for the moral machinery which Dr Chalmers has put in motion, and his system may vanish with the spirit which gave it birth; but no accident can have power over the fund of virtue and piety which it will create for the honour of the present generation, and the example of Christian benevolence which it will transmit for the admiration of posterity.

ON THE EDINBURGH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE conclusion of the second MUSICAL FESTIVAL in this city, naturally suggests to us some observations on the manner in which it was conducted,

and the beneficial consequences with which a repetition of the Institution promises to be attended.

The Scotch, in common with all

pastoral nations, have, from the earliest period of their history, been passionately fond of that species of music which consists in the simple expression of natural feeling, and which aims at no other object but the exciting of one emotion in the breast of those who hear it. This has long been observed; and hence, the Scotch music has become, throughout the whole island, the usual expression to denote those simple and touching strains which spring from the genuine feelings, and are adapted to the unsophisticated sentiments of a rude and artless state of society. In the expression of such feelings, it is inferior to none that has ever existed; and hence, her national airs, like the poetry of Burns, have spread far beyond their native sphere, and touch the human heart, in places the most remote, and among nations wholly unknown to the people among whom they originally arose.

But though, in this simple and artless style, the Scotch music has long and deservedly been celebrated, yet there is no disguising the fact, that till of late years there has been very little taste amongst us for those higher and more complicated efforts of art, which, in other countries, contribute so much to the delight and moral improvement of the inhabitants. Perhaps, from the universality of the taste for the simple and national airs of the country, and from the intensity of the feelings which they awaken, has arisen a dislike of foreign music, and a contempt for the complicated system on which it depends, which has contributed in a great measure to prevent the growth of that delightful art in this country.

There can be no doubt, however, that such prejudices are utterly unfounded. That we do not, in many instances, perceive the beauty of pieces of music, of which greater proficients in the art express the highest admiration, is quite certain. But we are by no means warranted in thence drawing the conclusion, that our taste is the only correct one, and that there is something artificial or unnatural in the music of other countries. With equal justice might we conclude, that no state of society is agreeable to the order of nature, but that which first springs up amongst men, or that no poetry is beautiful but that which is adapted to the taste of the first ages of the world.

In fact, in all the fine arts, a relish for the higher and more complicated efforts of genius is, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has remarked, an *acquired taste*, and can be felt only by those who have made the subject long a matter of study, or, from accidental causes, have been insensibly led to an habitual observation of its excellencies. If we imagine, that the works of Raphael, or Handel, or Tasso, are fitted at once to please every capacity, and that no previous education, or discipline of the mind, is requisite to a perception of their excellencies, we have fallen into an opinion which the universal experience of the world proves to be erroneous. It is observed by the author last quoted, himself gifted beyond most other men with a sense of the grand and the beautiful in the arts of design, that at first he could perceive no beauty in the paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo, in the Vatican; but that, by incessant study, their merits gradually opened before him, till at length he came to regard them as the utmost efforts of human genius. The same observation has probably been made by every person who has had the good fortune to see these inestimable remains; and it is equally applicable to all the other fine arts. It is hence that the peasants of Scotland gaze with utter indifference on the beautiful hills of the Trossachs, clothed with the utmost profusion of natural beauty; and that the modern Greeks lived for centuries at the feet of the Athenian temples, without perceiving that there was any thing remarkable either in their execution or design.

But to none of the fine arts does the observation so forcibly apply, as to the art of Music. This delightful art, indeed, speaks a language which, in part at least, is felt by all mankind, and which possesses the power of moving the soul beyond what human genius, by any other means, is able to effect. But from this very fact, of the universality, generally speaking, of a taste for *some* of its beauties, has arisen in this country, the circumstance which has contributed most to check its progress. The generality of men, feeling intensely the charm of those simple airs to which they had been habituated, and perceiving at first no beauty in the more complicated music of foreign countries, have been naturally led to imagine, that there is something

artificial and incomprehensible in such foreign productions. They have adhered, in consequence, with obstinate, though very natural patriotism, to the music of their own country; and, without attempting to understand the higher efforts of the art, or to unravel the charms of foreign masters, have rested in the firm belief, that every thing from which they derived no pleasure, was in reality destitute of beauty, and that the only species of music truly worthy of admiration was, that which came home alike to the heart of the most uninstructed as the most cultivated part of the audience.

Our artists and professional men, on the other hand, being led by the study and cultivation of their art, to a strong and ardent admiration of those higher branches of music in which its greatest powers are developed, and finding themselves surrounded by persons incapable of appreciating what they felt to be delightful, have almost relinquished the task of improving and new modelling the public taste; but associating entirely among themselves, and entertaining the utmost sovereign contempt for the taste of those around them, have created a language unintelligible to the rest of mankind, and established a criterion of taste, deviating perhaps as widely from the rules of genuine beauty. In this way has arrived, with reference to this object, a division of society into the *musical* and the *unmusical*; the former comprehending a few persons intimately acquainted with the rules, the technical expressions, and the professors of the art; the latter, the whole remainder of the people, whose natural taste has received no cultivation. Both sets entertain a sovereign contempt for the other; the *musicantes* regard the rest of society as utterly ignorant, and beneath all contempt in the estimation of art; and they, in their turn, are regarded as a trifling and despicable set of men, who, according to Adam Smith's distinction, have degraded themselves by devoting themselves to the arts which *please*, in place of those which *serve*, mankind.

This complete separation of the musical set from the rest of society has had a most injurious effect on the progress of art. The artists, as they always do when not coerced by the taste of a numerous and discerning public, have aimed at what is *new*, rather than what

is *beautiful*; and sought rather to display their own powers than to develop the real beauties of their art. From these absurd and despicable efforts of artists have arisen, in this country, a complete misconception of the nature of foreign music; and hence it is that the Italian music is thought to be characterized by those long shakes and forced exhibitions of vocal power, which never would be, for an instant, tolerated by the taste of the people on the other side of the Alps.

Nor has the effect of this circumstance been less injurious on the public taste than on the direction which the efforts of our artists have taken. Most men have relinquished all attempt even to understand an art, from the greater part of whose productions, and from the most admired, they could derive no pleasure. From hence has arisen the singular fact, that in this country, excelling all others in the vigour of intellect, and the force of genius which it has recently developed, there is so little conception in the higher classes of society of the beauty of the Italian music, or so little attempt even to understand the latent beauties of an art, which addresses itself, more directly than any other, to the finest feelings of our nature, and in which, perhaps, the greatest triumphs of human genius are to be found. We are not to impute this extraordinary fact to any want of natural taste among its inhabitants; for there is no country in which the indigenous music is of a more touching or pathetic description. It is to be imputed to the want of opportunity which is here afforded of acquiring a taste for the higher branches of the art; and to this deficiency the absence of *sacred music* from the religious service of the country has eminently contributed.

If we attend to the music of all countries, we shall find that its principal object is to awaken one or other of these emotions; either the enthusiasm of war, or the tenderness of love, or the ardour of *devotion*. The first of these objects is that which is principally aimed at, in the earlier period of society; but its influence necessarily declines as pacific habits become general, and when the profession of arms is confined to a particular class of the people. At all times indeed it possesses a greater power perhaps of mov-

ing the soul, than any other species of the art, and of this, its constant use to excite men to the greatest and most heroic deeds, affords ample evidence. But its influence is, from its nature, momentary and transient, nor can it even take that hold of the mind, or excite those *permanent* feelings of admiration which are awakened by music more adapted to our ordinary and domestic feelings.

The influence of that species of music which is devoted to the expression of love, perhaps the most numerous and extensive of any, continues the same in all ages and countries, for the obvious reason, that the passion to which it relates, is the same in all periods of the world. The greater proportion of the native Scottish airs accordingly are devoted to the expression of this passion, and of the domestic affections with which it is associated. The Irish music, in most instances the same as the Scotch, but which has lately been adorned and restored by the exquisite genius of Moore and Stevenson, is of the same description, although it has been tinctured by the misfortunes in which the country has been involved, and breathes that air of melancholy which has so often been felt by its authors.

“The warm lay of love on the light note
of gladness,
Has awakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill,
But so oft hast thou echoed the wild notes
of sadness,
That, even in thy mirth, it will steal from
thee still.”

But how delightful soever this species of music may be, and admirably as it is calculated to awaken the most tender and delightful feelings of our nature, yet it is obvious that its cultivation can never extend, to any great degree, the knowledge of the higher branches of the art, or awaken that *general* appreciation of its excellencies on which its successful progress mainly depends. To the young, the gay, and the ardent, it is, of course, the most attractive of any; but they form but a small proportion of that large mass which composes the public taste; and they are, perhaps, of all others, the persons least qualified to judge of the real merits of such music, because it is associated, in their minds, with so many interesting and individual recollections. Besides this, it is obvious that genuine feeling,

in that branch of the art, can be expressed only by a *single* voice, or, at the utmost, by a very limited number of performers; for the feeling to which it relates is, by its nature, devoted to *one* object, and, consequently, can only be expressed in such a way as may, for the moment, induce the belief of the reality of the sentiment in the performers. To whatever perfection, therefore, this species of music may be brought, it is obvious that it is necessarily limited to the production of effect by simple means, and never can diffuse a taste for the complicated branches of the art, in which its greatest triumphs have been gained, and from the study of which alone a thorough knowledge of its beauties can be obtained.

It is RELIGIOUS MUSIC alone which furnishes the fit subject for the exertion of art in all its branches, and aims at the expression of feelings in which all ranks and classes of men feel an equal interest. That “Music is the voice of love,” is indeed true, and it is equally certain, that it has every where arisen from an endeavour to express that delightful feeling. But it is equally true, that, to the great proportion of mankind, this subject does not possess the interest which it does during the visionary period of youth or beauty. The influence of religious music, on the other hand, is always felt, and, unlike all other feelings, its interest increases as we advance in years, and become greatest when the incitements of a temporary existence have decayed. It is when the passions of youth have ceased, and the attractions of the world are no longer felt, that it comes to concentrate the delight which had formerly been dissipated by other objects, as the traveller who has witnessed the freshness of the morning colours, and been dazzled by the splendour of the noontide blaze, beholds when the shades of night have fallen, the same rays reflected from the celestial bodies, and fixes a steady eye on that mellowed light, where the gaudy colours of the day have yielded to the softening influence of heaven.

In sacred music, moreover, there is an obvious propriety in the employment of many voices, or in the complicated harmony of a variety of instruments. We follow the multitude into the house of God; and however important or salutary the exer-

cise of private devotion may be, we feel that it is when we join in the prayers or the thanksgiving of our brethren, that we are most intimately impressed with the feelings befitting the service in which we ourselves are engaged. By a law of our nature devotion is made a *social duty*; and how- ever indifferent on other occasions we may be to those who surround us, we are prompted by an irresistible impulse to draw together when we approach the throne of Divine Mercy. Every body accordingly has felt the sublime effect of a multitude of voices, even the most unskilled, when joined in the acts of grateful praise—an effect greater than any single voice, however perfect, would be capable of producing. Nor is the employment of different instruments less in union with the spirit or less favourable to the ardour of devotion. We feel that it is fitting, in the solemn service of thanksgiving, that all the powers of art should be assembled; and the combination of so many instruments, and such a multitude of voices, in the production of one harmonious strain, accords with that common emotion by which so many hearts are then linked together, and becomes the fit expression of that heavenly feeling by which the discordant passions of the human soul are lulled into a temporary subjection to the influence of religion.

There is the same propriety, therefore, in the use of complicated music in the expression of that religious feeling which we share with our brethren, as in the use of a single voice, to express those effusions of love, which are necessarily confined to a single individual; and, therefore, in all countries, a taste for instrumental melody, and an acquaintance with the higher branches of the art, *must commence with sacred music*; where its adaptation to the emotion intended to be awakened, is obvious to the most untutored mind. When *once acquired*, this taste is rapidly extended to other objects, and the mind becomes capable of perceiving the capacity of such efforts of art to express many of the other emotions which music is fitted to awaken.

Universally, accordingly, a taste for instrumental music, and a sense of

the beauty of complicated works of art, has arisen from the influence of sacred music, and the cultivation of mind, which the continual influence of such performances has necessarily produced among the people. In England, we are told by Henry,* that the progress of this delightful art, and the greatest improvements which its higher branches have ever received, were entirely owing to the efforts of the Catholic clergy, who were incessantly devoted to this object, even during the period of the Anglo Saxon sovereigns; and we are almost tempted to regard as fabulous the accounts which contemporary authors have transmitted to us of the influence of religious music, at that early period, on our barbarous forefathers. In the glorious works of Handel, and in the general diffusion of a cultivated taste for every species of the art among our polished neighbours, we perceive the influence of this early and habitual attention to sacred music among the English people. The Italians, from the first restoration of the art in their country, have been habituated to the finest and most impressive music, to increase the pomp and enhance the fervour of the Catholic worship, and in the well known and proverbial taste of that people for every species of music, as well as in the unrivalled beauty and celebrity of their composers, we perceive the natural effects of such advantages. Like the Athenian citizens, in whom the public debates of the orators created the utmost delicacy of taste in judging of composition and pronunciation; or like the modern Romans, who are accustomed daily to behold the works of Raphael and the Caraccis, the Italians, even of the lowest order, have imbibed such a taste for the beauties of music as enables them not only to appreciate with perfect accuracy its greatest excellencies, but to exercise a salutary control over the genius of their greatest artists.

There is nothing, indeed, which is so calculated to effect a mighty change on the feeling, or the taste of mankind, as what is connected with their religious feelings. The interest of all other things is temporary or transient—it varies with the disposition of the individual, or is obliterated by other

objects of ambition ; but the interest excited by religious emotion comes home alike to every heart, and touches with equal force the humblest as the greatest of the audience. The constant repetition of the same strains in religious service, in the end works them into the hearts of the most careless, and expands the taste of the least cultivated minds. Thousands who could never be brought to attend to music as a matter of amusement only, or would despise it as the subject of serious thought, are insensibly led to feel its charms when it mingles with their weekly devotions. Greater and more lasting effects may be anticipated, therefore, on the national taste, from the influence of sacred music, than from the greatest exertions of skill, in that which is devoted to mere amusement ; and in particular, it is from the habit of hearing the great works of former genius in that sublime branch of the art, that a taste for its higher beauties, and an appreciation of its complicated excellencies, is to be acquired.

Now it has unfortunately happened, that the Presbyterian form of worship, amidst many great advantages, has been attended with one most unfortunate consequence—the total want of any attention to sacred music, and the entire absence of any taste for its beauties amongst our people. The influence of this circumstance has not been confined to this one species of music, but has materially checked the progress of a taste for this delightful art amongst us ; and by depriving us of the school in which its beauties were to be learned, kept us in entire ignorance of the delight which they were fitted to communicate.

It is with sincere pleasure, therefore, and with the warmest hopes of the future influence which it may exercise on the national taste, that we hail the establishment of a *Musical Festival* in this city ; and could we assure ourselves that it would come in time to be repeated at short intervals, we can perceive no bounds to the beneficial consequences with which it could be attended, or the change which it would produce on the national habits. It is in vain to expect that by any other means a taste for this charming art can be generally established. Our youth are, fortunately for them and for their country, too much engaged

in serious duties, to be able to waste their time in operas and musical parties, like the higher classes in Milan and Naples. The national character moreover is too grave, to admit of any material change being brought about by the influence of such frivolous amusements. Yet experience has shewn, that without a constant attention to fine music of some description, and the early habit of hearing it on impressive occasions, it is impossible that a perception of its excellencies can ever be generally diffused. It is in the establishment of festivals for *sacred music*, and in the consequent improvement which may be expected in that which is employed on ordinary occasions of devotion, that we perceive the means of training the higher orders amongst us to a due sense of the importance of this noble art ; and when we recollect how universal the attendance on divine service is in this country, and how great an influence religious feelings exercise over our people, we are convinced that no other means equally efficacious could possibly be imagined.

It is difficult to estimate the beneficial consequence with which such a change in the national taste would be attended. There is no disguising the fact, how mortifying soever it may be to our national pride, that in the charities and amusements of social life—in the arts which embellish and adorn the character of a perfect gentleman—we in this northern part of the island are as yet almost in a state of barbarism. Gifted indeed, beyond perhaps any other people, with the more material qualities of courage, energy, and useful knowledge, the higher orders amongst us have hitherto, with some splendid exceptions, paid little regard to the arts which address themselves to the imagination, and been almost insensible to the charms of those elegant amusements which in all ages of the world have been found to be the most efficacious means of softening and humanizing the national manners. It is a singular fact, that in a nation celebrated beyond all others for the extraordinary genius, both in literature and philosophy, to which it has recently given birth, the amusements of the higher classes should in general be precisely of the description which is adapted to the rudest state of society ; and that in observing the manners of

our young men even of rank and fashion, we are still compelled to acknowledge that they have not advanced beyond their Saxon ancestors, who "hunted all day and drank all night, and knew no pleasure save fighting and carousing and the chase."

None indeed would lament more than ourselves if the manly amusements of our gentlemen were to be exchanged for the trifling manner and idle habits and effeminate ideas of the Neapolitan and Venetian noblesse.—But the example of the nobility of England is sufficient to convince us, that it is possible to retain the intrepid and characteristic manners of this island, without becoming, as is too much the case with the Scottish youth, perfect slaves to them; and that a taste for the fine arts, and a love of the elegant amusements of life, may be found in the same individuals who are inferior to none in personal courage and manly energy. It is easy to see that it is to the recent and rapid advance which this northern part of the island has made in knowledge, wealth, and power, that the deficiency and barbarism of our national manners are owing, since the progress of manners is slow, compared with the rapid strides which the arts and sciences are capable of making. But it is to be remembered, that a knowledge of error is the first step towards its amendment; and if any thing could make us despair of a more elegant and polished style of manners being introduced amongst us, it would be the presumption with which we are accustomed to speak of our superiority to other nations, merely because we are entirely ignorant of the matters in which they excel us.

In an inferior class of society pre-eminently distinguished in this country by the intelligence and ability which they possess, we do not perceive indeed a propensity to debaucheries of so costly a description, but their amusements are marked by the same rudeness and sensuality, without the polished manners which alone render it tolerable in their superiors. No one can be acquainted with the professional men either in Edinburgh or Glasgow without having observed the coarseness, we had almost said brutality, of the manners and amusements of the great majority of them; a circumstance the more remarkable, from the contrast which it offers to

the natural sagacity with which they are gifted, and the extraordinary ability which they display in the business of life. Every one who goes from this country is struck with the superior elegance and refinement of the middling orders in France and Italy; it is painful to think what the inhabitants of these countries must feel when they come to ours.

It is to the establishment of the *EDINBURGH MUSICAL FESTIVAL*, as a permanent institution, and the consequent dissemination of a taste for this delightful art, through all classes of the people, that we look for one principal means of correcting these half civilized manners, and of introducing a perception of the advantages of the more elegant accomplishments among our higher and middling classes. Of all the fine arts, there is none which so universally move the heart—none which is so delightful a relaxation—none so easily within the reach of every individual—none so intimately blended with the finest feelings and most amiable sympathies of our nature. In the other arts the emotion which we experience is the feeling produced by the art alone; and is renewed, as if for the first time, whenever it is presented to the mind. But the beauty of music is felt with increased force as we advance in years, and while every other enjoyment palls by repetition, it alone comes with renewed delight, fraught with the remembrance and the endearments of past existence.

"Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

As if, too, this enchanting art was purposely designed as a consolation to the suffering of our nature, it awakens recollections always of a tender and delightful kind, or so softens the remembrance of past misfortune, as to render it pleasing rather than painful to the melancholy mind. The airs which we have heard in infancy, or which are associated with the happiness of our youth, recall, in after years, of all the long period which has since intervened, the moments only of tenderness or joy, as the wind which refreshes the eastern traveller sweeps uncontaminated over the sandy desert, and bears only in its gales the fragrance of those green spots which are scattered over the face of the happy Arabia.

Unlike the other arts too, the influ-

ence of music is uniformly and necessarily favourable to the cause of virtue ; and it can awaken no other emotions but those which tend to withdraw us from the grossness or the seductions of the world. The powers of painting may and often have been employed to inflame the passions ; the magic of poetry has too often been used as the instrument of corrupted genius or of guilty pleasure ; but the voice of music addresses itself at once to the soul, and all the ingenuity of man can add no dross to the purity of the flame which it produces. The *accompaniments* of music, indeed the poetry with which it is blended, or the amusements of which it forms a part, may be of a guilty or voluptuous kind ; but the *music itself* is incapable of injuring ; and all the efforts of wickedness could not taint the most spotless heart by the emotions which it excites. Even when it is associated with such accompaniments, and purposely designed to aid their influence, its celestial nature defeats the intention of the artist, and refines the passion, to the inflaming of which it was meant to be subservient. The exquisite music of the Irish melodies so forcibly withdraws the mind from the voluptuousness of the language, as to render them the favourite theme of the most delicate women ; and the enchanting airs of Don Giovanni, or Nozze de Figaro, is able to refine the feelings, which otherwise would be excited by the warmth of the language and the seductive grace of the dancing.

From what has been said, it will readily occur, that it is in refining the ideas and extending the taste and the capacity for enjoyment in our own sex, that we anticipate the most beneficial effects from the permanent institution of the Musical Festival. In truth, it is in them that the want of such an elegant and innocent amusement is most seriously felt, not only because they are from their education, incomparably more ignorant of the subject than the female part of society, but because, from being more engrossed in the cares, and more brought in contact with the grosser enjoyments of life, they stand more in need of its purifying influence. There is, we know, a common and very natural

prejudice against men becoming musicians, and ardently as we are attached to the art, and impressed with its importance, we confess that we cannot see a man sit down to the piano, or take a guitar in his hand, without an involuntary feeling of degradation.—And truly, circumstanced as we have hitherto been, when the education of an ordinary gentleman gave no opportunity for acquiring a taste for this art, and when a knowledge of its beauties could be acquired only by living with fiddlers, and associating with a class beneath himself, it is no wonder that such a feeling should have arisen.—That it is founded in this circumstance, however, only, and that it would be an unworthy prejudice if a taste for music could be acquired through the medium of more unexceptionable means, such as the repetition of Musical Festivals promises to afford, seems too obvious to require illustration.—Our Saxon ancestors were certainly not inferior to us either in manliness or courage, yet a knowledge of music was universal among their iron warriors ; and the ancient Britons, descendants of the great Arthur, deemed a harp the only becoming accomplishment of a gentleman, and placed the king's harper third in the rank of his royal household. No one will accuse Homer of giving too much effeminacy to his favourite hero ; yet he represents Achilles subduing his resentment by the melody of his harp, in lines which Pope has rendered with more than their original pomp and beauty.

“ Amused at ease, the godlike man they
found,
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious
sound,
With this he soothes his angry soul, and
sings
The immortal deeds of Heroes and of
Kings.”

“ It was impossible for the poet,” says a late elegant writer, “ to have imagined any other occupation so well fitted to the mighty mind of Achilles, or so effectual in interesting the reader in the fate of him whom Dr Beattie calls, with truth, the most terrific personage that poetical imagination has feigned.”* There seems no inconsistency, therefore, in supposing, that a taste for music, and a know-

ledge of its art, may be combined with all the qualities which become an intrepid man and a free citizen; and from a diffusion of a taste for this, as well as other fine arts among our higher classes, we anticipate the growth of a body of men, who may combine the cultivated taste and polished manners which distinguish the nobility in the south of Europe, with the energy, the manliness, and the learning, which have always been the honourable characteristics of the inhabitants of the north.

It is foreign to our purpose, and beyond our abilities, to give a detailed account of the different performances which composed this delightful Festival, or of the splendid ability with which it was conducted. To those who had the good fortune to hear them, such commendations would be superfluous; to those who were absent, they would be uninteresting. Yet cursory as the account which we can afford to give necessarily must be, we cannot refrain from adding our testimony to the united suffrages of all those best qualified to judge, in favour of the admirable arrangement which was pursued by the Directors, and the unrivalled excellencies which were displayed by the performers.

First in the scale of excellence, as greatest in the emotion which they produced, we must place the sublime choruses from Handel, and Haydn, which occurred in the Messiah and the Creation. All Europe has felt the sublimity of these astonishing productions; but never, perhaps, were they heard to greater advantage, never certainly were they given with finer effect than in the Morning Concerts in the Parliament House. The imposing appearance of that venerable room, the order and propriety of the immense multitude assembled under its roof, the admirable composition and united power of the Orchestra, combined to produce an effect greater, perhaps, than was ever felt by any who were then present. There are none, we are sure, who heard, for the first time, the Hallelujah Chorus at the conclusion of the first part of the Messiah, without being both happier and better; happier, because they were admitted, as it were, into a new world of enjoyment, of which they could not before have formed a conception; and better, because they were filled for the moment,

at least, with feelings of devotion, to which, in their former lives, they must have been strangers.

Nor were the powers of this magnificent orchestra less adapted to the production of those more cheerful and animating emotions which the Evening Concerts were intended to awaken. We have never in any country, not even in the far-famed and musical city of Naples, heard a combination of musical talents more splendid or more successful than in the grand symphonies which commenced the Evening Concerts on Tuesday and Friday.—Little, indeed, as we are accustomed in this country to such great and complicated efforts of art, we are confident that these performances must have done much to awaken a taste for these excellencies; and that many who went there, without the least conception of their beauties, returned with their minds opened to a new source of enjoyment in life.

Of the delicate voice and cultivated taste of Miss Stephens, it would be presumptuous for us to speak, and superfluous to express our admiration. There is no one who heard her sing the beautiful air in the Creation, "With verdure clad the fields appear," or the more pathetic strain in the Messiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," without rejoicing in the powers which our native talent has developed, and feeling the justice of the celebrity which it has acquired. Yet with all our admiration for the versatility and perfection of her talents, we cannot help observing, that she does not appear to be peculiarly qualified for sacred music. We have heard that this is contrary to her own opinion, and to that of many of the best judges of the art. Perhaps, therefore, it is the influence of association, and the habit of hearing her sing tender and joyous airs, which makes us think that there is too great lightness and vivacity in her voice—perhaps too great blythness in the expression of her countenance, to suit the melancholy and spiritual expression which religious service requires. It is in the expression of love of tenderness, or of the pathetic of domestic life, that her delightful powers seem to be in their proper sphere; and those who heard her sing the simple and touching air of Auld Robin Gray, will not easily forget the genius with

which she adapted her powers to the expression of these varied emotions, and by the delicacy of the transitions, gave to that musical *narrative*, the unity of effect which springs from the perception of a single emotion.

Mr Braham displayed the same strength and versatility of voice, the same power and sublimity of thought, which have already made his name so distinguished among the European performers. If we could presume, however, to criticise the works of this great artist, we should say, that the consciousness of his almost unrivalled powers, sometimes leads him to aim at the exhibition of art, in a manner inconsistent with the end to which it is destined, and subversive of that train of delightful feelings in which so much of the charms of music consist. Whenever the spectator forgets the music in the artist, and is awakened out of the reverie of delight into which he had been thrown by astonishment at the powers which he exhibits, the spell is broken, and the enchanted land in which he had found himself is dissolved. There was much of this unfortunate display in many of Mr Braham's greatest exertions in the solos, towards the close of the Messiah; and highly as those acquainted with the art may appreciate such exhibitions of vocal skill, we are persuaded, that over the audience in general they excited no other feeling but regret and disappointment. And herein do we anticipate one most important and salutary effect of the dissemination of a taste for the higher branches of music amongst us; that our people, trained to a knowledge of the real object of the art, and accustomed to feel its genuine beauties, will banish from our performances, as the people of Italy have done from theirs, those forced exhibitions of skill which the vanity of performers, seeking to excel each other, is perpetually endeavouring to introduce, but which are not less injurious to their real celebrity than subversive of the emotion which it should be their object to excite in the audience.

We know not in what terms to express our admiration at the enchanting performances of Mr Yaniewicz and Lindley, on the violin and violoncello; performances beyond any other almost which we have ever heard in that department, and which we might be inclined to believe, arose from instru-

ments different from those which are used by any other men. The perfect silence which permitted the lightest touch of those inimitable performers to be heard in the farthest extremities of the theatre, more even than the rapturous applause which followed, demonstrated the intense and breathless interest which their performances excited in the audience. When we heard the wild and ravishing airs which in their hands the violoncello was capable of producing, we almost forgot that we were dwelling amongst mortal men; and seemed rather to be listening to sounds produced by the light and aerial touch of fairy hands, or to those heavenly strains which steal upon the mind, when the soft zephyrs of the west sweep over the chords of the Eolian harp.

In the performances of *Dragonetti*, the audience had equal reason to admire that matchless skill, which has almost changed the instrument on which he exerts his powers, and rendered it capable of producing sounds which no other hand was ever able to bring forth. We believe there never was an artist, (certainly it has never been our good fortune to hear one) who could approach even to the admirable talent which he displays in the management of the bassoon; and yet we are conscious that we are but ill qualified to judge either of the extent of the difficulties with which he had to contend, or of the ability with which he has overcome them, since many pieces, which to us appeared rather singular than beautiful, excited the most enthusiastic admiration among the surrounding artists. It is when we hear the touch of any other hand on the same instrument, that the extraordinary ability of that great performer fully appears; as the eye which has followed the dancing of Mademoiselle Bigotini becomes insensible to the taste with which her motions are guided, and requires to look at the other performers to appreciate that inimitable grace with which she dignifies the voluptuous scene of the Parisian opera.

Of the merits of *Ambrogetti* we feel ourselves little qualified to speak, as the style of singing in which he principally was brought forward is one for which we do not profess sufficient local knowledge to judge. The opera Buffa, of the Italian stage, is little un-

derstood by foreigners, even at Milan and Naples, where the manners which it caricatures are to be seen in every street that surround them. In this country, at a distance from such manners, the merits of the imitation cannot of course be felt, how much soever we may admire the powers of the artist. Yet we may be permitted to observe, that the rapid gesticulation, the versatile talents, and the personifying power of this celebrated artist, were eminently conspicuous during the evening-concerts of this Festival; and that they left us only cause to regret that we were not sufficiently acquainted with the lower orders in Italy to perceive the fidelity of the portraits, and understand the whole of the humours which it contained.

Of the abilities of Miss Goodall, who, though brought down in a secondary capacity, vindicated her claim to first-rate merit; of Mr Begrez, who to a melodious voice unites the finest and most delicate taste; of Miss Corri, whose rising powers promise to do honour to our metropolis which gave her birth, and of the other performers who assisted at this delightful Festival, our limits will not permit us to speak.—Suffice it to say, that their united exertions formed a great and splendid display of musical talent; such as is rarely witnessed in this or any other country, and to a repetition of which we believe all who heard them look forward with anxious hope.

The Musical Festival is now over, but the delight which it communicated is not gone past: and it has left the seeds of enjoyment in many minds who, but for it, would have remained ignorant of the highest pleasures of which their nature is susceptible.—The room, indeed, which heard these glorious strains is silent, and the multitudes who filled it are separated from each other: but the delightful recollection lives in their minds, and, unknown to each other, unites many hearts, who are unconscious of the secret bond by which they are linked together. Often during the stillness of the night, or in moments of temporary forgetfulness, they steal like a delightful vision over our minds, and throw a momentary charm over existence, before we are conscious of the source from which our delight has sprung, like the celestial music, which, according to the amiable belief of Ca-

tholic countries, steals upon the enraptured soul of the Christian penitent, and gives to the bed of death a foretaste of the joys of eternal life.

It would be ungrateful were we not to express our public thanks to the directors for the ability and taste which they displayed in the conduct of the whole, and the uniform urbanity with which they discharged the laborious duty which they had gratuitously and benevolently undertaken. The united voice of their fellow citizens acknowledges the merit of these distinguished men who sacrificed so much of their valuable time to the prosecution of a duty of public charity, and to the improvement of the national taste in an art, where their own stood so little in need of cultivation. If we were to make any criticism on the selection of music which they made, we would observe, that the performance of Wednesday morning was too long; and that, notwithstanding the sublimity of the Mount of Olives, on Saturday, there is something abhorrent to our feelings in the personification of the sacred characters which are there brought on the stage. Such personifications may do very well in Catholic countries, where the people are accustomed to religious allegories, and to representations of the Deity himself in mortal colours; but they are revolting to our habits, and unsuitable to the indistinct feeling of veneration with which we are accustomed to regard the earthly character of our Saviour.

There was, indeed, enough to reward the public spirit of the directors in the brilliant spectacle which the Festival which they had created produced in this city. Never, certainly, since this kingdom began, was so magnificent an assemblage of rank and beauty and opulence brought together, as in Edinburgh during the week that this Festival lasted. Nor were the recollections of the past less interesting than the splendour of the present. When we cast our eyes over the superb Hall of the Parliament House, filled with every thing most distinguished which the country could exhibit, we involuntarily went back in imagination to those distant periods when the representatives of a poor and barbarous nation assembled under its roof; and recollected how much their wise and upright conduct had contributed to the prosperity which was there

exhibited; and when we beheld the splendid train of three hundred equipages sweeping round the base of the Calton Hill, and entering the city by the magnificent opening of Waterloo Place, we looked down with heartfelt gratitude to that now forgotten Palace, where the brave kings of Scotland once lived and struggled with a turbulent nobility and a barren soil, to maintain the freedom of their native land.—But for their bold and unconquered spirit Scotland might have shared with Ireland the horrors of English conquest; and in place of exulting now in the prosperity of our country, and the assembled splendour of

our nobility, we might have been deploring, with them, an absent nobility and a ruined people. Amidst our gratitude for the past, let us not forget the means by which similar prosperity for the future is to be obtained; and if we would secure for this country the inestimable blessings of a resident and patriotic body of landed proprietors, let us seek to give to its metropolis the attractions which might otherwise draw our youth to distant countries; and teach them to look to its taste and refinement, for the means of acquiring the elegant accomplishments, as they have long done, for the more solid acquirements of life.

DON JUAN UNREAD.

MR EDITOR,

I composed the following poem on Tuesday-night last, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, during a sound sleep, into which I had fallen while in the act of attempting to peruse Constable's Magazine. While I slept I was busily employed in versifying, and should, I am sure, have composed much more, but that I unfortunately threw the Magazine off the table upon my foot, which instantly awaked me. A half-hundred could not have descended with more weight, a circumstance which proves how very heavy the articles contained in that work must be; and I feel the effects of it yet. I send my lines merely as a psychological curiosity like Kubla Khan. It is a remarkable fact, that a poem of Mr Wordsworth's, "*Yarrow Unvisited*," bears a resemblance to this of mine; how to account for this coincidence I know not.—I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

M. N.

YARROW UNVISITED.

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd;
And, when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk, frae Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each Maiden to her Dwelling!
On Yarrow's Banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow."

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dr. Borough, where with chiming
The Linwhites sing in chorus;

DON JUAN UNREAD.

Of Corinth Castle we had read
The amazing Siege unravelled,
Had swallowed Lara and the Giaour,
And with Childe Harold travelled;
And so we followed cloven-foot*
As faithfully as any,
Until he cried, "Come, turn aside
And read of Don +Giovanni."

"Let Whiggish folk, frae Holland House,
Who have been lying, prating,
Read Don Giovanni, 'tis their own,
A child of their creating!
On jests profane they love to feed,†
And there they are—and many;
But we, who link not with the crew,
Regard not Don Giovanni."

"There's Godwin's daughter, Shelley's
wife,
A writing fearful stories;
There's Hazlitt, who, with Hunt and Keats
Brays forth in Cockney chorus;

* A recollection of the usual accoutrements of the pounce of the air, to whose service the poem of Don Juan is devoted, will account for this epithet being applied to its author.

† Italice for Juan, which is Hispanice for John.

‡ Witness the subscription for Hone as a reward for parodying the Lord's Prayer, &c. in which list the Duke of Bedford, Lord Sefton, and many other Whig leaders, figured conspicuously.

There's pleasant Tiviot Dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a River bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seem'd of slight and
scorn;

My true-love sigh'd for sorrow;
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's
Holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the Dale of Yarrow.

"Let Beeves and home-bred Kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The Swan on still St Mary's Lake
Float double, Swan and Shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow:
Enough it in our hearts we know,
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

There's pleasant Thomas Moore, a lad
Who sings of Rose and Fanny;*
Why throw away these wits so gay
To take up Don Giovanni.

"What's Juan but a shameless tale,
That bursts all rules asunder?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seem'd of slight and
scorn;

His Lordship look'd not canny;†
And took a pinch of snuff, to think
I flouted Don Giovanni.

"O! rich," said I, "are Juan's rhymes,
And warm its verse is flowing!
Fair crops of blasphemy it bears,
But we will leave them growing,
In ‡ Pindar's strain, in pose of Paine,
And many another Zanny,
As gross we read, so where's the need,
To wade through Don Giovanni.

"Let Colburn's town-bred cattle snuff
The filths of Lady Morgan,
Let Maturin to amorous themes
Attune his barrel organ!
We will not read them, will not hear
The parson or the granny;§
And, I dare say, as bad as they
O, forso, is Don Giovanni.

"Be Juan then unseen, unknown!
It must, or we may rue it;
We may have virtue of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured faith of days long past,
We still shall prize o'er any;
And we shall grieve to hear the gibes
Of scoffing Don Giovanni.

"When Whigs with freezing rule shall come,
And piety seem folly;
When Cam and Isis|| curbed by Brougham,
Shall wander melancholy;
When Cobbett, Wooler, Watson, Hunt,
And all the swinish many,
Shall rough-shod ride¶ o'er church and state,
Then hey! for Don Giovanni."

* "Come, tell me, says Rosa, as kissing and kissed," &c. and "Sweet Fanny of Timmol," with many other equally edifying little pieces.

† Scotice fur—I do not exactly know what—but it signifies something pleasant, comfortable, knowing, snug, or the like.

‡ Peter, to wit.

§ Vulgariter for grandmother, not that I mean to assert that Lady M. is a grandmother, but to insinuate, that as she is old enough to be one, she has a fair claim to the title.

|| Rivers, on the banks of which certain Universities much indebted to the learned jurisconsult mentioned in the text for his kind attention to their interests, are seated.

¶ "We shall ride roughshod over Carlton House."—Speech of all the talents through the mouth-piece of Lord ———, on hearing of the assassination of Mr Percival.

FANCY IN NUBIUS.

A SONNET, *Composed on the Sea Coast.*

O ! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or bid the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each strange likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bowed low,
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks, and then a traveller go
 From mount to mount o'er CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land !
 Or listening to the tide with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,
 Beheld the *Iliad* and the *Odyssee*
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE NEGRO'S LAMENT FOR MUNGO PARK.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1.</p> <p>WHERE the wild Joliba
 Rolls his deep waters,
 Sate at their evening toil
 Afric's dark daughters.
 Where the thick Mangroves
 Broad shadows were flinging,
 Each o'er her lone loom
 Bent mournfully singing—
 " Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
 ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
 som'd stranger !</p> | <p>4.</p> <p>" A voice from the desert !
 My wilds do not hold him ;
 Pale thirst doth not rack,
 Nor the sand-storm infold him.
 The death-gale pass'd by,
 And his breath fail'd to smother,
 Yet ne'er shall he wake
 To the voice of his mother !
 Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
 ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
 som'd stranger !</p> |
| <p>2.</p> <p>" Through the deep forest
 Fierce lions are prowling ;
 'Mid thickets entangling
 Hyenas are howling ;
 'There should he wander,
 Where danger lurks ever
 To his home, where the sun sets,
 Return shall he never.
 Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
 ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
 som'd stranger !</p> | <p>5.</p> <p>" O loved of the Lotus
 Thy waters adorning,
 Pour, Joliba ! pour
 Thy full streams to the morning !
 The Halcyon may fly
 To thy wave as her pillow ;
 But woe to the white man,
 Who trusts in thy billow !
 Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
 ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
 som'd stranger !</p> |
| <p>3.</p> <p>" The hands of the Moor
 In his wrath do they bind him ?
 Oh ! seal'd is his doom
 If the savage Moor find him.
 More fierce than hyenas,
 Through darkness advancing,
 Is the curse of the Moor,
 And his eyes' fiery glancing !
 Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
 ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
 som'd stranger !</p> | <p>6.</p> <p>" He launch'd his light bark,
 Our fond warnings despising,
 And sail'd to the land
 Where the day-beams are rising.
 His life from her bower
 May look forth in her sorrow,
 But he shall ne'er come
 To her hope of to-morrow !
 Alas ! for the white man ! o'er deserts a
 ranger,
 No more shall we welcome the white-bo-
 som'd stranger !</p> |

P. M. J.

THE RECTOR.

A Parody on GOLDSMITH's Country Clergyman, in the "Deserted Village."

Near where yon brook flows babbling thro' the dell,
From whose green bank those upland meadows
swell;

See where the Rector's splendid mansion stands,
Embosom'd deep in new enclosed lands,
Lands, wrested from the indigent and poor,
Because, forsooth, he holds the village cure:
A man is he whom all his neighbours fear,
Litigious, haughty, greedy, and severe;
And starving with a thousand pounds a-year.
Midst crowds and sports he pass'd his youthful prime,
Retirement had with him been deem'd a crime;
When the young blood danc'd jocund through his
veins,

'Tis said his sacred stole received some stains.
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
By friends, or fawning, he lays claim to pow'r;
For three fat livings own his goodly sway,
Two wretched curates starve upon his pay.
Celestial Charity, that heavenly guest,
Could ne'er find entrance to his close locked breast:
The common vagrants pass his well known gate,
With terror, hasty step, and looks of hate;
For well they know the suffering poor he mocks,
Their wants are promis'd, bridewell or the stocks:
The soldier seam'd with honourable scars,
The sailor hasting from his country's wars,
In vain to him may tell their wo-fraught tale,
Their wounds, their eloquence, may not prevail;
Tho' by their valour, he in peace remains,
His heart withholds the mite to sooth the wanderers
pains.

Thus to depress the wretched is his pride,
His seeming virtues are to vice allied;
Backward to duty, hateful to his ears,
Sound the church bells to summon him to pray'r's,
And like the wolf that stole into the fold,
And slew the sheep in woolly vestments rold:
Still bent on gain, he watcheth night and day,
To rend and make God's heritage his prey.

Call'd to the bed where parting life is laid,
With what reluctance is the call obey'd;
A few brief pray'r's in haste he mutters o'er,
For time is precious, and the sick man poor;
Fancy e'en now depicts to his eye
Some neighbour's pigs forth issuing from the sty,
Whose wicked snouts his new-form'd banks uproot,
Close in the ditch, and lop the hawthorn shoot.
Full many a luckless hog, in morning round,
He drives,* deep grunting, to the starving pound;
When in the church, that venerable place,
A sullen frown o'erspreads his haughty face;
A preacher's frown conviction should impart,
But off his smile should cheer the drooping heart.
He blunders through the pray'r's with hasty will—
A school-boy would be whipt who read so ill—
Then mounts the pulpit with an haughty mien,
Where more of pride than godliness is seen;
Some fifteen minutes his discourse will last,
And thus the business of the week is past.
The service past, no friendly rustics run
To shake his hand—his steps the child ren shun;
None for advice or comfort round him press,
Their joys would charm not, nor their cares distress;
To notice them they know he's all too proud,
His liv'd lacqueys spurn the village crowd.
When for the mourner hea'd his breast the sigh?
When did compassion trickle from his eye?
Careless is he if weal or woe betide,
If dues and tithes be punctually supplied.
Such is the man blind chance, not God, hath giv'n,
To be the guide of humble souls to heav'n;
To preach of heav'n he'll sometimes condescend,
But all his views and wishes earthward tend.
Take a tall guide-post towering o'er the way,
Whose letter'd arms the travellers route display,
Fix'd to one spot, it stands upon the down,
Its hand still pointing to the distant town.

Aetat, 17.

J. P.

CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS BROWN AS A WRITER.

MR EDITOR,

IT is well known to those who are in habits of intercourse with Mr Coleridge, that not the smallest, and, in the opinion of many, not the least valuable part of his manuscripts exists in the blank leaves and margins of books; whether his own, or those of his friends, or even in those that have come in his way casually, seems to have been a matter altogether indifferent. The following is transcribed from the blank leaf of a copy of Sir T. Brown's Works in folio, and is a fair specimen of these *Marginalia*; and much more nearly than any of his printed works, gives the style of Coleridge's conversation.

G. J.

SIR THOMAS BROWN is among my first favourites. Rich in various knowledge; exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative; often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyperlaticistic*; thus I might, without admixture of falsehood, describe Sir T.

Brown, and my description would have this fault only, that it would be equally, or almost equally, applicable to half a dozen other writers, from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth to the end of the reign of Charles the Second. He is, indeed, all this; and what he has more than all this, and peculiar to himself, I seem to convey

* This is a fact. A certain reverend clergyman, who enjoys a plurality of livings in various parts of the country, but whose residence is near town, used frequently to amuse himself by performing the duty of Pindar.

to my own mind in some measure, by saying, that he is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast*; the humourist constantly mingling with, and flashing across the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot silk play upon the main dye. In short, he has brains in his head, which is all the more interesting for a little twist in the brains. He sometimes reminds the reader of Montaigne; but from no other than the general circumstance of an egotism common to both, which, in Montaigne, is too often a mere amusing gossip, a chit-chat story of whims and peculiarities that lead to nothing; but which, in Sir Thomas Brown, is always the result of a feeling heart, conjoined with a mind of active curiosity, the natural and becoming egotism of a man, who, loving other men as himself, gains the habit and the privilege of talking about himself as familiarly as about other men. Fond of the curious, and a hunter of oddities and strangenesses, while he conceives himself with quaint and humorous gravity, a useful inquirer into physical truths and fundamental science, he loved to contemplate and discuss his own thoughts and feelings, because he found by comparison with other men's, that *they*, too, were curiosities; and so, with a perfectly graceful interesting ease, he put *them*, too, into his museum and cabinet of rarities. In very truth, he was not mistaken, so completely does he see every thing in a light of his own, reading nature neither by sun, moon, or candle light, but by the light of the fairy glory around his own head; that you might say, that nature had granted to him in perpetuity, a patent and monopoly for all his thoughts. Read his *Hydrostaphia* above all—and, in addition to the peculiarity, the exclusive *Sir Thomas Brownness*; of all the fancies and modes of illustration, wonder at, and admire, his *entireness* in every subject which is before him. He is *totus in illo*, he follows it, he never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses

all nature into it. In that *Hydrostaphia*, or treatise on some urns dug up in Norfolk—how *earthy*, how redolent of graves and sepulchres is every line! You have now dark mould; now a thigh-bone; now a skull; then a bit of mouldered coffin; a fragment of an old tombstone, with moss in its *lac jacet*; a ghost; a winding-sheet; or the echo of a funeral psalm wafted on a November wind: and the gayest thing you shall meet with, shall be a silver nail, or gilt *anno domini*, from a perished coffin top!—The very same remark applies in the same force to the interesting, though far less interesting treatise on the Quincunxial Plantations of the Ancients, the same *entireness* of subject! quincunxes in heaven above; quincunxes in earth below; quincunxes in deity; quincunxes in the mind of man; quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in every thing! In short, just turn to the last leaf of this volume, and read out aloud to yourself, the seven last paragraphs of chapter 5th, beginning with the words "*more considerable.*" But it is time for me to be in bed. In the words of Sir T. Brown (which will serve as a fine specimen of his manner), "but the quincunxes of Heaven (*the hyades, or five stars about the horizon, at midnight at that time*) run low, and it is time we close the five parts of knowledge; we are unwilling to spin out our waking thoughts into the phantoms of sleep, which often continue precogitations, making cables of cobwebs, and wildernesses of handsome groves. To keep our eyes open longer, were to act our antipodes! I! huntsmen are up in Arabia; and they have already passed their first sleep in Persia." Think you, that there ever was such a reason given before for going to bed at midnight; to wit, that if we did not, we should be acting the part of our antipodes! And then, "THE HUNTSMEN ARE UP IN ARABIA,"—what life, what fancy! Does the whimsical knight give us thus, the essence of gunpowder tea, and call it an *opiate*?

CHEVY CHASE ; A POEM—IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

MR EDITOR,

BEING of Sir Philip Sidney's opinion, that the ballad of Chevy Chase stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet, and being moreover willing that other nations should have at least some idea of that magnificent poem, I have translated it into the universal language of Europe—Latin; and I send you my translation of the first fitte;—you will perceive that I have retained the measure and structure of the verse most religiously—I wish I could say that I have preserved also the fire and spirit of the original. Bold, at the desire of Bishop Compton, translated into Latin the more modern ballad of Chevy Chase—as also did Anketeil, a Presbyterian clergyman (I believe) in the north of Ireland. Lord Woodhouselee, in his excellent Essay on Translation, has quoted the first verse of Anketeil's translation apparently without knowing the author. But to say nothing of the inferiority of the poem they translated, I flatter myself that I out-top them by the head and broad shoulders, in the superior richness and melody of my double rhymes. Print this, then, by all means—so no more from your servant at command.

O. P.

1.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,*
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the mawger of doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

2.

The fattest harts in Cheviot
He said he'd kill and carry away :
" By my faith," said doughty Douglas,
" I'll let that hunting if I may."

3.

The Percy out of Bamborough came,
With him a mighty meany;
With fifteen hundred archers bold;
They were chosen out of shires three.

4.

This began on Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so high;
The child may rue that is unborn;
It is the more pity!

5.

The drivers through the woods went,
For to raise up the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent,
With their broad arrows clear.

6.

Then the wild through the woods went,
On every side sheer;
Greyhounds through the groves glent,
For to kill their deer.

7.

This began in Cheviot the hills above,
Early on a Monday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

8.

They blew a mort upon the bent;
They scumbled on sides sheer:
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the britling of the deer.

1.

PERSÆUS ex Northumbria
Vovebat, Diis iratis,
Venare inter dies tres
In montibus Cheviatis,
Contentis forti Douglāso
Et omnibus cognatis.

2.

" Optimos cervos ibi," ait,
" Occisos reportabo ;"
" Per Jovem," inquit Douglāsus,
Venatum hunc vtabo."

3.

Ex Bamboro Persæus it,
Cum agmine potenti;
Nam tribus agris lecti sunt
Sagittarii ter quingenti.

4.

Ad Cheviatos graditur,
In Lunæ die mane;
Puer nondum natus fieret hoc;
Quod est dolendum sane!

5.

Viri, qui cervos agerent,
Per nemora pergebant;
Dum sagittarii spiculas
Ex arcubus fundebant.

6.

Tum diffugerunt† penitus
Per omnem sylvam feræ;
Et eas canes Gallici
Sequentes percurrere.

7.

Hunc matutino tempore
Venatum sic ceperunt;
Et centum sub meridiem
Pingues cervi ceciderunt.

8.

Tum tubæ taratantara‡
Convocat dissipatos;
Comes Persæus visum it
Cervos dilaniatos.

* I have modernized the spelling of the old ballad.

† Percy's translation of *sheer*.

‡ So Ennius. At tubæ terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.

9.

He said—"It was the Douglas' promise,
This day to meet me here,
But I wist he would fail verament,"
A great oath the Percy sware.

10.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh—
He was ware of the Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany;

11.

Both with spear, bill, and brand,
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men of heart and hand
Were not in Christianity.

12.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Tividale.

13.

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bows take heed;
For never since you were on your mothers born
Had ye such meikle need."

14.

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode his men beforne;
His armour glittered as did a glede—
A bolder bairn was never born.

15.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave ye leave to hunt in this
Cheviot Chase in the spite of me?"

16.

The first man that an answer made,
It was the Lord Percy—
"We will not tell what men we are,
Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase,
In the spite of thine and thee."

17.

"The fattest harts in Cheviot
We have killed, and cast to carry away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas,
Therefore the one of us shall die this day."

18.

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy,
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas! it were great pity."

19.

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl in my own country;
Let all our men upon a party stand,
And do the battle of thee and me."

20.

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said
the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day,

9.

Dicens, "Promisit Douglasus
Me hic occursum ire,
Sed* scivi quod non faceret."
His dictis jurat mirè.

10.

Tandem armiger Northumbriæ
Aspexit venientem
Prope ad manum Douglasum,
Et agmina ducentem.

11.

Cum hastis, pilis, ensibus,
Magnifici iverunt;
Fortiores in fidelibus
Domini non fuerunt.

12.

Bis mille procul dubio
Hastati bonæ notæ,
Ad aquas Tuedæ nati sunt,
In finibus Tiviote.

13.

"Mittite cervos, sumite,
Sagittas nullâ morâ;
Nunquam tam opus fuit, ex
Nostrâ natali horâ."

14.

In primo fortis Douglasus
Equitans veniebat;
Loricæ pugnæ similis
Ardenti resplendebat.

15.

Et, "Quinam estis, cedo," ait,
"Aut cujus viri sitis?
Quis misit vos venatum hic,
Nobis admodum invitis?"

16.

Persæus autem Douglaso
Respondit longe primus,
"Qui sumus haud narrabimus,
Aut cujus viri simus;
Sed hic, invitis omnibus,
Venatum statim imus."

17.

"Cervorum hic pinguissimos
Occises auferemus."
"Idcirco," dixit Douglasus
"Necesse est ut pugnemus."

18.

Et dixit fortis Douglasus
Hæc verba nunc Persæo,
Necare hos innoxios
Non esset gratum deo;

19.

Sed tu, Persæe, princeps es,
Sum ego comes quoque,
Cernamus soli, agmine
Manente hic utroque."

20.

Persæus inquit, "Pereat is
Qui huic vult obviam ire
Nana, hercle, dies aderit
Nunquam, Douglass dire,

* Consult the Edinburgh Reviewer of Falconer's Strabo for this construction of *scio* *quod*—the "paltry" dog will remember something about it, as sure as my name is not Copplestone.

21.

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of woman born ;
But an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him one for one."

22.

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Rog. Witherington was his name—
"It shall never be told in South England
To King Harry the fourth for shame."

23.

"I wot ye be great lords two,
I am a poor squire of land.
I will never see my captain fight in a field
And look on myself and stand ;
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand."

24.

That day, that day, that dreadful day—
The first fit here I find ;
An' ye will hear more of the hunting of Chevyot,
Yet there is more behind.

21.

Quum Angliâ, Scotiâ, Galliâ,
Negaverim tentare
Sortem cum ullo homine
In pugna singulari.

22.

Tunc armiger Northumbria
R. Witheringtonus fatur,
"Nunquam Henrico principi
In Anglia hoc dicatur ;

23.

"Vos estis magni comites
Et pauper miles ego,
Sed pugnaturum dominum,
Me otioso, nego :
Sed corde, manu, ensequer,
Pugnabo quamdiu dego."

24.

O dies ! dies, dies trux !
Sic finit cantus primus ;
Si de venatu plura vis,
Plura narrare scimus.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

P. S.—I am aware that "*Douglassius*" is consecrated ; but I am not without authority for *Douglasus*.—I have also translated this into Greek, and I send you the first verse as a specimen.

Περσῆς ἐν Νορθύμβριας
Εὔχεται τοῖς Δούσι,
Θορὴν ἐν τοῖσιν ἡμίταις
Ἐν οὖρον Χεβιατοῖσι,
Κἂν ἀντίχῃσι Δούγλανος
Σὺν πᾶσιν ἱτάροισι.

Don't say a word of this, however, to Hallam—"classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek," as Lord Byron justly styles him—lest he should mistake my verses for Pindar's, and consequently declare them not Greek. A propos, is it not a good joke to see Hallam putting a Greek motto to his book on the Middle Ages after all ? I was thinking of translating old Chevy into Hebrew—for I am a Masorite ; but as Professor Leslie has declared Hebrew to be a "rude and poor dialect," in his book on Arithmetic, I was afraid to come under the censure of that learned gentleman. To be sure he does not know (*as I can prove from his writings*) even the alphabet of the language he abuses, but still I am afraid he would freeze me if I had any thing to do with it.

DE FOE ON APPARITIONS.

WE have often congratulated ourselves on having flourished after the extinction of chivalry, the decline and fall of the empire of ghosts, and the introduction of potatoes into this island. We never could have endured a shirt of mail—and we shudder at the thought of having been obliged to scale one of those immeasurable horses that used to carry the knights of old. The luxury of being negligently dressed, of lying diffused all day over a sofa, was then unknown—and gentlemen sat down to rest themselves, in those days, under about two cwt. of iron. We suspect, too, that good eating and

drinking were then in their infancy. Short were the strides which cookery had made. Gentlemen assailed bees that came out of the kitchen just as they went in, with the slight alteration of roasting ; and we may judge of their skill in liquids from this fact, that

"They drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

That satisfactory and satisfying smack of the lips, which now ratifies a rummer, was then smothered in metal—and there was no room for that sympathetic communication between mind and mind, which good cheer now-a-

* In Bishop Percy—"And stand myself and look on." But correct it, *meo periculo*.
VOL. VI. 2 C

days spreads over a party assembled at a rump and dozen. Such, we conceive, were the chief drawbacks from human happiness during the age of chivalry. To these, no doubt, might be added that eternal skirmishing so incompatible with the possession of a sound skin, and the annual rape, murder, and arson of our wives, children, and houses.

All this must have been uncomfortable enough; but, in our apprehension, a trifle in comparison to that constant state of fear in which, we frankly confess, we should have dragged out our miserable existence, had we lived during the administration of witches, ghosts, and the devil. We are sufficiently afraid of such gentlefolks, even now when we no longer believe in their mundane existence; but what would have become of people with weak nerves like us, when every church-yard was in the habit of nocturnally sending out its quota of spectres—when hobgoblins were prowling about in all directions—when you could not turn a corner but an evil-spirit came bouncing against you—when you were on no occasion sure of your man, who would frequently take his leave of you, without finishing a sentence, in a blaze of fire—and when, with all civility be it spoken, the devil himself placed his amusement, to an extent not altogether compatible with a due sense of his personal dignity, in rambling, without any very definite object, over both town and country, and keeping a great majority of our forefathers in continual hot-water.

Neither were there potatoes in those days—and, without that vegetable, say, what were a dinner?

“A world without a sun.”

From the very bottom of our souls do we pity our ancestors. There is no philosophy in saying, that the universal love of the potato, did the potato itself create. That love must have pre-existed in the elements of our nature, just as the desire for Eve pre-existed in Adam, and was only called forth into action by that accomplished female. There must, therefore, have been, ever since the arrival of the Saxons in this island, unknown, at least not understood, by our forefathers,

“A craving void left aching at their hearts.”
A void which, within these last hun-

dred years, has been filled up, so that little seems now to be wanting, under our free government, to the perfection of our social and domestic happiness. It would be a curious enquiry, to shew the effects of this vegetable on the moral, intellectual, and physical character of the people of a sister kingdom; and on some future occasion we hope to sift this subject to the bottom. There can be no doubt, that the sudden extinction of the potato in Ireland would be as fine a subject for a poem from the pen of Lord Byron, as the sudden extinction of light, some of the evils of which imaginary event his Lordship has, with his usual vigour, delineated in that composition entitled, “Darkness.” Not to go too much into particulars, we may just remark, that bulls are in Ireland fed chiefly on potatoes, and that those fine animals would be in danger of becoming extinct with the root on which they now grow to such prodigious size.

Our readers will pardon these speculations of ours, which would perhaps, be more in place in the Edinburgh Review, or some such sober and philosophical journal, and are not altogether compatible with the plan of our Magazine, which aims chiefly at lighter and more amusing matter. But, after all, we suspect that mere fun and jocularly may be carried a little too far, and therefore it is that we occasionally seek, as at present, to address ourselves to the gravity of our very gravest readers.

Come, then, most grave and gracious friend, and turn over with us a few pages of old Daniel De Foe's Essay on Apparitions. Mayhap, thou hast never, in spite of all thine erudition, had this volume in thine hand—but even if it be familiar to thee, all Daniel's things can bear re-perusal—if thou thinkest otherwise, wait for Odherty's campaigns, and be thankful.

And first, let us see what were De Foe's ideas of the devil. Some people, says he, speak “as if nothing but seeing the devil could satisfy them there was such a person, and nothing is more wonderful to me, in the whole system of spirits, than that Satan does not think fit to justify the reality of his being, by appearing to such in some of his worst figures, and tell them *in full grimace* who he is, when, I doubt not, they would be as full of panic as other people.” The great mistake

into which De Foe accuses his contemporaries of falling on this subject is, that people will either allow no apparition at all, or "will have every apparition to be the devil, as if none of the inhabitants of the world above were able to shew themselves here, or had any business among us but the devil, *who, I am of opinion, has really less business here than any of them all.*" Holding this opinion, De Foe gives us but a very short chapter "on the appearance of the devil in human shape." It begins in a very soothing and encouraging tone, which must, no doubt, have been beyond measure delightful in those days to the timid reader. "Pray observe," says Daniel, "that when I am speaking of the appearance of the devil, it is not to tell you that he can and does appear among us at this time—so you need not look over your shoulders to see for him, or at the candles to see if they burn blue, at least not yet—'tis time enough for that by and by." Our author exposes the extreme absurdity of supposing every spirit that confabulates with mankind on earth "the devil." Many of these come on good errands, and to prevent mischief—"all of which things are very much out of the devil's way, remote from his practice, and much more remote from his design." Should, however, the devil appear to any of his readers, De Foe advises them not to be flurried—not to shun him and fly from him, *but to speak to him.* "If," says he, "you would ask me what you should say to it, 'tis an unfair question in some respects—'tis not possible for any one to dictate, without the proper circumstances be described. The old way you all know:—*in the name of, &c.* as above, is the common road. I will not cry down the custom, because 'tis the usual way, and the words are good;" but, on the whole, he recommends a short ejaculatory prayer, and "then a plain *what are you?* is, I think, compliment enough to the devil." Waving, therefore, all particular instructions, our judicious author observes, that each particular occasion will certainly administer the substance of what you should say, and that it is almost impossible to go wrong, if you only keep up a good heart, and put a good face upon it. We perfectly agree with De Foe in thinking, that an extempore address of a few pithy words is, in such cases, infinitely pre-

ferable to a long set speech. Indeed, we have observed, in all accounts of the devil's appearances, that he is *very lame at a reply*, and that if you take up strong ground at first—ground on which you can depend—it is the easiest thing in the world to give him a set-down—a complete *squabash*. We suspect that the devil is wont to a very impolitic degree to *prepare his speeches*. There is an air of too much study about most of them. They smell too much of the shop; and he is a terrible mannerist. Were a collection of his speeches to be made, he would be found to repeat himself even more than Counsellor Phillips. At the same time, it is but justice to him to admit, that there is a deal of fire in much that he says, and that he often suits the action to the words. The worst of it, according to De Foe, is, that he does not in general appear "in all his formalities and frightfuls," "but to-day in one disguise, to-morrow in another—you see him, and you don't see him—you know him, and you don't know him—and how then can any one tell you what to say to him, or how to talk with him." It would have been a very simple matter for De Foe, or any other man of talents, to draw up Instructions for Young Persons how to parley with his Majesty, if he chose always to exhibit himself adorned with the regalia. But he tries to get people upon the hip by personating a friend, or a comely stranger in a well-brushed suit of black—and honest men are thus laid flat on their backs before they have fairly taken hold of the wrestler. "'Tis the opinion of the learned divines," quoth Daniel, "that the devil would do much less harm if he appeared as a mere devil, with his horns, his eloven hoof, and his serpent's tail and dragon's wings, as fancy figures him out, and as our painters dress him up, than he does in his disguises, and the many shapes and figures he assumes to himself." On the whole, it would seem that De Foe, though willing to allow some merit to the devil, did not consider him as a very formidable character, except from the weakness of his opponents. He also thinks that the devil, whatever else he may be, is no prophet; "for when asked what should be to some, the devil was always nonplust, and generally lied in his answers—so that none could depend on what he said.

In a word, the devil was not able to foretell any thing—he can predict nothing, for he knows nothing; and if any apparition comes to be seen or heard, who takes upon it to tell what should come to pass, you may depend upon it that apparition is not from the devil.”—This, too, is our opinion.

Taking leave of his Satanic Majesty for the present, let us hear what De Foe has got to say about “the apparition of unembodied spirits.” His speculations on this subject remind us of our learned and ingenious friend, Francis Maximus Macnab, a most sonorous name. He cannot agree with those who maintain that there must be inhabitants in all the planetary worlds, some of whom may occasionally visit earth in the capacity of spectres. “Saturn and Jupiter are uncomfortably cold, insufferably dark, would congeal the very soul (if that were possible), and so are not habitable. Mercury and Venus are insufferably hot, that the very water would always boil, and the fire burn up the vitals. In Mars, so very dry in its nature, no vegetables or sensitives could subsist that we have any notion of, for want of moisture, and the men that lived there must be dried up sufficiently for pulverizing on any suitable occasion.”

If Saturn, therefore, be inhabited, De Foe remarks, that the people must either live without eyes, for what is the use of eyes when there is no light? or be so illuminated from their own internal heat and light, that they can see sufficiently from their own beams. In Jupiter, the good folks, (if any) must live in twilight, by the reflection of its own moons, and in continual frosts. In Mercury, the species must be all salamanders, and live in fire more intense than what would be sufficient to burn all their houses, and melt copper, lead, and iron, even in the mine. In Venus, the heat would boil the blood in the body, and a set of human bodies be found that would live always in a hot-bath. Now, it is plain that the spectres that have from time to time been seen upon our earth, have not at all answered the description of any of the natives above—and we must seek out for them another origin. De Foe, therefore, conceives, “that they dwell in the invisible world, and in the vast *nowhere* of un-

bounded space.” This, we think, is a plausible and satisfactory theory.

Several very good stories of the life and behaviour of these phantoms, from the land of *Nowhere*, are interspersed through the volume. We are told of a man who travelled four years through most of the northern countries of Europe, with a personage erroneously supposed to be the devil, but who was unquestionably an inhabitant of *Nowhere*. He guided him through deserts and over mountains—over frozen lakes, and little seas covered with snow—he diverted him with discourses of various subjects. He was acquainted wherever he came, and procured his fellow-traveller entertainment and good usage. He knew the affairs of every country, and the very people too—he spoke every language, German, Persian, Polish, Prussian, Russian, Hungarian, Tartarian, and Turkish. This is a description that would exactly suit Christopher North, Esq. the Editor of this Magazine; but what follows can hardly be affirmed of that eminent, literary, political, poetical, theological, and philosophical person. “Sometimes he would be seen at a distance a mile or more, to day on his right, to-morrow on his left hand—and keeping even pace with him, came into the same village or town where he lodged and took up at another time; but if he enquired for him in the morning, he was always gone, and the people knew nothing of him, except that they just saw such a man in the evening before, but that he did not stay.” On one occasion, this mysterious personage advised the traveller not to sail in a certain vessel from Gottenburgh, as he foresaw it would be wrecked, but the traveller, who at this time thought the spirit “only a strange, intelligent, foreseeing man,” disregarded his advice, and was cast away “at Straelsund, a sea-port of Pomeran.” When walking on the quay there, a stranger accosted him, and invited him to join a party of gentlemen at an Inn. After some days spent in the most friendly manner, the stranger disappeared, leaving our traveller in possession of bills to a great amount. Not even the three gentlemen to whom he had introduced the traveller, knew any thing about him, and that he was a spirit seemed manifest. The fortunate tra-

veller set out to Dantzick, with his three new friends; and on the third day, after they had passed the Oder, in that wild and desert country, they observed a man, mean in apparel, but appearing something more than merely what poverty represents," travelling the same way as they did, but always keeping at about the distance of half a mile from them on their left hand." This continued for three days, during which, they made several attempts to get nearer to him, which were all alike unsuccessful, till arriving at a village, the unaccountable Parallel entered a small house. The traveller and his friends went into the hut, and told the woman of the house what they had seen. "What?" says she, "have you seen the *Owke Mouraski*? That *Owke Mouraski* never calls at any house in the town, but some or other in the family dies that year." This woman then informed the traveller, that he was "no devil, but a good man, who knew more than all the men in the world;" and from her conversation, it seemed that he was thought to be a messenger of God who sometimes foretold death, and sometimes predicted recovery from disease. No sooner had they left the hamlet, than there was the same object moving along as before, who continued to accompany them all day, till they came to a wide river. They crossed the bridge, and kept their eyes on the creature, who seemed to make a momentary pause on the edge of the river, and then to appear going up the rising grounds on the other side, "without their being capable of giving the least account how he passed the water." As soon as they entered the town, their guide told them to look towards the door of an Inn, a little beyond their own, and "there they saw him plain eating a piece of bread, and having a pot or jug of Polish beer standing by him. One of the gentlemen walked up in his boots to the place, seeing him sitting all the while he was going, till coming very near, and happening to turn his eyes but one moment from him, when he looked again, the man was gone." When the innkeeper was told that he was the *Owke Mouraski*, he was greatly agitated, and seemed glad that he had moved off, even though he had not paid his bill. Next day the travellers saw him enter into

another house, as before; but its inmates, when spoken to, blessed the mysterious phantom, and said that he was a bringer of good tidings. He accompanied the travellers to Dantzick, and then disappeared. There, too, the party broke up; and our traveller, having picked up a new acquaintance, determined to go to Petersburg, by the way of Konisberg. This fresh acquaintance "told him so many stories of different kinds, that he looked as if he knew all the world, and all the people in it, and all things that had happened in it, or would happen in it for ever to come, and something longer." At Konisberg they separated—and our traveller, desirous of continuing his journey, inquired in the city if there were any gentlemen travelling towards Riga. An ancient man, habited like a Russ, or rather like a Greek priest, with a long venerable beard, a purple robe such as the Russians wear, a high stiff-crowned fur-cap, and a close vest about his body, girded with a silk sash, declared himself for Riga. He offered our traveller a horse—and they set out as equestrians. But to make a long story short, for four years ramble, this most fortunate of all travellers, no sooner said farewell to one good friend, than another slipped into his shoes; till at last being in Turkey, "his latest companion discovered to him, that he was an inhabitant of an invisible region, that he had been in his company in all his journeys, in all the different figures that he had met with, that he embarked with him in Ireland, landed with him in Norway, left him at Gottenburg, found him at Straelsand, dogged him upon the way to Dantzick, sailed with him to Konisberg, lent him a horse to go to Riga, and so on," &c.

In the same chapter we meet with another story, far from being unamusing, of which here is the outline: A certain rich man having occasion to go to Aix-la-Chapelle, left some domestics to guard his house. They being afraid of robbers, got some grenades, in case of being attacked—and one night, as they had feared, the robbers in good truth came. The servants, meanwhile, entrenched themselves in an upper story, and barricaded the staircases. On the robbers breaking into a fine well furnished parlour, where the family usually sat, behold, in a great easy chair, a grave ancient man,

with a long full-bottomed black wig, a rich brocade gown, and a lawyer's laced band, who, looking as if in great surprise, made signs to them for mercy, but said not a word; one of the rogues exclaiming, "Ha! who's there?" while another proposed cutting his throat. The old gentleman, with great signs of terror, beckoned to a door, which they opened, and rushing through a lobby, they entered a grand saloon, and beheld the same old gentleman, in the same dress, and the same chair, sitting at the upper end of the room, making the same gestures and silent entreaties as before. Enraged at this, and believing that he had slipped in by another door, they threatened instantly to knock out his brains, unless he shewed them where the treasure was stowed away—on which, he pointed to a door leading into another apartment. The robbers, on pouring into it, and looking at the farther end of the room, beheld the ancient man again, in the same dress and posture as before. It had so happened, however, that a few of the robbers had staid behind in the other room—and while those who had advanced, cried out, "here is the old rogue before us again;" the party answered from the parlour, "how the devil can that be, he is here still in his chair, and all this rubbish." It is no wonder that they were a good deal disconcerted with this self-multiplying patriarch, and one of the robbers, aiming a blow at him with his fuzee, it burst into a thousand pieces; broke his own head, and knocked him head-over-heels, while it appeared that there was no old gentleman at all in the chair. Others of the gang went to attack the other old gentleman in the parlour, but he too was gone, and terror and confusion fell upon the banditti. They then ran into the third room, when they saw the figure sitting in his arm-chair, but "instead of his pitiful looks and seeming to beg his life as he did before, he was changed into the most horrible monster that ever was seen, and in his hands were two large fiery daggers, not flaming, but red-hot—in a word, the devil or something else," &c. Meanwhile, the servants up stairs, not knowing what was going on below, threw three hand-grenades down a chimney that had three funnels, each communicating with one of the three rooms in which were the robbers and

the Triple old man. One of the hand-grenades exploded in the chimney of the room in which the greatest number were assembled, and they, not doubting it was the work of the old sedentary, scampered in terror into the other rooms, and were just in time to encounter another similar explosion in each, which killed and wounded a great number of them. Very luckily, the three explosions set fire to the chimney, and the neighbours, alarmed to the spot, met the surviving robbers attempting to escape, and made them all prisoners. Who this old gentleman, or these three old gentlemen were, Daniel De Foe does not inform us—that he or they were the devil or devils no one will imagine—but whether it were a supernatural copartnery, or in one divisible firm, this much will be allowed, that the whole affair exhibits a singularly fortunate concurrence of natural and preternatural agency, and that the spirit must have counted upon the three hand-grenades and the three funnels. At the same time, the story has an air of truth about it that will not suffer us to disbelieve it.

One other story from this volume and we have done. A gentleman having married a second wife, had no rest night or day till he would consent to disinherit his son by his first marriage, who had for some years been unheard of, and who, his stepmother asserted, must have died. It happened one evening that they had a violent quarrel upon this subject, "when, on a sudden, a hand appeared at the casement endeavouring to open it, but as all the iron casements used in former times opened outward, and were fastened in the inside, the hand seemed to try to open the casement, but could not." Some dispute having occurred as to whom this hand belonged, the wife exclaimed "why, if 'twas the devil, 'twas the ghost of your son,—it may be come to tell you that he has gone to the devil," &c. The husband, incensed at this coarse attack, cried aloud, "Alexander, Alexander," and at these words, the casement opened again of itself, and his son Alexander looked in with a full face, and staring directly upon the mother with an angry countenance, cried *here*, and then vanished in a moment. Of course, fits followed with the lady; but in about a year or so, she plucked up courage, and threatened to bring her

husband to trial for dealings with the devil, unless he consented to disinherit his absent son. The affair was at last referred to arbitration, and "the two arbitrators were invited to dinner on the occasion." The writings were about to be engrossed, when, on a sudden, they heard a rushing noise in the parlour where they sat, at which the arbitrators were sorely afraid, but the infatuated wife insisted that her husband should sign the deed though forty devils should appear. That moment the casement flew open, "and the shadow of a body was seen standing in the garden without, and the head reaching up to the casement, the face looking into the room with a stern and an angry countenance. *Hold*, said the spectre, as if speaking to the woman, and immediately clasped the casement to again, and vanished."—The wife screamed as before—the husband plucked up courage—the arbitrators refused to proceed—and in about half a year, the long lost son came home from the Indies—and we hope continued fierce upon his step-dame for the rest of her life.

We suspect that we have already exceeded the limits allowed us by the Editor. If not, Mr Christopher will allow our article to proceed.

There is a curious enough chapter on "Apparitions in Dreams, and how far they are or are not real Apparitions." The question is debated, whether a person who complies with the devil's temptation in a dream be as guilty of the fact as if he had been awake?—and though De Foe "leaves it only as a head of reflection," he certainly seems to lean to the affirmative. He supposes a poor man tempted by the devil in a dream to strip a little child of a valuable necklace and other ornaments; on waking, he looks back on it with a double regret, first, that he is disappointed of his prize, and, secondly, that the devil had humbugged him into guilt. It seems that a person who had so dreamed narrated his dream to De Foe with the bitterest remorse. "I robbed it," says he, "in my imagination, and deserve as much to be hanged for it, as if I had committed the horrid fact at noon-day.—Aye," said he, "with a kind of horror, I ought to be hanged for it, and to be

damned for it too." Another gentleman, who lived apart from his wife, on reasonable suspicion of her infidelity, dreamt that a former mistress came to him with a smiling countenance, and telling him that his wife was dead, offered herself to his embraces, and was not repulsed. "When he found it was all a dream, he was exceedingly afflicted, and looked upon himself as really guilty as if he had been awake, and I cannot say but he had some reason." De Foe adds, that he could give an instance of another person whom the devil haunted in like manner, "and that sometimes he was prevailed on to consent, but always happily prevented by waking in time—but the person is too much known to allow the farther description of it without his consent." Surely De Foe is here rather too stern a moralist. Only a few nights ago, we dreamt that we drunk up all the water in the reservoir on the Castle Hill, from the pure love of mischief—though, Goodness knows, that in our waking hours, we delight to think of the many thousand teakettles boiling away of an evening in this city; and that, for our own taste, a very small quantity of water doth in in general suffice.

Such of our readers as have been amused with our account of this curious volume are referred to it for a great deal of very odd matter, which we have no room to abridge. We recommend to their especial attention a chapter on the many strange inconveniences and ill consequences which would attend us in this world, if the souls of men and women, unembodied and departed, were at liberty to visit the earth, from which they had been dismissed, and to concern themselves about human affairs, either such as had been their own, or belonged to other people. He proves that such a system would never do in practice—and that the belief of it is quite untenable by a person of sound understanding. A person of sound understanding will not hold such a creed—but is satisfied with believing in spirits from the "vast land of nowhere," and in the peregrinations of the evil one, whose whole life on earth is one continued masquerade.

THE WARDER.

‘REMOVE NOT THE OLD LAND-MARK.’—PROVERBS, XXIII. 10.

No I.

WE do not remember any period, not excepting even the darkest or the brightest ones of the late war, in which the prospects and condition of our country were represented in more opposite points of view by the zealots of political partizanship than in the present. It appears to us, that the greater part of the adherents of Government, on the one hand, and by far the greater part of its ancient enemies on the other, take and express at this moment such views of the situation of this great empire, as could not fail to excite a mixture of wonder and derision, since we must say so, in the breast of any unconcerned and impartial foreigner, who might have enjoyed any tolerable opportunity of making himself acquainted with the real character of this nation—above all, of any one who had surveyed with a diligent eye the manifestations of national feeling evoked and maintained among us with so much beautiful zeal and perseverance during those years of dread and peril from which England and Europe have so recently escaped. And yet, different as are the opinions circulated, and different or rather diametrically opposite as are the wishes entertained, there is no doubt both the great parties are agreed so far (more than they have used to agree on any subject whatever), in thinking that something must be done, and that speedily, to rid us from this nuisance of mere plebeian insolence and profligacy, which has been gaining strength for the last two or three years—and which would appear to have now arrived at such a measure of audacity, as to render silence and forbearance on the part of Government no longer possible, even were these things desirable in themselves. Whatever one may suspect of the hidden purposes and motives of some of those whose voices have been lifted up against the political and religious blasphemies of the lower order of demagogues—it is at all events comfortable to see, that those merchants are left without any visible or avowed protection from any whose protection could be entitled to the smallest respect. At the same

time, however, we ought to guard ourselves against giving too implicit confidence to the fair professions of those whose previous history has entailed suspicion on them as a birthright—who were the enemies, not the friends, of their country during all her former times of danger—and who can therefore have no just reason to complain although that country preserves some jealousy of them now and hereafter, both in days of evil and in days of good.

As to the danger, the existence of which is acknowledged on all hands, but the immediate extent of which is studiously magnified by people who would fain turn it and every thing else to their own advantage—we think those who have really studied the history and the character of this country will have no difficulty in seeing, that it is in our own hands to make it either small or great, by the manner in which we choose to meet and combat it. The danger is great, if England be false to her ancient character;—it is small—it is nothing—if she remain true to herself. The danger consists in the existence of a spirit which is essentially at variance with every part of the old spirit of our country—and which, therefore, must be put down, not by any fanciful devices of novelty—but by a summoning up and strengthening of that very spirit against which its war has been proclaimed. And our chief complaint against the more important enemies of administration at this crisis is, their neglecting the opportunity now afforded them of shewing, for once, something like a truly English superiority to selfish views—and coming forward with heart and hand to assist those who are actually at the head of affairs, in repressing, by the only means which their conscience must tell them can be effectual ones, a spirit and a danger which, even by their own confession, do not threaten parties or party-principles, but the land itself, and all the old principles avowed and cherished in common by all the old parties in the land.

Here, in Scotland, notwithstanding

all the late miserable exhibitions in the western counties, it is as yet in no man's power to see with his own eyes the full and living proofs of the depravity of this spirit, whose luxuriant growth, throughout many of the widest districts in England, has for these several years past formed the continual subject of lamentation to the wise and the good. We have been often reproached by our neighbours with being a cold and a slow people—it is well at least if it be so, that neither our slowness nor our coldness desert us when we are addressed by the voice of seduction. Speaking largely, however, the people of Scotland are neither slow of perception nor cold of temperament—but there is that about them which renders them averse to losing sight of what they have once perceived, and slighting, or contemning, or discarding, what they have once felt and loved. The opinions, moreover, and the feelings which have of late been most grievously assaulted among us, have resisted heretofore the attacks of far more dangerous enemies than any with whom our people are now, for the first time, called upon to contend. For nearly half a century the tone of our popular philosophy has been at open war with our national faith; and for the last twenty years our popular literature has been almost entirely in the hands of a set of men, who have, with the most unrelenting perseverance, devoted powerful talents to the destruction of the national character, in regard to both religion and politics. And yet how small is the impression which has been made on the broad face of Scottish mind and Scottish feeling, by all the efforts of these men—by all their cunning in the choice, and all their skilfulness in the use of their weapons. In some of our towns, indeed, and, above all, in this city, they have reared and fostered a small race of puny and shallow pretenders—by whose clamorous tongues their sophistries are echoed till every ear is disgusted with them—by whose stupidity they are continually disgraced—and in whose utter and hopeless imbecility they can scarcely fail to foresee the near extinction of the whole of that uncongenial tribe of thoughts and sentiments which it has cost themselves so much labour to introduce upon the soil of Scotland. But look abroad over the wide and healthful sur-

face of the land—and see upon what ungrateful earth the evil seed has fallen—how stunted, and dwarfish, and deserted are the few miserable shoots that have sprung up—how they have pined and dwindled beneath that keen and vigorous air which they want power to contaminate with their own sickly breath—how they are overshadowed and killed on every side by the true steadfast children of the soil—pale, sapless, and pithless—doomed, in their inevitable decay, to furnish only new food and strength to that which it was their evil ambition to exterminate. In spite of all that has been done, by artful and able men, to make them ashamed of the inheritance of their fathers, the people of Scotland have adhered with pride and affection to that inheritance; and it may be doubted whether one hundredth part of our population is at this moment a whit less loyal or less religious than it would have been, although neither Mr Jeffrey nor any of his brethren had ever admitted either Disloyalty or Infidelity into the number of their clientage. After witnessing the total failure of these plans, and all their attempts, is it to be wondered at that we are slow in bringing ourselves to entertain any serious apprehensions concerning the issue of a warfare essentially and in spirit akin to their's—waged by Black Dwarfs and Yellow Dwarfs, and aided with all the philosophical artillery of peripatetic warpers and stoical steam-engine-men. We can never be expected to receive the plans of our Utopias from the meditative heads of Anderston and the Calton—nor to submit the old broad cloth of our prejudices to be tamboured and open-stitched as may seem good to the fanciful fingers of a Paisley muslin-weaver. Neither is it at all likely that the colliers of Cambachie shall succeed in undermining that edifice whose rocky foundations have so long baffled the zeal of the “wee reekit deil” himself, and the whole of his pioneering Pandemonium.

We have no wish to carry the thing too far;—but, in solemn sadness, we do think the gentlemen to whom we have been alluding must, in secret, have some very disagreeable misgivings of mind when they see the style in which so many of their own most favourite dogmas have been adopted by the present blind and despicable

disturbers of the public peace.—So long as they conceived themselves to be writing for “the philosophical world,” (to use an old phrase of their own) we can suppose them to have proceeded in their task with some little self-complacency—but now that they have found of whom this philosophical world consists, we really hope and trust they begin to be heartily ashamed of themselves. Do they ever ask themselves sincerely what it is that they have been wishing to bring about by their twenty years work of wit? They can at least have no difficulty in seeing what they have assisted to bring about. If they go to any of the Glasgow or Paisley reform meetings, their ears are sure to be regaled with the *crambe recolta* of their own delicate and metaphysical sneers, served up in all the gaudy colours of imagery and similitude which the glowing imaginations of those deeply read and deeply thinking mechanics can suggest. Their elegant diatribes concerning the *uses* of priestcraft, find a broad echo in the Camlachie orator’s sarcastic phrase of “Norlan Tam”⁺ and their profound speculations on Hume’s doctrine of miracles, and their beautiful catalogue of “the Holy Places,”[†] are gracefully terminated by the same accomplished person’s consolatory assertion, that “many delusions have had their day!” These, and the many similar expressions which they may meet with in all the accounts of those assemblages, must satisfy them that, although the crop has failed, a few of their handfuls at least have taken effect—but it is possible that the appearance of this strong produce may have something to displease as well as to gratify them, and that, upon the whole, the northern philosophers would have been as well contented although their dogmas had never been exposed to the derision of their countrymen in the language of the loom-shop. But whatever may have been the mixture of feelings with which these gentlemen have contemplated some late sayings and doings of those who aspire to be their adherents, we suppose, on the whole, there has been no great mixture in the feeling with which the

rest of the world have, on this occasion, contemplated themselves.

They, and a large proportion of the party to which they belong, have assuredly lost a noble opportunity for redeeming some share of their credit in the eyes of their countrymen. But the truth is, they were deceived by the gradual nature of the encroachments which now they cannot in seriousness avoid deploring—and having been so far committed by the malevolent zeal of their own inferior instruments and organs, they have found it very difficult to seize on any feasible pretence for stopping short in a race of which they cannot be otherwise than ashamed. It is thus that folly inflicts its own chastisement upon itself—and that short-sighted men are so often found engaged in digging the pit over which their own feet are destined to stumble.

Much, however, as we have been distressed with what has just occurred in some of the manufacturing districts of Scotland—and still more with the support which unwittingly, perhaps in a great measure, has been afforded to the actors in these disgraceful scenes by the conduct of some of their superiors among us—it is still in England alone that the evil has really attained to a tragical pitch of seriousness—and it is in like manner in the character of the people of England that we look for the sure and perfect safeguard against this tragedy being brought to a catastrophe as melancholy as those less acquainted with that character might be inclined to augur from its commencements. We are afraid, we must confess, of nothing so much in this whole matter as of any unworthy distrustfulness being allowed to go abroad and gain ground—any fear becoming prevalent among those who contemplate the signs of the times, lest the days of national confidence in national character were about to be at an end—any suspicion lest the means and the elements of self-vindication were no longer to be found surely and abundantly in the very heart of that mighty population, a part of which has been—and is so grievously deluded. The greatness of the contrast exhibited to the eyes of any traveller who passes from the neighbour-

⁺ So Dr Chalmers was called by this worthy on a late occasion.

[†] See the reviews of Laplace, and Dr Clarke’s travels in Palestine.

hood of Manchester, for example, to any of the quiet skirts of the very county in which that town is situated, might be enough to convince him that such fears were groundless. Comparing the artificial fever and madness of the disaffected district with the calm natural face of things, as it used to be everywhere, and as it still continues to be so near the very atmosphere of the poison—one should think it would be almost impossible not to feel that the evil will, ere long, cure itself—or rather that the surrounding good will, ere long, overcome and extinguish it—as the wide breath of heaven soon scatters into nothing the heavy and stifling airs that spread death and destruction for a moment around the surface of some newly opened dungeon of pestilence. There is nothing in the heaven or in the soul of England, that can ever be made effectually to harmonize with the vile spirit that has of late been permitted to go forth and pollute a portion of the soil that is their birth-right. The very essence of that spirit is all affectation. They may talk as much as they will about feelings that have been roused, and principles that have been implanted;—the truth is, that no principle at all has had any part in these unfortunate transactions—for without some knowledge, there can be no principle, and one cannot read a line of any of the odious publications circulated among the deluded orders of our people, without seeing that knowledge, either among them or their chosen teachers, there is none. And as to feelings, those that have been called out, and exhibited on these unhappy occasions, are all base, selfish, and mean feelings—and such, we never can be persuaded, are those that enter with true power and predominance into the characters of any considerable classes of our people. It is not in the hearts of Englishmen—certainly not of any wide spread class of Englishmen—ever to remain long insensible to the influence of those better feelings which God and Nature have implanted in their breasts as the antidotes of that corruption in which we are all partakers. We can understand—we can believe any thing of the momentary violence of English minds, seduced, and deceived, and deluded by the arts of base ignoble creatures, that are skilful in flattering them—but

unless we have totally mistaken the materials of which these minds are composed, there is that in them which will soon make them feel dissatisfaction with themselves, and contempt for their deceivers—when only a little time has brought with it a little coolness—and men and things begin to be surveyed once more with the same eyes that had of old been accustomed to survey them. The clamours of public meetings—the noise, and the music, and the dissonance—and the brawlings of orators and the applauses of multitudes—and the solemnity of processions, and the intoxication of huzzas—all these things may for a time appear to awaken new life and new delight—and unexpected importance—and unexpected triumph:—but when the poor man that has partaken in all these elements of phrenzy returns home weary, and in lassitude, from the very strength of their excitement—and meditates with himself upon his feverish pillow—and calls up to himself the peaceful slumbers that visited him there, before he had ever heard of the name of Reform—or, perhaps, the peaceful memories of those that died on that very pillow, in humble virtue and humble happiness, in days when none around him had ever heard it—when he contrasts the glare and tumult that has been dazzling his own imagination, with the quiet thoughts of comfort and repose that fed the spirit of his fathers, and with which his own young spirit also was fed and nurtured—is it possible that he should be without some salutary suspicions of others, and some salutary fears for himself—that he should not feel he has been among scenes that were strange to his nature, and among men with whom he had nothing to do—that he should not shudder over the blasphemies that have been ringing in his ears—and remember, with something of a remorseful tenderness, how he was taught to bless God and honour the King, every evening before he was permitted to sink into the innocent slumbers of childhood?

There is no national character in the world into which the love of that which is old enters so deeply, as into that of the English. The reason of this is, that in the conscience and in the memory of Englishmen, the idea of that which is old is associated indissolubly, in spite of all the superficial

separation which temporary dreams and delusions may work, with the idea of that which is pure, and good, and happy. The Native of almost any other country in the world is tempted by prospects of wealth, or the possession of security, to establish his home on a soil that is foreign to him—but the lowest Englishman is haunted, wherever he may be, by the memory of his own early years, and can never bribe himself to give up the hope of laying his bones at last beneath the same sod that covers those whose prayers and blessings sanctified and sublimed their happiness. The idea of parting with any thing that belongs to him as an Englishman, is the most painful one that comes into the mind of an Englishman. His native soil is only one of these things—his liberty is another, and at least as dear a thing—but not less dear than either is the faith of his ancestors—and with that faith, thank God, the loyalty of his ancestors is blended—both in its own essence, and, in his imagination—as never faith and loyalty were before united. In the heat and recklessness of youth and youthful passions he may forget for a season both the soil that gave him birth, and all that gives honour and nobility to that beautiful soil—but when he feels himself declining into the vale of years, the recollection of those old things enters into his spirit as a passion, and revives and supplants in its turn all the noisier passions that have before obscured and weakened it. There is something inexpressibly delightful in the nature of those feelings with which an old Englishman—of whatever rank—regards the well-known face of his country. He feels the pride of possession in every tree that throws its shadow upon the field where he has sported in his youth—he worships the stream in which he bathed—he worships the gray and mouldering stones of the church, in which he first heard that sweet and holy music with which the notions of parental and ancestral piety are reverently mingled. But there are moments, and these neither few nor fleeting, in which the youngest of us are old—in which we look forward to those sober years, not with fear or reluctance, but with a calm and steady even with a hoping eye—shaping for ourselves, with a dim and pensive satisfaction, the feelings with which

we shall contemplate the approach of total rest, after all the fire that is in our own bosoms shall have been chastened and subdued—and the plentiful experience of life shall have reconciled us to seeking in the silence of the grave our refuge from all its griefs—on repose from all its pleasures. In such moments we forget, for the time the point for which we are looking, and live more than half as if we had really reached that to which our looks are directed. In such moments—for they visit us all—with what pain, and fear, and disgust must those who have been seduced into partaking of the popular phrenzies of these days, contemplate the thoughts and feelings, to say nothing of the actions, with which they have become involved? The hurry of busy life—the tumults of the eye and the ear—these may, indeed, return and efface the delicate impression of those more hidden and mysterious moments: but they also in their turn will come back;—and ere long, surely, the heart that is not totally corrupted will find and say to itself in which of these moments its communion with itself has been most true and sincere—in which of them the nobler nature of the man has been most consulted—in which of them his nobler aspirations have been most gratified. In spite, too, of all the errors and corruptions which have been gaining ground among some parts of the population of these realms, who can doubt that the life and the manners of the very people that have been most to blame, and most to pity, preserve something at least of their old original complexion of purity? It is not merely in the secret communings of the man with himself—it is in all that he sees and does in his quieter moments—in the faces of all that surround him in these moments, and in their wiser words—that we are sure there are found the elements of his entire regeneration.—An Englishman may be taught lessons of sedition and impiety in a street or on a highway—but woful, indeed, must be the change, if many Englishmen there be, who mature and repeat these lessons by the side of those old hearths, that used to be surrounded by the lovers of far different thoughts, and the reciters of far different tales. We cannot bring ourselves to think—to believe in seriousness—that the spirit which would find com-

fort or consolation in *such* employment has really struck a deep root among the people of our land. Surely those whose conduct would lead to such suspicions are but the heedless tools of men whom, if they knew them truly, they would truly despise—surely their minds are but the floating habitations of thoughts and feelings, which will soon be shaken out with repentance and loathing. Surely there is enough of blessed matter left, even in the midst of their corruption, to sanctify themselves—the nation itself will and must remain pure, with or without them—from hopeless pollutions and permanent abasement.

We are troubled, therefore, but not terrified by the aspect of this trying time. It is a time to be looked on with grief—with indignation—but not at all with despair; and surely the conduct of the far far greater part of those who have troubled it is a thing to be viewed more in sorrow than in anger. To say the truth once more, the worst of all the features in the present convulsed countenance of the affairs of our country, is, to our mind, the behaviour not of the Reformers, but of the Whigs. There are no doubt many, very many individual adherents of that Party who have behaved nobly and well—but as a Party, we think their conduct has certainly been utterly unworthy of the name they bear, and the principles they profess to inherit. The worst of it is, that they have been studious in expressing their horror for the madness of the reforming sect; and yet—such is the clinging meanness of human nature, or rather of party nature—in the midst of these very expressions of horror they have been lending themselves to the popular outcry, and increasing, by every means in their power, the difficulties of the born and chosen guardians of the state. There is no party in England that so openly acknowledges the services, and identifies itself with the language of its party prints, as that of the Whigs. There can therefore be no injustice in holding them, as a Party, responsible for the tenor of the language used by *all* their prints throughout the last two or three months of popular excitement and phrenzy. That language has not been the language either of temperate rebuke, or of sober reason, or of manly and indignant contempt. They have indeed

disavowed all participation in the more violent heresies, political and religious, which have been preached by the professed organs of Hunt and his miserable crew. But it is quite easy to see, that if they really wished to discountenance—to annihilate that vile crew and all their heresies—the business of this party was to have laid aside for a time all their own little points of party disagreement—and to do every thing in their power to strengthen the hands of that administration, the displacement of which, at such a moment as the present, they well know could not fail to add confusion to confusion, and weakness to weakness, in a way which neither theirs, nor any other party, might soon have it in their power to repair. They have not done this—but they have all along continued encouraging the disaffected in what they themselves must be conscious is one of the most absurd of all their errors, viz.—the belief that a great part of the misery which has befallen some of the manufacturing districts is owing to the misconduct of the present ministry—they have all along been crying out to the reformers—not, “you are utterly in the wrong—you are the enemies of your country—and we and all true lovers of our country despise you”—but, “stop, the time is not come yet for your proposals to be heard with advantage. The first thing is to displace the ministry, and put us in their stead; and then will come the time when all proposals will be listened and attended to by men sincerely anxious to do that which is right,—by true friends to the cause of freedom like yourselves.” We appeal to the Whigs themselves, whether such has not been the constant cry of their journals—we appeal to their consciences, whether wilful and malicious falsehood be not at the bottom of that cry—whether they are not sensible to their own souls, that by using it they have shewn themselves willing to take advantage of the strength of those whom they dare scarcely deny to be traitors—whether, in one word, they have not confessed themselves on this occasion to be, not the lovers of their country and its peace, but the lovers of power and place, in such a way as no body of English politicians ever had the hardihood or the impudence to confess themselves before.

But Parliament is about to assemble.

ple—and it is there that the true appeal, in regard to their character, must soon be made to the collective wisdom of the nation. The statements which the ministers of the crown have it in their power to lay before Parliament, will, we doubt not, compel even the Whigs to lend them their support in every measure that is judged necessary for securing the internal peace of the country. But the Whigs will find, unless we be much mistaken indeed, that this support of theirs will come far too late to give their party any elevation (and it had need of much) in the general mind of the people. Had they come forward at an earlier stage of the business, their manliness and apparent disinterestedness might indeed have founded for them no inconsiderable claims to respect, in regard to any matters of parliamentary discussion which they might afterwards have thought fit to bring forward. But as it is, the case will, we shrewdly suspect, be far different; and they will find, that the only result of all their manoeuvres has been the addition of new strength and security to an administration, the members of which—in spite of all the clamours of Reformers and of Whigs—have as yet done nothing to lessen their originally great claims on the respect and confidence of the better part of the nation.

It is, we know, the opinion of many, that since the dark days of the French Revolution, there has been no period so pregnant with danger—though, in our opinion, none need tremble for their country who know the power of its knowledge and its virtue. Love, not Fear, is the principle that must now unite together all ranks of society. We stand forward to vindicate the cause of order, liberty, and religion, seeing not that they are about to be overthrown, but that they have already been most vilely insulted. We stand forward not against enemies whom we fear, but for friends whom we love. The Anarchist and the Atheist are not formidable to our eyes; but the Throne which they would overturn is dear to us, and the Altar which they would subvert is sacred. High objects must not be contumeliously and irreverently assailed even by the

hands of the impotent—they who do not honour the King must be made to respect his authority—they who do not fear God must not be suffered to blaspheme his most Holy Word.

It is on plain principles like these, that all true lovers of their country ought now to combine in one body and with one soul; and if we know any thing of the character of the British people, there is already such a magnificent, invincible, and irresistible Combination. They who think that nothing more is exhibited, in all this frowning and murmuring popular commotion, than a reasonable, and therefore pardonable discontent, under the hardships which the people suffer from the stagnation of trade and the pressure of taxation—these, being men of party, will be men of party still; and considering the ministry alone to be objects of danger and of fear, they will seek only for their overthrow. But they who know that the great legitimate principles of all civil government have been fiercely and wrathfully denounced—and that the Bible has been hideously trampled under bestial feet—will look to a higher aim, and will lay aside for a while all preference of men and of measures, till they have seen the eternal principles of morality and religion vindicated, and all those glorious sentiments and passions, which these principles inspire into a nation's heart, rescued from the soul pollution that on every side is thrown upon them by unhallowed hands. It is not now who is a Tory?—who is a Whig? But it is, who is a Briton?—who is a Christian? The honour of our country, and the glory of our God, are the august and sacred objects which we vow to defend; and if there be any virtue in the blood either of our heroes or our martyrs—if the present age be not lamentably severed by some invisible chasm from the days of old,—we may rest assured that the Nation has only to lift its voice, and that its majestic thunder will drive, with fear and trembling into their hiding places, the scattered hordes of anarchy and impiety, who are now vaunting so loudly and so fiercely, unaware of the irretrievable ruin that is about to fall upon their heads.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Werner's Geognosy.—The splendid geological dreams of Buffon, the ingenious speculations of Hutton, and the wild and not unpoetical mineralogical fancies of the Germans, induced many enthusiasts to search for proofs of these fascinating reveries, in the mountains and rocks of different lands. Some facts were in this way collected, but still geology could not be said to exist as an independent branch of natural history. It was first elevated to this rank by the investigations of Saussure and Werner.—The discoveries of Saussure were numerous and important; and those of Werner not less so. Werner founded the first system of geognosy, and by its publication paved the way for all the remarkable discoveries and views which have since been made in Geology.—The first English account of this system, was that published in Edinburgh in the year 1808, and since that period, others have appeared from the pens of those distinguished philosophers, Thomson and Murray. We have just learned that Daubuisson, a celebrated pupil of Werner's, has in the press, a work on Werner's Geognosy, in two volumes octavo, of which we are entitled to form high expectations.

Comparative Anatomy.—The zeal and ardour displayed in the study of *comparative anatomy* in several of the universities on the Continent, is little known, and certainly very imperfectly felt in the anatomical school of Scotland. Since the splendid period of the great Monros, this most important of all the branches of natural history appears to have been very little cultivated. At present we have too much of the *trade of anatomy*, and too little of its *philosophy*. We hear of no new discoveries, or observations, of no young and rising comparative anatomists, who, enthusiastically devoted to their science, are actively employed in tracing out, by actual investigations, those admirable displays of structure, and arrangement in the animal world, which must in the course of time, reflect so much light on physiology, and confer so many benefits on medicine.—We are sure this state of an invaluable science cannot long exist—we already almost feel that there are rising around us, in this grand arena of philosophy, a host of young, dauntless, and enthusiastic anatomical inquirers, who will establish another epoch, worthy that of the Monros.

Theories of the Earth.—It is now a general complaint with amateur mineralogists, that since the demolition of the theory of Hutton, and the abandonment of the Neptunian views of De Luc, geology has become dull and uninteresting. It may be mentioned, for the information of those fire-side speculators, that things are not in so bad a state, for only a few days ago we received three volumes octavo, of a new theory

of the earth, by Brieslac an Italian, which will serve for a time as a *tub to the whale*.

Dr Barclay on Animal Life.—Dr Barclay, we understand, has in the press, a very learned and curious work, on the phenomena and laws of animal life. It will, we trust, clear away the vast load of rubbish with which this beautiful subject is at present encumbered.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that although the phenomena and laws of the living system, are very obvious and distinctly marked by nature, that physiologists, in their absurd anxiety to appear mysterious and profound, have abandoned their own fascinating field of inquiry, to roam in the unsatisfactory wilds of metaphysical speculation.

Geology.—Professor Jameson, in opposition to those mineralogists who assert the mechanical, and deny the chemical formation of quartz rock and red sand stone, has brought forward several proofs in favour of the latter, principally from the fact of granite, universally acknowledged to be of chemical formation, having been found in repeated instances embedded both in sandstone and quartz rock, where all must have been simultaneously and chemically formed. This is at variance both with the Neptunian and Plutonian theories; and he further urges, that granite is not confined to one particular species of rock, but occurs in several, being not of earlier formation than all other rocks, nor of newer formation than most others, but very often a contemporaneous crystallization with the rock in which it is situated.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Skull of King Robert the Bruce.—A few days ago, in the church of Dunfermline, the grave of the celebrated warrior King Robert the Bruce was opened, in presence of a numerous assemblage of men of rank and science. The skull, and various parts of the skeleton, were in a state of preservation: Now that the opinions of Gall and Spurzheim are not passed over as mere pieces of quackery, the curiosity of anatomists, and even of the public in general, was excited by this invaluable opportunity of inspecting and examining such a skull as that of Robert the Bruce. We are told, that several of the propensities of this great man, were strongly expressed in the eminences of the skull—in particular, that the organ of *combattiveness*, was the most prominent of the whole.

Brewster's Optical Mineralogy.—Dr Brewster has ascertained that every mineral species has distinct and beautifully marked optical characters. This new mode of determining minerals, which is one of the most valuable discoveries made by this distinguished philosopher, will, we understand, form a prominent feature in the work on crystallography, now preparing for publication in Edinburgh.

Mont Blanc.—It would appear from the observations of Brochant, that this colossus, hitherto considered as a mass of granite, contains not a bed of that rock, but is composed of a mineral aggregate, belonging to the mica formation.

Calton Hill.—It would appear from observations contained in the Second Number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, that this hill is principally composed of felspar and augite, and that like similar rocks in India, contains carbonaceous matter, not, it is true, in the form of diamond, but in a state nearly approaching to it.

Carrier Pigeons.—The Flemish papers have recently contained accounts of the late annual competition of the Society of Pigeon Fanciers at Antwerp. On this occasion, thirty-two pigeons, with the word *Antwerp* marked on their wings, were despatched from the above city to London, whence they were sent back with answers, their wings being previously counter-marked with the word *London*. The custom of training pigeons to convey letters from one place to another, is prevalent in all parts of the East, but particularly in Syria, Arabia, and Egypt. The Mogul formerly kept a vast number of pigeons for the purpose of carrying letters on occasions when extraordinary speed was necessary. The Pashas of the Porte do the same. They fly from one extremity of his dominions to the other. By this mode of conveyance the Consul of Alexandria daily sends despatches to Aleppo in five hours, though couriers occupy a whole day in proceeding from one town to the other. The caravans travelling through Arabia, maintain communications with the Arab sovereigns, by means of pigeons with letters fastened under their wings. These messengers fly with extraordinary rapidity, and return with fresh speed to the place where they have been reared. They are frequently observed lying with their backs on the sand, with their bills open to receive the morning dew, and recover breath. Pliny mentions, that pigeons were employed to introduce letters into Mutina (Modena,) when that place was besieged by Mark Antony. They were also employed in 1574, at the siege of Harlem, and in 1775, at that of Leyden. The Prince of Orange, when the latter siege was raised, determined that the pigeons should be maintained at the public expense, and that at their death they should be embalmed, and preserved in the town-house as a perpetual mark of gratitude.

Perpetual light of Adalia.—On the eastern coast of Lycia and the western shore of the Gulf of Adalia, a flame called *ymar* is seen to issue from an opening, about three feet in diameter, in the side of a mountain, and in shape resembling the mouth of an oven. Captain Beaufort of the royal navy, when surveying this part of the coast of Karamania, visited the spot. This mountain, like that of Libanus, was calcareous, being composed

of crumbling serpentine rock, with loose blocks of limestone; there was not the least appearance of volcanic production; no tremor of the earth, no noises; neither stones, nor smoke, nor noxious vapours were emitted from the cavity, but a brilliant and perpetual flame issued forth, of an intense heat, and said to be inextinguishable by water; the remains of the walls, which had formerly been built near the spot, were scarcely discoloured; and trees, brushwood, and weeds, grew close to this little crater, if so it might be called.

Literature encouraged by the Pasha.—The Pasha of Egypt, say the French savans, has become an object of universal notice. His name abounds in our journals and periodical works. He sends agents to Europe to procure artists, manufacturers, and skilful workmen. He is extremely fond of botany. He had heard lately that a rich amateur of Paris possessed a cinnamon tree, and he caused it to be bought at an enormous price, to be transported to his gardens at Alexandria. It only eight days since he had sent to him from Paris 5 or 600 volumes.

Bathing in the Dead Sea.—It is well known that the water of this sea is saturated with salt, chiefly muriate of magnesia, and common salt. Its specific gravity is 1.211. Mr Legh, who bathed in it in 1818, informs us, that he saw several shell-fish in it, not unlike periwinkles. The account which he gives of the effects of bathing is singular, but not very intelligible. I shall give it in his own words. "Our Arab guides had endeavoured to alarm us to the consequences of bathing in these pestiferous waters; but we made the experiment, and found that though two of our party were unable to swim, they were buoyed up in a most extraordinary manner. The sensation perceived immediately upon dipping was, that we had lost our sight; and any part of the body that happened to be excoriated smarted excessively. The taste of the water was bitter and intolerably saline. From this experiment some of us suffered a good deal of inconvenience, an oily incrustation being left upon the body, which no attempt at washing could remove for some time; and several of the party continued to lose portions of skin for many successive days."—(Ibid. p. 192.)

We can understand the meaning of every part of the preceding description, except the alleged loss of sight. It deserves notice, that the specimens of salt collected from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea did not deliquesce. This was doubtless owing to the dryness of the climate; not to the purity of the salt.

Climate of Moscow.—The severest frost of the winter 1817—1818 was equal to —28° Reaumur (—31° Fahrenheit.) In Petersburg they had —30° (—35° Fahrenheit.) But this winter was reckoned a mild one, for the quantity of snow was

unusually great; the best proof of its mildness; for in very severe weather, there falls but little snow.

Population of Moscow.—When the French quitted Moscow, there were only 16,000 inhabitants; but in the winter of 1817—1818, the population amounted to 312,000, including 21,000 military.

Method of rendering Glass less Brittle.

Let the glass vessel be put into a vessel of cold water, and let this water be heated boiling hot, and then allowed to cool slowly of itself, without taking out the glass. Glasses treated in this way may, while cold, be suddenly filled with boiling hot water without any risk of their cracking. The gentleman who communicates the method, says, that he has often cooled such glasses to the temperature of 10°, and poured boiling water into them without experiencing any inconvenience from the suddenness of the change. If the glasses are to be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, boil them in oil.—*Annales de Chimie et de Phys.* ix.

Earthquakes.—Three dreadful earthquakes took place at Copiapo on the 3d, 4th, and 11th of April. The whole city is said to have been destroyed by these awful visitations. More than three thousand persons were traversing the neighbouring plains, flying from the desolation which had been produced. It appears, according to all the accounts, that the inhabitants had time to save their lives, but only their lives. Copiapo is a sea port of Chili, and stands on the south side of a river of the same name, about 490 miles N. by E. of Valparaiso.

Another severe shock of an earthquake was felt in Trinidad on the 12th of August at half past 2 A. M. A rushing noise as of a violent wind was first heard, which was instantly succeeded by an undulatory motion from east to west, very severe, and which lasted four or five seconds. It was a clear moonlight night, and nothing particular was discernible in the state of the atmosphere.

On the 15th of August, a shock, accompanied with an explosion as loud as that of a cannon, was felt at the village of St. Andrews, in Lower Canada.

Bible Society's Bible's in Iceland.—By a traveller just returned from a five months journey through Iceland, we regret to learn that the bibles furnished by the bible society, are in great disrepute throughout Iceland, on account of their uncommon inaccuracy, and wretched paper and printing.

Volcanic Theory of Rocks. We cannot help expressing our surprise, that several eminent German and French geologists should assist in propagating the volcanic theory. We have carefully read every thing written on this subject by these distinguished naturalists, and can find only speculations offered to us in place of facts. They are willing to confer the honours of volcanism on the rocks of Hungary, Mexico, and

the Hebrides of Scotland. For Scotland we can answer, and without hesitation, that as far as our experience goes, no volcanic rocks occur in any quarter of the western islands, and we may add, any where in the mainland.

Chemical Experiment on Mount Vesuvius.—A very singular experiment, or rather result, has lately been announced, as obtained by M. Gimbernath, a learned Spaniard, who is now counsellor of the king of Bavaria. Having ascended the summit of Vesuvius, Dec. 4, 1818, he placed on one of the *fumarole* (clefts or crevices of the crater, whence smoke constantly issues) an apparatus for condensing the vapour. By this means he obtained a somewhat considerable quantity of clear distilled water, which tasted of fat or grease, and smelt strongly of burnt animal substances. The chemical tests to which this liquid was subjected, shewed clearly that it contained neither sulphuric acid, nor any free acid. M. Gimbernath is of opinion that it is saturated with a matter partaking of the nature of animal matter.

Enormous Bird.—Mr Henderson has discovered, in New Siberia, the claws of a bird measuring each a yard in length; and the Yaknts assured him, they had frequently, in their hunting excursions, met with skeletons, and even feathers, of this bird, the quills of which were large enough to admit a man's arm. This is a fact in support of the tradition, that the earth was formerly inhabited by giants, for men, not exceeding ourselves in stature, would have been helpless against birds of prey of this magnitude. Captain Cook mentions having seen a monstrous bird's nest in New Holland, on a low sandy island, in Endeavour River, with trees upon it, and an incredible number of sea fowl; he found an eagle's nest with young ones, which he killed, and the nest of some other bird, of a most enormous size; it was built with large sticks upon the ground, and was no less than six and twenty feet in circumference, and two feet eight inches high.

Worm in a Horse's Eye.—Dr William Scott, of Madras, has extracted a worm from the aqueous humour of a horse's eye, to which he gave the name of *Ascaris pellucidus*.

It is reported that the friends of Dr Spiker of Berlin are about to propose him for the office of Chief Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. From the reports we have heard, there can be no doubt Dr S. is eminently qualified for filling such a situation with advantage. We have also heard, that two of our own countrymen—Dr Irving, the learned and excellent author of the Life of George Buchanan—and Mr David Laing, bookseller—a gentleman much and justly celebrated for his knowledge of bibliography, have been mentioned as willing to accept of the vacant situation.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The concluding volume of Dr Clark's northern travels, containing a description of St Petersburg, during the tyranny of the Emperor Paul.

The 7th and 8th volumes of Dr Ranken's History of France.

An Historical and Topographical Account of Devonshire; by the Rev. Dan. Lysons, and the late Sam. Lysons, Esq.

The splendid work, by Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, consisting of his Travels in Brazil, is in a forward state in Germany. The English translation will appear in the present system, accompanied by a series of characteristic and highly interesting engravings.

A new and improved edition of Burns' Works; by his brother, Mr Gilbert Burns.

The third volume of Messrs Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology is in considerable forwardness.

Dr Gillies's History of Greece, Part I. and II. in eight volumes 8vo.

In the press, a series of Anecdotes, collected and arranged under separate heads, by Shotts and Reuben Perry, brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mont Benger. The first four parts will consist of Anecdotes of Humanity, Eloquence, Enterprise, and Youth. To be followed by Anecdotes of Science, Genius, Liberty, Heroism, &c.

Doctrinal Sermons; by the Rev. Edward Cooper.

Preparing for publication, Paris, consisting of sixty engravings, by Mr Charles Heath, and other artists, from views taken in the French capital and its vicinity; by Captain Batty, of the First or Grenadier Guards. This work will be conducted on the same plan as the Italian Scenery, and will consist of twelve numbers, each number containing five plates. The descriptions of the plates will be in English and French.

New editions are in the press, of the Plays of Euripides, cum notis variorum, of the Lexicon Ciceronianum; by Facciolati, in three octavo volumes; and of Olivet's Annotations on Cicero, in two vols 8vo.

Opuscula Academica; by James Bailey.

On the 15th of January 1820, it is proposed to commence, under the general title of the Circulating Library, or Periodical Series of Original Novels, Romances, and Tales; consisting partly of original works by eminent writers; who have promised their co-operation, and partly of translations of new or unknown works, from the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Persian, and Arabic languages.

The originals of Cumberland's translations from the Greek comic writers, inserted in the Observer, now first collected; arranged by J. Bailey, B. A.

Speedily will be published, Itinéraires to Timbuctoo and Kassina, from the Arabic.

Mr John Russel has a volume of Poems in the press.

The Rev. J. Todd has in the press, a Vindication of our authorized translation of the Bible, and of preceding English Versions, &c.

A volume of Sermons on Practical subjects; by Dr O'Beirne, Lord Bishop of Meath.

A new edition of Dr Jeremy Taylor's Guide to Eternal Happiness.

A Greek and English Manual Lexicon to the New Testament.

A new edition of Cudworth's Intellectual System, with Life; by Birch.

New editions of the works of Archbishop Tillotson, in eight vols 8vo, and of Jeremy Taylor's works, in 14 vols 8vo.

Mr J. B. Williams of Shrewsbury, has in the press, and will speedily publish, a Memoir of Mrs Hutton, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry; the life is written by the Rev. Matthew Henry, and has never been printed.

A new edition of Dr Samuel Clarke's Sermons, in six vols 8vo, and of Dr South's Sermons.

The scarce Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff; by the late Maurice Morgan, Esq. formerly under-secretary of state, is reprinting, with a biographical and critical preface.

A new edition of Longinus, by Waske; and of Terentianus Maurus de Literis, &c.

In the press the complete works (in French) of Mad. de Staël, in 18 volumes 8vo; and her inedited works in 4 vols.

A new edition of Foster on Accent and Quantity, with additions.

The Six Plays of Terence, after the Text of Zennius, in 2 vols 8vo.

A new edition of the Septuagint, in two vols 18mo.

A Treatise on the English Pronunciation, after Walker's system, for the use of Foreigners, with Rules for the correct pronunciation of the most difficult sounds of the English language, and accompanied with exercises, on an entire new plan; by J. Davenport, Professor of Languages, 12mo.

Guilt; or, the Gipsy's Prophecy, a Tragedy, translated from the original German of Adolphus Müllner; by W. E. Frye, followed by the translation in English, of Schiller's Ideal, and the Cranes of Ibycus.

Calderon de la Barcer (Drama Sus Escogidos) con notas criticas y explanatorias, 8vo.

Published this month, Calderon de la Barcer, (La Vida es Sueno Comedia de) con notas criticas y explanatorias, 8vo 3s.—Forming, the 14th Number of El Teatro Espanol.

Moratin (Comedias Escogidas de) con notas criticas y explanatorias, 8vo.

EDINBURGH.

New Tales of My Landlord.

In our last, we announced Ivan Hoos and the Monastery, by the author of Waverley. A London bookseller, Mr Fearman, has since announced a third work, by the same author, under the title of "Pontefract Castle." This announcement, in which we see nothing remarkable, considering the character of our modern Proteus, has occasioned a literary war, between Mr Fearman and the Regent's bookseller for Scotland. The opening of the campaign, is thus given in the Edinburgh Evening Courant of October 26th.

"An Advertisement has appeared in the Morning Chronicle lately, announcing the publication on the 1st of November of 'a Fourth Series Tales of my Landlord, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster of Glandercleugh, containing Pontefract Castle. Orders received by all the booksellers in London.' That this is either a contemptible hoax, or a dangerous infringement of the property of Messrs. CONSTABLE and Co. which, we trust, will meet its due punishment, the following letter from Mr BALLANTYNE to the editor of the Chronicle will sufficiently show:—

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,—I have observed in the newspapers lately an advertisement of a fourth series of "Tales of my Landlord." That the public may not be taken in to suppose this work a production of the author of "Tales of my Landlord," in three series; the first, containing the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality; the second, the Heart of Mid-Lothian; and the third, the Bride of Lammermoor, and a Legend of Montrose; I, who have transacted betwixt the publisher and the author of these books, as his agent, do, on my certain knowledge, assure you and the public, that this author has no concern whatever with the catch-penny publication announced as above; and although I have not his express authority for saying so, I am morally assured he will at no future period send any further work to the public under the title of "Tales of my Landlord." The copy-right of the "Tales of my Landlord," in 12 vols. has been purchased by, and is now the property of, Messrs Constable and Co., who are taking legal measures to interdict the publication of this spurious work under their title, and to punish those concerned in it when they shall be discovered. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN BALLANTYNE.

Bookseller in Scotland, to his Royal Highness the Regent.

Hanover-Street, Edinburgh, Oct. 22."

To the letter thus given by authority, Mr Fearman, the proprietor and publisher of "Pontefract Castle," has circulated the following reply, under the title of

VOL. VI.

"A letter in reply to the ridiculous threats of Mr John Ballantyne, Bookseller for Scotland, against the publisher of the forthcoming series of Tales of my Landlord, containing 'Pontefract Castle,' addressed to the editors of the daily papers, but too long for insertion.

Tales of my Landlord.

"Mr Editor,—Observing a letter in your paper of this day, signed by John Ballantyne, Bookseller for Scotland to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, affirming that a fourth series of Tales of my Landlord is a spurious work, and that though he has no EXPRESS authority for saying so, he is morally assured that the author will at no period send any further work to the public, under the title of 'Tales of my Landlord,' I think it my duty, as publisher of the 'New Tales of my Landlord,' now in the press, to warn the public against being *taken in*, (as that gentleman elegantly expresses it) by the flagrant sophistry of Mr John Ballantyne. He argues all through *ab igno*. The name of Jedediah Cleishbotham is notoriously a fictitious name, and belongs to no one—to say, that there is any one of that name having property in any thing, is a *fraudulent* assertion; it is open to any body to assume it, as it is to write a continuation of the 'Tales of my Landlord.' No damage can result to the publisher of the foregoing series; and if injunctions could be obtained against continued works, the best continuers of history would have been in an awkward predicament. But how does Mr John Ballantyne prove his case? By admitting that the New Tales may be genuine. The author at the end of the Third Series, in so many words, assures the public that he has done with them; but this sagacious advocate comes forward to shake the only strong point he had, by confessing that he is not morally certain of this! And it was but the other day that one of the partners of Constable's house asserted, in presence of the trade, that the author would appear in several *new shapes*. Who is to pronounce that the forthcoming edition be not one of them? The public, as well as the trade, have been so used of late to rather ungentleman like wicketts, shifts, and coqueries on the part of publishers, book-makers, and authors, that it will be difficult for them to decide who is, and who is not the author of a new work, and the greedy motive is thus very likely to produce its own surfeit—to make a rod for its own back. There is one straight forward and manly way of settling the question. Let the author come forward and claim his own not as Jedediah Cleishbotham, not as the dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade; not under the wing of Mr John Ballantyne Bookseller for Scotland, who can only offer the brass of his assertions in lieu of current coin. I shall then be enabled to

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decide whether the MS. I hold is or is not by the same person; certainly I cannot, till then, take upon me to pronounce. But my conviction is, that it is, and such is the opinion of others from the internal evidence of the work; nevertheless, if it be not, it is certainly legal for any person that chooses to continue the subject, the more especially if it be true that the original author has dropt it; indeed that author particularly recommends the continuation, and even points out a particular individual for the purpose. What has Mr John Ballantyne to say to that? It would appear that he is not so much behind the curtain as he imagines. Who knows but it may be some known or unknown friend of the author's, who has taken up his hint?

It is a great desideratum, that the Tales should be contided by somebody, and particularly to connect the great drama of events therein recorded, with similar scenes and actors in the sister-country. The New Tales embrace this object, and in the opinion of those who have seen them, with a master's grasp. But perhaps Mr John Ballantyne, bookseller for Scotland, wishes to monopolize the scene as well as the author to his own country. The title which he assumes is certainly very magnificent, and very imposing; and the Scotch air of his residence may perhaps sharpen his power of discrimination, endowing him with a kind of second sight, and enabling him to see, what other men cannot see; but it is rather too much to pronounce by his *ipse dixit* only which is the real Simon Pure, when the means of ending the question are in the hands of the two parties most concerned, the author and the bookseller. There is at all events something suspicious in this unnecessary shuffling out of the direct road. The dictatorial tone he assumes, may suit the zenith of his shop, and the nature of northern criticism; but it is rather too presumptuous—rather too great an insult to English common sense, to pronounce that to be a catch-penny publication which he has never seen. It is for the public to decide, whether the New Tales are worthy of comparison with the old. It remains to be seen whether they are inferior, or equal, or superior: the public also will, no doubt, pronounce whether they are spurious or not; certainly it will not take Mr John Ballantyne's bare word in lieu of proof, on so nice a matter, and will not readily believe that the author is bound up from offering any portion of his mental labours to a London publisher, without making him his counsellor. In the meanwhile, that publisher laughs at the ridiculous threat of punishment, which is another indication of Mr John Ballantyne bookseller for Scotland.

There is an old proverb, which he would do well to remember—not to extend the arm further than it can be withdrawn with safety. The work excommunicated by this Scotch bull, *ex cathedra* is yet in *nubibus*.

Perhaps it may suit Mr John Ballantyne's idea of law, to punish an offence before it is committed; but I rather think, neither his law, nor his reason, will acquire him many converts on this side of the Tweed. When the work appears, it will be time enough to pronounce whether it is legal or illegal; it will not appear without the very best advice, as to its perfect security. I, as publisher, disclaim all ideas, of acting in the least degree dishonourably by the author; whoever he may be. I have no means of judging what is his, or what is not his composition: were I sure that my MS. were not his, and the publication contrary to his wish, I would drop the title, and trust, as I well might, to the intrinsic merit of the work. But the case stands thus:—If it is his, Mr Ballantyne has been talking nonsense without authority, and throwing his *brutum fulmen* at a shadow; if it is not, then I maintain, that it is not only legal and justifiable for another to continue any suspended work; but in this case, it is at the express recommendation of the author himself.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM FEARMAN

170, New Bond Street, Oct. 28. 1819."

As much mystery seems to hang over this business, we abstain at present from offering any opinion upon it; but that the public may have an opportunity of judging for themselves, we now lay before them a letter which Mr John Ballantyne has addressed to us, in reply to the statement of Mr Fearman.

Trinity Grove, 15th Nov. 1819

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine Sir—Since I felt it my duty to the public to insert, in the new-papers, a letter stating a "New Series Tales of my Landlord, containing Pontefract Castle," to be spurious, I have had sent me a pamphlet entitled, "A letter in reply to the ridiculous threat of Mr John Ballantyne, &c. &c. &c." signed by a *William Fearman*. If there exist such a person, a publisher, (for I find in Kent's Directory of last year but one Fearman, a tallow chandler,) I would willingly, through your medium, make to his pamphlet the shortest reply possible.

1st, The poor man sets out in error in his very title page. I did not threaten him. I only advised Constable & Co. to obtain an injunction against this publication under their title, (to which the bookseller was, at that time, either afraid or ashamed to put his name,) and to prosecute the publishers, if it came out in defiance thereof.

2d, The poor man (for his case is pitiable) charges me with sophistry, and clenches this charge with his first bit of Latin: I would ask, is there sophistry in my as-ertion of the plain fact, that I have express authority from the author of the Tales of my Landlord to say he has nothing to do with

“Pontefract Castle;”—or is there any sophistry, under this fact, in my continuing to warn the Public against being taken in by this catch-penny imposition, as his work?

3d. The poor man seems bereft of his senses when he asserts, that I “prove my case by admitting that the New Tales may be genuine.” The only reason I had for addressing the public at all on the subject, was to prove that they could not be genuine, but were spurious.

4th. The poor mistaken—man! in order to decide whether his MS. is genuine, calls on the author of the actual Tales to avow himself; otherwise *he* (Fearman) cannot take it upon *him* to pronounce: Thus, all the authority the Public have for supposing Pontefract Castle to be written by the author of Tales of my Landlord, is his (William’s) opinion, and conviction, from “internal evidence,” on the subject; in contradiction of the absolute fact, that they are *not* that author’s writing, stated by his agent under his authority.

A Catalogue of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books in the Ancient and Modern Languages, and various Classes of Literature, in which will be included numerous articles of great rarity and value, collected during the last few months in various parts of the Continent, and our own country. The whole, in perfect condition, and in the original bindings, are now on sale by John Smith and Son, Booksellers, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow. The Collection contains all the Standard and Modern Works of English Literature, many of the best editions of the Classics and Foreign Works, the Medical Library of the late Dr Peter Wright of this City, and several recent purchases of books, the finest specimens of typography, and in splendid bindings.*

Proposals, for publishing by subscription, a Print, to be engraved in the line manner,

In conclusion; I leave to Mr Fearman the full credit of his waggers, his sarcasm, and his five hits of Latin, uncontested. The title, he says I assume, I was honoured with by the Prince himself, through the medium of Sir B. Bloomfield and Dr Clarke; and it has been followed by orders, neither few nor small, for which I am grateful, as in duty bound. The question of law betwixt Constable & Co. and him, I have no further interest in than the general one, which all must feel, to witness right established, and fraud punished as it deserves: But my second sight enables me to foresee, that Mr William Fearman will sell very few of his books, if he can make out no better case, than that he has done in his pamphlet, to prove that they were written by the Author of the Tales of my Landlord.

I am—~~Yours~~,
 Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BALLANTYNE.

by James Stewart, from the original picture of the Circassian Captives, in the Gallery of the Right Honourable the Earl of Wemyss and March. Painted by William Allan. The size of the Engraving will be twenty-four by sixteen inches, nearly the same as that of Wollet’s Print of the Death of Wolfe. Price, to subscribers, Two Guineas; Proofs, Four Guineas, which will be strictly delivered in the order of subscribers.

An Engraving of Mr Allan’s Picture from Burns’ Jolly Beggars, is about to be published by Mr Lumsden of Glasgow. Mr Warren is the engraver, and the Print is said to promise additional honour to this excellent artist.

In a few days will be published, a Supplement to W. & C. Tait’s Catalogue of Law Books.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

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The Farmer’s companion; or complete System of Modern Husbandry; by R. W. Dickson. 2 vols. £2, 2s. boards.

A Letter to Farmers and Graziers on the advantage of using Salt in Agriculture and in Feeding Cattle; by Samuel Parkes, F.L.S. Fourth edition, enlarged. 2s.

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Dugdale’s Monasticon Anglicanum, Part XVII. £2, 2s.

An Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology; by J. C. Pritchard, M.D. 8vo. £1, 7s.

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Nicholson’s Architectural Dictionary, last part, 4to. £2, 9s.

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EDINBURGH.

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Life of Andrew Melville. Containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Scotland, during the latter part of the Sixteenth and beginning of the Seventeenth Century. With an Appendix, consisting of Original Papers; by Thomas M'Crie, D. D. Minister of the Gospel, Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo.

Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs, and Legends, of the Adherents to the House of Stuart. Collected and Illustrated by James Hogg, Author of "The Queen's Wake," &c. &c. 8vo.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor. No CXII. for November.

Guilt, or the Anniversary, a Tragedy, in four Acts. From the German of Adolphus Mullner; by R. P. Gillies, Esq. 4to. (not printed for sale.)

A new selection of French Novels, Comedies, and elegant Extracts in Prose; by M. Ch. Max, de Bellecour, in one large volume, price 6s. 6d.

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Look before ye Leap, or a Healin' Sa' for the Crackit Crowns of Country Politicians; by Tam Thrum, an auld Weaver.

"I was well, I wish'd to be better,
And here I lie."

Epitaph on a Constitution Mender.

This pamphlet was published in 1793—a time in too many respects not unlike the

present. It was from the pen of the late Mr William Brown, editor of the Dundee Repository, and for many years of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal; and having met with a degree of celebrity which is not commonly gained by works of such small pretension, it was estimated to have had the most beneficial effects throughout the country. Coarse paper copies, 4d. fine copies, 6d.

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A Letter to the Rev. Robert Buchanan, Minister of Peebles, in regard to his Speech, May 31, 1818, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, respecting attendance in the Classes of Church History in the University of Edinburgh; by George Cron, A. M. Preacher of the Gospel. 1s. 6d.

Selecta Latine, ex Historicis, Philosophis, et Criticis; Quibus Accedunt Notæ, et Index Historicus et Geographicus Studio Jacobi Gray. 12mo. 5s.

The object of this volume is to provide for the advanced forms of our Grammar Schools, a more extensive, and at the same time, a more select course of prose reading, than has hitherto been accessible to them. The extracts have been taken from Cæsar, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, and Quintilian; and, it is trusted, are such as may at once interest and improve the mind of the young student. Explanatory Notes have been added, with the view of facilitating his progress, without relaxing his diligence; and that the book may be as complete as possible, every thing that occurs in the text connected with Biography, Geography, and Antiquities, has been explained in a General Index.

Edinburgh High School, Nov. 8, 1819.

The Spirit of the Gospel amidst religious difference, a Sermon, preached at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, September 7, 1819, at the opening of the General Associate Synod; by H. Heugli, minister of the gospel, Stirling. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Q. Horatii Flacii Opera Selecta usui Scholarum, a selection from the works of Horace, for the use of Schools. Edited

and illustrated with short notes, written chiefly in English; by Henry Liston, minister of Ecclesmachan. 18mo. 3s.

Remarks on the present system of Road-making; by John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. General Surveyor in the Bristol District. Second edition, 2s. 6d.

The Poems of Ossian, translated by James Macpherson, Esq. with the translator's Dissertation on the Era and Poems of Ossian; Dr Blair's Critical Dissertation; and an Inquiry into the genuineness of these poems, written for this edition; by the Rev. Alexander Stewart. 24mo. 5s.

New Foreign Works, imported by Treuttel and Wurtz, Schö-Square, London.

MADAME Genlis, *Pétrarque et Laure*, 8vo. 10s.

Pigault-Lebrun, *Notes sur les hommes tous, ou l'Egoïsme*, 2 vols 12mo. 8s.

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The same, in German. 7s.

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Biographie Speciale des pairs and des députés du Royaume de France, Session de 1818-19, 8vo. 19s.

Correspondance Historique et Littéraire, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Collection des Memoires pour l'Histoire, de France; par Petitot, vol. 5 & 6, 8vo. 18s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Nov. 12th 1819.

Sugar. During the last month the market continued exceedingly dull and depressed, and prices were at the lowest ebb. Since the commencement of this month the demand and prices have greatly revived. Near 12,000 hhds. have been sold in London in the course of two days, and at an advance of 3s. per cwt. At this advance the market looks firm, and the anxiety to purchase seems unabated. In refined goods the demand has been unprecedented, and intended for the spring shipments. The advance is about the same as on muscovadoes. It is difficult to hazard a conjecture on the future prospects of the sugar market in the present distressed state of the country. We imagine, however, that it will advance, if not considerably, at least steadily. The present demand is supposed by some to arise chiefly from the desire evinced by those, to effect purchases, who were under large contracts to deliver refined goods in the spring, at the autumnal prices; but it is evident there is something else giving an impulse to the market, and this we conceive to be the uncommon low price of the article sunk far below its value, and therefore become an object for capitalists to look after. We hope that things will soon assume a more steady appearance in all mercantile affairs, and render a further advance on the sugar market certain. It is one of the great springs of our trade, and must, and does, powerfully affect all others.—*Coffee.* The market for coffee is more unsettled. The low qualities are on the decline and dull, but the finer qualities are eagerly bought up at high prices. The value of this article depends altogether upon the state of the continent of Europe, and the advices received from that quarter. The demand by private contract seems to be reviving; but it is not probable that any great improvement can take place in the coffee market, particularly in the finer qualities, which are already high.—*Cotton.* Within the last ten days the demand for cotton has considerably revived, and the sales have been considerable. Prices have advanced a little, and the opinion at present seems to be favourable for a further advance. The stock is decreased from what it was last year, and it is generally supposed that the stock in the hands of the spinners is unusually small.—*Grain.* The market for grain is lower, as it regards the inferior qualities. *Wines* however maintain their prices. *Rum* is greatly depressed. *Brandy* is equally so; and in *Geneva* there is nothing doing. In almost every other article of trade there is no material variation.

Still we are without any improvement in commercial affairs; the horizon appears as

gloomy as ever, but we fondly hope, and eagerly anticipate, that we shall soon be enabled to communicate the pleasing intelligence of a general revival of business. A necessary step to this is to quiet the public mind, and free it from those just alarms which at present agitate and distract it from the mischievous designs of restless men. Without strong measures are applied, and immediately applied, the public tranquillity cannot be preserved, and some fearful calamity must befall this country. We trust to the wisdom of Parliament to crush these alarms which terrify the nation, destroy all confidence, and must banish manufactures and commerce from those districts of the country which are the theatre of their operations.

PRICES CURRENT.—October 30.—London, November 5, 1819.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.	60 to 65	54 to 60	53 to 58	57 to 58	
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60	54	53	57	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	78	85	80	74	
Fine and very fine, .	84	96	81	89	
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	133	150	—	126	£1 10 0
Powder ditto, .	112	114	—	90	
Single ditto, .	108	112	110	96	
Small Lumps, .	98	102	112	95	
Large ditto, .	95	100	95	102	
Crushed Lumps, .	87	60	52	88	
MOJASSES, British, cwt.	32	31	32	30s 0d	0 7 6½
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.	98	106	93	104	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112	122	110	120	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112	122	110	120	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	97	110	95	108	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112	122	110	120	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	95	105	95	102	
St Domingo, .	7	8	7	7½	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	7	8	7	7½	
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	5s 10d	4s 0d	5s 3d	5s 4d	
Brandy, .	5 0	5 3	—	3 8	
Geneva, .	5 0	3 2	—	2 8	
Aqua, .	7 2	7 4	—	15 6	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60	64	—	—	
Portugal Red, pipe.	44	54	—	—	
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	
Teneriffe, pipe.	30	35	—	—	
Madeira, .	60	70	—	—	
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	47	£8	—	—	
Honduras, .	9	—	—	—	
Campeachy, .	9	—	—	—	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	10	—	—	—	
Cuba, .	10	—	—	—	
INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8 6 9 6	8 0 8 9	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	3 4	5 6	—	—	
Ditto Oak, .	2 0	—	—	—	
Christmas and (dut. paid)	2 0	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4	1 8	1 2 1 8	1 2½ 1 6	
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 2 3 0	1 5½ 2 0	
TAR, American, . bbl.	16	20	—	16 0 18 0	
Archangel, .	18	20	—	18 0 20 0	
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	8	—	—	—	
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	56	57 60	61 60	55 0	
Home Melted, .	37	—	—	—	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50	52	—	—	
Petersburgh Clean, .	43	44	46	47	
FLAX,					
Riga Thies & Drup. Rak.	63	64	—	—	
Dutch, .	58	60	—	—	
Irish, .	50	57	—	—	
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	88	90	—	—	
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	14	—	—	—	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	53	34	—	—	
Montreal ditto, .	40	41 38	40 38	39 53	
Pot, .	34	36 36	35 35	49	
OIL, Whale, . tun.	36	—	—	—	
Cod, .	84 (p. bkl.)	35	38	—	
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	9	9½	9½	0 5½	
Middling, .	8½	9	9	0 4½	
Inferior, .	7	8	8	0 3½	
COTTONS, Bowd. Georg.	—	1 1	1 2½	1 2	
Sea Island, fine, .	—	2 6	2 8	2 5	
Good, .	—	2 4	2 5	2 0	
Middling, .	—	2 1	2 2	1 2	
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	1 4	1 7	1 2	
West India, .	—	1 1	1 2	1 1	
Pernambuco, .	—	1 7	1 8	1 5½	
Manam, .	—	1 5	1 6	1 3½	

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 20th Oct. 1819.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	—	—	218 219	218½ 219	—
3 per cent. reduced,	—	—	68 67½	67½ 67½	—
3 per cent. consols,	69½ ½	70½ 69½	68½ 68	68½ 68	—
4 per cent. consols,	—	—	85½ 86	85½ 85	—
5 per cent. navy ann.	102½ 103	104½ 104½	103½ 104½	103½ 103	—
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	69½	—	—	—
India stock,	212	—	—	209½	—
— bonds,	11 14 pr.	13 15 pr.	—	10 12 pr.	—
Exchequer bills, 24. pr.	5 4 dis.	3 1 dis.	1 2 dis.	Par. 2 dis.	—
Consols for acc.	69½ ½	70 69½	69½ ½	68½ ½	66½ ½ ½ ½
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6 p. c.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, Nov. 5.—Amsterdam, 11: 17: 2 U. Antwerp, 12: 0. Ex. Hamburg, 35: 11: 2½ U. Frankfort, 150 Ex. Paris, 25: 35: 2 U. Bourdeaux, 25: 35. Madrid, 35½ effect. Cadiz, 36 effect. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44½. Malta, 46. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 116 per oz. Oporto, 54. Rio Janeiro, 57½. Dublin, 12½. Cork, 12½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £3: 18: 6. Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 18: 6. New doubloons, £0: 0: 0. New dollars, 5s. 0½d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 2d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of September, and the 23d of October, 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbutt, A. Liverpool, upholsterer
 Armstrong, R. Southwark, hat-manufacturer
 Atherton, J. Liverpool, hoser
 Barford, V. Rumbold, grocer
 Barnett, B. Green-street, broker
 Baron, H. Over Darwin, calico-printer
 Beadle, J. Stourbridge, mercer
 Beaven, W. Buckley-mountain, timber-merchant
 Bird, R. Kingstanley, timber-merchant
 Bingley, G. Piccadilly, milliner
 Bissix, W. Bristol, pipe-maker
 Blackett, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, innkeeper
 Blain, J. Shadwell, grocer
 Bolsover, J. Stockport, flour-dealer
 Brown, J. Aber, Glamorgan, edge-tool-manufacturer
 Buck, C. East Smithfield, victualler
 Bull, M. Henrietta-street, tallow-chandler
 Burridge, W. Lyme-Regis, merchant
 Candy, R. Frome Selwood, linen-draper
 Cardwell, H. Hunsheif-bank-mill, thread-manufacturer
 Collingwood, W. Low Lights, earthenware-manufacturer
 Cumming, G. Rochester, carpenter
 Devey, W. Holland-street, Surrey, and J. Devey, Coal-Exchange, coal and ship-owners
 Devey, W. & F. Albion Coal-Wharf, Surrey, coal-merchants
 Dover, H. & A. De Froger, Bread-street-mews, merchants
 Dudman, R. & G. Winter, Jerusalem Coffee-house, merchants
 Dunn, D. Lower Seymour-mews, hackneyman
 Edmonds, N. Parliament-street, hatter
 Edwards, W. Langford, tanner
 Emery, G. Houghton, dealer
 England, T. Smithfield, vintner
 Eltershank, G. Dorking, nurseryman
 Evans, H. Cheapside, silk-manufacturer
 Falkner, H. Liverpool, grocer
 Francis, G. Rotherhithe, Irish provision-merchant
 Fry, R. sen. Lullington, grocer
 Gaskell, J. Chapel-en-le-Frith, cotton-spinner
 Gaulton, J. Milborne St. Andrew, victualler
 Glover, T. Northend, victualler
 Good, W. Cambridge, currier
 Goundry, G. Knaresborough, iron-founder
 Grove, C. & H. E. Birmingham, coal-merchants
 Harding, T. jun. Helstone, grocer
 Hitchon, I. Kidderminster, wool-stapler
 Hodgkin, C. Bishopgate-street Within, merchant
 Hodgson, T. C. Leominster, draper
 Hudd, G. Norwood, miller
 Hudson, W. Ebenezer-place, ship-owner
 Isles, J. New City Chambers, insurance-broker
 Jackson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner
 Jennings, J. & J. Naylor, Liverpool, coach-makers
 Johnson, J. Goodge-street, shoe-manufacturer
 Johnson, R. jun. Biron, seed-crusher
 Johnson, G. Bristol, engraver
 King, J. G. Pump-roy, cotton-winder
 Lavers, J. Kingsbridge and Buckfast, woollen-manufacturer
 Leahy, D. Lawrence, Pountney-lane, merchant
 Lear, F. Bristol, butcher
 Lloyd, R. Liverpool, merchant
 Locke, S. Temple-place, Surrey, dealer
 Mc'Nae, T. Queen-square, merchant
 Matthews, T. Frith-street, stationer
 Meanley, R. Bloxwich, butcher
 Merrett, J. Arlington, cattle-dealer
 Metcalfe, W. Cranbourne-street, linen-draper
 Middlehurst, M. Wigan, shopkeeper
 Moss, M. West-square, merchant
 O'Brien, J. Broad-street-buildings, merchant
 Pell, W. Great Eastcheap, chemist
 Peters, J. Dorking, lime-burner
 Phillips, G. Argyle-street, manufacturer in bronze
 Powell, T. & W. Brown, Liverpool, merchants
 Pritchard, T. jun. Bristol, merchant
 Pritchard, W. & E. Beran, Bristol, merchants
 Riley, T. Wednesbury, carpenter
 Roakeley, J. Sheffield, grocer
 Roper, W. sen. and J. Roper, and W. Roper, jun. Eamens, cotton-spinners
 Sanders, R. Worcester, glove-manufacturer
 Saunders, J. & D. Gloucester, grocers
 Scholefield, J. Saddleworth, woollen-cord-manufacturer
 Sellers, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
 Slater, J. & R. Samlesbury-mill, cotton-spinners
 Snell, T. Rowley, J. & C. Gadderer, Linchouse, timber-merchants

Spitta, C. L. Camberwell, merchant
 Stanton, L. Drury-lane, cheesemonger
 Steadman, G. Vauxhall, Birmingham, victualler
 Stone, R. Floore, baker
 Sumner, H. St. Swithin's-lane, merchant
 Taylor, W. Salisbury Coffee-house, Durham-street

Watkins, E. York-street, tailor
 Watson, J. & P. Mills, Bishop Wearmouth, builders
 Watts, W. Manchester, calico-printer
 Whitworth, O. Bursal, basket-manufacturer
 Wilson, R. Bow-lane, warehouseman
 Wilson, H. Jun. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th October 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, M. & J. merchants, Paisley
 Anderson, W. ironmonger and merchant, Glasgow
 Andrew, M. & Son, bleachers, Glanderston, in the parish of Nealsion
 Auchae, J. & J. and Company, merchants, Glasgow, and Dollar, Auchie, and Company, merchants, Kingston, Jamaica
 Balfour, J. merchant, Kirkcaldy
 Carrick, J. dealer in china and earthen-ware, Glasgow
 Carmichael, D. merchant and general agent, Queen-street, Glasgow
 Edington, T. & Sons, of the Phoenix-foundry, Glasgow
 Ewing, W. cotton-yarn merchant and agent, Glasgow
 Hooper, J. & Company, brewers, Hutchisonstown, Glasgow, and J. Macdichan & Hugh Carswell, individual partners of said company
 Imrie, W. Wright and ship-owner, Meekven, parish of Methven, and county of Perth
 Johnston, W. grocer and spirit-dealer, Pleasance, Edinburgh
 Gardner, W. coal-merchant and brick and tile-maker, East Muir
 Graham, J. Jun. merchant, Glasgow
 Greig, W. carrier and leather-merchant, Dundee
 Gillespie Ferguson, T. & Company, merchants, Greenock
 M'Nab, J. potato-merchant, Dykchar, near Paisley
 M'Kenzie, G. boot and shoe-maker, Perth
 M'Brayne, D. & Company, manufacturers, Glasgow

M'Indoe, C. merchant, Glasgow
 M'Donald, N. one of the partners of R. M'Donald & Son, clothiers, Glasgow
 M'Farlane, T. & A. cotton-spinners in Bridgeton, near Glasgow
 M'Farlane, D. grocer, Glasgow
 Morrison and Watson, merchants, Glasgow, and bleachers at Milngavie, parish of New Kilpatrick
 Menzies, T. vintner, Glasgow
 Pollock, A. & J. cotton-yarn merchants, Paisley
 Rankine, J. merchant, Cowgate, Dundee
 Stark, W. merchant, Auchtermuchty

DIVIDENDS.

Arthur Bruce, Jun. bookseller and stationer Greenock; by William Scott, stationer here, 2d December—a dividend.
 Matthew Brown & Co. manufacturers, Glasgow; by John M'Gavin, accountant, Glasgow, 25d November
 William Forbes, merchant and ship-builder, Peterhead; by William Gamack, writer there, 1st December
 The Falkirk Union Bank; by James Russel, writer, Falkirk—a dividend of 2s. per pound on 27th November, to be paid at the Lyceum, Glasgow, 15th, 14th, and 15th December
 Ishmael Smith, merchant, Aberdeen; by William Kennedy, advocate, Aberdeen, 27th December
 George Speed, merchant, Perth; by George Johnston, merchant, Perth, 20th November

London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, Red	58	to 62	Boilers	50	to 52
Fine	62	to 65	Small Beans	54	to 0
Superfine	66	to 68	New	48	to 50
Es. White, new	58	to 62	Tick	48	to 0
Fine	64	to 68	Foreign	48	to 44
Superfine	70	to 72	Peas Oats	19	to 22
Old	78	to 82	Fine	22	to 23
Rye	30	to 32	Poland do.	23	to 25
Barley	32	to 34	Fine	26	to 28
Superfine	38	to 42	Fine	26	to 28
Malt	50	to 60	Flour, p. sack	60	to 65
Fine	68	to 76	Seconds	50	to 60
Hog Pease	47	to 51	North Country	50	to 60
Maple	51	to 53	Pollard	20	to 28
White, new	46	to 50	Bran	9	to 10

Seeds, &c.—Nov. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown	10	to 0	Hempseed	50	to 0
White	14	to 0	Linseed, crush.	50	to 65
Taros	15	to 0	New, for Seed	—	to —
Turnips	0	to 0	Ryegrass	36	to 0
New	10	to 16	Corn, Red	105	to 0
Yellow	0	to 0	White	105	to 0
Caraway	0	to 62	Coriander	16	to 18
Canary	100	to 0	Tyfield	70	to 0
New Rapeseed, £35 to £40					

Liverpool, Nov. 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.	10	6 to 11	Pease, for.	45	0 to 50
English	10	6 to 11	Rice, p. cwt.	0	0 to 0
Scotch	9	0 to 9	Flour, Eng.	54	0 to 56
Irish, new	8	0 to 9	Seconds	50	0 to 52
Dantle	9	0 to 10	Irish, 240 lb.	42	0 to 44
Weimar	9	0 to 10	Ameri. p. bl.	38	0 to 40
American	8	0 to 9	Sour do.	31	0 to 33
Quebec	8	0 to 9	Clover-seed, p. bush.	—	0 to 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	4	0 to 4	White	—	0 to 0
English, grand	4	0 to 4	Red	—	0 to 0
Malt	5	0 to 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	0 to 0
Irish	4	0 to 4	English	50	0 to 54
Scotch	4	0 to 4	Scotch	28	0 to 50
Foreign	4	0 to 4	Irish	24	0 to 26
Malt p. gals.	10	0 to 11	Butter, Beef, &c.		
Rye, for.	36	0 to 38	Butter, per cwt.	s.	d.
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	0 to 0	Bolton	93	to 0
English	3	4 to 5	Newry	88	to 0
Scotch pots.	3	4 to 5	Waterford, new	0	to 0
Welsh	3	4 to 5	Cork, 3d	80	to 0
Irish, new	3	2 to 3	Pickled	90	to 0
old	3	2 to 3	Beef, p. tierce	85	to 95
Common	3	1 to 3	p. barrel	53	to 63
Foreign	2	10 to 3	Pork, p. brl.	90	to 98
Beans, pr qr.	—	0 to 0	Hams, dry,	61	to 66
English	46	0 to 54	Bacon	—	0 to 0
Irish	41	0 to 46	Short middles	0	to 0
Pease, per quar.	—	0 to 0	Long	70	to 0
Boiling	45	0 to 50	New Rapeseed	£51	to £60

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 23d Oct. 1819.

Wheat, 66s. 9d.—Rye, 42s. 7d.—Barley, 58s. 3d.—Oats, 25s. 3d.—Beans, 47s. 7d.—Pease, 43s. 1d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 26s. 3d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Oct. 1819.

Wheat, 58s. 11d.—Rye, 44s. 8d.—Barley, 33s. 0d.—Oats, 24s. 6d.—Beans, 39s. 3d.—Pease, 39s. 5d.
Beer or Big, 29s. 11d.—Oatmeal, 19s. 9d.

EDINBURGH.—Nov. 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....27s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.
2d,.....33s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.
3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 13 : 0d.

Tuesday, Nov. 2.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	. . . Os. 9d. to Os. 10d.
Mutton	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	. . . Os. 8d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 0d. to 3s. 6d.	Butter, per lb.	. . . 1s. 5d. to Os. 0d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to Os. 10d.	New Salt ditto	. . . 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto, per stone	. . . 18s. 0d. to 20s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	Os. 0d. to 5s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	. . . 1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Nov. 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....36s. 6d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....33s. 6d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 9 : 9-12ths.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE temperature of the month of October has been very variable. On the 1st it rose to 62, and on the 4th, it was not higher than 59. On the 10th, it was as high as 63, and not lower than 55 during the night; but after that period it never again reached 60. During the last ten days it sunk frequently below the freezing point, and seldom rose higher than 44. The mean of the whole month, as compared with that of October 1818 and 1817, is more than 5 degrees lower than the former, and 5½ higher than the latter. It may be regarded therefore as about the average for the season, and nearly the mean annual temperature. Spring water is a fraction of a degree higher than during the corresponding month of last year. The barometer, with a few exceptions, has been steady, and the average considerably above the mean annual height. Between the 1st and the 3d of the month, there fell about an inch of rain, after which the daily fluctuations of the barometer, for two days, were nearly half an inch. On the 8th and 9th, a sudden depression took place, which was followed on the 11th and 12th by a fall of rain exceeding 2½ inches. Between the 18th and 20th, the mercury sunk from 30.1 to 29.4, and on the 19th there fell a quarter of an inch of rain. The only other remarkable depression of the barometer took place on the 22d, and was succeeded by several days of blowing stormy weather. The 24th was exceedingly boisterous, with hurricanes of snow from the north. From the prevalence of north-east winds, the hygrometer indicated considerable dryness. The mean point of deposition is about a degree and a half below the mean minimum temperature, and 8 degrees below that of October last year. The mean of the daily extreme temperatures is again lower than that of 10 morning and evening; but the difference is only two-tenths of a degree. It is worthy of remark, that, at 10, on the evening of the 10th, the day preceding that on which the heavy fall of rain took place, the temperature rose to 63, which was higher than it ever was at any other period during the month. The fact is, no doubt, to be accounted for from the sudden extrication of heat by the condensation of a great quantity of vapour.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tvy, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

OCTOBER 1819.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.		Degrees.	THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,		51.9	Maximum,	10th day,	63.0
..... cold,		40.5	Minimum,	31st	26.5
..... temperature, 10 A. M.		47.6	Lowest maximum,	28th	41.0
..... 10 P. M.		45.2	Highest minimum,	19th	55.5
..... of daily extremes,		48.2	Highest, 10 A. M.,	3d	60.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.		46.4	Lowest ditto,	31st	31.5
..... 4 daily observations,		46.3	Highest, 10 P. M.	10th	65.0
Whole range of thermometer,		352.0	Lowest ditto,	31st	25.0
Mean daily ditto,		52.2	Greatest range in 24 hours,	20th	3.0
..... temperature of spring water,		52.2	Least ditto,	11th	3.0
BAROMETER.		Inches.	BAROMETER.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 53)		29.704	Highest, 10 A. M.	17th	30.225
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 53)		29.739	Lowest ditto,	23d	29.280
..... both, (temp. of mer. 53)		29.721	Highest, 10 P. M.	17th	30.230
Whole range of barometer,		6.160	Lowest ditto,	22d	29.225
Mean ditto, during the day,		.093	Greatest range in 24 hours,	5th	.460
..... night,		.105	Least ditto,	28th	.030
..... in 24 hours,		.198	HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
HYGROMETER.		Degrees.	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	24th	27.0
Rain in inches,		4.015 Lowest ditto,	28th	2.0
Evaporation in ditto,		1.430 Highest, 10 P. M.	20th	25.0
Mean daily Evaporation,		.048 Lowest ditto,	12th	1.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.		14.2	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M.	1st	57.2
..... 10 P. M.		11.3 Lowest ditto,	21st	17.8
..... both,		12.7 Highest, 10 P. M.	10th	57.6
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.		39.5 Lowest ditto,	20th	15.4
..... 10 P. M.		38.4 Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M.	12th	97.0
..... both,		38.9 Least ditto,	24th	49.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.		77.7 Greatest, 10 P. M.	12th	99.0
..... 10 P. M.		80.2 Least ditto,	20th	47.0
..... both,		78.9 Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M.	1st	.307
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.		.187 Least ditto,	21st	.083
..... 10 P. M.		.180 Greatest, 10 P. M.	10th	.309
..... both,		.183 Least ditto,	20th	.076

Fair days, 19; rainy days, 12. Wind west of meridian, 23; east of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at five o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Oct. 1	M. 61	29.191	M. 61	S. W.	Rain foren.	Oct. 17	M. 41	29.999	M. 49	N. W.	Clear.
	A. 47½	.294	A. 59	S. W.	fair aftern.		A. 32	30.102	A. 48	N. W.	Clear.
2	M. 57	.230	M. 59	S. W.	Showery.	18	M. 47	29.980	M. 48	N. W.	Fair, cold.
	A. 51	.246	A. 58	S. W.	Showery.		A. 36	.875	A. 49	N. W.	Fair fore.
3	M. 58	.242	M. 58	S. W.	Showery.	19	M. 53	.681	M. 52	N. W.	rain aftern.
	A. 51	.185	A. 58	N. E.	Rain foren.		A. 46	.377	A. 54	N. W.	Do. fore.
4	M. 42	.236	M. 50	N. E.	fair aftern.	20	M. 47	.206	M. 54	Cble.	hail aftern.
	A. 39½	.498	A. 46	N. W.	Cloudy.		A. 45½	.272	A. 50	Cble.	Clear, cold.
5	M. 42	.690	M. 46	N. W.	Cloudy.	21	M. 29	.296	M. 21	N.	Ditto.
	A. 45	.727	A. 47	W.	Cloudy.		A. 26	.294	A. 39	N.	Ditto.
6	M. 50	.345	M. 49	W.	Clear.	22	M. 38	.137	M. 39	N.	Ditto.
	A. 41	.385	A. 51	W.	Clear.		A. 26	.115	A. 42	N.	Ditto.
7	M. 50	.335	M. 50	W.	Clear.	23	M. 44	.107	M. 44	N.	Ditto.
	A. 48	.555	A. 51	W.	Cloudy.		A. 36	.112	M. 41	N. E.	Cloudy, cold
8	M. 48	.674	M. 49	W.	Cloudy.	24	M. 39	.337	M. 41	N. E.	Frosty.
	A. 40½	.674	A. 53	S.	Showery.		A. 34½	.380	A. 38	N. E.	Ditto.
9	M. 59	.428	M. 57	S.	Showery.	25	M. 40	.441	M. 40	N. E.	Ditto.
	A. 50	.900	A. 58	S.	Clear.		A. 32	.533	A. 44	N. E.	Ditto.
10	M. 56	.356	M. 60	S.	Clear.	26	M. 35	.531	M. 44	N. E.	Ditto.
	A. 49½	.383	A. 63	S.	Rain.		A. 28	.608	A. 59	N. E.	Ditto.
11	M. 56	.669	M. 59	S.	Rain.	27	M. 40	.755	M. 49	E.	Ditto.
	A. 49	.670	A. 58	S. W.	Clear.		A. 32½	.573	A. 40	W.	Ditto.
12	M. 56	.750	M. 58	S. W.	Clear.	28	M. 37	.612	M. 39	E.	Very stormy,
	A. 52½	.750	A. 58	S. W.	Cloudy.		A. 27½	.612	A. 38	E.	sleef & hail.
13	M. 55	.546	M. 58	S. W.	Cloudy.	29	M. 37	.567	M. 39	E.	Show, cold.
	A. 50	.658	A. 57	W.	Cloudy.		A. 28	.672	A. 39	E.	Cloudy.
14	M. 54	.792	M. 58	W.	Cloudy.	30	M. 37	.764	M. 38	E.	
	A. 48	.982	A. 56	N. W.	Clear, cold.		A. 30	.804	A. 39	E.	
15	M. 52	.999	M. 55	N. W.	Clear, cold.	31	M. 35	.820	M. 40	E.	
	A. 42	.976	A. 55				A. 30	.796	A. 39		
16	M. 44	.980	M. 52								
	A. 38	.911	A. 50								

Average of Rain, 5.7 inches.

Assist. Surg. Kehoc, Staff Med. Dep. with Assist.
Surg. Brisbane, h. p. 32 F.
— Lloyd, Staff Med. Dep. with Assist.
Surg. Ross, h. p. 99 F.
— Stewart, Staff Med. Dep. with Assist.
Surg. Ligertwood, h. p. 12 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Spring, 57 F.
— Davenport, 3 Dr.
Major Maclean, 75 F.
Captain Bell, 60 F.
— Rankin, 76 F.
Lieut. Walker, 2 Dr.
— Burton, 19 Dr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Dep. Inspes. Higgins, from h. p.
Staff Surgeon McGlashan, do.
Paymaster Ledingham, 1 W. I. R.

Superseded.

District Paym. Nangle, at Edinburgh, from 1 Aug.
1819.

Deaths.

General Duke of Richmond, K. G. 55 F. Gov. of
Plymouth, in Canada 28 Aug. 1819
Lt. Gen. Waller, late of 3 Dr. Bath July
Colonel Hill, 50 F. Jamaica
Lt. Col. Blayney, 92 F. Jamaica 28 Aug.
— Sparrow, h. p. 61 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. Ja-
maica 22 do.
— O'Dell, 25 Dr. 7 April
Major Rowe, 50 F. Jamaica 3 Aug.
— Coome, h. p. 73 F. Kandy, Ceylon 5 Jan.
— Browne, 67 F. on passage from India on
board the Malabar 4 June
— Montgomery, 50 F. Jamaica 11 Aug.
— Alex. Brown, R. Mar.
Capt. McGachan, 22 F.
— Scott, h. p. 67 F. Bombay 28 Jan.
— Portbury, 53 F. Trichinopoly, Madras
50 do.

— Grant, 1 F. Taulnah, Madras 13 Oct. 1817
— Krauchenberg, late 2 Hussars, Germ. Leg.
— Wibner, Adj. to 1st Surrey Militia
Lieut. A Stewart, 17 F. Bengal 22 March 1819
— M'Bean, 75 F. Ceylon 6 Jan.
— M'Donnell, 92 F. Jamaica 14 Aug.
— Mackie, Adj. 92 F. do. 28 do.
— Marsh, 1 Bat. 60 F. Quebec 5 July
— North, 50 F. Jamaica 10 Aug.
— Richardson, 50 F. do. 11 do.
— Lyon, Adj. do. do. 18 do.
— Caddell, 86 F. on board the Coleomba Trans-
port on passage from India 20 April
— J. Campbell, 86 F. do. 31 Aug.
— Battersby, h. p. 50 F. do. 1 May.
— Rice, 1 W. I. R. Dominica 10 April
— Wilkinson, 1 Ceylon Reg. Colombo 7 Mar.
— Logan, h. p. 80 F. do. 10 Feb.
— Parson, 75 F. Ceylon
Cornet Ellman, 17 Dr.
Ensign Barlow, 50 F. Jamaica 11 Aug.
— Chaffers, 2 W. I. R. Bahamas 22 June
— Power, do. do. 4 July
Paym. Darley, 62 F. Halifax, N. S. 19 Aug.
— Montgomery, 50 F. Jamaica do.
Adjutant Watson, Westmoreland Militia.
Quarter-Master Adams, R. H. Gds. 17 Oct.
— Handschildt, late 2 Huss. Ger. Leg. 10 May

Commissariat Department.

Hardy, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Jamaica 7 June
S. Macdonnell, do. Trinidad 30 July

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. J. Brown, (late As. Sur. 50 F.) Jamaica
23 Aug.

— Wastell, h. p.
— Hinkell, h. p.

Surg. Cotton, h. p. 22 F.
Hoep, Assist. Alcock, Jamaica 4 Aug.

Rev. G. Wright, officiating Chaplain, Halifax, N. S.
Rev. T. Humberston, officiating Chaplain, Jamu-
ca 9 Aug.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.**BIRTHS.**

Sept. 1. At Cornhill, near Aberdeen, Mrs Young,
a son.
3. At Dundas-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Bridges, a
daughter.
16. At Florence, the lady of Roderick M'Neil,
Esq. a daughter.
17. At London, the lady of G. H. Freeling, Esq.
of the General Post-office, a son.
21. At Bonjettward-house, Mrs Jerdon, a son.
22. At Pitttrichie-house, Mrs M'Kenzie, Pitt-
trichie, a son.
24. In Charlotte-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Arbuth-
not, a daughter.
25. At Young-street, Charlotte-square, Edin-
burgh, the lady of Captain William Marshall, of
the Honourable East India Company's service, a
daughter.
26. At Melsetter, the lady of Robert Heddle,
Esq. of Melsetter, a son.
27. At Sunbury, Mrs Haig, a son.
30. At the house of his Majesty's Envoy at Ber-
lin, the lady of George Sholto Douglas, Esq. secre-
tary of legation at that court, a daughter.
— At Old Montrose, Roxburghshire, Mrs Legge,
a son.
Oct. 1. The lady of Major Nickle, 88th regi-
ment, a son.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs Colonel Maxwell, a son.
2. The lady of Captain James, of the 2d or
R. N. B. Dragoons, a daughter.
3. At Dublin, her Excellency the Countess Tal-
bot, a son.
— At Lochmalohy, the lady of Major Horsburgh,
a son.
— At King's-place, Leith-walk, Mrs Captain
M'Vicar, R. N. a daughter.
4. At Foss, Mrs Stewart of Foss, a son.
5. In Great Wellington-street, the lady of Capt.
Romer, royal artillery, a daughter.
6. At New, Mrs Dr Forbes, Strathdon, a son.
8. At Lochmaw-castle, Lady Agnew, a son.

10. At George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of the
Rev. H. Wastell of Newbrough, Northumberland,
a daughter.

11. The Countess of Jersey, a son.

12. At Georgefield, Mrs Rutherford, a daughter.
14. At Paris, the lady of Alexander M. Hamil-
ton, Esq. of the Retreat, in Devonshire, and of
Hullerhurst, in Ayrshire, a daughter.

15. Mrs Morehead, wife of the Rev. R. More-
head, a daughter.

16. Lady William Russell, a son and heir.
17. At Tunbridge-wells, the lady of Lieut. Col.
Brownrigg, a son.

— At Forth-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Lyon, a
daughter.
— At Boath, Lady Dunbar of Boath, a son and
heir.

— At George's-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Alex.
Ross, a son.

20. At Hoptoun-house, the Countess of Hope-
toun, a son.

21. At Tayside, Mrs Dawson, a son.

Lately—The wife of Mr Spencer Ivson of Dike-
head, formerly of Jerrestown, of twins, being the
fourth time of her double accouchment.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 30. The Hon. Henry Caulfield of Hock-
ley-lodge, county of Armagh, only brother to the
Earl of Charlinott, to Elizabeth Margaret Browne,
second daughter of Dodwell Browne of Rabines,
Esq. county of Mayo, grand-daughter of Sir Neal
O'Donel, Bart. deceased, and niece to Lady Moly-
neux of Castle Dillon, county of Armagh.

Sept. 8. At Gretna-green, and at St Andrew's-
church, Holborn, on the 4th October, W. Plomer,
Esq. son of the late Sir William Plomer, to Cath-
arine Wilhelmina, only daughter of William Pagan,
Esq. York-place, Edinburgh.

14. At Abbey of Luce, Dr James Anderson, phy-
sician, Belfast, to Jane, daughter of the Rev. Wil-
liam Learmont.

21. At Cupar, Mr John Anderson, to Miss Ann Allan, only daughter of Mr D. Allan.

— At the British Ambassador's at Paris, Captain George Tyler, R. N. son of Vice-Admiral Sir Chas. Tyler, K.C.B. of Cottrell, Glamorganshire, to Miss Sullivan, daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan of Ritchings-lodge, Bucks.

23. At Mary-la-bone-church, Lionel John William Manners, Esq. eldest son of Sir William Manners, Bart. of Beckminster-park, Lincolnshire, to Maria Elizabeth, eldest daughter of S. Toone, Esq. of Reston-lodge, Kent.

27. At Kelso, Mr George Jerdon, writer, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Smith, writer.

28. Dr Daniel M'Allan, to Ann, only surviving daughter of Mr Alexander M'Kenzie, late merchant in Glasgow.

— At Kinnoulltree, Sir James Dalrymple Hay, Bart. of Park-place, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hector Maxwell, Bart. of Springhill.

29. At Abergele, James Robertson Bruce, Esq. eldest son of Sir Henry Hervey Aston Bruce, Bart. of Downhill, in the county of Londonderry, to Miss Ellen Bamford Hesketh, youngest daughter of the late R. Bamford Hesketh, Esq. of Gwyrych-hall, in the county of Denbigh, and of Bamford-hall, in the county palatine of Lancaster.

30. At Paris, Wincheombe Henry Hartley, Esq. late judge at the Cape of Good Hope, to Mary, daughter and sole heiress of the late Wilbraham Harris, Esq. of Rosewarren-house.

Oct. 2. At Brighton, Robert Lewis, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir Richard Onslow, Bart. G.C.B. an admiral of the red, and lieutenant-general of marines.

4. Robert Allan, Esq. surgeon, to Mrs Sophia Bertram, daughter of the late Rev. Dr Thomas Hardy, professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the ministers of the city.

— At Leith, Joseph Johnstone, Esq. merchant, Dundee, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Coldstream, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Stewarton-mouse, Mr John Torrance, surgeon, Kilmaronock, to Janet, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Douglas.

5. At Mary-la-bonne-church, London, Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor, to Charlotte Albina, eldest daughter of the late Edward Disbrow, Esq.

— At Teignmouth, Devonshire, John Cave, Esq. of Brently-house, Gloucestershire, to Catharine Margaret Strachan, daughter of John Strachan, Esq. of Thornton, county of Stirling.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Boak, tanner, to Helen, daughter of the late Mr James Aikman, jun. distiller, House of Muir.

6. At Monks Kirby, Warwickshire, Sir Francis Brian Hill, K. T. S. son of Sir John Hill, Bart. of Hawkestone-park, Shropshire, to Emily Lasy, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Powys of Berwick-house, Esq.

8. In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Archibald James Hamilton, Esq. younger of Dalzell, to Margaret Sibella, second daughter of William Ramsay, Esq. banker.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Roughhead, to Margaret, daughter of Mr James Stevenson, merchant.

10. At London, Charles Bertram, Esq. of New Bond-street, to Ann, youngest daughter of Thomas Price, Esq. of Wahan, Herefordshire.

11. At Halliul, in Rutshire, William Filder, Esq. dep.-com.-general of the forces, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Wilson, Esq. of Halliul.

— At Locheuback, David Irving, Esq. surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company, to Margaret, daughter of William Brown, Esq. of Linton.

12. At Paneras-church, William S. Cumming, Esq. surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's service, to Ann, second daughter of John Stewart, Esq. of Burton-croft.

14. At Wakeot-church, Bath, Henry Andrews Drummond, Esq. commander of the Honourable East India Company's ship Castle Huntly, to Maria, only daughter of the late Captain William James Turquand, R. N.

15. At Glasgow, Mr James Tait, Hailes, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Mark Halliburton of Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Wm Forman, Esq. surgeon in Shields, to Anne, youngest daughter of Mr W. Bellingall, of the London Shipping Co.'s smack Superb.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Kay, Mains, Linlithgow, to Miss Margaret Wilson of that place.

— At Dalkeith, Mr James Alexander, agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland, to Katherine, youngest daughter of Dr Andrew Graham.

16. At Hampstead, John Lloyd Wardel, Esq. of Downshire-hill, to Mary, eldest daughter of James Davidson, Esq. of the same place.

— At Mary-la-bonne-church, Lieutenant-Colonel Gubbins, of the 75th regiment of foot, to Mary, third daughter of the late Peter Breton, Esq.

18. At Wiston, Leicestershire, the seat of Sir Henry Halford, Bart. Frederick, eldest son of the Hon. John Coventry, and nephew of the Earl of Coventry, to Louisa, only daughter of Sir Henry Halford.

— At St Mary-la-bonne, Captain Jeffrey Selvin, of the 4th, or King's own regiment, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late William Strong, Esq. of Montagu-place.

— At Gartrees, George Meek, Esq. of Campfield, to Jessie, second daughter of John Hough of Gartrees, Esq.

19. At Edinburgh, William Whyte, merchant, Leith, to Margaret, daughter of the late Robert Miller of Maitland, Dumbarton-shire.

20. At Windyminns, East Lothian, Mr William Staver, Greenhead, to Marion, eldest daughter of Mr Archibald Park.

22. Mr William Young, merchant, Leith, to Miss Betsy Ferguson, eldest daughter of Mr James Ferguson, merchant there.

DEATHS.

Feb. 17. At New South Wales, Dugald M'Dougall, Esq. commander of the Tottenham East Indian, son of the late Allan M'Dougall, Esq. writer to the signet.

May 2. At Santara, in the East Indies, in his 52d year, after an illness of seven hours, caught by infection, whilst administering relief to a poor native, Alexander Gordon, Esq. surgeon on the Bombay establishment, eldest son of the late Rev. Dr Gordon, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

June 29. In the Island of Jamaica, Mr Angus Ferguson, son of the Rev. John Ferguson, minister of Uphall, aged 19 years.

July 18. At Rio Bueno, Jamaica, Mr Cha. Bruce of Musselburgh.

26. At Belfield Plantation, Demerara, Mr George Reid, son of the late James Reid, Esq. of Ardech.

Aug. 6. At Kingston, Jamaica, after three days illness of yellow fever, in the 24th year of his age, Mr John Morrison, surgeon, second son of Mr Jas. Morrison, White Hart inn, Dalkeith.

25. At the Lodge St Vincent, George Whitfield, Esq.

27. At his house of Balranald, in Skye, Donald M'Donald, Esq. of Balranald, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

28. At Up Park Camp, Jamaica, of yellow fever, after an illness of forty-eight hours, Lieut. George Mackie, 92d regiment.—Lieut. Mackie was the sixth surviving son of the late Mr William Mackie, Ormiston, East Lothian.—He began his military life as ensign in the 92d regiment, or Gordon Highlanders, in which he served for the period of eleven years, the last four of which he filled the situation of adjutant to the corps.—He was present with this distinguished regiment during the campaigns in Portugal and Spain and shared its glory in the field of Waterloo, where it made itself so conspicuous—where all were brave.—There he received a wound, from the effects of which he was continuing to suffer at the time of his decease. Mild in his temper, but ardent in his affections, eager, so far as his power extended, to promote the happiness of others, Lieutenant Mackie was, in his turn, a favourite with all—while his keen sense of honour, and the refinement of his manners, made love be always mingled with respect. In the affairs of life there is generally a combination of circumstances, and favourable conjuncture of events, without the aid of which merit is left comparatively obscure; but in the clearness of his perception, in the soundness of his judgment, his evincing discharge of duty, and the anxiety he evinced to rise in his profession, there was enough to warrant the conclusion, that had life been spared, and a wider field opened for exertion, he would have left behind him a more

unperishing memorial than the affectionate regrets of his admiring friends.

Sept. 2. At her father's house at Aberdeen, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with the most exemplary patience and pious resignation, in her 27th year, Mary Ann, wife of Mr Jonathan Morison, merchant.

17. At Dalkeith, Mrs Ebenezer Scott.

— In the 89th year of his age, Joseph Sanders, Esq. the principal partner in the Exeter-bank.

— At Belfast, Robert Bradshaw, banker, and president of the Chamber of Commerce in that town.

— At Potsdam, John Gibson, Esq. eldest son of the late W. Gibson, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

18. On board the Cornwall Indiaman, near the port of Liverpool, Mr Daniel Edward M'Cormick, surgeon, third son of the late Edward M'Cormick, Esq. advocate, sheriff-depute of Ayrshire, and solicitor of tacks for Scotland.

— At Berryhill, Mrs M'Lean, wife of Captain Hector M'Lean, late of the 42d regiment.

19. At Glasgow, Mrs Margaret Gillespie, wife of Mr Robert Shirreff, merchant there.

— At Haddington, in the 44th year of his age, John Welsh, Esq. surgeon there, after an illness of four days, supposed to be occasioned from an infection caught during his humane attendance on a poor person.

20. At Meadow-place, Mary Borthwick, infant daughter of Mr Laurence Butlers, seal-engraver.

— Mrs Erskine, wife of William Erskine, Esq. of Kinelder, advocate.

— At Montrose, after a very lingering and painful illness, which he bore with great fortitude and resignation, Mr Robert Baird, one of the public teachers in that place.

22. At Barley-wood, near Bristol, aged 72, Martha, the benevolent sister of the justly celebrated Mrs Hannah More.

— In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, London, Mrs Caldwell, wife of Admiral Caldwell.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Robertson, engraver, who has rung the music bells of this city for many years.

— At Crookston, George Borthwick, Esq. second son of John Borthwick, Esq. of Crookston.

24. At Gravesend, on his passage from London to Inverness, Mr William Ettles, bookseller in Inverness.

— At Englefield-green, Colonel Sir Felton Hervey, Bart. aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent, secretary to the Duke of Wellington, and lieutenant-colonel of the 14th dragoons.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr George Voell, writer.

— At Waterford, Mrs Chambers, widow of the late Mr John Chambers of Lady-lane, and mother-in-law of Mr Kean the actor.

26. At his seat, Moccas-court, in the county of Hereford, Sir George Cornwall, Bart. in the 71st year of his age.

— At Linsithgow, Mrs Jane Hewit, wife of Thos. Spens, Esq. collector of Excise.

27. At Morningside, Mr Robert Sprot.

— At Dumfries, at an advanced age, Mr James Buchanan, glover, who, though only a journeyman, from great parsimony and frugality, amassed nearly £2000.

28. At Blackstone, Miss Napier, sen. aged 76.

29. At Wharton-place, Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas Bell, Esq.

— At Buccleugh-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Moffat, wife of Mr Robert Moffat, one of the mace-bearers of the Court of Session.

30. At Clifton, Lieut.-Col. Richard Thompson, formerly of the 68th regiment. This gallant officer lost his right arm at the siege of Flushing in 1809, which obliged him to retire from the army.

— At Annan, Ann, second daughter of John Little, Esq. provost of that burgh.

Oct. 2. At her house in Queensferry-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Robertson, daughter of the late Rev. Francis Robertson, minister of Clyne, in Sutherlandshire.

— Hugh W. Gairner, infant son of Mr Campbell Gardner, Dundas-street, Edinburgh.

— At the manse of Aberlady, the Rev. Andrew Kemp, minister of that parish.

— At St Andrews, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs Magdalene Monypenny.

— At Drimvich, Mrs Campbell of Balliveolan.

— At her house at Wumbleton, Gertrude Brand, Baroness Dacre. By her ladyship's demise, Mr Brand, her son, the present member for the county of Herts, succeeds to the title and estates, in consequence of which there is now a vacancy for the county.

3. At his house, North Berwick, Mr Francis Buchanan.

— At his house in Plough-court, Fetter-lane, London, after a few days illness, which he bore with exemplary patience and resignation, Mr John Stalker, printer, aged 64. He was universally beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

4. At Society, near Hopetoun-house, Mr John Lyon, in the 87th year of his age.

— At Southwick, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Clementina, daughter of the late Hugh Baillie, Esq.

5. At Vevay, in Switzerland, Lord Sonerville. His lordship, it is said, will be buried in Gloucestershire. He was one of the greatest agriculturists in Great Britain.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr John Porteous, student of medicine, aged 19.

— At Gourrock-bay, Duncan M'Keller, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

7. At Crieff, Mary Drummond, wife of Mr David Porteous, distiller.

8. At Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs M' Rae Smith, widow of the late Captain Robert Gairdner, of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal artillery.

— At Scotstoun, George Oswald, Esq. of Auchencroft, aged 84.

9. At Edinburgh, Maj.-Gen. Dewar of Gilsten.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Captain Livingston.

10. At Cnigrothie, Oliver Gourlay, Esq. in his 80th year.

— At Garngad-hill, near Glasgow, Mr Joseph Shearer, late quartermaster of the royal artillery.

11. At Glasgow, Mrs Hamilton, widow of Archibald Hamilton, Esq.

— In the Dock-yard, Portsmouth, Capt. Wainwright, governor of the Royal Navy College, which appointment he only enjoyed since the promotion of Admiral Gifford, about ten days.

12. At Langhorne, Carmarthenshire, John Langhorne, Esq. vice-admiral of the white.

13. In the 34th year of her age, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr M'Leod, rector of St Arne's, Westminster; and on the 30th of August 1841, in the 5th year of his age, his grandson, Roderick M'Leod.

14. At Coats, near Airdrie, Janet Baird, spouse of Thomas Jackson.

15. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Mr William Hunter, spirit-dealer, High-street.

— At Portobello, Charles Stewart, Esq. of Boreland, merchant in Edinburgh, in the 28th year of his age.

— At Bridgend, the Rev. Robert Kay, one of the ministers of Perth.

— At Oxford, in the 39th year of his age, Rich. Reade, Esq. of Kilkenny, Ireland.

21. At Edinburgh, John Arthur, sixty years servant to Mrs Stuart of Kirkbrahead, aged 88.

— At Edinburgh, James, infant son of Maevye Napier, W.S.

Lately—At Brussels, at an advanced age, Lord Edward Bentinck, brother to the late and uncle to the present Duke of Portland.

Of the gout in the stomach, John Annesley M'Kercher Shee, Esq. formerly of St James's-place, the original founder and institutor of the Benevolent Society of St Patrick.

At Cupar Fife, after a tedious illness, Miss Mary Shanks, second daughter of Mr Archibald Shanks, residing in the State of New York, United States of America.

At Southend, Essex, Benjamin Moseley, M.D. physician to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea.

At Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Marg. Scott, second daughter of James Borthwick, Esq. merchant, Leith.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

No XXXIII.

DECEMBER 1819.

VOL. VI.

Contents.

Literary Pocket-Book.....	235	On the Nature of the Imitative Prin-	
Hora Germanicæ. No II. <i>The Ance-</i>		ciple, and some other Faculties, point-	
<i>ress; a Tragedy. By Grillparzer</i>	247	ed out by Gall and Spurzheim. <i>By</i>	
The Radical's Saturday-Night.....	257	<i>Peter Morris, M. D.</i>	309
Ivanhoe.....	262	Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and	
Extracts from the "Historia Major" of		Galloway Song.....	314
Matthew Paris, Monk of St Albans		The Clydesdale Yeoman's Return. An	
(Continued from page 88).....	273	excellent new Ballad to the Tune of	
Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of		<i>Grammachree</i> , by Dr Scott.....	321
Edinburgh. No II. <i>Viator's Letters</i>		The Warder. No II.....	323
<i>on the History and Progress of the</i>		The Warder. No III.....	331
<i>Fine Arts</i> —LETTER II.....	276	LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	
Boxiana; or, Sketches of Pugilism. <i>By</i>		INTELLIGENCE.....	341
<i>One of the Fancy.</i> No V.....	279	WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.....	343
Cotton's "Voyage to Ireland.".....	284	MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICA-	
Remarks on some of our late Numbers;		TIONS.....	346
by a liberal Whig.....	288	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
On the Military Errors of the Duke of		Commercial Report.....	351
Wellington, by Odoherty.....	291	Appointments, Promotions, &c.....	355
On the Discovery of the Remains of Ro-		Meteorological Report.....	356
bert Bruce.....	297	Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	358
Letter from the Arctic Land Expedition.....	305		
Letter relative to the late Dr Gordon.....	307		

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LITERARY POCKET-BOOK.*

THIS is the very age of wonders ; so not to be outdone by any of our contemporaries, we propose now doing a truly wonderful thing—namely, in good earnest to laud a production of Mr Leigh Hunt's. That ingenious person has got frequent trimmings from "gruff old General Inward," all of which, we verily believe, were intended for his good—and during the absence of the General from this country, (he is now at Vienna with Lord Byron and Mr Moore) it gives us pleasure to notify the amendment both in morals and manners of his protégée. Our present Number, too, will appear in London on New Year's Day—and we cannot suffer a single snarl to disturb, on that auspicious morning, the serenity of our metropolitan subscribers. Mr Hunt, we understand, does not take in our Magazine, but he generally contrives to get a peep at it at our friend Ollier's or elsewhere, and whatever he may sometimes hint to the contrary in the Examiner, he knows very well that it is the very best Magazine he ever saw or can hope to see in this world. Stolen pleasures are sweet, so are smuggled goods—and we cannot help envying Mr Hunt those secret snatches of delight which once a month he enjoys within the sheets of our Miscellany. We think we see him left alone with it in a room for a few moments. He ogles it—he leers upon it—he "siddles" up to it with deep and burning blushes, like a turkey-cock at a bit of scarlet—he encircles it a-

gain and again in rotatory and amatory motion—till at last he bounces upon it, and rifles all its sweetness. Afraid of being seen by mortal eye, he then "flings it like a noisome weed away," hurries to Hampstead—and when city and suburbs are all ringing with her praises—Mr Hunt alone, false and faithless ingrate, (is there no punishment on earth for perjured lovers?) slights the peerless beauty of the North.

All this is exceedingly absurd—but we are of a truly forgiving disposition, and cheerfully pardon all Mr Hunt's manifold transgressions against ourselves. His other sins of immorality, sedition, and impiety, we leave for the present to those dread twins, REMORSE and REPENTANCE.

But now for the Literary Pocket-Book. Many people are in the habit of jotting down little memoranda of their daily thoughts, occurrences, and engagements—some on the backs of calling cards—and some on scraps of letters—while the wiser part of mankind carry about on their persons, for that especial purpose, a little natty clasped 24mo, something about the bulk and shape of a medium whig snuff-box. For our own parts we do not now venture on such sort of autobiography. There is something very fearful in the thought of losing the table of contents of one's brain for a whole year. To drop such a synopsis into a lake or the sea, would be all very well, for it would amuse Neptune and the mermaids—but we could not suspect and live, that it had been picked up by some old fierce tab-

* The Literary Pocket-Book ; or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art. London. Ollier. 1819-20.

by—some greedy gossip of threescore—who would introduce it to the shrivelled sisterhood with the second cup of tea, and reads aloud, in a sour voice, choice passages, with a direful caterwauling accompaniment. “Where was the vile wretch on Thursday night?” “What can the fulsome fellow mean by $\frac{1}{4}$ past 9. Di: Lu: call on M. S. 3 pair of stairs—left hand—knocker—Mrs L.—brass plate—Little’s Po: Rimini—Play Tick: oysters—Mull: P?” Suppose that our diary should fall into the hands of some popular preacher. What comfort could there be in sitting in church to hear Sunday after Sunday the most pointed allusions made to the most secret transactions of our lives? What if the Rev. Mr Terrot,* for example, should all at once find himself in possession of the whole annual income of the brain of the Editor of this Magazine? A twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery would be nothing to such a treasure. He would huddle it into his bosom—he would sleep with it below his pillow—he would rise at midnight and gloat over it by rush-light—scraps of it would slip into his sermons—it would colour the whole style of his epistolary correspondence—he would throw aside for ever his “Common Sense”—he would set Constable’s Magazines on fire.

In short, we should feel as useless and unhappy with such a diary in our pocket, as a country gentleman in the pit of Drury Lane with bills to a vast amount. Our uneasiness would increase from day to day. We could endure the month of January;—in February our trepidation would be visible to our friends;—in March our looks would be wild;—April would see us in sore distress;—in May we would make a desperate effort to get rid of the cause of our distemper;—and in June we would send our Literary Pocket-Book to slumber for ever in oblivion, with seventeen pamphlets of James Grahame, and one old snoring number of my grandmother’s Review.

The truth is, that we have such good memories we do not require memoranda. We absolutely forget nothing. Will the public believe us

when we say, that we recollect more than one sentence of Macvey Napier’s Essay on Lord Bacon? We offer to bet fifty pounds that we commit to memory, in three days, the leading article in Colburn’s last Magazine, without omitting a single word of bad grammar! We will undertake three pages of Johnny Keates’ Endymion within the week—and that Julius Cæsar Scaliger may for ever hide his head, we offer to bet a series of Blackwood against a series of the Edinburgh Review (immense odds), that we commit to memory, in a single afternoon, that part of Mr Brougham’s very statesman-like speech on the sharpening of the swords of the Manchester yeomanry! One human being alone has ever triumphed over the power of our memory, and that is Sir Robert Wilson. A speech of his is beyond retention. At the very moment that we think we have him, away go his words like shelving sand on every side, and all is lost. We know not what this elusive quality of his eloquence can be, but we grant that to him it is invaluable. One speech may serve him all his life;—a hundred times delivered, still seems it to be a maiden speech. Alas! it is all the while an old battered oration out of all keeping.

We therefore—that is Editor and Contributors—have no need of memoranda; but all people are not Editors and Contributors—(though at the same time we believe in this literary age that the greater part of mankind are in that predicament)—and for such as are not, Mr Leigh Hunt’s Literary Pocket-Book is a very clever and cunning contrivance. A common almanack is most shockingly vulgar, and cannot be worn by a gentleman in the evening. But the Literary Pocket-Book, though a sort of almanack, is quite dressy-looking with its scarlet coat, and when you unbutton it, it exhibits a white waistcoat and clean linen. We wear one ourselves, merely for shew,—and have detected ourselves more than once, in our fine absent way, tapping it, as if it were our gold snuff-box. It is the intention of the proprietors to publish one annually.

This bold young gentleman has lately entered the lists against the whole of the literary and theological world. We hope he may have the luck to be carried off the field in a tolerably whole skin; but the odds are at present rather against him.—*Verb. Sap.*

That for 1810 contains upwards of a hundred ruled pages, for autobiography and dinner-notice; and about as many more of letter-press, the contents of which are as follows.

Introduction.—Calendar of nature.—Diary, &c.—Chronological list of eminent persons in letters, philosophy, and the arts, from the most remote æras.—Living authors, native and foreign.—Living artists, native and foreign.—Living musicians, native and foreign.—Musical performers and teachers, with their addresses.—Inns of court.—Universities.—Foundation schools.—Literary, philosophical, and philanthropic institutions.—Medical lecturers.—Theatres.—Performers at the principal theatres.—Exhibitions.—Private collections of pictures in London.—Print and plaster-cast shops.—Booksellers and publishers.—Foreign booksellers.—Circulating libraries and reading rooms.—New books.—Teachers of languages.—Anecdotes.—Extracts, &c.—Original poetry.—Law and University terms.—London bankers.—Hackney-coach fares.—Rates of watermen.—Value of money.—Stamps.

These are very judicious lists—useful to Londoners, and to folks visiting London, and interesting even to poor provincial wights who have no hope of ever seeing St Paul's or St Peter's.—But we must make some extracts from the prose and the poetry. The "Calendar of Nature," which is evidently by Mr Leigh Hunt, is like all his writings, extremely affected and Cockneyish—but often very lively and descriptive. He takes hold of the months, makes them sit down, and paints their portraits; and good strong staring likenesses they are. They are all rather "jaunty," to use Mr Hunt's darling phrase, and have too much of a conscious and made-up expression of face, as if they felt they were sitting for their pictures. He has, however, in general, caught their characters very cleverly—and not only is May in no danger of being mistaken for December, but those two freezing gentlemen, January and February, as well as March and April, though with a close family resemblance, do nevertheless, on Mr Hunt's canvass, as in nature, exhibit also a family disagreement. We quote, with much pleasure, the picture of January, as a very favourable specimen of Mr Hunt's power as a painter.

"January is so called from the Latin god Janus, the door-keeper of heaven, and presider over peace,—probably, because the earth is at leisure in this month, as well as from its being the gate of the year. The Greek months were named after different

festivals in honour of the gods, as the present one, for instance, Anthesterion, or the Flowery,—from the quantity of flowers displayed at the festival of Bacchus.

"The modern use of ancient terms on occasions of this kind, produces some amusing inconsistencies, especially among the Celtic nations. Thus, in our House of Commons, there shall be a call of the members for Wednesday, or the day of the Gothic deity Woden, which their Journal translates into Dies Martis, or the day of the Roman deity Mars; and this day of Gothic and Roman divinity-ship is commenced with the reading of Christian prayers.

"January is the coldest month of the year, the winter having now strengthened by continuance. To those, however, who cultivate their health and imaginations, life has always enjoyments, and nature is full of beauties. The frost sets our victorious fire-sides sparkling; and with our feet upon a good warm rug, we may either doubly enjoy the company of friends, or get into summer landscapes in our books, or sit and hear

The excluded tempest idly rave along.

Thomson.

"Our wisest ancestors,—those of Shakespeare's time,—who understood most things better than we, and whom we begin to understand better than any of their posterity,—knew how to take the roughly kind hint of nature, and kept up their Christmas festivities through the whole of this month. They got a little and enjoyed every thing, instead of getting every thing and enjoying a little. In the day they made leisure for healthy sport out of doors, and in the evening they were at their books and pastimes within.

"Even to observe nature is to enjoy her. He is infinitely mistaken, who thinks there is nothing worth seeing in winter time out of doors, because the sun is not warm, and the streets are muddy. Let him get, by dint of good exercise, out of the streets, and he shall find enough. In the warm neighbourhood of towns he may still watch the field-fares, thrushes, and blackbirds; the titmouse seeking its food through the straw-thatch; the red-wings, field-fares, sky-larks, and tit-larks, upon the same errand, over wet meadows; the sparrows, and yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, still beautiful though mute, gleaning from the straw and chaff in farm-yards; and the ring-dove, always poetical, coming for her meal to the ivy-berries. About rapid streams he may see the various habits and movements of herons, wood-cocks, wild-ducks, and other water-fowl, who are obliged to quit the frozen marshes to seek their food there. The red-breast comes to the windows, and often into the house itself, to be rewarded for its song, and for its far-famed 'painful' obsequies to the Children in the Wood.

"The fruits still in season, which are the same also for two months more, are almonds, apples, chestnuts, pears and wal-

nuts. In the gardens and hedges beautiful colours are still peeping for the eye that seeks them : among flowers,—the cyclamen, hazel-wort, the crocus or saffron flower that died the garments of Aurora and Hymen, the periwinkle, the polyanthus, yellow-aconite, Alpine alysson, anemone, hellebore, the fiery glow of the wall-flower, the snow-drop, with its little tints of green, and the primrose or rose of the prime :—among trees and shrubs, the Glastonbury-thorn, whose flourishing at Christmas used to be counted miraculous, laurustinus with its delicate clumps of white, laureola or spurge-laurel, pyracantha, arbutus or strawberry-tree, a favourite with Virgil, which looks like strawberries growing on a bay, and the alaternus, which Englishmen in gratitude should call the Evelyn, after that excellent rural patriot who first ‘ had the honour,’ he says, ‘ to bring it into use and reputation in this kingdom, and propagated it from Cornwall even to Cumberland.’ Then, as to berries, what can be desired beyond the holly alone, which made this friend of Cowley burst out into a poetical rapture. ‘ We still dress up both our churches and houses,’ says he, ‘ on Christmas and other festival days, with its cheerful green, and *ruilant* berries. Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind, than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred foot in length, nine foot high, and five in diameter, which I can now shew in my ruined gardens at Say’s Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy) at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral ?’

“ But what was thought enchantment in old times, may be practised now by every body who chuses to *force* flowers. These may be had all the winter-time, though they are best in every respect where they can be taken care of in a green-house, or seen through a glass partition at the end of a large room, as in some of the houses of the rich. The truth is, that many flowers in a room are not wholesome, unless they can have air and light to enable them to give out properly that oxygen or vital air, which they exhale in genial situations during the day-time. During the night, they are always unwholesome, as they throw out hydrogen and absorb the oxygen. And yet perhaps our excessively artificial and in-door habits, in helping to enervate us, render unwholesome what would be otherwise perceptible only as a pleasure. At all events, a few flowers on a shelf, such as hyacinths and jonquils, can do no harm, and are very beautiful with their curling or down-looking buds, and their ivory roots seen through the water. The rest of the flowers that may be forced in winter are lilacs, lilies of the valley (an exquisite intermixture of leaves and bells), mignonette or the little darling, pinks, polyanthus narcissus, roses, tulips, and violets ;—in fact, a whole summer an-

ticipated. It is worth adding, that artificial flowers were never, perhaps, so well made as they are now, and that they may be put in pots and glasses like real ones, or hung up in wreaths and crowns over pictures, doorways, or the middle of a pier, where they form at once a summer picture of their own, a memorial of classical times, and a beautiful contrast to the squareness of the compartment. It was pleasantly said by somebody, on seeing a real rose after one of these manufactured ones,—‘ Very lovely, indeed ! It is almost as good as artificial.’

“ Those who cultivate a few flowers for their particular amusement (we do not of course address ourselves to gardeners) should now occasionally take in their best ranunculuses, and protect their choice carnations, hyacinths, and tulips, with hoops, mats, or glasses. It is time also, in mild dry weather, to plant ranunculuses, anemones, tulips, and bulbous flowers ; and for early blowing, crocuses and snow-drops. The bulbous flowers in glasses within doors should have their water kept clean ; and it is better for all flowers in a house to have as much light and sunshine as possible, which some of them seem absolutely to yearn and strain after.

“ But the very frost itself is a world of pleasure and fairy beauty. The snow dances down to earth, filling all the airy vacancy with a giddy whiteness ; and minutely inspected, every particle is a chrysal star, the delight perhaps of myriads of invisible eyes. The ice (hereafter destined to ‘ temper dulcet creams’ for us in the heat of summer) affords a new and rare pastime for the skater, almost next to flying ; or suddenly succeeding to rain, strikes the trees and the grasses into silver. But what can be more delicately beautiful than the spectacle which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room window, occasioned by the hoar-frost or frozen dew ? If a jeweller had come to dress every plant over night to surprise an Eastern sultan, he could not produce any thing like the ‘ pearly drops,’ or the ‘ silvery plumage.’ An ordinary bed of greens, to those who are not at the mercy of their own vulgar associations, will sometimes look like crisp and corrugated emerald, powdered with diamonds.

“ Under the apparent coldness of the snow, the herbaceous plants, which die down to the root in autumn, lie nourishing their shoots for the spring. Nor is much done by the animal creation, man included, during this period. Many birds and reptiles make a long night-time of the hard season, and are awake only in finer weather. The domestic cattle are mostly lodged in the homestead. The farmer lops and cuts timber, mends thorn hedges, and draws manure to his fields. Many trades, especially those connected with water, are at a stand during the frost. The thrasher’s time is the merriest as well as most industrious, for he works away his flail in

the barn. In the merrier days of our ancestors, it was customary for every village and town-hall to have its great top, which the poorer inhabitants emulated each other in lashing, a practice well worth revival.

For those of the wealthier classes, who can afford leisure (and all could if they were wise), walking or riding, according as the surface of the earth permits, is so much healthy wine to the blood. A good dinner, well earned, will then do no harm; and then again the long snug evening returns, with the "sofa wheeled round," and the "curtains" down; or balls and theatres invite them to hurry betwixt house and house—the one sending them with perfect digestion to sleep, or the other helping to remind them of the common rights of humanity, a lesson now peculiarly seasonable. If the farmer thinks it his duty, as well as his interest, to take care of his very cattle, and see them well housed, how much more incumbent is it upon the rich to look after their poor fellow-creatures, and see what can be done to secure them the common necessities of "meat, clothes, and fire." Let those who give no pleasure be assured, that their toils and possessions are in vain, for they can receive none;—No!—and least of all from Nature, notwithstanding her ever-ready and exuberant treasures.

The poetry is by Mr Hunt, Mr Shelly, Mr Cornwall, and (ni fallor) by Mr Keates. Mr Hunt's contributions are entitled "Power and Gentleness," and "The Summer of 1818." The first has some picturesque lines in it, but is unendurably Cockneyish, and at times unintelligible to the existing race of man; as, for example, *

Eagles on their rocks
Withstraining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere.

Does the last of these lines describe the Spread Eagle Coach going down hill with the wheel locked? "Summer in 1818," is, on the whole, really amiable and pretty—though there is something risible in the poet's mouth watering at the future dessert of plums and pears—and his flirtation in the garden has something about it rather Miss-Molly-ish. Here it is.

THE SUMMER OF 1818.

The months we used to read of
Are come to us again,
With summiness and summiness
And rare delights of rain;
The lark is up, and says about,
East and west I see no cloud,
The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep;
The leafiness and floweriness
Make one abundant heap;
The balmy blossom-breathing airs
Smell of future plums and pears—
The sunshine at our waking
Is still found startling by;
With bewygginess and earnestness,
Like some beloved eye;
And all the day it seems to take
Delight in being broad awake.

The lasses in the gardens
Shew forth their heads of hair,
With rosminess and light-someness,
A chasing here and there;
And then they'll hear the birds, and stand,
And shade their eyes with lifted hand.
And then again they're off there,
As if their lovers came,
With giddiness and gladnessomeness,
Like doves but newly tame;—
Ah! light your cheeks at Nature, do,
And draw the whole world after you.

Two Sonnets, with the signature I., we opine to be the property of the "Muse's Son of Promise,"—"two feats of Johnny Keates." We cannot be mistaken of them. Whatever be the name of the supposed father—Tims or Tomkins—Johnny Keates gignated these sonnets. To each of them we may say,

"Sleep image of thy Father, sleep my Boy!"

As we are anxious to bring this young writer into notice, we quote his sonnets.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man;
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's bonied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
His nearest unto heaven:—quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

SONNET TO AILSA ROCK.

Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea fowl's
screams
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge
streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty power hid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or softness,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid.
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep;
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee
steep,
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

I.

The first of these compositions is very well—a common and hackneyed thought is illustrated in a novel and also natural manner—and we thank Mr Keates for his sonnet. But who but himself could form a collocation of words to produce such portentous folly as in the second? Mister John Keates standing on the sea-shore at Dunbar, without a neckcloth, according to custom of Cockaigne, and cross-questioning the Craig of Ailsa!

"Thou answerest not for thou art dead asleep!"

This reminds us of an exclamation

in an ode lately submitted to our perusal by an ingenious and modest young man, in which, about half way down, he exclaims, as if prophetically, "READER AWAKE!" There is much smartness in the idea of "two dead eternities." An eternity especially, past with whales, is enough to make the stoutest reader blubber. Do not let John Keates think we dislike him. He is a young man of some poetry; but at present he has not more than about a dozen admirers.—Mr Leigh Hunt whom he feeds on the oil-cakes of flattery till he becomes flatulent of praise,—Mr Benjamin Haydon, who used to laugh at him till that famous sonnet—three engrossing clerks—and six or seven medical students, who chaunt portions of Endymion as they walk the hospitals, because the author was once an apothecary. We alone like him and laugh at him. He is at present a very amiable, silly, lisping, and pragmatistical young gentleman—but we hope to cure him of all that—and should have much pleasure in introducing him to our readers in a year or two speaking the language of this country, counting his fingers correctly, and condescending to a neckcloth.

Why should Leigh Hunt and John Keates have a higher opinion of themselves, than Barry Cornwall? One "dramatic scene"—even the very tamest and most imitative of them all is worth both "The two dead Eternities" of the Cockneys. We now charge Barry Cornwall, coram populo, with the following hymn to Diana. It is classical, without being pedantic.

HYMN TO DIANA.

Dian!—We seek thee in this tranquil hour;
We call thee by thy names of power;
Lucina! first—(that tender name divine,
Which young and travail'd dames adore and fear:—)
Child of the dark-brow'd Proserpine!
Star-crowned Dian! Daughter of Jove
Olympian! Mother of blind Love!
Fair Cynthia! Towered Cybele!
Lady of stainless chastity!

Bend low thy listening ear,
And smile upon us, now the long day's toil
Beautiful queen! is done,
And from the withering sun
Save thou and bless the perch'd and fainting soil;
So may thy silver shafts ne'er miss their aim,
But strike the heart of every bounding fawn;
And not a nymph of thine e'er lose her fame
By loitering in the beechen glades;
Or standing, with her mantle half undrawn,
Like harkening Silence, near the skirting shades
Of forests, where the elven satyrs lie
Sleeping with upward face, or piping musically.

Oh! smile upon us Dian! smile as thou
Art wont to say, at times to look upon
Thy comely boy, Endymion,
When slain he slumbers on the mountain's brow:
And say no doubt, not care,
When thou shalt wish, on nights serene and

To stay thy ear upon the Latmos hill.
Touch with a clouded hand thy look of light;
Nor elemental blight
Mar the rich beauties of thy hyacinthine hair.

Queen of the tumbling floods! oh lend thine ear
To us who seek and praise thee here—
—Fright not the Halcyon from her watery nest,
When on the scately-moving waves she sits
Listening—sore distress
Lest that the winds, in sullen fits,
Should come, and lift the curling seas on high:—
—Yet, if the storm must come—then Dian! then
Scatter the billows from the Delphic shore,
And bid the monsters of the deep go roar
In those far foreign caves
Sicilian, where the ocean raves
For ever, (dug, 'tis said, by giant men
Beneath Pelorus' rugged promontory.)

On thy white altar we
Lavish in fond idolatry,
Herbs and sweet flowers such as the summer uses:
Some that in wheaten fields
Lift their red bells amidst the golden grain:—
Some that the moist earth yields,
Beneath the shadows of those pine trees high,
Which, branching, shield the far Thessalian
plains
From the fierce anger of Apollo's eye—
And some that Delphic swans
Pluck by the silver springs of Castaly—
[Yet, there—thus it is said—the wanton Muses,
Their dark and tangled locks adorning,
Lie stretch'd on green slopes 'neath the laurel
boughs,

Or weave sad garlands for their brows;
And tho' they shun thee thro' the living night,
Bend their blue eyes before the God of morning,
And hail with shouts his first return of light.—]

Now and for ever hail, great Dian!—Thou,
Before whose moony brow,
The rolling planets die, or lose their fires,
And all the bravery of Heaven retires—
—There, Saturn dimly turns within his ring,
And Jove looks pale upon his burning throne;
There, the great hunter-king
Orion, mourns with watery glare,
The tarnish'd lustre of his blazing zone—
Thou only through the blue and starry air,
In unabated beauty rid'st along,
Companion'd by our song—
Turn hither, then, thy clear and stedfast smile,
To grace our humble welcoming,
And free the poet's brain
From all but that so famous pain,
Which sometimes, at the still midnight,
Stirs his creative fancyings, while,
(Charm'd by thy silver light)
He strives, not vainly ther, his sweetest song to
sing.

It would greatly amuse us, to meet
in company together Johnny Keates
and Percy Bysshe Shelly,—and as they
are both friends of Mr Leigh Hunt,
we do not despair of witnessing the
conjunction of these planets on Hamp-
stead Hill, when we visit London in
spring. A bird of paradise and a
Friezeland fowl would not look more
absurdly, on the same perch. Hear
with what a deep voice of inspiration
Shelly speaks.

MARIANNE'S DREAM.

A pale dream came to a Lady fair,
And said, a boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air,
And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see,
If they will put their trust in me.

And thou shalt know of things unknown,
If thou wilt let me rest between
The tiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and shewn:
And half in hope, and half in fright,
The lady closed her eyes so bright.

At first, all deadly shapes were driven
Tumultuously across her sleep,
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever looked to spy
If the golden sun shone forth on high.

And as towards the east she turned,
She saw aloft in the morning air,
Which now with hucs of sunrise burned,
A great black anchor rising there;
And wherever the lady turned her eyes,
It hung before her in the skies.

The sky was as blue as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless over head,
The air was calm as it could be,
There was no sight or sound of dread,
But that black anchor floating still
Over the pliny eastern hill.

The lady grew sick with a weight of fear,
To see that Anchor ever hanging,
And veiled her eyes; she then did hear
The sound as of a dun low clanging,
And looked abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins to and fro.

There was a mist in the sunless air,
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's
shock,

But the very weeds that blossomed there
Were moveless, and each mighty rock
Stood on its basis stedfastly;
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

But piled around, with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid,
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Thro' the red mist their domes did quiver.

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,
Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
Thuse tower-engirdled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptur'd and wrought so gorgeously,
Where human art could never be.

And columns framed of marble white,
And giant fanes dome over dome
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
With workmanship, which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

But still the Lady heard that clang
Filling the wide air far away;
And still the mist whose light did hang
Among the mountains shook alway,
So that the Lady's heart beat fast
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast.

Sudden from out that city sprung
A light that made the earth grow red:
Two flames, that each with quivering tongue
Lick'd its high domes, and over head
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

And hark! a rush, as if the deep
Had burst its bonds; she looked behind
And saw over the western steep
A raging flood descend, and wind
Thro' that wide vale; 'tis felt no fear,
But sad within herself, 'tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea.

And now those raging billows came
Where that fair Lady sat, and she
Was borne towards the show'ring flame
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously,
And on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

The waves were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed,
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

The plank whereon that Lady sat
Was driven thro' the chasms about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountains in and out
As the thistle beard on a whirlwind sails
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

At last her plank an eddy crost,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reached almost;
It might the stoutest heart appal
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Thro' the domes of those mighty palaces.

The eddy whirl'd her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
Piercing the cloud of smoke, which bound
Its acry arch with light like blood;
She look'd on that gate of marble clear
With wonder that extinguish'd fear.

For it was filled with sculptures rarest
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of winged shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that are,
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

And as she looked, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms;—the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

She looked, the flames were dim, the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding thro' hills in solitude;
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

And their lips moved;—one seemed to speak,
When suddenly the mountains crack'd,
And thro' the chasm the flood did break
With an earth-uplifting cataclysm:
The statues gave a joyous scream,
And on its wings, the pale thin dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale,
Waked the fair Lady from her sleep.
And she arose, while from the veil
Of her dark eyes the dream did creep,
And she walked about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

So much for the "Literary Pocket-Book" 1819. The earth has performed its revolution round the sun, and that number is no more. What would we not give for a reading of Mr Leigh Hunt's Literary Pocket-Book for 1819! Could Messrs Olliers get together a few dozen from villatic and rural manuseribes, they would be very diverting. Put down our names, at random, for a dozen copies.

The "Literary Pocket-Book" for 1820 is just published. The lists are pretty much the same as formerly—but we believe, both fuller and more correct. In place of the "Callendar of Nature," we have from the pen of Mr Hunt, "a Callendar of Observers," or specimens of the greater or less enjoyment which people derive from the world they live in, according to the number and healthiness of their perceptions!" The Observers are six in number. The Mere Lounger—The Mere Man of Business—The Bi-

got—*The Mere Sportsman*—*The Mere Sedentary Liver*, and the Observer of Nature. Mr Hunt tells us, with his usual cleverness, what each of these characters sees in each of the seasons.

SPRING.

"*The mere Lounger*.—Sees his face in the glass, and yawns. Sees his tailor, who informs him that it is spring. Sees several persons, horses, and suits of clothes in Bond Street. Sees some pretty faces. Sees a great deal of green and white in the milliner's shops, and thinks the country must be getting pretty. Takes a ride round the Regent's Park, and sees Jones.

"*The Mere Man of Business*.—Sees his clerks or apprentices up. Sees his customers come in all day. Sees their money. Sees faces occasionally go by. Sees shelves and bundles all about him. Sees his lawyer and broker. Sees dinner with brief transport, just time enough to get an indigestion. Sees to his accounts in the evening, and endeavours to think himself a happy man. Sees his goods adulterated. Goes to bed, and sees in his dreams a great pale multitude looking at him, whom he sets down for people he has cheated. Sees himself exposed, and wakes in a trepidation. N. B. It is the fumes of indigestion, which in these and other cases inspire a man's dreams with a certain Delphic horror.

"*The Bigot*.—Sees the sunshine, and thinks how happy he and his friends will be in heaven exclusively. Sees a party going towards the country laughing, and gaily dressed. Sees in them only so many devoted victims to eternal fire; calls the world a vile world; and sees his debtor sent to prison. Sees the building of his chapel going on, and counts up his profits, monied and eternal. Sees his servant bringing in a green goose for dinner; and says, with an air of delighted regret, that he fears his friend the gun-maker is too late.

"*The Mere Sportsman*.—Sees a fox. Sees him several times over. Sees a girl's complexion and ancles. Sees his friends all drunk after dinner.

"*The Mere Sedentary Liver*.—Sees his tongue in the glass. Sees the fine weather, and calls to mind all that the poets have said about it. Takes his first walk this year, and sees numberless things, but all discoloured and half pleasant. Goes home and sees with delight a new packet of books. Reads an account of a man who saw a spectre, and almost sees it himself. Goes to bed, and sees in his sleep a vision shockingly mixed up of oddity and horror.

"*The Observer of Nature*.—Sees the first fine spring day and leaps up with transport. Sees a world full of beauty and pleasure even in towns. Sees the young and fair abroad, and sees their lovely countenances and minds. Sees the white pigeons careering round the steeple, the horses issuing

forth with new strength and sprightliness. the dog scampering about his master in hopes he is going towards the fields, and hyacinths, narcissuses, and violets in the green markets: and seeing these, he cannot but hasten the faster to see the country. Instead of reading his book at home, he takes it with him, and sees what the poets describe. He sees the returning blue of the sky, the birds all in motion, the glancing showers, the after-laughing sun, the maiden blossoms in the gardens, the thickening leafiness of the hedges, the perfect young green of the meadows, the bustling farm-yards, the far prospects, the near and odorous bowers, the bee bounding forth with his deep song through the lightsome atmosphere, the kids leaping, the cattle placidly grazing, the rainbow spanning the hills in its beauty and power, the showers again, the blue sky again, the sun triumphing over the moisture like bright eyes above dewy lips, the perfumed evening, the gentle and the virgin moon. Going home, he sees every thing again with the united transport of health and imagination, and in his dreams sees his friend and his mistress as happy as himself.

SUMMER.

"*The Mere Lounger*.—Goes into the country to see Jones. Sees Jones. Sees some horses. Sees little else in the country but the absence of town. Is shown a prospect, and sees in it a considerable resemblance to a scene at the Opera. Sees a storm, and hopes it won't rain next Wednesday.

"*The Mere Man of Business*.—Is sorry to see the town so empty. Sees some flowers at the door, but declines buying any, because he will not give the price asked by a half-penny. Sees some new dishes on his table at dinner, and has a remote notion that he enjoys himself. Feels himself half stifled with the weather, the dust, the close shop, and repletion; and sees the pavement before his door watered with a tin canister, in liquid lines of refreshment a quill thick.

"*The Bigot*.—Sees the beauty of the country, but thinks it wrong to be moved by earthly delights, and hastens home to his roast pig. Sees nothing in the world after dinner but a fleeting shew. Finds it very hot; sees a fiery kind of horrid look in the sunshine; and is not quite easy in thinking that ninety-nine hundredths of his fellow creatures are to be burnt for ever; thinks it impious however to suppose his Maker too kind to suffer it, and comforts himself with callousness.

"*The Mere Sportsman*.—Sees a hare. Sees a friend in a ditch. Does not see him out. Sees, in a transport of rage, the hounds at fault. Goes to angle, to settle his spirits; and with considerable relief, sees several fish drawn gasping out of the water with a hook in their jaws, and a salmon crimped alive.

"*The Mere Sedentary Liver*.—Sees with delight the flowers in his window, and vows

every day that he will go out the next. Sees with an exclamation of regret, while he is yet reading, the servant come in every day to say dinner is ready. Sees motes before his eyes. Sees himself, with great disgust, getting corpulent, which is very unlike the Greek forms, or the admirable Crichton. Sees his friend sick in bed with staying at home, and wonders how any body can do so. Rouses up the bad humours in his blood with one walk instead of twenty, and sees it is hopeless to struggle with his disorder. Sees more beauties than ever in his authors, but a great falling off in the world he so admired when a lad.

"The Observer of Nature."—Sees the early sun striking magnificently into the warm mists in the streets, as if it measured them with its mighty rule. Sees other effects of this kind, worthy of the pencil of Canaletto. Sees a thousand shapes and colours of beauty as the day advances. Sees the full multitude of summer flowers, with all their gorgeous hues of scarlet, purple, and gold; roses, carnations, and amaranths, wall-flowers, lupins, larkspurs, campanulas, golden-rods, orchis, nasturtiums, &c. &c. and the Martagon lily, or Greek hyacinth. And then he sees the world with a Greek sight, as well as his own, and enjoys his books over again. And then he sees the world in a philosophic light, and then again in a purely imaginative one, and then in one purely simple and childlike; and every way in which he turns the face of nature, he finds some new charm of feature or expression, something wonderful to admire, something affectionate to love. Sees or fancies in some green and watery spot, the white sheep-shearing. Sees the odorous haymaking. Sees the landscape with a more intent perfectness from the silence of the birds. Sees the insects at their tangled and dizzy play; and fancies, what he well knows, how beautiful they must look, some with their painted or transparent wings, others with their little trumpets and airy-nodding plumes. Sees the shady richness of the trees; the swallows darting about like winged thoughts; the cattle standing with cool feet in the water; the young batlers trailing themselves along the streams, or flitting about the sward amidst the breathing air. Sees the silver clouds which seem to look out their way, far through the sky. Sees the bees at work in their hurrying communities, or wandering ones rushing into the honied arms of the flowers. Sees the storm coming up in its awful beauty, to refresh the world; the angel-like leaps of the fiery lightning; and the gentle and full rain following the thunder, like love ushered by mightiness.

"Divine Nature! And thou, when the touch of sympathy has made thee wise, diviner human nature! how is he stricken dumb who would attempt to record the smallest part of the innumerable joys of
Vol. VI.

your intercourse! He becomes as mute as your own delight, when mind "hangs enamoured" over beauty.

There can be no doubt that this is very lively, but is the classification a good one? Surely not. Nobody wishes to be told what a mere Lounger does with himself, according to the seasons. Neither do mere Loungers form a class. Their number must be incredibly small. But whether small or great, they are totally and universally uninteresting; and it is somewhat too much to carry their character about with one from one year's end to the other. The mere Man of Business is still worse. Why obtrude upon our attention, every day in the year, a dull, gross, greedy knave, who adulterates his goods, and would rejoice to become a fraudulent bankrupt? These are not fitting contemplations for a gentleman's Literary Pocket-Book either during hot or cold weather. The Bigot is worse and worse. We all know what Mr Hunt means by bigotry, and what a very sweeping epithet it is in his hands. The picture he draws is shocking and unnatural. The mere Sedentary Liver is something better—but he is far too much of a ninny—and we are hurt by finding him alive all the year through. He should have died in autumn at the very latest, of jaundice, indigestion, the liver complaint, and the physician. The Observer of Nature alone, with all his conceit, deserves to live through the year 1820—but let him look to his flannel waistcoats, and beware of sitting in wet shoes. Mr Hunt (for he draws from himself here) is an adventurous man, and thinks nothing of walking from Catharine Street to Hampstead in mist or sleet, in magnanimous contempt of hackney-coaches. It will be a pretty story indeed if Johnny Keates have to write the Calendar of Observers for 1821, and if Leigh Hunt's name be transferred from the list of living authors to that of "Eminent Persons in Letters, Philosophy, and the Arts, whose great original genius, individual character, or reputation with posterity, has had an influence in modifying the taste and opinions of the world." By the way why did not Mr Hunt include *our* name in the list of living authors. We find there "Hunt, Leigh, Poetry, Criticism, Politics, and Miscellanies." Now, why not also "North, Christo-
H

pher, Poetry, Politics, Metaphysics, Mathematics, Criticism, Travels, Bon Mots, and Cookery." We expect to see this in the Literary Pocket-Book for 1821, and thenceforth evermore. But we had almost forgotten Mr Hunt's account of the mere Sportsman. It is plain that he knows nothing of Nimrod. A tallyho would break the tympanum of his ear. Were we to imagine one thing more ridiculous than all the other ridiculous things in this world, it would be the Examiner a steeple-hunting. John Gilpin must have looked a Castor in comparison with the author of Rimini. Pray, who ever heard of following a pack of hounds in Summer? Mr Leigh Hunt might as well go a butterfly-hunting in the dead of winter. For shame, ye Cockneys! to pursue, unto the death, poor puss and her infant family during the dog-days. And is it, indeed, customary, as Mr Leigh Hunt asserts in this his Literary Pocket-Book, for Cockney sportsmen "to fly into a transport of rage" when the hounds are at fault? a mere sportsman is the last man in the world to do that—he is quite cool on such occasions, and uses the whip with alacrity but discrimination. Then, ye gentlemen of England, what think you of angling for salmon in the middle of summer, on a sultry afternoon, by way of refreshing yourselves after harriers? and what think ye of crimping on the spot the salmon you thus miraculously ensnare? Oh! Leigh, Leigh, thy lips utter a vain thing, and thy heart conceiveth foolishness! You and other literary men—poets, critics, and politicians—it is who are, in verity, the crimpers of salmon. The mere sportsman does none of these things. He despiseth the fish, and eateth him not. Thou art the crimper. You say that angling is not a manly amusement. Why, there is no virility in sitting in a punt, with your head bobbing over the side, and your nose in the water, laying plots against perches, and revelling in the massacre of minnows. Angling is but a sorry pastime in the New River. But come down to Scotland next autumn, when we pitch our tent on Loch Awe side, and you will then know whether or not angling be a manly amusement. We will put a twenty-foot-rod into your hand, with fifty fathom of line, and a reel as large as a five gallon cask.

We will hook a fish for you—and back him for his life against the Examiner. It is four miles from Loch Awe to the Salt Sea of Loch Ericht.—The banks of the river Awe are pretty precipitous—and ere you, Mr Leigh Hunt, have been dancing five minutes over the crags, you will have bitter occasion for all your virility, and devoutly wish that the salmon were crimped, so that he were but off the end of your line. What do you think of swimming arms of lakes—and fording foamy torrents neck high—and crossing wide moors up to the middle in heather—and scaling mountains girdled with granite—and driving your solitary way through blind mists, or roaring blasts, or rain deluges—of returning at midnight to a sheeling on the hill laden with spoil, and bowed down with the weary weight of many savage and dreary leagues? This is the nature of Scottish angling—indeed, of all angling that deserves the name. As to old Isaac Walton, honest man, he used to be a most particular favourite with Mr Leigh Hunt—but now he is "a pike in a doublet." The secret cause of all this raving against angling and anglers is, that we are anglers. Several admirable angling articles have appeared in this Magazine, and, therefore, Mr Leigh Hunt cannot endure angling. This is quite pitiful. But it is true.

Enough of Mr Hunt for the present, so let us turn to "Walks round London, No. I." a very easy, graceful, and amiable little composition, which we could almost suspect to be from the pen of Mr Cornwall.

WALKS ROUND LONDON.

NO. I.

"If we were to judge by the number of handsome country residences, which, within a few years, have "risen like exhalations" on the different roads, the south side of London would be pronounced the favourite quarter for the citizens to retire to. But here, as in many other matters of taste, they do not seem to have "chosen the better part." On the north of the great city, and at no greater distance, there are more situations which partake of the true country aspect. A few at random may be mentioned—and let a "Sudron" match them if he can. The road from Hampstead to Hendon; the rural district all round the feet of Hampstead and Highgate; the neighbourhood of Hornsey, Muswell-hill, Crouch-end, Colney Hatch, Southgate;—the region about Walthamstow, Wanstead, Highbeach, and Seward-

stone. These are all beautiful, and in a great measure still retain their rural faces, from the reason assigned—that they have not been spoiled by favouritism. Nor, indeed, is it likely that they will be; for the citizen, having a tendency to run upon a flat, prefers the more level side of London; where he can at once make a greater and more visible figure among his neighbours, go backwards and forwards to town without wear and tear to his equipage, and get an idea or so, when he pleases, from the ‘liveliness’ of the dusty roads.

“It is the intention of the Proprietors of this little work to devote a portion of it every year to the description of Beautiful Spots round London, within the reach of those true lovers of the country—the PeDESTRIANS.

“From whatever point then we take our start, we must make the best of our way to Hornsey-wood House; pass the front of it, and skirt the pretty little copse to which it is attached. Before us we shall see a sharp ascent, which, in our quarter of the island, we may dignify with the name of a hill.—Thus, from my ignorance of its real name, I have hitherto called ‘Belle-vue:’ perhaps ‘Fair-look,’ or ‘Fair-view’ will be better, because it is English. When we have gained the summit, a delightful prospect will be presented to us,—well wooded. Green fields intersected with hedges;—and, wandering through them, the New River, which is ever an interesting object, both from its resemblance to a natural stream, and from the blessings it daily dispenses to thousands of our fellow citizens. Behind us we see the whole extent of London—its solid masses of building—its domes and spires. The full view of a great city from a neighbouring eminence is always impressive.—We think of the quantity of mind which is at work immediately under our eye:—of the immense quantity, which for years and years has been at work, and is gone from us—and whither? ‘All that mighty heart is lying still!’ This is to me the most clinging thought in the world. But we are to walk, and admire, and enjoy ourselves.

“We descend the hill into Hornsey-lane; thence pass through the burying-ground of a venerable church, and turn to the left through the town; keep the road, and it will bring us to the top of Muswell-hill.—Here we have another noble view of London, with the Kent and Surrey hills in the distance—Shooter’s hill, Banstead-downs, and Box-hill. From Muswell-hill there is a foot-path across the fields to Southgate, and this part of the journey is as beautiful, of its kind, as any lover of the country could wish it to be. Sometimes you are in an open pasture field, and every wind that sweeps across it tells you of fresh verdure, and of the kine ruminating. Sometimes you are wading through the yellow rustling corn. Now on the summit of a little hill, overlooking quiet and pleasant farms; now suddenly in

a dell with nothing but grassy mounds on each side—like billows of the sea converted into green fields.

“If I recollect rightly, by turning to the left upon coming to the next road, we shall arrive at that quarter of Southgate which looks towards London. I ought here to remark, for the benefit of our gig and carriage acquaintance, that a delightful road strikes off from Muswell-hill through Colney-hatch to Southgate. Having arrived at the outskirts of the village, we pass Sir William Curtis’s farm on the left, and Mr Schneider’s handsome mansion on the right. The house belonging to the late Chandos family is at the entrance of the village from the road; and before us is the sign of the Cherry Tree, which, in the articles of inns, I rather think will prove Hobson’s choice to us. Let not the worthy landlord harbour for a moment the idea that, from this expression, I mean the least disrespect towards the Cherry Tree—gratitude forbid!—for we are bound to be grateful to accessible landlords and amenable landladies. I have breakfasted more than once at the Cherry Tree, and have a lively recollection of the cream, the rolls, the ham, and the eggs set before me: not to omit the proper Miltonian climax in the shape of a fair damsel, who ‘ministered unto me’—I presume the landlord’s daughter.—I hope, on my own account, that she is not married; unless she should, by singularly good fortune, have left as gentle a successor in the ministry as herself. Southgate is a very pretty village; adorned with the country seats of London gentlemen. This has gained it the title of ‘a mercantile aristocracy:’ but do not mind the opinions of the inhabitants upon *this* occasion; they cannot turn the fields into scarlet cloth, nor the trees into gold lace. The walk from Southgate to Enfield is very lovely—the foot-path much more so than the carriage-way: the latter, however, whether over the Chase or through Winchmore-hill, is quite rural. The former commences immediately from the Cherry Tree—the stile, or gate, is I think contiguous to the house. We pass through a small tract of ground planted with trees, dignified with the title of Southgate Wood. The proprietor, with an eye to economy of ground, rather than to taste, has run a path through it as straight as a plumb-line. I thought nothing of this when I used to come to collect roots of primroses and honeysuckle for my little garden, and to cut hockey-sticks. I despair of ever being so happy again, notwithstanding the improvement in my taste.

“The next village we come to is Winchmore-hill, and the *foot-path* from thence to Enfield, about a mile and half, is not to be excelled, I think, by any portion of the journey. Having arrived at the point proposed, for which, I fear, my readers as well as fellow-walkers will be thankful, allow me to recommend your submitting yourselves

to the care of Mr Markham, of the King's Head, who will set before you provisions and wine worthy of a more important country town : and he will add to your entertainment the pleasant garniture of a civil and respectful demeanour.

" Here, my friends, I take my leave, and recommend you to stay two or three days and achieve the following walks in the neighbourhood.—To Bull's Cross, and onwards through Theobald's Park to Cheshunt. To White-webs Wood and its vicinity : (near this spot, the conspirators in James the First's reign used to meet ; possibly to watch the motions of the court whenever it was held at Theobald's). To Clay-hill and its neighbourhood. To Northaw, Hadley, and East Barnet. Over all this ground has my

Careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain.
C. C. C.

We must find room for a few specimens of the poetry. The following little composition is precisely fitted for a Pocket-Book, kind, pure, and affectionate,—and awakening the best feelings of our nature, all the most pleasant recollections of domestic life. It is by Mr Charles Lloyd, author of *Nugæ Canoræ*, reviewed in our last Number in a manner worthy of their great merit.

TO PRISCILLA L.—D.—*Written in May.*

My Friend, Priscilla, as in days of old
When Ossian's wild harp rung, the hero's breast
Felt the soft touch of sympathy, and knew
The spiritual accord of absent souls,—
So thou, my Sister, comest to my heart,
Soft as the beam which from the evening sky
Smiles on the face of nature. Oft at night
Do I from melancholy dreams awake
And think on thee. I know the bitter tears
Which thou must often shed, ere Peace enshrine
Her treasure in thy breast. Yet there are gleams
Of comfort here, though many storms of woe :
There are sweet calls of morn's rejoicing voice,
But there are many more departing days
Clothed in grief's interminable cloud.

Now Spring returns again ! then come to me
Gay thoughts of joy,—ah, hopes long absent, come !
The air is calm, serene and soft the sky,
Blue lies the water 'mid the swell of meads
That glow with summer hues. The oak assumes
A yellow-green : the elm, and sycamore,
And trembling lime, a darker verdure wave ;
And many a shrub, in nearer view, delights
With various foliage, underneath whose shade
The tufted daisy and the primrose peep.—
Surely such forms of innocent delight
Should warm my breast, and when to these I bring
The memory of thy form, and mangle still
With nature's every charm thy valued love,
I were ungrateful did my vacant heart
Beat not with renovated thankfulness.
Sweet sounds, sweet shapes, and perfumes mild and
pure,

Sollicit every sense, and thou the while
Dwell'st in my bosom.—Now, sweet girl, farewell !
L.

We close our extracts with four sonnets by Mr Cornwall, which are perfect in their beauty and majesty.

SONNETS ON THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flowers alone
Start up, like evil spirits that have lain asleep
In their great mother's seed-bosom deep

For months ; or that the birds, more joyous grown,
Catch once again their silver summer tone,
And they who late from bough to bough did
creep,

Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of Winter overthrown :
No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
As tho' it never could be left behind

Keeps pace with every movement of the year,
And (for high truths are born in happiness)
As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

β

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue eyed May
Vanished awhile, and lo ! the glorious June
(While nature ripens in his burning noon),
Comes like a young inheritor ; and gay,
Altho' his parent months have passed away :
But his green crown shall wither, and the tane
That ushered in his birth be silent soon
And in the strength of youth shall be decay.
What matters this—so long as in the past
And in the days to come we live, and feel
The present nothing worth, until it steal
Away, and, like a disappointment, die !
For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
Flies ever on before or follows fast.

β

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now.
Already have the elements unfurled :
Their banners : the great sea-wave is upheaved :
The cloud comes : the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go :
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more
high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

β

WINTER.

This is the eldest of the seasons : he
Moves not like spring with gradual step, nor
grows
From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
Before him, nor unto his time belong
The suns of Summer, nor the charms of song,
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud
Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
As tho' to cheat man's ear : yet while he stays
He seems as 'twere to prompt out merriest
days,
And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

β

We now put both the numbers of the *Literary Pocket-Book* into their place on our shelves—and recommend them to our readers. The idea is good and ingenuous, and the execution is, on the whole, excellent. The price is only five shillings, and to a stranger in London it is worth three times five, if it were for nothing but the lists. But there is also much clever, and some very fine writing in it, and independent of all the lists, and of the diary too, the original matter is worth the price. It may and will be improved upon year after year. To show our own estimation of it, we have not only made it now furnish an article to us,

but we have purchased six copies for new-year's gifts to six young ladies of our acquaintance, on condition of having them returned to us at the close of 1820, after which we will keep them sacred in our escrutoire among the gathered treasures of twice twenty years.

We cannot conclude without remarking, that many very interesting little works keep issuing from Messrs

Olliers' shop in Vere Street. Our readers will observe a list of some new things in our Literary Intelligence of this month. We look hopefully to them all—and long for an opportunity of saying something kind of "Ene-silla." "Altham and his Wife," by the same anonymous, and to us unknown author, shewed both sensibility and genius.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ,

No. II.

*The Ancestress; a Tragedy. By Grillparzer.**

ANOTHER astonishing genius has very lately devoted himself to the dramatic career in Germany; by name Francis Grillparzer. He is even a younger man than Adolphus Müllner; and on the whole, perhaps, promises to effect still greater wonders in the department which he has chosen. We are yet acquainted with only two of his plays, the *Sappho* and the *Ancestress*, and each in its way appears to us to be a master-piece. The former is written on the strict Greek model, and breathes throughout the truest spirit of antique lyrical inspiration, turned to the delicate display of all the workings of that most beautiful of the passions, on which, in its finest and purest shapes, the dramatic writings of the Greeks themselves can scarcely be said to have touched. The latter, of which we now propose to give a short account, is written entirely on the romantic plan of Calderon, but its interest is chiefly founded on the darkest superstitions of northern imagination. It is composed throughout, as indeed many of the German dramas of the present time are, in the same light and lyrical kind of versification of which the most charming specimens are to be found in the works of the great Spanish master. It must lose, therefore, not a little of its peculiar character and beauty by being rendered in a style so different as that of our English blank-verse—but even in spite of this disadvantage, enough will remain to sa-

tisfy our readers, that the genius of Grillparzer is one of the most pure, masterly, and majestic order.

We have already hinted, that the German poets of the present day are very fond of the doctrine of fatalism; indeed very few of them seem to think it possible to compose a powerful tragedy without introducing the idea of some dark impending destiny long predetermined—long announced imperfectly—long dreaded obscurely—in the accomplishment of which the chief persons of the drama are to suffer miseries for which their own personal offences have not been sufficient to furnish any due cause. We have no belief that they are wise in entertaining so exclusive a partiality for this species of interest; but there is no question the effect it produces in their hands is such as to account very easily for the partiality with which dramas, composed on this principle, are now regarded by all the audiences and almost all the critics of Germany. Neither is it to be denied, that many of the most perfect creations of preceding dramatists have owed much of their power to the influence of the same idea. It lies at the root of all those Greek tragedies, in which the early history of the heroic houses is embodied; and in later times it has been frequently used both by Calderon and Shakspeare. It is sufficient to mention the *Meditation on the Cross* of the one, and the *Macbeth* of the other.

The present tragedy is a terrible ex-

* We have been permitted to make use of a MS. translation of this play by Mr Gillies. We have also been promised the use of several other versions of fine German tragedies which he has already executed—all of them in a manner quite worthy of his fine talents.

emphatic of this terrible idea ; and it is the more terrible, because the sins of the *Ancestress* are represented as being visited, not by sufferings only, but by sins on her descendants. The scene opens in the chief hall of a gothic castle, the family of which has already become nearly extinct under the influence of that ancestral *Ate*, the final expiation of which now draws near its close. Count Borotin and his daughter Bertha are alone in this hall ; and the conversation which they hold will put us in possession of every thing that is requisite for understanding the structure of the piece.

Count. (Sitting at a table, and looking fixedly at a letter, which he holds with both hands.) Well, then, what must be—let it come—I see Branch after branch depart ; and scarcely now The wither'd stem can longer be supported. But one blow more is wanting ; in the dust Then lies the oak, whose blissful shade so far Extended round. What centuries have beheld Bud, bloom, and wither, shall like them depart. No trace will of our ancestors remain— How they have fought and striven. The fiftieth year Scarce will have pass'd ; no grandchild more will know

That even a Borotin has lived

Bertha. (At the window.) The night, In truth, is fearful : cold and dark, my father,— Even as the grave. The jet-loose winds are moaning Like wandering ghosts. Far as our eyes can reach, Snow covers all the landscape, mountains, fields, Rivers, and trees. The frozen earth now seems A lifeless frame, wrapt in the shroud of winter : Nay, heaven itself, so void and starless, glares, As from wide hollow eyeballs, blackly down On the vast grave beneath !

Count. How wearily

The hours are lengthening ! Bertha, what's o'clock ?

Bertha. (Coming back from the window, and seating herself with her work opposite to her father.) My father, seven has just now struck.

Count. Indeed !

But seven ! Dark night already ! Ah ! the year Is old—her days are shortening—her numb'd pulse Is fault'ring, and she totters to the grave.

Ber. Nay, but the lovely May will come again ; The fields be clad anew ; the gales breathe soft ; The flowers revive.

Count. Aye—truly will the year Renew itself ; the fields unfold their green ; The rivulets flow ; and the sweet flower, that now Has died away, will from long sleep awake, And from the white-soft pillow gayly lift Its youthful head, open its glittering eyes, And smile as kindly as before. The tree, That now amid the storm imploringly Stretches its dry and naked arms to heaven, Will clothe itself with verdure. All that now Lurks in the mighty house of Nature, far On woods and plains, then shall rejoice anew In the fresh vigour of the spring.—But never The oak of Borotin shall know revival.

Ber. Dear father, you are sad.

Count. Him blest I call,

Whom life's last hour surprises in the midst Of his lov'd children. Give not to such parting The name of death : for he survives in memory— Lives in the fruits of his own labour—lives In the applause and emulating deeds Of his successors. Oh ! it is so noble, Of his own toil the scattered seeds to leave To faithful hands, that carefully will rear Each youngling plant, and the ripe fruits enjoy, Doubling the enjoyment by their gratitude. Oh ! 'tis so sweet and soothing, that which we From ancestors receive to give again To children, and, in turn, ourselves survive.

Ber. Out on this wicked letter ! Ere it came, Father, you were so cheerful—seem'd yourself To enjoy. Now, since it is perus'd, at once You are unwell.

Count. Ah, so ! 'Tis not the letter—

Its import I had guess'd. 'Tis the conviction, That evermore is closely forc'd upon me, That destiny resistless has determin'd To hurl from earth the race of Borotin. See here they write me, that our only cousin (Whom scarcely I have seen), of all the last, Besides myself, that bore our name—(he too In years, and childless)—suddenly by night Has died. Thus, of our house, at length, am I Sole representative. With me it falls. No son will follow to the tomb my bio : The hireling herald there will bear my shield, That oft has shone in battle, and my sword Well proved, and lay them with me in the grave. There is an old tradition, that has long Pass'd round from tongue to tongue, that of our house

The ancestress, for some dire crimes long past, Must wander without rest, till she behold The last frail branch (even of the stem that she Herself had planted) from this earth remov'd. Well then she may rejoice, for her design Is near fulfilment. Almost I believe The tale, though strange ; for sure a powerful hand For our destruction must have been employ'd. In strength I stood, magnificently blooming, Supported by three brothers. On them all Death prematurely seized. Then home I brought A wife, as young, as amiable, and lovely, As thou art now. Our nuptials were most happy. From our chaste union sprung a boy and girl : Soon we were left my only consolation, My life's last hope. (Thy mother went to Heaven.) Carefully as the light of mine own eyes, These pledges I watch'd over, but in vain ; Fruitless the strife. What caution on what strength Could from the powers of darkness save their victim ? Scarcely thy brother had three years attain'd, When, in the garden for his recreation, He wander'd from his nurse. The door stood open, That leads out to the neighbouring pond. Till then It had been ever closed, but now stood open. For otherwise the blow had not succeed'd. Ah ! now I see thy tears unite with mine— Thou know'st the rest already !—I, weak man ! Have garrulously told too oft before The mournful tale—What more ?—Why, he was drown'd—

But many have been drown'd. And that he chanc'd To be my son—my whole, my only hope— The last support of my declining age— Who could help this ?—So he was drown'd, and I Childless remain.

Ber. Dear father !

Count. I can feel

The gentle reprehension of thy love. Childless, unthinking, do I call myself, When I have thee ? Thou dear and faithful one ! Ah, pray forgive the rich man who had lost All his possessions in misfortune's storm, And, long by superfluity surrounded, Held himself now a mendicant. Forgive me, If, in the lightning flash that brought destruction, The object of affection shone too brightly ! Nay, 'tis most true, I am unjust.—A name !— Is this of such importance ? Did I live But for the reputation of my house ? Can I the sacrifice with coldness take, Which thou present'st to me, of youth's enjoyments And life's prosperity ? Of mine existence Shall the last days be to thy good devoted. Yes ; by a husband's side, who loves thee truly, And can deserve thy favour, may to you Another name and other fortune flourish ! Choose freely from our countrymen. Thy worth To me will guarantee thy choice.—But now Thou sigh'st !—Hast thou already chosen then ? That young man, Jaronur, methinks, of Eschen— Is it not so ?

Ber. Dare I confess ?

Count. Dost thou

Believe, that from a father's eyes could be Conceal'd the slightest cloud upon thy heaven ? Yet should I not indulge in some reprieve For t— ? That I must guess, what long ere now I should have fully known ? Have I in sight To thee been harsh ? And art thou not to me My dearest only child ? Thou call'st him not And nobly so his deeds. Bring him to me ; And if he needs the proof, much good he'll do ! Though e'en our house e'er met, the sight of a Fall to mortal power yet to support : A moderate lot, enough will still remain. Oh ! how shall I— &c.

The deliverance of Bertha, from the hand of robbers, by this bold and beautiful youth, is described at great length—then the beginnings of their love—and last of all, the fears of the youth and the maid that their love might not be approved by the haughty Count Borotin, “Though himself,” says she, Descended from a noble race, he bears Their pride without their fortune—poor and needy, As he is now, I’ve heard him say, he fears That the rich Borotin some other meed Might for his daughter pay, *but not herself.*

The Count relieves her fears, and expresses his anxiety to see the youth. Bertha leaves him, and ascends the watch-tower to look out over the forest in case she may see her lover. The old count being left alone, falls into a slumber. The clock strikes eight. At the last stroke the lights are extinguished. A blast of wind rushes into the apartment—the storm is heard roaring without; and, after an extraordinary rustling noise, there appears, close by the chair of the old man, the spirit of his *Ancestress*. Her features and form closely resemble those of Bertha, but she wears a long white funeral veil, and her eyes have the cold fixed stare of death. She bends over the Count with an expression of inexpressible sorrow and commiseration. The Count, (disturbed in his sleep) exclaims,

Count. Away—away—begone! (*He awakes.*) Ha! art thou three,
My Bertha—nay, it was a fearful dream,
Thy rous’d mine inward senses. Take again
The harp, my daughter!—Music will revive me.
(*The spectre has raised itself again, and stares at the Count with eyes wide open.*)
(*Count terrified.*) Why dost thou stare so horribly upon me—

So that my heart within me thence revolts
With horror,—in my bones the marrow freezes?
Away with such a look! avert thine eyes!
So did I see thee in my dream; and yet,
My brain is burning. Wilt thou kill thy father?
(*The spectre turns away, and goes a few steps towards the door.*) So—now I know myself again,
but whither,
Child, art thou going!
(*The ghost turns again, when at the door, and in a sepulchral tone, says.*) Ancest, Home!
(*Exit.*)

Count. (*Falls back on his seat, as if thunder-struck, and, after a pause, says.*) Ha! what is that!

Have I been dreaming? Did I not behold
My daughter stand before me—hear the words
That were like death, and feel my blood run cold
At the dread ghostly look? And yet, my daughter,
My gentle Bertha! Where art thou? Ho! Bertha!
(*Enter Bertha and Gunter, the chamberlain.*)

Ber. (*Rushing forward.*) Dear father, what’s the matter?

Count. Art thou there?
What has disturb’d thee? Tell me, how is this,
That thou unkindly, like a midnight spirit,
Room’st thro’ the desolate hall, with strange demeanour,

To scare the life-worn sleeper?

Ber. I, my father?
Count. Aye, thou! what? thou art ignorant,
and yet

Could’st fix thy staring corpse looks, even like dag-
gers
In thine old father’s heart!

Ber. My looks?

Count. Aye, thine,
Lift not thine eye-lids up so fearfully,
There! so it was!—Y’et no—more fix’d and stern!—
Stern!—language has no word for such an aspect.
Look’st thou upon me now so soothingly,
To efface th’ impression of that painful moment?
’Tis all in vain. Long as I live, to me
That frightful image will before me stand—
Even on my death-bed it will haunt me still.
Look’st thou as mild as moonlight on a soft
And lovely evening landscape, yet I know,
At pleasure thou can’st kill.

Ber. Alas! my father,
What have I done to move thee thus? why scold
My guiltless eyes that anxiously in search
Of thine, with tears of sorrow now are filled,
That I left thee asleep, and thoughtlessly
Went forth awhile.

Count. Went forth? Not so! because
Thou wert here present.

Ber. I?

Count. Nay, did’st thou not
Stand in that place, shooting thy dead cold arrows
Through my defenceless bosom?

Ber. While you slept?

Count. Just now; ’tis but a moment since.

Ber. In truth,

I came now from the balcony. When sleep
Had seized you, I went longing out to try,
If I could meet with Jaromir.

Count. For shame!

Girl! dost thou mock me?

Ber. Mock thee? I, my father?

The old Steward of the family, who has entered the apartment, confirms the statement of Bertha—and after a pause—he ventures to say, that the superstition of the neighbourhood represents the shade of the Ancestress, as loving to appear in the very form described by the Count—adding, that whoever looks on her picture, which is preserved in this very hall, must be convinced the Ancestress resembled Bertha in feature no less than in name. Bertha before this has laboured to believe her father had only seen a dream—but adds she—

And yet ’twas only yesterday, my father,
I went by twilight thro’ the ancestral hall.
Midway, there hangs a mirror, half obscur’d,
And full of stains. Yet there I stood a-while,
At the dim glass to arrange my dress. Just then,
When I had put both hands down to my sash,
(There, father, you will laugh at me, and I
Myself must laugh at mine own childish fear;
Though at the moment only with chill horror,
Could I behold that image so distorted)
When, as I said, both hands I had applied
To tie my sash, then in the glass my shadow
Most unaccountably appeared with arms
Raised to its head; and, with a chilling horror,
In the dark mirror I beheld my features
Frightfully chang’d; the same, and yet how differ-
ent,

Folding even such resemblance to myself:
As one in health to her own lifeless corpse.
Wide staring were its eyes, at me directed;
And its gaunt bony fingers seem’d to point
Some fearful warning!

Gunt. Wo! the Ancestress!

Count. (*As if struck by some terrible and sudden idea, and springing up.*) The Ancestress.

Ber. (*Surprised.*) What said’st thou?

Gunt. Have you not,

My noble lady, in that hall beheld
Her portrait, which to see, bears that resemblance
It seems as if yourself, in life and health,
Had to the painter sat?

Ber. Oft times I’ve seen it,
Not without wonder; and to me it was
The dearest for that likeness.

Gunt. Then you know not

The legend that has gone from tongue to tongue

The legend is, that this Bertha of a former age, was the wife of the Lord of Borotin; and being detected in adultery, was slain by the dagger of her husband. The husband, however, did not suspect that his son was the issue of sinful love; and his lands and his name descended to a bastard—from whom the present noble race are sprung. In memory of this domestic tragedy, the dagger by which the lady had fallen, is still hung by the wall of the apartment in which they are assembled: while the troubled spectre itself is compelled to wander about the scenes of her former guilt, till the last of the race that has through her deceit become possessed of the honours of the house of Borotin, shall have died. Whenever any accident of misery or death is about to befall that house, the spectre becomes visible—rejoicing that a step towards her own repose had been gained; yet shuddering and lamenting, with the feelings of a mother, over the sufferings that come upon her children. There is something too awful to be dwelt upon, in this deep and thrilling dream of superstition—but surely there is poetry enough in it, to redeem every fault it may be charged with.

The Count and his daughter retire;—and after a pause, Jaromir her lover, rushes panting into the hall, a broken sword all bloody in his hand—the Steward follows him, and learns that he has just been assaulted by a band of robbers in the forest, and with difficulty escaped. Upon this the Count and his daughter return, and Borotin is informed by the mode of their address, that he sees before him the deliverer of Bertha. The Count immediately proclaims his gratitude and his approbation of their love.

Jar. I stand astonished, and ashamed.

Count. How so?
So should we feel. Our gratitude so mean,
Thy deed so noble.

Jar. Noble! Oh! could I
But say that it had cost me aught—some wound
Had I to show, even but a trifling scar,
For a remembrance. Oh! it vexes me
Most deeply, such a prize to have I received,
And paid no price.

Count. Nay, modesty becomes
A youth: but let him not thus undervalue
His own deserts.

Ber. Believe him not, my father!
He loves to slight himself; and long ago,
I knew him of him. (oft he lay before me,
And kissed my feet, and with pain broken voice,
Weeping, he cried aloud, "My dear, dear, Bertha,
I am not worthy of thee!"—He unworthy!
Of me unworthy!

Jar. Bertha!

And soon after ends the first act.

Fatigued and weary Jaromir retires to his chamber, but he is disturbed there, in a manner for which our readers may already be prepared.

An hundred mouths make horrible grimaces
At his bed's foot—there dawns a steady light,
As of the moon—and there a visage rises,
With closed up dead eyes—but with features lovely,
Even in decay, well known, for they are Bertha's.

Bursting from his bed-chamber into
the dark and deserted hall, we hear
him exclaiming thus:

Jar. What, has all hell broke loose, and all on
me

Alone its malice pour'd? Dire grinning ghosts
I see before—upon me—all around;
And terror, as with vampire throat, sucks out
The life-blood from my veins; and from my brain,
The marrow of right reason. Oh! that I
Had never enter'd here! Upon the threshold,
An angel stood and welcom'd me. Within
All hell is lodged. Yet, whither have I stray'd,
By inward anguish driven? Is this not still
That honourable hall, that when I came,
Received me? All is silent, for the sake
Of those who sleep. Silent! what if they knew
My strange disorder? Ha! what sounds are these?
(Listening at the door of Bertha's apartment.)
Sweet tones! I know them well, and fain would
drunk

Those accents on the lips that gave them birth.
Listen! Ha! words! she prays, perchance for me;
Pure spirit, now I thank thee!

(Listening again.) "Heavenly powers!
Assist us!" Aye, indeed; assist us, Heaven!
"And save us!" From my heart I join the prayer,
Save us! Oh! from myself may Heaven protect
me!

Thou sweet pure being, I can stay no longer;
I must from hence, and fly to her: fall down
Prostrate, and in her sacred presence gain
Freedom and peace from Heaven. Aye, she, in-
deed,

O'er such a visitant may offer up
Her orisons as o'er a lifeless frame;
And, from the influence of her breath, hail I
Rise, consecrated. (He approaches the door. It
opens, and the Ancestress appears, with both her
hands making signs to him to retire.) Ha! thou
lovely one,

And art thou here?

'Tis I, dear Bertha, frown not,
Repel me not by those cold looks, but grant
That I may once again enjoy the rapture,
Leaning on thy pure angel breast to draw
From the blue heaven of those unclouded eyes,
Quiet and consolation.

(The ghost steps forward from the door, which
closes behind her, and repeats the same gestures.)

Must I go?

Nay, but I cannot, cannot, while I view thee
So ravishing before my raptur'd sight,
All round thee seems enchanted ground. I feel
That on my bosom's gloom new splendour dawns
Visions that long have slept, once more awake,
In all their glory. 'Couldst thou see me suffer?
Shall I before thee perish? Let my voice
In supplication move thee. Let me follow
Into thy chamber. Can true love deny
What love requests?

(Going towards her.) Ha! Bertha, my own Ber-
tha!

(As he approaches her, the ghost extends her
right arm, and points with her finger.) (Jar, fall-
ing back with a cry of terror.) Ha!

Ber. (From within.) Heard I not Jaromir?

(At the first sound of Bertha's voice, the ghost
sighs, and retires slowly. Before she disappears,
Bertha comes forward, but without observing the
ghost, looking only at Jaromir.) Ber. (With a
light.) What, art thou here?

Jar. (Following the ghost with his eye, and
with outstretched arms.) There—there—there—
there!

Ber. Dear Jaromir, what is it?

What moves thee thus? And why towards that

dark corner

Look'st thou so wildly?

Jar. (*Stepping back.*) Here and there, how's this?

Nowhere and everywhere?

Ber. Good Heavens! explain! What are you thus?

Jar. By Heaven, I am a man; And "What man dares I dare!" Even let the devil Appear against me! Count, if in my pulse Can be perceived the irregular throbs of fear; Yet must he come alone, and openly, And in his proper shape—not thus enlist In my wild fancy and distemper'd brain, Whole troops of his auxiliaries against me. Comes he like some huge giant, clad in steel From top to toe, and gifted with the powers Of darkness, or surrounded by an halo Of light from hell, I will deride his rage, And boldly hurl defiance in his teeth: Or comes he as a lion of the woods, I shall resist him without apprehension, Will meet his fiery eyes with looks as fierce, Grapple for grapple—equal unto equal; But let him not employ the finest art Of hell, that, cunning and deceitful, rouses One's own internal powers against himself.

Ber. (*Hastening towards him*) My Jaromir! Dear Jaromir!

Jar. (*Stepping back.*) Away! I know thee, beauteous form!—Should I approach, Thou would'st dissolve into thin air, my breath Would thee annihilate.

Ber. (*Embracing him.*) Nay, could a phantom Embrace thee thus; or could a wandering shadow Thus look upon thee? Feel, it is thy Bertha That lies within thine arms.

Jar. 'Tis so, indeed. I feel thy warm heart beating, and thy breath Fanning my temples.

The Count comes in while they are yet talking in this manner, and having heard the cause of the noise that has disturbed him—he utters these words too full of meaning:

Ha! so they begin Already to acknowledge him for mine! In realms of darkness is it known so soon?

The alarm that has occurred, renders the whole party unwilling to return to their own apartments, and they remain conversing in the hall, when suddenly there is heard a loud knocking at the gate of the castle, and Jaromir betrays a perturbation that astonishes Bertha. He reassures her, however, and the Steward introduces a captain, who, as it appears, has been engaged with a band of robbers in the forest—the band has been vanquished, and he has traced the last relics to the neighbourhood of the castle. Borotin makes the officer welcome to his castle, and all the aid he can give him, and introduces to him Bertha as his daughter. The officer seems to regard Jaromir with a strange kind of expression, but is told he is the son-in-law of the Count, and his suspicions are at an end. He proceeds to describe the ravages committed by these banditti, and expresses his regret that so many of them should have fallen by a death too noble for their deserts—The dialogue is very animated here;

Capt. No, no! the wheel—the block should be their doom.

VOL. VI.

Ber. Nay, nay—this is too cruel; when thou judgest Thy fellow men, still shew humanity.

Capt. Nay, lady, hadst thou seen what I have witnessed,

Thou would'st close up thy heart, and bar its gates (As to an insolent beggar) on compassion. Those smoking ruins, rendered visible By their own flames; old men in terror trembling, Women lamenting, children left to weep On a dead mother's bosom; all around A devastated waste. Hadst thou seen this! And then to think this havoc all was caused By the vile thirst of gold, the avarice Of a few miscreants, who—

Jar. (*Stepping forward and seizing him.*) This lovely being,

Whose inward soul, like a fine mirror, shews All nature smiling, all the world at rest, Because herself is pure and innocent, Why would'st thou trouble thus? Why strive to blot That mirror with the poison of revenge, The breath of hatred? Let her still enjoy The sweetness of compassion! In the fallen, Still recognise a brother in distress— Forsooth, it will become the broken reed To scorn the shattered oak!

Capt. Nay, let the wood

So shattered straight be cast into the fire!

Jar. A sharp judge with the tongue thou art.

Perchance

Thine arm in action may not be so rapid!

Capt. Ha! how art thou to understand these words? Jar. Even take them, sir, as I have given them to you.

Capt. Were it not in this place—

Jar. Aye—very true.

Elsewhere, perchance, thy conduct were more guarded.

Capt. Warmly, I see, thou would'st defend these robbers.

Jar. Whoever is in distress shall gain my heart.

Capt. The best among them, let him come, and

Jar. Call him aloud! Perchance he will appear!

An end is put to this untimely altercation by the old Count—who insists on attending the captain in person, during his pursuit of the remaining banditti—the agitations—the reluctance—and the bitterness of Jaromir, are all accounted for by the fatigues and terrors he himself had so lately undergone; and the youth returns to his chamber at the same moment when the soldiers issue again from the castle to continue their pursuit. Before he goes, Bertha binds her blue scarf around his arm, as a token of their acknowledged and approved love.

Bertha meantime, and the old Steward, gaze on the operations of the soldiers from the window of the hall—for the robbers are suspected to be lurking somewhere in the ruinous part of the edifice, and the torches they bear give light enough to make their movements visible. A cry is heard, and a rushing towards a particular corner—one of the pursuing party is seen lying wounded on the ground, but it appears the robber has still succeeded in making his escape. In an instant after, Jaromir rushes again into the hall—his scarf is torn and bloody—and Bertha cannot account for the new terrors that are painted on his face.

But it is needless to give the details of a discovery which is already foreseen by the reader. One of the soldiers comes in to inform Bertha, that her father has been wounded, and it is no longer to be concealed that Jaromir has had his part in the scene that has just been going on without the castle. Jaromir, as Bertha begins already to suspect, is a robber; and the moment her suspicion is hinted, the youth speaks thus:

Jar. Ha! well then!—all is past—the thunderbolt has struck at last, wherewith the skies so long were loaded, and I freely breathe again! Although I feel the stroke, and feel that all my hopes are gone—'tis well!—Now all is past! That bond must now be broken—that delusion must all dissolve. And shall I tremble thus, To bear the name of that which, without shrinking, I have been in reality? No more need I deceive. Farewell, ye fine-apron falsehoods, ye never were my choice. That which I bore deep in my heart, and yet from her concealed—That proved my bitterest sorrow!—Well! the lightning

Has struck at last—the storm is over now. Freely I may speak out what'er my heart feels inwardly. My soul is free again!—Unhappy Bertha! yes, I am the man—Whom thou hast named—whom officers pursue—He whom all tongues have cursed—whose name is placed

Next to the devil, when the peasant says His litany at evening—whom the father Holds as a dread example to his children, In whispers warning them, "Beware of sin, Lest it should lead you on to be like him!" Aye, I am he, unhappy girl, well known To wood and wold, whom murderers hail as brother—

I am the robber Jaromir!

Ber. Wo! wo!

Jar. And art thou trembling, Bertha? Can a name Thus fill thee with affright? Oh! be not thus So soon beguiled. That part which even to hear Has thus alarm'd thee, I too oft have play'd in very deed. These eyes, which thou hast loved, Have been the horror of the traveller. This voice, to thee so soothing, has assisted The robber's arm, and with terrific tone Unmann'd the victim, till that arm had struck. Nay, even this hand, which rested off in thine, With innocent blood has been defil'd!

Look not

So doubtfully, sweet being!—Aye, 'tis true! I am the man! Because mine eyes are fill'd With tears, mine arms hang powerless, and my voice Is faltering now—think'st thou that I am not? Alas! the robber has his hours of pain, When the full sense of his dire fate awakes, And forces this emotion. Bertha! Bertha! 'Tis true indeed that he whose tearful eyes Now search in vain to meet the gleams of thine, Is Jaromir the robber!

Ber. Oh, heavens! Away!

Jar. Aye, thou art in the right! almost had I forgotten what I am—No more of this! Cowardly tears, no more!—And shall a robber Presume to indulge in feelings like to those Of other mortals? Shall the precious dew Of tears be granted to his burning eyes?—Away!—Cast out from brotherhood of men, To thee be every solace too denied! Despair and hatred only be thy portion!—How with myself I may have fought, and striven, And agoniz'd—this, my worldly judges, ask not!—Before their bloody bar, all inward proofs Of guilt or innocence are disregarded—Only will they judge. Now, if your wrath, O lords, have sealed my sentence, I shall mount With a light step the scaffold; and to thee My voice will call aloud, Almighty Power!—Oh mercy thou wilt hear my prayer. To thee, Whate'er my wounded bosom bears in secret Freely I shall unfold. Oh! righteous Heaven! Thou wilt in mercy judge, not utterly

Destroy the heart that with keen anguish throbs, And deep repentance. Born and bred up with robbers—of their deeds Involuntary witness—unacquainted With every better school—debar'd the rights Of property, the sweets of social life, The wealth of learning, and religion's aid—The robber's son—wilt thou, Eternal Judge, Condemn, because he turn'd a robber too,—Thus imitating those whom he held dear—Led on to crime even by a father's hand? Thou know'st how, at his waking from the dream Of childhood, he beheld his lot with terror. He wish'd to fly, and tried to find a path For his escape—Oh, Heaven!—but found it not. Thou know'st how, since the hour when first I met Her who has now accused me, I renounc'd My wild pursuits!—Thou know'st—but wherefore thus

Prolong my words?—Even tho' my heart is broken, She hears me not, but bars the gates on pity. Thou, Everlasting Light, know'st all my suffering: She unrelenting hears not, but remains Turn'd coldly from me. Well, then, be it so! Now all is ended. I no more regard How soon my blood shall dye the scaffold now; For she already has my death accomplished. Now Justice raise thine arm—I smile at thee! *(He is rushing out, when Bertha starts up, and recalls him.)*

Ber. Oh, Jaromir, stay—stay—

Jar. What do I hear?

My Bertha's looks are turn'd on me again! Her voice recalls me, and on golden wings Brings back my life. *(He listens to her.)* My Bertha—my own Bertha!

Ber. Leave me!

Jar. No! I will leave thee not again!

Ah! shall the miserable man, almost From shipwreck saved, driven on the watery waste, Forsake the land that sweetly shows to meet him? Receive me—Oh, receive me!—All that yet Remains of life's past influences—save this, My love for thee alone—I cast away, Back to the stormy waves. As a new being, Pure as in infancy, I kneel before thee, To learn and to repent!—Oh! I rescue me—Save me!—Oh! rule me as a parent rules An unresisting child; so that my feet May stumble not in the new world unknown! Teach me to tread thy paths—at last to obtain Tranquillity and joy. Teach me to hope, To pray, even to be holy, like thyself.

My Bertha!—and shall never more one look Be turn'd upon your weeping suppliant? Be not severer than the Heavenly Judge, Who, mid the sinner's last repentant hours, Refuses not the splendour of his sunbeams, Even on the scaffold.—Ha! I feel this trembling! Yes, thou art mine again—my own beloved Bertha! wife! angel!—Let this earth decay; I have already here secured my heaven!

The plot now thickens fearfully. Jaromir parts from Bertha on the conclusion of this most affecting dialogue (of which we have only given a specimen.) She knows him to be a robber, but her love forgives every thing to the offender of fate and circumstance; she still adheres to the troth she had plighted; and promises to meet her lover, at midnight, at a particular window in the ruinous part of the castle—thence to fly with him for ever, and link all the residue of her fate with his. At the moment when the youthful pair join hands in token of their confirmed engagement, the Ancestress appears in the back ground, wringing her hands behind them, and pointing to the ground with a woful sternness. Jaromir has no arms; and seeing a dagger hanging

by the wall, he takes it down. "Take it not," says Bertha, "it is the dagger by which the guilty *Ancestress* of the Borotins perished—it is of evil omen." At the moment when he grasps the weapon, the Ancestress disappears, folding her ghastly features in the long wrappings of her sepulchral veil. Bertha is afraid that Jaromir has taken the dagger for the purpose of self-destruction; but to shew her that not such were his intentions, he draws from his bosom a phial of poison, which he tosses at her feet. She lifts the fatal present—Jaromir retires into his own apartment—and here closes the third act.

At the commencement of Act IV. the old Count Borotin is brought in wounded; and when they propose to bear him to his chamber, he refuses. The last of the Borotins, he says, must die in the hall of the Borotins, and a couch is spread for him in the midst of the floor—the armour and the portraits of his ancestors hanging on every side around him. While he is taking leave of his daughter, the Captain comes in and informs him, that one of the robbers, whom they have seized, has a piece of intelligence, which he is anxious, above all things, to communicate to him before he dies. The robber, an old man, Boleslav, is introduced. His story is, that the son of the Count was not drowned, as had been believed, but stolen from the castle gate by himself in his infancy.

And where and what is he? (*cries the dying man.*)

What! is my son

A robber?—Heaven! he answers not my question!

Oh, that he would say No! But he is silent.

My son a robber! Had the watery gulf

Devour'd him (though my grief had been severe),

Or had his name remain'd for ever hid,

'Twere better, than to be thus join'd with robbers.

But why am I so rash? Oh, Heaven, I thank thee

For this one gleam of light!—Was it his choice?

Bring him, good friend, bring him to me with speed

And I will thank thee still, even for the robber!

Bot. Nay, he is in your castle.

Count. Here?

Bot. My lord,

Unknown to you that stranger, who, to-night,

Wearied and pale, came here to seek protection—

Ber. (*Interrupting him.*) How? Jaromir?

Bot. The same.

Count. Thou demon! Hold!

Take back those horrid words! Thou send from

hell,

I say, recall them!

Bot. Nay, my lord, 'tis true.

Count. Recall thy words.

Bot. My lord, in truth, I cannot.

Count. (*Raising himself with his whole strength*

from the couch.) Thou shalt, by Heaven!

Capt. (*In a soothing tone to the Count.*) My lord!

(*Then pointing to Boleslav.*) Away with him!

Bot. (*To the Captain.*) Pray, noble sir!—

Capt. I say, away with him!

(*Boleslav is led out.*)

Count. He goes, and leaves his words yet unre-

tracted:

So bury me, ye walls! Destruction come!
Fall down, ye pillars, that this earth uphold!
The son has slain his father!

It is thus that Borotin dies: Bertha is left lying on the floor in a stupor of agony, from which she, after a pause of several minutes, awakes wildly, and speaks.

And am I called for? Yes, my name is Bertha!

But no! I am alone! (*Rising from the ground.*)

All silent, silent!

Here lies my father! lies so still, and moves not!

All silent, silent, silent. Oh, how heavy

My head feels now! Mine eyes, how dim they are!

I know that many things have come to pass,

And, meditating, I would dwell upon them;

But a strange light, that burns upon my forehead,

Consumes the wilder images.

Hold, hold!

Said they not that my father was a robber?

No, not my father—No, no; Jaromir!

So was the robber named; and from the bosom

Of a poor girl, he stole the heart away,

Even while she deem'd it most secure, and left,

In place of the warm heart, a cold, cold scorpion,

That now with venomous teeth still gnaws and

gnaws.

And by slow tortments wears her life away!

And then there was a son who kill'd his father!

(*Joyfully.*) My brother, too, came back! my

drown'd, lost brother!

And he, my brother—hold, hold!—down, I say—

(*Her hand convulsively press'd on her breast.*)

Back to thy cell again, thou poisonous reptile!

There gnaw and tear my vitals—But be silent!

(*She takes a light.*)

Aye, now I'll go to sleep—to sleep! The dreams

Of slumber are so soothing—horrid visions

But haunt our waking hours.

Her wandering looks now happen to notice on the table the phial, which (in the third act) she had insisted on taking from Jaromir.

But what is this

So glittering on the table? Oh, I know thee,

and then

gave

In that small cradle, sleeping, lay the god

Of everlasting sleep! Now, let me try—

Let me but sip a few drops from thy brim,

To cool my burning lips. But, softly, softly;

Softly!

[*With the intention here expressed she endeavours*

to walk on tiptoe towards the table; but at every

step, bring now quite exhausted by the conflict

she has undergone, she totters more and more,

still without obtaining the phial, she falls to the

ground; and here the Fourth Act is terminated.]

The beginning of the fifth act represents Boleslav, who has been set at liberty, as seeking Jaromir in his lurking place. The unhappy boy, before this man joins him, is tormented by a thousand mysterious revulsions of thought at the deed by which his own safety had been purchased.

Jar. And if what I have done be right, then

wherefore

Has this dark horror seiz'd me? Wherefore thus

Should my brain burn—and my blood turn to ice?

Wherefore should this persuasion haunt me still,

What in the moment of that obscure deed,

The Devil urg'd and Heaven drew back mine arm?

As in my flight a follower gained upon me,

I felt his breath already on my neck,

Almost his hands had reach'd me; and just then

Some inward voice exclaimed "Resign thyself!

Thy weapons cast away! Fall at his feet;

'Tis sweet from Sin to fly, even to the arms

Of Death!" But with a sudden fire awakening,

Within me all the robber rag'd anew,

And irresistibly demanded blood!

Then a strange rushing noise was all around,

And all before me held a fluttering motion;

A multitude of goblins, pale as moonlight,
Whirl'd in a circling dance: And in my hand
The dagger, like a brand from hell, was glowing;
"Rescue!—defend thyself!" was called aloud,
And in blind rage I struck at my pursuer:
It was enough—a faultering innon succeeded.
In a well-known and honour'd voice it rose,
And the faint tone betokent death. All trembling,
I heard the voice. A supernatural horror,
With ice-cold talons, seiz'd me. Through my brain
Delirium rush'd. Shuddering, I sought to fly,
Tho' go whither I might, the murderous brand,
Like that of Cain, will gleam upon my forehead;
And evermore my struggles are in vain
To quell that moaning voice. In hollow murmurs
It rises ever on my tortur'd ears.
If to myself I say, 'twas but my foe
That I have slain,—then Hell with scorn reminds
me,

That was no enemy's voice!

The following is part of the conversation that passes between Boleslav and Jaromir. The old robber is communicating to the boy the true secret of his birth.

Boi. This castle's halls first heard thy voice in childhood:

Here first thine eyes beheld the light; and here,
Unconsciously in its possessor's arms,
Hast thou first gain'd the embraces of a father!
(Upon which *Jaromir strikes out.* "No! No!"
and the robber continues.)

It is as I have said: Come now;
And go with me to him. The law that deals
Too hardly with a robber will be milder
Against the son of one so rich and noble.
Come with me, while 'tis time. He lies there
wounded.

And who can tell how short his life may be?
Only just now, when in pursuit of us,
Round this old gloomy castle, he was struck
By the sharp dagger of a runaway.

Jar. Thou fend! Malicious fend! And with
one word

Wouldst thou destroy me? Art thou so presuming.
Because I bear no arms? Nature, 'tis true,
Does little: Yet she gave me teeth and talons;
Hyena weapons with Hyena rage.
Thou serpent! I will tear thee limb from limb;
And, if thy words can kill, yet thou shalt know
These hands are yet more deadly.

Boi. He is mad!
Help! Rescue! Help! [*He runs out.*

Jar. And must I then believe
This demon's words? Ha! were they true: This
tale,

Whereof the thoughts alone, the possibility
But dimly shadow'd, freezes up my blood,
Was it then true? Aye, aye! if it is! it is!
No dream, but all reality! I hear,
In my heart's deep recesses, and all round me,
A supernatural voice that murmurs, "Aye!"
And the black spectre forms that float before me
Nod with their bloody heads a horrid "Aye!"
Ha! now that voice, that in a murderous hour
Rose from my fallen pursuer comes again,
And moaning, faultering, dying, murmurs, "Aye!"
He was my father! he my father! I
His son! his only son! and—Ha! who spoke there?
Who spoke that word aloud—that from himself
The murderer pale and trembling keeps concealed
In his heart's deepest folds? Who dared to tell it?
His son, and murderer! Ha! his son, his son,
And murderer!

[*Suddenly covering his face with both his hands.*
All that on earth is held

Most precious, holy, venerable, dear,
And consecrated: All combin'd, reach not!
In sanctity a father's hoary head.
Balm from his tongue distils: for he who gains
A father's blessing merrily may sail
'thro' life's stormy waves, and at the tempest smile!
But who, 'tho' turbulent rage of passion driven,
Against him lifts his sacrilegious arm,
Is held of Heaven abandoned and accursed.
Aye! I can hear, with trembling horror now,
How speaks the eternal Judge, "All other crimes
Find their atonement: But the Parricide
Shall gain forgiveness—never!"

But our limits prevent us from being
able to give any more of the terri-

ble lamentations and ravings of the unhappy boy. Sensible as he now is of all the accumulated horrors in which he has become involved—he is still anxious to see Bertha once more, and lingers near that window of the castle vaults at which she has promised to meet him. While he lingers, a light from another range of windows in the same part of the building attracts his attention—he climbs up, and, looking in, sees the chapel filled with priests and mourners surrounding the hearse of his father. Nothing can be conceived more awful than this situation—the choral lamentations and prayers peal upon his ear from this holy place like the accents of another world—and he flies from the scene of misery to bury himself in a vault beneath.

This vault is the burial place of the Borotins. Conspicuous in its background appears the lofty monument of the ANCESTRESS. In the foreground appears an elevated platform or bier, covered with a black shroud. Jaromir enters now in a state of delirium. We give the whole of this last scene.

Jar. So here I am at last. Now, courage! courage! A shivering sound is breath'd along these walls, And even the slightest words reverberate, As from another's voice. Where'er I go, There lies before me, on the dusky ground, A long black line of blood; and though my heart Revolts, and Nature shudders at the sight, Still I must follow the dire traces. Ha! Who touches me so coldly!

[*His own hands meet by accident.*
My own hand? Yes! it was mine. And art thou now so numb'd And icy-cold, erewhile by the warm glow Of youthful blood pervaded? Icy-cold, And stiffen'd, like the murderer's—murderer's hand! [*Thoughtful and with fixed eyes.* Dreams—idle dreams! Away! Now for repose! Now for the wedding festival! My love! Bride! Bertha! Why art thou so late? Come, Bertha!

[*The Ancestress then steps from the monument.*]

An. Who calls? My own hand? *Jar.* What, art thou there? Then all is well My courage is restored to me again. Come to these arms, my Bertha! Let me kiss Thy pale cheeks into red! But wherefore thus so timidly retiring? And thy looks, Wherefore so mournful? Courage, dearest, courage!

And is thy wedding then so melancholy? I am so glad, and joyous—look at me! And as I feel, so too should'st thou. Pray, mark me!

I know such marvellous histories, and adventures, So strange, I needs must laugh at them—lies all, Nay, lies for certain—yet most laughable! Look you, they say now: courage, courage, child! They say thou art my sister! Thou my sister! Laugh, dearest; why wilt thou not laugh, I say?

[*The Ancestress replies to his ravings in a hollow voice.*] Thy sister I am not.

Jar. Thou say'st it still So mournfully. My sister, laugh, I say! And then my father, [*He pauses.*] Come, but we waste time—

No more of this! All is prepared for flight. Come, come!

An. Where is thy father?

Jar. Silence!

Silence, I say!

An. Where is thy father?

Jar. Wife,

Be silent, and no more torment me thus!

Thou hast beheld me but in milder words;

But when the dark power rules within my heart,

And speaks aloud, the lion in his rage

To me is but a lap-dog. Blood I cry!

And he that is the nearest to my heart

Is to my dagger nearest. Therefore, silence!

An. (With increasing energy.) Where is thy father?

Jar. Ha! who gave thee power

To call me to account? Where is my father?

Know I myself? Mean'st thou the pale old man,

With venerable silver locks? Then mark you,

Him have I sung to sleep, and he sleeps now—

Sleeps, sleeps! Yet many times he moves himself,

Then turns again to rest. Closes once more

His heavy eyelids, and, with some faint murmurs,

Sinks into slumber. But no more of this,

Bertha, art thou deluding me? Come now,

Let us from hence away! Why shake thy head

As if in cold denial? Perjur'd girl,

Ungrateful! Is it thus that thou rewardest

My faithful love, and all that I have done?

Whate'er on earth was to my soul most dear,

This world or heaven, I do renounce that I

May call thee mine. If thou could'st know the

sufferings,

The pains of hell that gnaw my heart in sunder,

Could'st thou but know the torment of a conscience

Deep stained, like mine, in blood, thou would'st be

milder,

Nor thus deny me now!

An. Begone! Away!

Jar. What! I? begone! No never without thee!

We go together; and if even thy father

Himself withheld thee, with that ghastly wound,

Whose bloody lips wide-yawning call me murderer,

Thou should'st not from my arms escape.

An. Begone!

Jar. No, No! I tell thee no!

(There is a noise heard of a door thrown violently open.) An. Listen! they come!

Jar. So be it then! Life, Bertha, at thy side,

Or death. But still, together we remain!

(Another door opens.) An. Fly, fly, ere yet it is

too late!

Jar. My Bertha!

Come hither, love!

An. Thy Bertha I am not!

I am the Ancestress of this fallen house!

Thou child of sin, I am thy sinful mother!

Jar. Those are my Bertha's cheeks, her form

her bosom!

Thou shalt with me! Here passion rages still,

And pleasure waves me onward!

An. See then here

The bridal ornaments I have prepared!

She now tears the black cover from

the raised platform, and the real Bertha

appears lying dead in her coffin.

Upon which Jaromir starts back with

horror, and exclaims, "Woe! woe!"

but almost instantly recovering him-

self, he believes the whole to be a de-

lusion.

Jar. Deceitful birth of hell! In vain—

I leave thee not! Those are my Bertha's features,

With her my place must be!

In pronouncing the two last lines,

he runs after the Ancestress, who

says,

Then come, thou lost one!

And opens her arms, into which he

immediately throws himself, but starts

back with a cry of horror—he stag-

gers a few paces, and then sinks down

on Bertha's coffin. At this moment,

the doors are burst open, and Gun-

ther, the Captain with his band, and

Boleslav the robber rush in. The

Captain says,

Murderer, yield thyself, thy hour is come!

The Ancestress then stretches out her arm, and they remain staring at her with astonishment and terror. She then leans over Jaromir, and with the words,

Thou hopeless victim, part in peace!

She kisses him on the forehead, then lifts up the shroud, and spreads it mournfully over both the dead bodies, (for her kiss proves instantly mortal to Jaromir) then with lifted hands, she exclaims, Now then,

She moves with solemn pace back to the monument; and when she has vanished into its gloomy recess, the Captain's party come forward intending to seize Jaromir,

Capt. Ha! now we hold him certain.

Gunther, the old steward, hastens to the bier, lifts up the covering, and says, weeping, He is dead!

There is one remark only which we cannot forbear making ere we conclude our sketch of this most beautiful and soul-subduing tragedy. It is a tale of incestuous love—but it is the only tale of that kind which was ever presented, either in a dramatic or in any other form, without wounding the ear of the hearer, or the eye of the spectator. There is one tragedy, indeed, (the *Mirra* of Alfieri,) founded on the same species of interest, which is in one respect no less pure—but those who remember the structure of that magnificent tragedy, will be at no loss to see the reason for the preference we have given to the Ancestress. The love of the brother and the sister is love conceived in ignorance—love, which not to have been conceived between such personages so situated, would have appeared an absurdity, or rather an impossibility to such a poet as Grillparzer. It is a love, pure and ethereal, unconsciously, as it were, melted away into heavenly purity—by that very law of heaven that forbids the union of the unhappy, but, in so far as their love is conceived, the not guilty lovers. It seems as if we felt the mysterious breath of nature, playing coolly and calmly over their burning brows—not extinguishing the passion, but purging all dross from the flame. We know, indeed, and feel that the disappointment of such a passion is a thing not to be survived by creatures so young—

so ardent—so entirely living in their love. But the death which we foresee, comes before us not in the shape of a punishment, but of a pre-determined expiation of guilt long since punished on her that committed it,—demanding no pardon for those that die that it may be forgotten. We see Jaromir laid upon the virgin hearse of Bertha without a shudder—with a calm and acquiescing reverence for the horror that has laid him there. Such indeed is the entire mastery of his love in his breast, and in the fable of the poet, that the other, the yet darker, because completed, horror—the parricide—is almost forgotten in its contemplation. The tears of Jaromir have wiped out all his other guilt; when he dies we regard him as dying only for his love.

The creation of the character of Bertha is another thing, in praise of which too much could not be said; but we believe we might safely leave that to the imagination and the hearts of our readers. What beautiful use is made of the resemblance between her and the guilty spectre mother—how that resemblance subduces all feelings of horror for the sins of the departed, into sympathy with the sufferings of those that tread in life before us—how it raises also, into a mysterious sublimity, those living lineaments which might otherwise have expressed only the mild tenderness and mild ardour of young and hoping love. The horror which we feel for the shroud of the one, (when the unhappy youth mistakes her for his mistress), is soon communicated to the bridal garland of the other—and we revolt, with an instinctive tremour, from the idea of that very love which excites, at the same moment, our admiration, and our reverence, and our sympathy.

The miserable ghostlike face of the universe, described in the very first speech of this unfortunate maiden, prepares us to look on all around her and us as wrapped in snow and ice. Life seems all like the forest on which she gazes—drear—frozen—benumbed—black—trod only by footsteps of guilt and misery—echoing only the shouts of blood-shed, revenge, and death. Even amidst all the beautiful feelings called out by Bertha's confession of her love to her father, the predominating darkness of her destiny hangs out distinct and visible. The vision she sees in the mirror is an

from the beginning do we feel to be the words of Borotin.

My poor, poor child, you have been born for sorrow. The composure of expectation with which the old man throughout contemplates the coming extinction of his hopes and his house—the calmness with which he meets even the poniard blow of his son—his dying words so full, not of forgiveness, but of something that supersedes and excels all forgiveness;—all things, in son, in daughter, and in father, partake of the same universal tinge of foreseen misery not to be contended with, not to be averted, claiming and receiving only a desperate meekness and a terrible resignation.

But the *Ancestress* herself is one of the characters of the piece, and surely she is no less admirably conceived and preserved than any of the others. This is not a subject for speaking about; but every thing in the words and gestures of this wanderingspectre bespeaks the utmost perfection and entireness of imagination. Whenever she appears, the atmosphere around the living creatures among whom she walks is changed—her breath stops theirs, and chills their blood with the damp and icy vapours of the tomb. The words she speaks are few—“*Whether go you, Bertha?*”—“*HOME,*” and truly that HOME was desolate enough; but she points to it with her waving finger, in assurance, that in its desolation she shall soon have rich companionship. There is not a more holy, nor a more awful thought than that of the unity created and nourished among those of the same blood, and never was this thought brought before us in more appropriate and mysterious power, than in the tragedy of the Borotins. The pictures that moulder upon their walls, the green and time-worn forms sculptured over the resting-places of departed knights and ladies—all seem to be imbued with a sort of dim “life-in-death;”—it seems as if even their decay were not to move beyond its commencement until the last fragments of the line had been swept into the same vault—and all the long series of ancestry and progeny been shut up together within “those ponderous and marble jaws,” there to mingle forever in repose the blood and dust that had so often been bequeathed and inherited. It is thus that the axe is at last laid to the root of the blighted oak—and that all the Borotins are gathered to their fathers.

THE RADICAL'S SATURDAY-NIGHT.

OF all the poems of Burns, the Cottar's Saturday-Night is universally felt to be the most beautiful and interesting. That picture of domestic peace and purity was drawn by the poet when his own soul was peaceful and pure; and accordingly, there sleeps over it a calm and untroubled light, through which the virtues, the wisdom, and happiness of lowly life shine forth in sublime simplicity. We know that this delightful poem was composed at the plough, and that Burns cheered his kind and noble heart during the toil by which he supported his father's household, with the strains that brought vividly before it images of all the most sacred things by which that household was blessed. It is not possible to imagine any spectacle more glorious to a country, than that of such a peasant so employed. Poor, but unrepining—toiling, but not overborne—almost a boy in years, but a man in strength, patience, endurance, and heroism—unconscious in his simplicity of his own greatness—blind to the destiny, at once so dark and so bright, that was awaiting him—and yet, we may well suppose, not unvisited by high and aspiring thoughts—there walked that peasant behind his plough, whom his country, through all future generations, will honour as the poet and benefactor of her people. This poem was composed in his heart beneath the sunshine and the clouds; and when the hours of bodily toil and mental inspiration were gone by, (and with Burns they were the same), he returned at nightfall to his father's house, and sat down reverently in presence of the grey hairs which he kept sacred from the ashes of poverty and affliction. The poem, therefore, is one of sustained and almost perfect beauty; for every morning he brought to it a heart fresh with joyfulness and virtue, while the intervals of composition were thus filled with all the thoughts, feelings, and images that his genius has rendered immortal. The subject was a happy one—happy beyond what could have been the lot of any poet born in any other country. For, in Scotland alone, and I say so with a due sense of the virtues of England, does there exist among the peasantry a union of knowledge, morality, and religion, so universal, and so intense,

and so solemn, as to constitute National Character—to hallow and sublime that NIGHT, which feels, as it were, the influence of the approaching SABBATH, and to render it a weekly festival, held both in mirthful gladness, and in pious composure of heart. It is the spirit of religion that makes the Cottar's Saturday-Night at once delightful and awful to our imagination, and fit subject for the very highest of all poetry. We know, that on that night the Bible is opened in ten thousand dwellings—and that the voice of psalms and of prayer is heard deep down in the glens, and high up on the hills of Scotland. On that night I will not say that the hardships and wants of lowly life are all forgotten by those whose lot it is to endure them—for strong and tenacious must needs be the memory of the poor; but I will say, that if their hardships and wants are not then forgotten, so neither are their enjoyments and their blessings; that in the calm confidence which the humble feel when on their knees before God and their Redeemer, fear and sorrow minister unto piety, that it is sufficient for their gratitude, that while their blessings are so great, their miseries are not far greater—and that human life, with all its inevitable woes, seems yet, to the contented cottar, a scene never wholly deserted by the sunshine of a gracious Heaven. Truly may it be said, that in Scotland, the last night of every week “divides the year, and lifts the soul to Heaven.” Well is the Sabbath-morn preceded by a night in which happiness prepares the heart for devotion.

The picture which Burns has drawn of that hallowed scene, is felt by every one who has a human heart—but they alone can see all its beauty, who have visited the firesides of the Scottish peasantry, and joined in their family-worship. They who have done so, see in the poem nothing but the simple truth—truth so purified, refined, and elevated by devotion, as to become the highest poetry. Many a Saturday night has the writer of this joined in that simple service: more than once, when death had just visited the cottage—but at all times, whether those of joy or affliction—there was the same solemn resignation to the divine will—

the same unquestioning, humble, wise, submission—the same perfect peace, and even lofty happiness—nor did he ever see one shudder, nor hear one sob that seemed to signify despair.

“Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days.
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In white society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.”

The last time that I witnessed and partook of such happiness as this, was one serene and beautiful moon-light night, during last fine harvest. I had been roaming all day among the magnificent woods that overshadow the Clyde immediately above and below Bothwell Castle, near which I had passed some of my early years—and at the fall of the evening, I entered a cottage which I had often visited when a boy, and of which the master was even at that time a gray-headed patriarch. I found the old man still alive, and sitting in his arm-chair by the fire-side—the same venerable image that he was nearly twenty years ago, only his locks if possible more perfectly and purely white, his cheeks somewhat more wan, and his eyes almost as dim as those of blindness itself. His daughter, who had been the beauty of the parish when I was at school, was now a meek and gentle matron, and carried an infant in her arms; while other children, with eyes and features like their mother's, were cheerfully occupied on the floor, half in business and half in play. When I had made myself known to the father and his daughter, it is needless to say with what warmth of hospitality I was welcomed. The old man rose from his seat as soon as I told my name; and it was then that I saw in his tottering steps, that the hand of time had touched him, more heavily than at first sight I had supposed. After I had narrated the simple story of my own life, I learnt that of theirs—that nothing had happened to them since I came to bid them farewell on that summer-morning. I left school, except that the old man's daughter had been married (as I saw) to the lover of her youth—and that six children had been born—of whom two, and the mother mentioned it, with a low voice, but without tears, had been taken to their Maker. The husband afterwards came in—and before our simple even-

ing meal was over, I felt as if I had been for years an inmate of the happy and innocent family.

The old man then said to me, with a kind voice, that he hoped I had not forgotten, in the life I had led in foreign countries, the religious observances of the pensantry of my native land. And, as he was speaking, his grand-daughter, a beautiful girl of about sixteen years, brought the “big ha' bible” and laid it gently upon his knees. “My eyes are not so good,” said the pious patriarch, “as when you and your school-companions used to come to visit us of old, but there is still light enough left in them whereby to read the word of God.” Nothing could be more affecting than the tremulous voice of the old man, whose gray hairs were so soon to be laid in the earth, as he read, amidst the profoundest silence, that chapter of the New Testament that records the crucifixion. And afterwards when the psalm was sung—those same feeble and almost mournful tones were beyond measure touching, as they blended with the small pipes of the children, and the sweet melody of the female voices. During the prayer that followed, I could not help looking around on the kneeling family—and I saw close to the white locks of him whose race was nearly run, the bright and golden head of his little favourite grandson, who, during almost the whole evening, had been sitting on his grandfather's knee. The love of God seemed to descend alike on infancy and old age. The purity of the one allied itself to the piety of the other—and the prayer of him who was just leaving life seemed to bring a blessing on the head of him who was but just entering upon it.—When we all arose together from the prayer, a solemn hush prevailed for a few minutes over the room, till our hearts, by degrees, returned to the thoughts that had previously possessed them—and our conversation, though somewhat more grave than before, recurred to the ordinary topics and business of life.

I need not narrate that conversation, for it was interesting to me, chiefly from its kindness, its calmness, and the wisdom of its innocency. I had many questions, too, to ask about the families I had known in my youth, all of which were answered with plea-

sure and a sort of pride by those who were delighted to hear that I had not forgotten the humble friends of other days; and thus the hours stole away till it was midnight before the son-in-law shewed me into my bed-chamber, a room as neatly furnished as if it had been in the great city, and kept for the accommodation of the few visitors that, whether of kin, or strangers like myself, came in the course of a year to this secluded dwelling.

I lay for some hours awake, reflecting, with the purest delight, on the happiness, the worth, and the piety, of the little family that by this time were all lying around me in sleep.—No doubt, thought I, they have their frailties and also their griefs, but that life is enviable which contains, within itself, so many evenings like the one I have now witnessed. So long as there is a bible in every cottage in Scotland, and the dust is not suffered to lie upon it, the people will be good, and wise, and happy. With thoughts such as these, I at last gently fell away into sleep.

I have heard of people who never were conscious of having dreamed—for myself I never sleep but I dream, yet after all my dreams, I have been able to discover few of the causes by which they are produced or modified. This night, however, I had a dream that rose out of the impressions which that family worship had left on my sleeping mind. But though all these impressions were calm, peaceful, and blessed, yet was the dream itself which they occasioned distorted, hideous, and ghastly, as if hell itself were suddenly to glare out through a vision of heaven.

I fancied that I had lost my way on a wide moor during a night of storms, and at last came upon a solitary hut, into which I entered for shelter. With that distressful feeling so common in dreams, I knew not whence I had come, or whether I was journeying; a sense of unsupportable weariness was all I knew of life. Soon as I entered the cottage, I felt as if I had been there before, though every thing seemed wofully and ruefully to have been changed.—The wet, stained, clammy, and naked walls breathed over the room the cold air of discomfort and desertion—the few articles of furniture were fitted for the mean, vile, and miserable dwelling—and the flickering light from a small

oil-lamp on the clay-floor, by which the wretchedness around was visible, at times seemed to expire utterly, as the gusts of wind blew through the broken panes of a window half closed up with rags and with straw. I felt over my whole body the shivering tremor of that superstitious fear that strikes the heart in dark, wild, and solitary places, and that congeals one's very life-blood, as it assails us when reason is enchained by sleep. In this ghastly loneliness I heard a long, deep, broken groan; and as I looked intensely into the gloom, an old man seemed sitting before me, by the dead ashes of a scanty fire, with long locks, whiter than the snow, and cheeks as sunken and as wan as if he had risen from his grave. Can this ghost, thought I in dim perplexity, be he whom I have often seen kneeling in prayer among his family, and whose reverend countenance felt, not many nights ago, the cheerful light of that happiest fireside? What dreadful thing has happened to him or to me? I strove to speak to the old man in his loneliness, but the words were all frozen in my breast, and I stood convulsed in the dumbness of agonizing passion. But the reality deceived and closed in upon me, and the corpse rising up, stood close to my side, and I heard a voice, "Oh! Scotland! Scotland! hast thou forgotten thy God!" At these words I was at once transformed into a being of my dream, and knew what had befallen my country. Throne and altar had been overturned, and the land was free. But I was wandering, methought, through that stormy midnight, dogged at the heels by persecution and murder; and the old patriarch, whom from boyhood I had loved and honoured, stood before me, involved too in some dark and incomprehensible misery. "The earth, is it not wild," quoth the vision, "now that we know there is no God." "Our faith will yet return to us!" "No! my young friend! the wind roars loudly; and hark! the flooded Clyde! That is the swing of the woods! Are not their voices terrible, now that there is no God? But look, look at these withered hands! and at these hoary hairs—they will fall down into the mould; and what then are the ninety years that I have walked over the earth; and why should a shadow have had such sweet and awful thoughts, since there is no God!"

We seemed to stand together, I and that shadow, weeping and wailing atheists, terrified by the voice and the darkness of the godless earth. My very soul died within me, as I looked around on the dead ashes—the miry floor—the ropy walls—the vileness, the mouldiness, and the earthiness—and felt, that I, with all my unendurable agonies, was only part of that loathsome existence with which I should be blended, and incorporated, and lost for evermore, soon as chance might terminate the foolish mystery called life. “Would you believe it, that my daughter, once so good and beautiful, she who bears the name of her who used to pray with me every night and every morning for forty years, hates these withered hands that laid her into, and lifted her from her cradle, after her mother was taken away? But what is the meaning of the word father, now that there is no God?” A woman seemed to be before us, with a child, almost naked, in her arms. What is a mother; what is a daughter, since there is no God? She held the famished brat to her breast, rather in anger than in love, and poured fierce and wrathful curses on her father’s head, for which the grave, she said, had so long been yawning in vain. “Pity your old father,” were the words he constantly kept repeating—“remember the commandment of God which sayeth, ‘honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long on the earth which the Lord thy God hath given thee.’”—There was something in the woman’s face that terrified me to look on—a beauty that reminded me of some one I had formerly known,—and her voice, too, even when pouring out those unnatural curses, seemed not to be her own voice, but one that I had listened to, I knew not when or where, with pleasure and affection. “Take the imp and mumble it into sleep,” cried she, flinging her child into the old man’s arms, as if it had been a piece of lumber, while he only raised his eyes slightly upwards, and said, “the poor darling alway love its grandfather.” “What more than the mother who bore it?” “I wish your husband were come,” said the wretched being, as the little baby was crying on his knee. “Call him your son—you old dotard—for he is no husband of

mine. I suppose he is at the ale-house with his drabs; and may these arms be withered, if ever again in health or in sickness they lie upon his neck.” Just as she finished this sentence, a man came staggering into the glimmering darkness, and then sat down in sullen silence, with a countenance of drunken ferocity. All this while, nobody but the old man spoke to me, or seemed to notice me; and at last, when I was observed by the others, my appearance among them seemed to excite no surprise. The husband and wife continued to glare on each other with eyes of fury and hatred; and the old man, speaking to me as if to a well-known neighbour, said in a voice not meant to be heard by any of his miserable children, “alas! alas! is this the Cottar’s Saturday Night!” “I have been at the kirk to night with the committee of reform,” cried the husband with an oath, “and a merry meeting we had of it.” The old man mildly asked what had been done; and the ruffian answered, “we have levelled the old crazy building with the ground—the pews, and lotts, and rafters—the pulpit too, with its sounding-board, where the old hypocrite used to preach salvation to our souls—by the bones of Thomas Paine, they made a glorious bonfire! and turned all the church-yard as bright as day—the manse itself looked red in the blaze. Had the ghosts leapt from their graves, they might have fancied it hell-fire.” And here, methought, the drunken Atheist laughed convulsively, as if to suppress the terror that his impiety forced into his own coward heart. “James, James, said the old man, you surely could not injure the minister who baptized you.” “No, no, burning his kirk was enough for him—he stood by all the while, and never uttered a word. We have saved him from henceforth the trouble of preaching. When at last, the great black bible with its clasps went bounding into the flames; he thought it time to be off, and we gave him three cheers as he turned about at the gate!” “James! you have scattered the stones of the house of God, over the grave of your mother. Where will you bury these bones when your old father dies?” holding up as he spoke, his withered hands clasped as it were in prayer or supplication. “A hole dug in the earth is a grave—but we have

no laws, I believe, against burial-grounds—only we must not call them kirk-yards—for where now are the kirks? This has been a glorious day for Scotland. More than a thousand kirks have crumbled into ashes—and to-morrow, not a bell will be heard singing from Tintoek to Cape Wrath!" The blasphemer waxed fiercer and fiercer in my dream, and yelled out in triumph. "At one and the same hour, fire was set to all the houses of God, from sea to sea.—Did he, think ye, tell the storms that blew all day, and are yet bravely blowing, to play the bellows to the fire? No—the winds came without his bidding, and before it is low again, all the tabernacles of the Lord will be dust, cinders, ashes. Huzza for the downfall of superstition!" Quick are the transitions in dreams. "Where is Margaret?" asked the old man; and I knew that he was speaking of his grand-daughter. "She is at Elmwood—and we shall have her to feed no longer.—The old fool there dotes upon her—and if the girl will live with him, why not? She is fifteen years old—and able enough to judge for herself."—"God forgive her," cried the startled mother, as nature rose within her hardned heart, at the sin and shame of her child. "Fool, growled the husband, on this very day, were not all the kirks on fire? How long will that senseless word keep stammering on your lips? The girl needs no forgiveness—let her cheat the decrepit miser, and who shall say that she ought not to have plundered his hoards of yellow gold?" "Is the child.....my little Margaret—is she—has these deaf ears heard aright—is she an harlot, and an adulteress?" And with these words, the old man bowed his head, till the grey locks fell down even unto the very floor. The unnatural son answered not a word, but scowling over the room, which seemed the very cave of famine, fiercely demanded supper, to which demand his wife replied with a loud hysterical laugh, "that the glutton at his knee (for the little fearless infant had stolen up to its unhappy father) had swallowed the last handful of meal in the house, and yet look at him, is he not as pale as a corpse?—and a corpse may he soon be, for there is no hunger in the grave!" The father looked at him with a face black with smothered rage—while the old man sat still in his chair, with a fixed and rigid

countenance. "What! have you got that accursed book of lies, in your old lean fingers again," cried the savage, starting up furiously, "The word of God, call you it!—will it work miracles, and give us bread;" and with that he tore it from the old man's breast, and dashed it among the cold ashes of the fire.—"Lies;—lies;—talk not to me of heaven—and as to hell,—what need is there for any other hell than this."—The wife suffered the Bible to lie among the ashes. What a fearful being, thought I, is a woman—and a wife—and a mother—who can scoff at God, and her Saviour! With her religion, she has lost also her very human nature. She cares not for the baby that she has suckled—for its father in whose bosom she has lain—for her own father, who would even when she was a child in her cradle, have willingly died for her sake! The death rattle was in the old man's throat. We all stood silent. "Lift up the bible upon my knees," were his last words.—His daughter seemed to do so in terror—one moment—and it was then plain that he was dead. All this time the roar of wild winds was in my dream, and I thought that ever and anon thick blackness filled the room as if it had been a grave; and then again a ghastly light revealed the distorted countenances of wrath, guilt, and insanity. The beings of my dream waxed yet more fierce and fiendish; and the child that was still standing at its father's knee, I thought was changed into an imp, with a leering and unearthly face, full of devilish malice and ferocity. Its father's eyes fell upon it, during one of those fitful flashes of light that came glimmering over the darkness; and half terrified, half enraged with the hideousness of the changeling, he sprang up, crying, "What, thou accursed brat, art thou grinning in my face," and grasped his child's throat, as if to murder it: the mother uttered a horrid shriek, and I awoke with my heart beating, and the cold sweat pouring down my temples.

There is no happiness equal to that of waking from a horrible dream. In a moment I recollected that I was reposing in the dwelling of peace, innocence, and piety; I arose, and going to the window, beheld the first and tender light of morning gradually unveiling the beauty of one of the most

beautiful valleys of Scotland. A solitary red-breast was sitting on the apex of the gable-end of a barn, filled, no doubt, with the riches of harvest, and the cheerful bird was singing to itself in the dawning sunshine. At no great distance, above a grove coloured with all the splendour of autumn, rose up the spire of that kirk, in which, many years ago, I had first joined in the simple services of our religion. While I gazed with calm pleasure over the woods, and hills, and fields, through which my careless childhood had strayed, a tap came to my bed-room-door, and an infantine voice, followed by laughter from more than one happy urchin, indistinctly summoned me to join the assembled group in the little parlour below. There I found that happy old man, and his children's children. We all walked together to the kirk; and even if I had been a believer in dreams, that hideous one of the night must have been deprived of all its fearfulness, by the scene I there beheld. All was still, solemn, and devout, in the house of God, while at the same time the congregation all wore a placid air of cheerfulness and contentment. The minister was the same good old man, whom I had been taught to venerate when a boy; the

sacred building, though ancient, was yet unimpaired—and the trees that sheltered it had stood for centuries in their strength and beauty. I felt, as I looked around me, a joyful conviction of the stability of religion, breathed, both from animate and inanimate objects—and all vague fears for my country and its faith died away as soon as I heard,

"The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

When the congregation were dismissed with a blessing by their venerable pastor, I watched, with a cheerful spirit, the various domestic parties as they returned homewards across the fields, and up the hill-sides—and felt what a treasure of supporting and elevating thoughts each heart laid weekly up, within its secret self, against the trials and troubles of life. I accompanied my venerable friend, the clergyman, to his manse; and when, during the course of the evening, I ventured to tell him of my last night's visions, the old man smiled, and said, that he hoped I had seen, even in his little kirk, that day, enough to convince me that the *RADICAL'S SATURDAY-NIGHT* would never be in Scotland any thing more than—a dream.

EREMUS.

IVANHOE.*

As this exquisite romance belongs to a class generically different from any of the former tales of the same author, it is possible that many readers, finding it does not tally with any preconceptions they had formed, but requires to be read with a quite new, and much greater effort of imagination, may experience, when it is put into their hands, a feeling not unlike disappointment. In all his former novels the characters, both prominent and subordinate, were such as might have been found in actual existence at no far back period; but the era to which *Ivanhoe* relates is so remote, that the manners are, of course, unlike any thing either the author or the readers of the present times could have had any opportunity of knowing by personal observation. Hence the writer

has found it necessary to set them forth with much minuteness and elaboration; so that in the opening the narrative appears like a curious antiquarian exhibition—not having many traits that are calculated to take hold of the reader's ordinary sympathies,—although the unexampled beauty of language and of fancy, in which the whole picture is embodied, cannot fail to arrest and delight, from the beginning, the eye of the more critical, philosophical, or imaginative student.

After the first hasty perusal of a work which unites so much novelty of representation with a depth of conception and a power of passion equal, at the least, to what had been exhibited in the best of its predecessors, it is no wonder that we should find ourselves left in a state of excitement

* *Ivanhoe*; a Romance. By the Author of "*Waverley*," &c. in 3 vols. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1820.

not much akin to the spirit of remark or disquisition. Such has been the mastery of the poet—such the perfect working of the spell by which he has carried us with him back into his troubled but majestic sphere of vision, that we feel as if we had just awakened from an actual dream of beauty and wonder, and have some difficulty in resuming the consciousness—to say nothing of the more active functions—of our own ordinary and prosaic life.—Never were the long-gathered stores of most extensive erudition applied to the purposes of imaginative genius with so much easy, lavish, and luxurious power—never was the illusion of fancy so complete—made up of so many minute elements,—and yet producing such entireness of effect. It is as if the veil of ages had been, in truth, swept back, and we ourselves had been, for a time, living, breathing, and moving in the days of Cœur de Lion—days how different from our own! the hot—tempestuous—chivalrous—passionate—fierce Youth of Christendom. Every line in the picture is true to the life—every thing in the words, in the gestures—every thing in the very faces of the personages called up before us, speaks of times of energetic volition—uncontrolled action—disturbance—tumult—the storms and whirlwinds of restless souls and uncontrolled passions. It seems as if the atmosphere around them were all alive with the breath of trumpets, and the neighing of chargers, and the echo of war-cries. And yet, with a true and beautiful skillfulness, the author has rested the main interest of his story, not upon these fiery externals, in themselves so full of attraction, and every way so characteristic of the age to which the story refers, but on the workings of that most poetical of passions which is ever deepest where it is most calm, quiet, and delicate, and which, less than any other, is changed, even in its modes of manifestation, in conformity with the changes of time, manners, and circumstances. For the true interest of this romance of the days of Richard is placed neither in Richard himself, nor in the knight of Ivanhoe,* the nominal hero—nor in any of the haughty templars or barons who occupy along with them the front of

the scene, but in the still, devoted, sad, and unrequited tenderness of a Jewish damsel—by far the most fine, and at the same time the most romantic creation of female character the author has ever formed—and second, we suspect, to no creature of female character whatever that is to be found in the whole annals either of poetry or of romance.

Wilfrid of Ivanhoe is the son of Cedric of Rotherwood, one of the last of the Saxon nobles, who preserved, under all the oppressions of Norman tyranny, and in spite of all the attractions of Norman pomp, a faithful and religious reverence for the customs and manners of his own conquered nation. Wilfrid, nevertheless, has departed from the prejudices of his father and his kindred—he has followed the banner of Cœur de Lion into the Holy Land,

“Where from Naphthaly’s desert to Galilee’s wave,
The sands of Semear drank the blood of the brave”

and he returns from thence covered with all the glory of Norman and Christian chivalry—exhibiting in his own person a specimen, without doubt historically true, of the manner in which—prejudices on both sides being softened by community of dangers, adventures, triumphs, and interests—the elements of Saxon and Norman nature, like those of Saxon and Norman speech, were gradually melted into *English* beneath the sway of the wiser Plantagenets. This young man, however, has been disinherited by his father Cedric, in consequence of what appears to the old Saxon, his wicked apostacy from the manners of his people. The love which he has conceived and expressed for Rowena, a princess of the blood of Alfred, has also given offence to his father—because it interfered with a plan which had been laid down for marrying this high-born lady to another scion of Saxon royalty, Athelstane, lord of Coningsburgh—which union, as had been fondly hoped, might have re-united the attachments of their scattered and depressed race, and so perhaps enabled their leaders to shake themselves free, by some bold effort, from the yoke of the Norman prince. Ivanhoe, there-

* For the benefit of our fair readers, be it mentioned, that this word means, in Anglo-Saxon (and very nearly in Modern German), *the hill of joy*.

fore, is in disgrace at home—and his fate is quite uncertain at the period when the story opens—for Richard, his favourite master, is a prisoner in Austria, and neither Cedric nor Rowena have heard any later intelligence in regard to the celebrated, but as yet unfortunate exile.

The story opens with a view of the old English forest which in those days covered the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in the midst of which the residence of Cedric the Saxon is situated. In one of the green and grassy glades of this forest, the Swineherd and the Fool of the Saxon Franklin, are seen conversing together beneath the shadow of an oak, which might have grown there ever since the landing of Julius. Both of these personages are described at great length; and it is fit they should be so—for much use is made of them in the sequel of the story. One trait—the concluding one—in the picture of Gurth the Swineherd, is too remarkable to be omitted.

“One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog’s collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport:—‘Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.’”

This Born-Thrall has some difficulty in getting together his herd, and asks the aid of “Wamba, the son of Witless, the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood”—for he too wears a collar, although it is of more delicate materials.

“‘Truly,’ said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, ‘I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort.’”

“‘The swine turned Normans into my comfort!’ quoth Gurth; ‘expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles.’”

“‘Why, how call you these grunting

brutes running about on their four legs?’ demanded Wamba.

“‘Swine, fool, swine,’ said the herd, ‘every fool knows that.’”

“‘And swine is good Saxon,’ said the jester; ‘but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?’”

“‘Pork,’ answered the Swine-herd.

“‘I am very glad every fool knows that too,’ said Wamba, ‘and pork, I think, is good Norman French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles; what do’st thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?’”

“‘It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool’s pate.’”

“‘Nay, I can tell you more,’ said Wamba, in the same tone; ‘there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calve, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment.’”

“‘By St Dunstan,’ answered Gurth, ‘thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved, with much hesitation, clearly for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or power to protect the unfortunate Saxon.’”

They are interrupted by a cavalcade passing through the wood, which we shall quote, because it at once introduces our readers to some of the principal characters of the story, and is, besides, one of the most beautifully executed things in the whole book.

“Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian Monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful folds around a handsome though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-de-

nial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the pent-house of his eye, that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary. In other respects, his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much refined upon and ornamented, as that of a quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

"This worthy churchman rode upon a well-fed ambling mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for its use upon other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets ever bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of this superb palfrey were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered, mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage; and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the cavalcade.

"The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur,—of that kind which the French call *mortier*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance

was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes, told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured upon the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.

"The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle, but the colour being scarlet, shewed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking loom, and of less obdurate materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by splints, or thin plates of steel, ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail hose reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

"He rode not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle, with a chamfron or plaited head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battle-axe, richly inlaid with Damascene carving; on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and hood of mail, with a long two-handled sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his

cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the device from being seen.

"These two squires were followed by two attendants, whose dark visages, white turbans, and the oriental form of their garments, shewed them to be natives of some distant eastern country. The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and outlandish; the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the former were naked from the elbow, and the latter from mid-leg to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and importance of their master; forming, at the same time, a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire. They were armed with crooked sabres, having the hilt and baldrick inlaid with gold, and matched with Turkish daggers of yet more costly workmanship. Each of them bore at his saddle-bow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steel heads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens, and of which the memory is yet preserved in the martial exercise called *El Jerrid*, still practised in the eastern countries.

"The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less volatile companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if fame did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows."

These personages are all on their way to a great *passage of arms* or tournament, about to be held by Prince John, the cruel and traitorous viceroy of his brother, at Ashby-de-la-Zouché. They choose to take up their quarters for the night at the abode of Cedric, where they arrive in spite of the wilful misdirections of Gurth and Wamba; and although not over welcome, are treated with all the abundant hospitality of the age. A strange group are assembled this evening in the hall of the old Franklin. In addition to the personages already noticed, there is the stately Saxon Princess Rowena, on the right hand of the master of the feast, and her train of damsels. The retainers of the household occupy their places at the same table, but of course "below the salt,"—while around the hearth, at the nether extremity of the hall, are

assembled some poorer way-farers, not admitted even to that measure of honour. Among these is an aged Jew, and apparently a very poor one; who, in the sequel, turns out to be a near kinsman to that celebrated Jew of York, that had so many teeth pulled out of his jaws by King John; he also is so far on his way to Ashby, there to seek his profit among the numerous actors or attendants of the approaching festival. Another lonely guest wears the scallop-shell and cloak of a Palmer. He is Ivanhoe, unknown and unregarded in the hall of his ancestors. At night, however, he is sent for by Rowena, whose questions concerning the holy shrines the Palmer has visited, betray the object on whom most of her imagination centre. The Palmer does not reveal himself—he too is on his way to the tournament, and hopes to have there some nobler opportunity of making himself known to his mistress and his kindred. The suspected wealth of the Jew in the meantime has excited the curiosity of the fierce templar Bois-Guilbert, and his Moslem slaves have received secret orders, in an oriental tongue, of which, it is well for Isaac, the Palmer has acquired some knowledge. The Jew is informed of his danger, and assisted and accompanied early in the morning in his escape by Ivanhoe, who takes Gurth also in his train. These three enter Ashby together, where the kindness and protection of the knight are repaid by the Jew's offer to equip him with horse and arms for the tourney.

The description of this tournament is by far the most elaborate—and certainly one of the most exquisite pieces of writing to be found in the whole of these novels. It possesses all the truth and graphic precision of Froissart—all the splendour and beauty of Ariosto—and some of its incidents are impregnated with a spirit of power and pathos, to which no one that ever before described such a scene was capable of conceiving any thing comparable.

But the extent to which the present description is carried, must prevent us from quoting it entire—and it would be quite useless to quote a part of that which produces its happiest effect only by reason of the skill with which things innumerable are made to bear all upon one point. Prince John pre-

sides at the lists—wanton—luxurious—insolent—mean—but still a prince and a Plantagenet. The lady, the queen of the day, is the beautiful Rowena—she owes that eminence to the election of the victorious knight,

clusion of the jousting, exposes to her gaze and that of all that are present, the pale and blood-stained features of young Ivanhoe. This champion has been successful in all the single combats; but at the conclusion of the day, there has been a mingled onset, wherein, being opposed to overwhelming numbers, he must have been overcome, but for the timely assistance of a knight in black armour, bearing a fetter-lock on his shield, who very singularly disappears immediately afterwards—thus leaving the prize and honours of the field to the disinherited son of Cedric, and the Lover Rowena. This knight, as the reader soon begins to suspect, is no other than Richard himself; and henceforth the whole incidents of the tale are made to bear upon the approaching resumption of his rights, by the too long captive monarch.

But although Rowena be the queen of the tourney, and acknowledged by all to be, both by station and beauty, worthy of her high place, there is one present on whom many eyes look with warmer admiration, and on whom the sympathies of the reader are soon fixed with far intenser interest. This is Rebecca, the beautiful Jewess, the daughter of old Isaac, whom Ivanhoe protected on his journey to Ashby-de-la-Zouche.

“ Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shewn to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation.— Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a snow-white neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the loveliest of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened

on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.”

The appearance and behaviour of Ivanhoe, the protector of her father, makes an impression on this radiant creature not the less profound, that, even for this its beginning, her love is one of hopelessness. After the journey is over, she has the wounded Ivanhoe conveyed to the house where her father and she are lodged, in order that she may have an opportunity of serving, in his behalf, that medical science which was at this period well confined to those of her nation, and of which she was already celebrated, for possessing a far more than ordinary portion. Here she nurses him, during the night, with a mysterious tenderness, that makes her far more than his physician; and next day, when it is necessary that her father and she should return to York, she insists on taking him with them in a litter that his cure may not be left unfinished. They travel in company with Cedric the Saxon, who little suspects that his son is the sick man in the litter. Their journey lies through another part of the same mighty forest—the scene at this period of innumerable acts of violence—and on their way, the party is surrounded by a set of bravos, clad like outlaws of the wood, who convey the whole of them to Torquillstone, an ancient Saxon castle, and in the possession of the Norman Baron Front-de-Bœuf. The appearance of the place to which they are carried provokes a suspicion that their captors are not mere outlaws, stimulated by the ordinary desire of booty; nor is it long ere their suspicions are confirmed and darkened.—The master of the band is no other than Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the fierce Templar. His object is not booty—but the Jewess, Rebecca, whose charms have filled the whole of his passionate soul ever since he saw her at the lists of Ashby. But he is furnished with the means of seizing her by Front-de-Bœuf, who is anxious to get hold of Isaac of York, that he may deal with

him, as the Normans of these days thought it right to deal with 'Jews.—Cedric, the sharer of their perils, the father, and the daughter, are conveyed to separate prisons, there to await their separate dooms—while the wounded and helpless Ivanhoe, and the rest of those that attended them, are flung into dungeons, there to abide the issue of the troubles of their supposed superiors. With the different scenes that occur in this castle, during the day these captives spend there, the whole of the 2d volume is filled—and it is in this part of the book, perhaps, that the most striking delineation of the spirit of those tumultuous times is to be found.

While her father is in peril of rack and fire unless he consents to purchase his freedom by giving up almost whole of his wealth, the beautiful Jewess is threatened with a fate not less dark nor less severe. The high and majestic spirit of the damsel, expressed in the style of her beauty and demeanour, forms the very charm that has fascinated and subdued the proud-souled Templar Bois-Guilbert; but he little suspects what a barrier the very element of his captivity is about to oppose against the fulfilment of his guilty wishes. An old Saxon hag, the worn-out harlot of Fronte-de-Bœuf, is displaced from her apartment at the summit of one of the towers of the castle to make room for Rebecca—and it is here that she receives the first visit of her lover. "He woos her as the lion woos his bride."

"The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and secured the door behind him; his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend,

and for God's sake be merciful to me and to my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, free and uninjured."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "these pearls are orient, but they yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Rebecca; "take ransom and have mercy! Gold will purchase you pleasure,—to misuse us, could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly satiate thy utmost wishes; and if thou wilt act wisely, thou may'st purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—may'st obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw, finding it difficult probably to enter in Saxon a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; "but know, bright lily of the vale of Bacca! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an alembic, which will distil from him all he holds dear, without any assistance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou has spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—O be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful masque of outrage and violence."

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of those ornaments."

"What would'st thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—We can have nought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the church, and the synagogue."

"It were so indeed," replied the Templar, laughing; "wed with a Jewess? Despardieu!—Not if she were the queen of Sheba. And know, besides, sweet daughter of Zion, that were the most Christian king to offer me his most Christian daughter, with Languedoc for a dowry, I could not

wed her. It is against my vow to love any maiden, otherwise than *par amours*, as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy order.'

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebecca, "on an occasion like the present."

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation."

I believe as my fathers taught," said Rebecca; and may God forgive my belief if erroneous! But you, Sir Knight, what is yours, when you appeal without scruple to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight, and as a man of religion?

"It is gravely and well preached, O daughter of Sirach!" answered the Templar; "but, gentle Ecclesiastica, thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privilege. Marriage were an enduring crime on the part of a Templar; but what lesser folly I may practise, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next Preceptory of our Order. Not the wisest of monarchs, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, claimed wider privileges than we poor soldiers of the Temple of Zion have won by our zeal in its defence. The protectors of Solomon's Temple may claim licence by the example of Solomon."

"If thou redest the Scripture," said the Jewess, "and the lives of the saints, only to justify thine own license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this reproach—"Hearken," he said, "Rebecca; I have hitherto spoke mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations, nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity."

"Stand back," said Rebecca—"stand back, and hear me ere thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou may'st indeed overpower, for God made women weak, and trusted their defence to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other. I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse me. Each Preceptory—each Chapter of thy Order, shall learn, that, like a heretic, thou hast sinned with a Jewess. Those who tremble not at thy crime, will hold thee accursed for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wear'st, as to follow a daughter of my people."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his Order condemned, in the most positive man-

ner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that, in some instances, even degradation had followed upon it—"thou art sharp-witted," he said, "but loud must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help, die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca—"and sacred Heaven! to what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain?—thou the best lance of the Templars!—craven Knight!—forsworn Priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee. The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy."

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard, ere it becomes the victim of thy brutality."

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards Heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," said the Templar; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever. If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear. I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois

Guilbert, 'if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never.'

" 'I will then trust thee,' said Rebecca, 'thus far,' and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or *machicolles*, as they were then called. 'Here,' she said, 'I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar.'

" While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and horrible; on the contrary, the thought she had her fate at her command, and escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

" 'Let there be peace between us, Rebecca,' he said.

" 'Peace, if thou wilt,' answered Rebecca—'but with this space between.'

" 'Thou need'st no longer fear me,' said Bois-Guilbert.

" 'I fear thee not,' replied she; 'thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not.'"

We can with difficulty imagine any thing finer than the mixture of northern and oriental sublimities in the high-wrought passions of the persons of this scene; and yet of both there are still more striking specimens behind. In the mean time, however, the author has collected a formidable, though at first a despised force, for the rescue of Rebecca, of Cedric, and his other captives. The Saxon peasantry of the neighbourhood have trooped together in aid of their Franklin—the outlaws of the forest have joined them, eager to have an opportunity of revenging their many quarrels against Front-de-Bœuf and those Norman oppressors, whose tyranny has been, in most instances, the cause of banishing them from the bounds of society—a bold, a skillful, and withal a generous band, having at their head a dauntless hero of the Greenwood, who in due time turns out to be no less a man than Robin Hood. This

array of archers and ill-armed peasants, however, would have been of little avail against the proud Norman castle of Front-de-Bœuf, had they not been fortunate enough to secure the assistance and guidance of one well skilled in every variety of military enterprise. This is the knight of the Fetterlock, or, in other words, King Richard himself, who, in passing through the forest, has already formed an acquaintance with some of the Merry-men of Robin Hood, and who has come, a willing ally, to assist, by his personal conduct and prowess, in the deliverance of Ivanhoe, and his other captive subjects, from the hands of a set of lawless ruffians, whose hostility to his own just sway has been not less than their cruelty towards the Saxons of his kingdom. The description of the siege of the castle by these forces, forms another most vivid and splendid piece of painting, in every line of which it is easy to recognise the fiery touch of the Poet of Marmion. After many unsuccessful attacks, the outer court of the castle is at last gained by the strength of the single arm of the king, who beats the postern-gate into fragments with his far-famed battle-axe. The giant Front-de-Bœuf, receives from his hand a wound which entirely disables him from continuing in arms—The Templar, Bois-Guilbert, is laid prostrate by the same force; but being desired to ask his life or perish, he refuses to make any submission to an unknown enemy. Richard whispers a word in the Templar's ear, which immediately produces the most submissive and reverent demeanour on his part. The monarch knows Brian well—he desires him to fly from English ground, and be thankful for unmerited mercy. The Templar flies—but the thoughts of Rebecca are still uppermost in his mind, and he contrives, in the midst of the tumult, to place her on his saddle before him ere he takes his departure.

Front-de-Bœuf, meantime, is extended on his helpless couch in the main tower or keep of the castle—the only part of the fortress which has not fallen into the hands of the assailants. A terrible end is reserved for this ferocious and blood-stained noble. The castle he possesses, as may be gathered from its name (*Torquillstone*), is not one of Norman foundation, but the hereditary mansion of a Saxon noble,

which had fallen after the battle of Hastings, into the hands of this baron's father. Torquill and all his sons were slain, it appears, in defence of the castle; and the only one of the family that survived, was a beautiful daughter of the Saxon lord, reserved by the victor for the purposes of his own violent and merciless gratifications. Dark hints are dropt of yet darker deeds that have stained the castle while this unhappy woman has remained with its two successive masters—of murder and of worse than murder—but they are only hints even in the Romance. The Saxon harlot, however, is now old and neglected, and she seizes the opportunity of this time of terror, to avenge, by one terrible blow, the whole of her life of injuries on the head of the fierce and heartless tyrant, who has been guilty towards her of every thing that can make woman hate man.

In his agony, the Baron has been crying aloud, that he fain would pray but *dare not*.

“ ‘Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,’ said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, ‘to say there is that which he dares not!’

“ ‘The evil conscience, and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf, heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons, who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered, and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, ‘Who is there!—what art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night-raven?—Come before my couch, that I may see thee.’

“ ‘I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,’ replied the voice.

“ ‘Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou be’st indeed a fiend,’ replied the dying knight; ‘think not that I will blench from thee!—By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me, as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven nor hell should say that I shrunk from the conflict!’

“ ‘Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf—on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?’

“ ‘Be thou fiend, priest, or devil,’ replied Front-de-Bœuf, ‘thou liest in thy throat!—Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone—there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties—better men never laid lance in rest—

And must I answer for the fault done by fifty?—False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace if thou be mortal—if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come.’

“ ‘In peace thou shalt not die,’ repeated the voice; ‘even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is ingrained in its floors!’

“ ‘Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice,’ answered Front-de-Bœuf with a ghastly and constrained laugh. ‘The infidel Jew—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens?—The Saxon porkers, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord.—Ho! ho! thou see’st there is no crevice in my coat of plate—Art thou fled?—art thou silenced?’

“ ‘No, foul parricide!’ replied the voice; ‘think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room, flooded with his gore, and by the hand of a son!’

“ ‘Ha!’ answered the Baron, after a long pause, ‘and thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one beside—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt.—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature—Go to her—she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!’

“ ‘She already tastes them,’ said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; ‘she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is sweetened to see that thou dost partake it.—Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace!—The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!’

“ ‘Vile murderous hag!’ replied Front-de-Bœuf, ‘detestable screech-owl! is it then thou, who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?’

“ ‘Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,’ answered she, ‘it is Ulrica! it is the daughter of the murdered Torquill Wolfgang!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons! it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father’s house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou has been my evil angel,

and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution.’

“ ‘Detestable fury!’ answered Front-de-Bœuf, ‘that moment shalt thou never witness—Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur and Stephen! seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong—she has betrayed us to the Saxon.—Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?’

“ ‘Call on them again, valiant Baron,’ said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; ‘summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon—But know, mighty chief,’ she continued, suddenly changing her tone, ‘thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands.—Listen to these horrid sounds,’ for the din of the recommenced assault and defence now rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; ‘in that war-cry is the downfall of thy house.—The blood-cemented fabric of Front-de-Bœuf’s power totters to the foundation, and before the foes he most despised!—The Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls!—Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?’

“ ‘Gods and fiends!’ exclaimed the wounded knight; ‘O for one moment’s strength, to drag myself to the melley, and perish as becomes my name!’

“ ‘Think not of it, valiant warrior!’ replied she; ‘thou shalt die no soldier’s death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it.’

“ ‘Hateful hag! thou liest,’ exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; ‘my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa!—The war-cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone from earthly fires to those of that hell, which never sent forth an incarnate fiend more utterly diabolical!’

“ ‘Hold thy belief,’ replied Ulrica, ‘till the proof reach thee—But, no!’ she said, interrupting herself; ‘thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand.—Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber?—Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes—the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing?—No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause.—Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?’

“ ‘Woman!’ he exclaimed with fury, ‘thou hast not set fire to it?—By heaven thou hast, and the castle is in flames!’

“ ‘They are fast rising at least,’ said

Ulrica, with frightful composure; ‘and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them.—Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf!—May Mieta, Skogula, and Zernebeck, gods of the ancient Saxons—fiends, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes!—But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt.—And now, parricide, farewell for ever!—May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!’

“ So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—Stephen and St Maur!—Clement and Giles!—I burn here unaided!—To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Gilbert, valiant De Bracy—it is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor squires!—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!—And in the mad phrenzy of despair the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself.—‘The red fire flashes through the thick smoke!’ he exclaimed; ‘The demon marches against me under the banner of his own element—Foul spirit, avoid!—I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine, that garrison, these walls—Thinkest thou, Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone?—No—the infidel Templar—the licentious De Bracy—Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet—the men who aided my enterprizes—the dog Saxons and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha!’ and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rung again. ‘Who laughed there!’ exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own frenzied laughter from returning upon his ear.—‘Who laughed there?—Ulrica, was it thou?—Speak, witch, and I forgive thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt—avaunt!’

“ But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide’s death-bed.”

While such are the sufferings of Front-de-Bœuf in the interior of the

keep, Ulrica has climbed to the battlement, there, on its summit, to await, in a wild triumphant bitterness of spirit, the issue of her deed. "Her long dishevelled grey hair flies back from her uncovered head, and the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contends in her eyes with the fire of insanity;" and she sings a northern hymn of death and slaughter, than which nothing in the whole relics of Norse Minstrelsy is more terrific. It is perhaps in this point of the author's representation, that the enmity between the Saxon and Norman race is set forth with the highest effect of tragical dignity. This is the last stanza of the hymn.

"All must perish !

The sword cleaveth the helmet ;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance ;
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish !

The race of Hengist is gone—

The name of Horsa is no more !

Shrink not then from your doom, sons of
the sword !

Let your blades drink blood like wine ;

Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter.

By the light of the blazing halls !

Strong be your swords while your blood is
warm,

And spare neither for pity nor fear,

For vengeance hath but an hour ;

Strong hate itself shall expire !

I also must perish.

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter ; and the combatants were driven from the court-yard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross."

But the interest of the tale, as we have said, is all with Rebecca. Her fierce lover has lodged her safely in the Preceptory of Templestowe, and looks forward to the near fulfilment of

his designs—when an unexpected instrument of present protection from the guilty will of Bois-Guilbert is raised up for her in the presence of the grand-master of the Templars, Lucas-de-Beaumanoir, who arrives from France to raise contributions for the war of Palestine, and to reform abuses among the degenerate and luxurious brethren of his order. Beaumanoir is a character drawn with great truth and skill, and admirably contrasted with those among whom he is called upon to mingle—grave, severe, bigoted, proud—but sincere, earnest, devout, adhering in word and deed to the old ascetic observances of the Temple, with a firm and sorrowful constancy, which produces a very pathetic effect. We wish we durst quote some of the descriptions of his person, or some part of his conversations with his dissolute brethren ; but this is impossible. The circumstances of a young and beautiful female being lodged in a house of the order, by a religious knight of such eminence as Brian de Bois-Guilbert, appears to this old man to be a scandal of the deepest dye—and the Templar is preserved from instant punishment, only by the suggestion, easily listened to by his superstitious superior, that witchcraft had been exerted against his virtue as well as womanly beauty. Rebecca, in brief, is believed to be a sorceress, and the report of her medical skill adds much confirmation to the absurd belief. She must be tried for her imaginary crime ; and unless she can prove her innocence, she must die the death of the faggot, in presence of the relentless Beaumanoir. While, however, she is yet standing before this merciless judge, a slip of paper is put into her hands—it comes from Bois-Guilbert—and in obedience to its suggestion, the damsel demands leave to defend her innocence within three days by a champion. It had been the intention of Bois-Guilbert himself to appear in disguise, and act this part on the day of trial for Rebecca ; but this plan is broken by the grand-master, who appoints Bois-Guilbert to be on that day the champion, not of Rebecca, but of the Temple—and the artful interference of some other brethren of the order prevents the fiery lover from being able to refuse this hateful part.

At night, nevertheless, when the preceptory is still, the Templar gains

access, through darkness and silence, to the cell of Rebecca—and one of the most touching scenes in the romance is the interview which takes place between them. Before he enters, the voice of the damsel is heard singing, in her solitude, a hymn of oriental sublimity, and full also of female gentleness—in which the dignity of her old and chosen race is loftily and mournfully contrasted with the present forlorn condition of her kindred and herself. The Templar bursts in and throws himself at her feet—he is willing, even now after all that has passed, to sacrifice every thing for her sake, so she but requite his love, and be willing to share the fate which he would wilfully render degraded.

“‘I weigh not these evils,’ said Rebecca, afraid to provoke the wild knight, yet equally determined neither to endure his passion, nor even feign to endure it. ‘He a man, be a Christian! If indeed thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without seeking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter.’

“‘No, damsel!’ said the proud Templar, springing up, ‘thou shalt not thus impose on me—if I renounce present fame and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca,’ he said, again softening his tone; ‘England, Europe,—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, is my friend—a friend free as myself from the dotting scruples which fetter our free-born reason—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we condemn—I will form new paths to greatness,’ he continued, again traversing the room with hasty strides—‘Europe shall hear the loud step of him she has driven from her sons!—Not the millions whom her crusaders send to slaughter, can do so much to defend Palestine—not the sabres of the thousands and ten thousands of Saracens can hew their way so deep into that land for which nations are striving, as the strength and policy of me and those brethren, who, in despite of yonder old bigot, will adhere to me in good and evil.—Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valour will gain for you, and I will exchange my long desired baton for a sceptre.’

“‘A dream,’ said Rebecca; ‘an empty vision of the night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not—enough that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share; nor hold I so light of country or religious faith, as to esteem him who is willing to barter these ties, and cast away

the bonds of the Order of which he is a sworn member, in order to gratify an unruly passion for the daughter of another people. Put not a price on my deliverance, Sir Knight—sell not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not for a selfish advantage—Go to the throne of England, Richard will listen to my appeal from these cruel men.

“‘Never, Rebecca,’ said the Templar, fiercely. ‘If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it—Ambition shall remain mine, if thou refuse my love; I will not be fooled on all hands.—Stoop my crest to Richard?—ask a boon of that heart of pride?—Never, Rebecca, will I place the Order of the Temple at his fee in my person. I may forsake the Order, I never will degrade or betray it.’

“‘Now God be gracious to me,’ said Rebecca, ‘for the succour of man is well nigh hopeless!’

“‘It is indeed,’ said the Templar; ‘for proud as thou art, thou has in me found thy match. If I enter the lists with my spear in rest, think not any human consideration shall prevent my putting forth my strength; and think then upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the worst of criminals—to be consumed upon a blazing pile—dispersed to the elements of which our strange forms are so mystically composed—not a relique left of that graceful frame, from which we could say this lived and moved!—Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain this prospect—thou wilt yield to my suit.’

“‘Bois-Guilbert,’ answered the Jewess, ‘thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of danger, and impatient of pain—yet, when we enter those fatal lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong assurance within me, that my courage shall mount higher than thine. Farewell—I waste no more words on thee; the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must be otherwise spent—she must seek the Comforter, who may hide his face from his people, but who ever opens his ear to the cry of those who seek him in sincerity and in truth.’

“‘We part then thus,’ said the Templar, after a short pause; ‘would to Heaven that we had never met, or that thou hadst been noble in birth, and Christian in faith!—Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of thine own degraded nation; my hand conversant with ingots and shekels, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down before each petty noble, and my look only terrible to the shivering and bankrupt debtor—this

could I wish, Rebecca, to be near to thee in life, and to escape the fearful share I must have in thy death.'

" 'Thou has spoken the Jew,' said Rebecca, 'as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Heaven in ire has driven him from his country; but industry has opened to him the only road to power and to influence, which oppression has left unbarred. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me, if those, by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations, were then a people of misers and of usurers!—And know, proud knight, we number names amongst us, to which your boasted northern nobility, is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names that ascend far back to those high times, when the Divine Presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim; and which derive their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the vision—Such were the princes of the house of Jacob.'

" 'Rebecca's colour rose as she boasted the ancient glories of her race, but faded as she added, with a sigh, 'Such were the princes of Judah, now such no more!—They are trampled down like the shorn grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways. Yet are there those among them who shame not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac the son of Adonikam!—Farewell!—I envy not thy blood-won-honours—I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice.'

" 'There is a spell on me, by Heaven!' said Bois-Guilbert. 'I well might think you besotted skeleton spoke truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee, hath something in it more than is natural.—Fair creature!' he said, approaching near her, but with great respect,—'so young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with infamy and agony. Who would not weep for thee? The tear, that has been a stranger to these eye-lids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatality, that hurries us along, like goodly vessels driving before the storm, which are dashed against each other, and so perish. Forgive me, then, and let us part, at least, as friends part. I have assailed thy resolution in vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamant decrees of fate.'

" 'Thus,' said Rebecca, 'do men throw on fate the issue of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert, though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom.'

" 'Yet,' said the Templar, 'I am, Rebecca, as thou hast spoken me, untaught, untamed—and proud, that, amidst a shoal of empty fools and crafty bigots, I have retained the pre-eminent fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle, from my youth upward; high in my views, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such must I remain—proud, inflexible, and unchanging; and of this the world shall have proof. But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?'

" 'As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner.'

" 'Farewell, then,' said the Templar, and left the apartment.

The appointed day arrives, and no succour has yet been heard of for the beautiful Jewess. The lists are prepared for the combat, on whose issue her fate depends—but hour follows hour in silence; and the immense multitude assembled are at length convinced that no Christian knight has deemed the quarrel of an unbelieving maiden fit occasion for the exhibition of his valour. But Isaac, the old father of Rebecca, has had intelligence of his daughter's situation; and his endeavours to secure her a champion have not been unavailing. The shadows are beginning to fall from west eastward, the signal that the time of tarrying was near its close. Rebecca, in this the hour of her extremity, "folds her arms, and looking up towards Heaven, seems to expect that aid from above which she can scarce promise herself from man." Bois-Guilbert approaches her, and whispers once more in her ear, that if she will spring on his courser behind him and fly, all may yet be well; but the maiden turns her from the Tempter, and prepares to die. At this moment the sound of a horn is heard—a knight rides full speed into the lists, and demands to combat on the side of the Jewess.

" 'The stranger must first show,' said Malvoisin, 'that he is good Knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men.'

" 'My name,' said the Knight, raising his helmet, 'is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfrid of Ivanhoe.'

" 'I will not fight with thee,' said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. 'Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado.'

" 'Ha! proud Templar,' said Ivanhoe, 'hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou

fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relique it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without farther delay.'

"Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, 'Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!'

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?' said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what you have challenged," said the Grand Master, "providing the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou were in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend himself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "doest thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured.—Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

"But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

"The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers*. After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.

"The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had expected; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who

beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

"Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfrid, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul. We allow him vanquished."

"He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"*Fiat voluntas tua!*"

Immediately after the death of Bois-Guilbert, King Richard arrives at the preceptory—for he too has heard of the danger of Rebecca, and believing Ivanhoe to be still disabled by his wounds, has come himself to seek a spear in her cause. Amidst the tumult of the royal arrival, and amidst the still greater tumult of her own emotions, the maiden prays her father to remove her—for she is afraid of many things—most of all, she is afraid that she might say too much were she to trust herself to speak with her deliverer.

On his way to Templestowe, King Richard has been beset by a party of assassins—the instruments of his brother's meanness—and has escaped from them chiefly by means of Robin Hood and his archers, who happened to be near them in the wood. It is attended by these outlaws as his body-guard, that Cœur de Lion re-assumes the state and title of his birth-right; and one of his first acts is to reward his faithful friend and follower, Ivanhoe, by restoring him to the good graces of his father, and celebrating his marriage with the Lady Rowena. But we cannot enter upon the minor parts of the Romance—The eye of the reader still follows Rebecca.

"It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her hand-maid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to

her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

"She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanour was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings of others. She arose, and would have conducted the lovely stranger to a seat, but she looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant knelt on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

" 'What means this?' said the surprised bride; 'or why do you offer to me a deference so unusual?'

" 'Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe,' said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, 'I may lawfully and without rebuke pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess, for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tilt-yard of Templestowe.'

" 'Danisel,' said Rowena; 'Wilfrid of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak, is there aught remains in which he and I can serve thee?'

" 'Nothing,' said Rebecca, calmly, 'unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell.'

" 'You leave England, then,' said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

" 'I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Grenada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people.

" 'And are you not then as well protected in England?' said Rebecca. 'My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous.'

" 'Lady,' said Rebecca, 'I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is an heartless

dove—Issachar an over-laboured drudge, which stoops between two burthens. Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings.'

" 'But you, maiden,' said Rowena—'you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed of Ivanhoe,' she continued, rising with enthusiasm—'she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour.'

" 'Thy speech is fair, lady,' said Rebecca, 'and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulph betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face; raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly.'

" 'They are scarce worthy of being looked upon,' said Rowena; 'but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil.'

"She took it off accordingly, and partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also, but it was a momentary feeling; and, mastered by higher emotions, past slowly from her features like the crimson cloud, which changes colour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

" 'Lady,' she said, 'the countenance you have deigned to shew me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how may we chide that which is of earth for bearing some colour of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with'—

"She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious enquiries of Rowena—'I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe.—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept this casket—startle not at its contents.'

"Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet, or necklace, with ear-jewels, of diamonds, which were visibly of immense value.

" 'It is impossible,' she said, tendering back the casket. 'I dare not accept a gift of such consequence.'

" 'Yet keep it, lady,' returned Rebecca—'You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little

value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child? Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more.'

" 'You are then unhappy,' said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. 'O, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will wean you from your unhappy law, and I will be a sister to you.'

" 'No, lady,' answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—'that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will.'

" 'Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?' asked Rowena.

" 'No, lady, said the Jewess; 'but among our people, since the time of Abraham downward, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he enquire after the fate of her whose life he saved.'

There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

" 'Farewell,' she said. 'May He, who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you his choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh e'er we can reach the port.' "

Such is the main thread of the story of *Ivanhoe*. It is intermingled with many beautiful accompaniments both of a serious and a ludicrous nature—woven with it and each other somewhat after the wild phantastic manner of Ariosto—all admirable in themselves, but for the present forbidden ground to us. The style in which the adventures of so many different individuals are all brought down together *pari passu*, may appear to many as a defect—for in these days all readers have formed a taste for having their feelings excited in the strongest possible manner. And for this purpose, it is necessary that their attention and interest should throughout be directed and attached to one predominating hero. But the style we think has, in this instance, been wisely

chosen, for nothing could have given the reader so powerfully the idea of a period full of bustle and tumult—wherein the interest depended so much upon collisions of external strength, and the disarray of conflicting passions.

One word only before we close, concerning the humorous parts of this novel, in which it will at once be seen—our author has followed a new mode of composition. Not being able, as in former instances, to paint from existing nature, and to delight the reader with a faithful delineation of what was, in some measure, already known to him, he is obliged more frequently to resort to a play of fancy in his humorous dialogue, which generally flows in a truly jovial and free-hearted style, worthy of merry England. Nor is the flagon or the pasty on any occasion spared; for otherwise it would be difficult to conceive how his stalwart friars, archers, and other able-bodied characters, could go through the fatigues ascribed to them, or sustain such a genial vein of pleasantness on all occasions—in the midst of the knocks and blows which are throughout the tale distributed on all hands, with an English fulness both as to quality and quantity. This mixture of cuffs and good cheer, so characteristic of the age, seems to have kept up their animal spirits, and rendered them fit to move lightly and happily in that stormy sphere of action where force was law.

On the whole, we have no doubt this Romance will be in the highest degree popular here, but still more so in England. Surely the hearts of our neighbours will rejoice within them, when they find that their own ancient manners are about to be embalmed, as we have no doubt they will be in many succeeding novels by the same masterly hand, which has already conferred services in that sort so inestimable upon us.

As we hinted at the beginning of this paper, we should not be surprised to find the generality of readers disappointed a little at first; but their eyes will soon become accustomed to the new and beautiful light through which the face of NATURE is now submitted to them, and confess that the great Magician has not diminished the power of his spell by extending his circle.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "HISTORIA MAJOR" OF MATTHEW PARIS, MONK OF ST ALBANS.

(Continued from page 88.)

A. D. 1090.

Character and Anecdotes of Malcolm, King of Scotland.

As we have made mention of king Malcolm, I shall take upon me to shew, in few words, with what temper and moderation he was gifted. Having learned from an informer that one of his principal nobles had conspired with the enemy for his death, he ordered the accuser to keep silence, and waited quietly till the coming of the traitor, who happened at the time to be absent. As soon as he appeared again at court, attended by a numerous retinue, to execute his treasonable purpose, the king issued orders to his huntsmen to be ready with their dogs before dawn, and, as soon as the morning broke, he called all his nobles and retainers round him for the chase. When they reached a certain wide plain, surrounded by a very thick wood like a girdle, he kept the treacherous lord by his side, and, while all the rest were eagerly pursuing the game, remained with him alone. Then, when no other person was in sight, the king stopped short, and looking back upon the traitor, who was behind him, said, "Lo! here am I now, and thou with me; we are alone—we are equally armed and equally mounted; there is nobody that can see or hear us, or bring assistance to either of us; if, therefore, the courage be in thee, if thou be stout enough and bold enough, perform that which thou hast proposed to do, execute for my enemies and thy confederates that which thou hast promised. If it be thy mind to slay me, when caust thou do it more fairly—when more privately—when more manfully? Hast thou prepared poison? Leave that to women. Dost thou lie in wait for me in my bed? That an adultery might do. Didst thou ordain to lie in ambush and attack me with the sword? No man doubts that this is rather the office of an assassin than of a soldier. Come on then! body to body—act the part of a man and of a warrior, so that thy treason may at least be without baseness, although it cannot be without

perfidy." When the knight heard these words, being struck as by a thunderbolt, he hastily dismounted from his horse, and throwing aside his weapons, fell at the royal feet, with tears and trembling. "Fear nothing," said the king, "for no evil will I do unto thee;" and thereupon, having required of him only a promise of future fealty, to be confirmed by oath, and proper pledges for the same, he returned with him, in good time, to their companions, and related to no man what had been said or done betwixt them.

Foundation of the Monastery of St Oswin at Tinemouth in Northumberland.

About these days, *Robert de Mowbray*, Earl of Northumberland, being touched with divine inspiration, and willing to restore the church of the blessed *Oswin at Tinemouth*, which was lately become desolate, and to establish there a society of monks for the service of God, and the aforesaid holy martyr, by the advice of his friends, addressed himself unto *Paul*, abbot of *St Albans*, earnestly and devoutly entreating that he would deign to send thither some of his own fraternity, promising that he would abundantly supply them with whatsoever things are necessary for food and raiment. The abbot was not wanting, on his part, to the prayer of this petition, but took order that certain of the monks of *St Albans* should proceed thither accordingly, whom, when the said earl had enriched with manors, advowsons, rents, fisheries, mills, and all manner of goods, confirming to them the same things by his letters *patent*, free and exempt from all secular service, he gave unto the aforesaid *Paul*, the abbot, and his successors, and to the church of the blessed *Alban*, the protomartyr of *England*, the church of *Tinemouth*, with all its appurtenances, for his own salvation, and that of all his ancestors or successors, to be perpetually possessed by them, in such manner as that the abbots of *St Albans*, for the time being, with the advice of the convent of the place aforesaid,

might have free disposal of the priors and monks, both in constituting and in removing them, as might appear expedient.

A. D. 1092.

Vision of the Monks at Fulda.

In those days a pestilence sorely afflicted the monastery of Fulda, by which, first the abbot, and afterwards many of the monks were slain; but the brethren who remained alive, betook themselves to alms-giving and prayers, both for the souls of their deceased brethren, and for the health of the living. However, in process of time (as generally comes to pass) the devotion of the brethren began a little to fail, and the cellarer* ceased not to affirm that the funds of the abbey were not sufficient to maintain so great an expense. He also added, that it appeared foolish that the dead should consume what was necessary towards the support of the living; wherefore, on a certain night, when the cellarer had deferred a little his night's rest, on account of some necessary business, and at last, having completed his affairs, was hastening to his chamber; behold, as he passed the door of the chapter-house, he saw the abbot and all the brethren who had departed that year, sitting in the chapter-house, according to custom. The cellarer, affrighted at such a vision, began to fly, but at the abbot's command he was seized by the brethren, and brought into the chapter-house. He was first reproved for the sin of avarice, and then severely beaten with scourges, after which the abbot said, with a stern countenance, "It is too presumptuous in any one to seek after the profit to arise from the death of another, especially as death is common to all;" and added, "that it was an impious thing when a monk had passed all his days in holy offices, that he should be deprived, after his death, of the necessary nourishment of a single year." He then said, "Depart, for thou shalt soon die, and reform all the monks whom thy avarice has corrupted by thy example." The monk therefore went to his companions, and gave evi-

dence that it was no vain delusion which he had witnessed, as well by the marks of recent stripes, as by his death, which followed shortly after.

A. D. 1099.

Narrative of the Death of William Rufus, and the Prodigies which attended it.

In the year of our Lord 1100, William, king of England, surnamed "the red," having kept with great pomp his Christmas at Gloucester, his Easter at Chichester, and his Pentecost at London,—on the day after that of St Peter ad vincula, went into the new forest to hunt, when Walter Tyrrell, aiming at a stag, unintentionally smote the king with an arrow, who, pierced through the heart, fell without speaking a word, and thus ended a cruel life by a miserable death. Several prodigies also preceded his decease. For the same king, the day before this event, saw in a dream his own blood issue out as from the stroke of a lancet, the stream whereof spouted up to the sky, overshadowing the sun, and darkening the brightness of the firmament. As soon as he was awakened, he called on the Virgin Mary, and having a light brought, and forbidding those of his chamber to depart from him, he passed the rest of the night without sleep. But in the morning, when the day broke, a certain monk, a foreigner, who followed the royal court on the business of his church, related to Robert Fitzhamon (a man of influence, and a familiar of the king's) a wonderful and terrible vision which appeared to him the same night. For in his sleep he saw the king enter a certain church, and, with a haughty and insolent mien, as he was wont, look on the standers by; then seizing a crucifix with his teeth, he began gnawing the arms and legs till he had almost destroyed them; all which the crucifix endured for a time, but at last struck the king with its right foot, inasmuch that he fell backwards on the pavement—and he then beheld a flame issue from the mouth of the prostrate king, which extended itself so widely, that the cloud of smoke, like a great

* *Cellarer*. This was the appellation given to an officer, "who was to be the father of the whole society, had the care of every thing relating to the food of the monks, and vessels of the cellar, kitchen, and repertory." See Fosbrooke's *History of Monachism* (page 177), where the duties attached to this office are accurately and minutely detailed. In the original he is called "*Cellarius sive Promus*."

shadow, rolled to the sky. This vision, when Robert Fitzhamon related it to the king, he only laughed, and redoubling his shouts of laughter, said, "he is a monk, and has dreamed like a monk for the sake of a fee. Pay him a hundred shillings, that he may not complain that his was an empty dream."

Howbeit, the king himself dreamed another dream the night before his death, wherein he saw a most beautiful child laid out upon an altar, and being hungry beyond measure, and urged by vehement inclination, he went up and began eating of that infant's flesh, which appeared to him delicious when he had tasted it; but when he was about to indulge still further his voracious appetite, the child turned towards him with a fierce countenance, and threatening voice, exclaiming, "hold! you have had too much already." The king consulted a certain bishop in the morning on the subject of this dream; and the bishop, suspecting the cause of such a judgment, admonished him to desist from persecuting the church; "for this," he added, "was a forewarning of Heaven, and a merciful chastisement—neither, as thou hast designed to do, go to hunt this day." The king, slighting this salutary admonition, went into the wood to hunt, notwithstanding. And lo! by accident, a great stag running before the king, he exclaimed to a knight who was by his side, Walter Tyrrell by name, "shoot devil," whereupon instantly parted from the bow that arrow, (of which it may well and truly be said, as if it had been prophetically written,

"*Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile telum.*")

and glancing against a tree which sent it back in an oblique direction, it pierced the heart of the king, who fell dead to the earth at the same instant. The people who were with him fled different ways, that unfortunate knight being foremost. But a few of them returning, found the body lying bathed in its own blood, and beginning to mortify, and placing it on a miserable coalman's car which happened to pass that way, drawn by a half-starved horse, compelled the poor peasant to convey it to the city. On its way thither, passing through a deep and clayey road, the carriage broke down,

and the now stiff and stinking corpse was left in the road for those who were so disposed to carry away.

In the same hour, the Earl of Cornwall, hunting in a wood two days journey distant, being left by his companions, met a great hairy black goat, carrying on its back the king discoloured and naked, and pierced through the body by a grisly wound. And the goat, being adjured by the Triune God to discover what thing it was, answered, "I bear away to judgment your king, even the tyrant William the Red, for I am a malignant spirit, and the avenger of that raging malice with which he persecuted the church of Christ; and it was I who contrived his death, by the orders of Alban, the blessed protomartyr of England, who made his complaint to the Lord, that in the isle of Britain, of which he was the original sanctifier, this king's evil deeds passed all measure of forgiveness." This adventure the Earl immediately related to his companions, and, in the space of three days, he found all things to be true as the vision had warned him, by means of ocular witnesses. Over and above these several prodigies, the earth emitted fountains of blood in various quarters, by way of further foretoking the event which was to take place.—Also Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been banished to parts beyond sea for three years by his tyranny, came about the kalends of August from Rome to Marcenniacum to enjoy the converse of St Hugh, the bishop of Clugny; where, on occasion of some discourse between them concerning King William being had, that venerable abbot bore witness to the truth in these words, saying, "last night I beheld that same king brought before the throne of God, and accused, and heard the sentence of damnation pronounced against him." But in what manner these things had come to his knowledge, neither the archbishop, nor any that were there present at that time inquired, such was the awe with which the abbot's eminent sanctity inspired them. The following day the archbishop, having departed thence, proceeded to Lyons; and the next morning, while the monks were singing the matin-song in his presence, lo! a youth delicately attired, and of a serene countenance, stood by the side of one of the arch-

bishop's clerks, as he lay in bed near the door of his chamber, and had closed his eyes, but was not yet asleep—"Adam!" he cried, " sleepest thou?" Whereto the clerk answered that he did not. "Wilt thou hear of things that are new," said the vision; and the clerk said, "willingly." Whereupon straightway the vision replied, "know then this thing for certain—the discord which has fallen out between the archbishop and King William is at rest for ever." At this

the clerk, becoming more alert, raised his head, but when his eyes were open could see nobody.—The night after, as one of the monks belonging to the same archbishop's company was chanting his matins, behold! one offered him a scroll of parchment to read, whereon he saw these words written, "obit Rex Willelmus." And, when he looked up, he saw none besides his companions. In a very short time afterwards the king's death was announced to the archbishop.

Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh,

No II.

Viator's Letters on the History and Progress of the Fine Arts.

LETTER II.

MR NORTH,

WITH your permission I will now resume my "observations on the history and progress of the fine arts." It has often been remarked, that many other circumstances besides the endowment of genius are requisite to form a great man, whether in arts or arms, in business or in policy. What these are with respect to artists I shall not, at present, stop to inquire, nor is it, indeed, necessary; for the sketch which I gave in my last letter, relative to the progress of the arts prior to the appearance of Raphael, contains a sufficient comment on the subject. But all favourable circumstances are, without patronage, nugatory; and the genius of Raphael would have languished and expired—"sunk into the grave unpitied and unknown," had he appeared in any other province of Christendom but Italy. In that country alone, at that time, the arts were studied in their true spirit, and applied to their proper purpose, not merely as the decorations of grandeur, but in the visible illustration of religion and history.

The munificence of the priesthood drew forth the latent energies of talent for the one, and the pride and taste of the nobility fostered the effects directed to the other. It was, however, the good fortune of Raphael, while he met with a degree of encouragement, such as few artists ever obtained, to be allowed the free exercise of his genius, to embody, not only in

his own way, the conception which he formed of his subjects, but even to choose whatever subject seemed most agreeable to his particular taste and fancy. *The dispute on the sacrament* and its companion, *the school of Athens*, he painted before he had attained his twenty-eighth year,—and I know not two works, either in art or in literature, that evince a more clear perception of human nature than these truly masterly productions. Placed at Rome in the centre of a splendid and refined court, surrounded by the intellectual and the powerful, the reverend and the honourable of the earth, he seems to have contemplated, with singular faculties of discernment, *the grand* of the human character, and to have transferred the result of his observations to his canvas with the felicity of a creative hand; and yet in the midst of this effulgence of superior genius, we may trace the skilful adaptation of great professional learning, showing with what care he studied the works of his predecessors, and with what industry he must have previously devoted himself to the imitation of their beauties.

In the upper part of *the dispute on the sacrament*, something may be discovered of the superb taste of Bartholomeo in drapery with that hardness of outline which the artist had acquired from his first master Perugino, but in the general aggregate of the work we perceive the power and happiness of his own peculiar genius. *The*

school of Athens is more purely his own production, and being free from the traces of imitation, is, upon the whole, a more perfect work.

The pictures which he executed immediately after these, with the exception of his *Heliodorus*, which, perhaps, in dignity and enlargement of style, is superior to them both,* are marked with the negligences of a more careless pencil. This has been attributed, not without plausibility, to the dissipated habits into which he was at that time allured, by the mistaken kindness of his admirers and the patrons of his talents. They drew him from his studies into company, and forgot, that every moment which he spent in their convivial entertainment, subtracted something from his ability, and tended to impair his fame. His mind, however, was of too high a cast to be entirely enslaved by their dangerous adulation, and, with an effort that could not have been performed without a strong inherent taste for purity and virtue, he broke from the Circean enchantment of dissipation, and resumed the proper path of his glorious destiny. *The Cartoons at Hampton Court*, and *the Transfiguration*, are the monuments at once of his repentance and his power. And here I am enabled to present you, Sir, with a very curious piece of criticism on the latter production, from the pen of no less a personage than the *probable* author of the celebrated letters of Junius. It was transmitted to a friend of mine, and it serves to show that what has ever hitherto been considered as a fault in *the Transfiguration*, is, perhaps, its greatest and most skillfully contrived beauty. Be this, however, as it may, the critique is a literary curiosity, not merely on account of the pen from which it has come, but the intellectual acumen which it exhibits.

"The title of this picture is a misnomer. The picture tells you it is *the Ascension*.—The transfiguration is another incident which

happened long before the ascension, and is recited in the ninth chapter of St Luke, when the countenance of Jesus was changed, and he became *Erisgov*, and his clothing was *white* and lightened.† The robe of the ascending Christ is blue.

"The painter brings different incidents together to constitute one plot. The picture consists of three different groups, combined or united in one scheme or action.

1. Jesus ascending perpendicularly into the air, clothed in blue raiment, and attended by two other figures.

2. Some of his disciples on the mount, who see the ascent, and lie dazzled and confounded by the sight.

3. A number of persons at the bottom of the mount, who appear to look intently on a young man possessed by a devil and convulsed; none of them see the ascension, but the young man, or rather the devil who is in him, does see it. On all similar occasions these fallen angels know *the Christ* and acknowledge him. The other figures are agitated with astonishment and terror, variously and distinctly expressed in every one of them at the sight of the effect which they see is made upon him by some object which they do not see. This is the sublime imagination by which the lower part of the picture is connected with the upper."†

Had the life of Raphael, which closed on his birth-day, in his thirty-seventh year, been prolonged to the period of Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, or Titian, when in so short a time he produced so many great, so many unrivalled works, to what excellence might he not have carried the art!

The next eminent artist who comes under our consideration is Titian.—The grandeur which Michel Angelo gave to the human figure—Titian has rivalled in colouring. But I do not propose, on the present occasion, to investigate the merits of his colouring, but to pursue the consideration of the intellectual powers of the artists whom it falls within the scope of my present purpose to notice. It is the mental, not the mechanical department of the art to which I wish, in this historical view, to draw your attention. Per-

* In the common version thus: "And, as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep; and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him.

† We possess some curious facts about Junius, which, on some other occasion, we may be permitted to divulge.

haps at some other time you may give me "room and verge enough" to treat of that also. I shall, therefore, pass over the numerous portraits of Titian, and only notice one of those works in which the mind was even more employed than the hand—for example, his *St Peter martyr*, which, perhaps, as a composition, may deserve to be ranked among the finest conceptions of genius; in execution it had no superior. As the legend on which it is founded is not much known in our presbyterian region, it may be necessary to give you some account of it.

This St Peter was the head of a religious sect in some part of a foreign country, but the particular place I really cannot exactly tell; and on his way from Germany to Milan, with a companion, he was attacked by an adversary to his religious opinions while passing through a wood and murdered. His death is the subject of the picture.

The prostrate figure of the saint just fallen beneath a blow from the assassin, raises one of his hands towards heaven with a countenance of confidence in eternal reward for the firmness of his faith; while the assassin grasps with his left hand the mantle of the victim, the better to enable him, by his uplifted sword in the other, to give the fatal blow. The companion is seen flying off in terror, having received a wound on the head. The ferocious and determined action of the murderer, bestriding his victim, completes a group of figures which have not their rival in art, no not even in the Laocoon. The majestic trees of the wood, as well as the dark and shaggy furze, form an awful and appropriate back-ground, in deep and dreadful harmony with the tragedy of the subject.

The heavenly messengers seen in the glory above, bearing the palm branches, the emblems of reward for martyrdom, form the second light of the subject. The first is the sky and cloud which give relief to the black drapery of the wounded companion. The rays from the celestial effulgence above, sparkling on the gloomy branches and foliage of the trees, like so many diamonds, link, as it were, together, all the other gradations of light from the top to the bottom of the picture.

The terror which the murderer has spread, is denoted by the speed of the horseman passing into the dark recesses of a distant part of the forest.

This picture is the first work in art, wherein the human figure and the scene are combined as an historical landscape, where all the objects are the full size of nature.

It is unnecessary, Sir, I presume, to remind you, that this sublime production was greatly damaged while in the possession of the French. The vessel, you will recollect, in which it was shipped, with other plunder of Venice, in passing down the Adriatic Sea, was chased by one of our cruisers, a shot from which struck the picture, and shivered the panel on which it was painted.

The next great master, in point of time and rank to Titian, is Corregio. Enthusiasm, in contemplating his works, might be almost led to fancy that he had received his instructions in another and a better world. His figures seem to belong to a higher race of beings than man, and possess a holiness and grace of semblance too celestial for this earth. His celebrated *Note* is a fine illustration of his peculiar taste and sentiment. The idea of representing the body of the infant Jesus as resplendent, is not only a sublime poetical conception, considering that he was sent to illuminate the mind from Pagan darkness, but a beautiful allegory, told, if the expression may be allowed, with all the propriety of a classical mythologist.

The inspiring power of Corregio's genius is always supposed to have had a great effect on the mind of Parmegiano, whose graceful figures have so much ease and motion, that they have rarely been equalled. His *Moses breaking the tables*, and the *vision of St Gierolimo*, are full of the impress of intellectual power, and works of the first class of art.

After these great masters, the decline of the general prosperity of Italy caused a falling off in the arts for some time. They began, however, to revive again under the three Carracci at Bologna, and the names of Guido, Dominichino, and Guercino, may in some respects be deservedly placed with those elder worthies, to whose peculiar powers I have so particularly drawn your attention. Where I can refer to examples, I will not

trouble you with description. In the collection of Mr Gordon in Great King Street, we possess, in our own "romantic town," three of the fairest productions of Guido; and his liberality has afforded all reasonable access to them, not only to artists, but even strangers, actuated merely by curiosity. It is by the possessors of good pictures so opening their collections, that the public taste is improved. The eye, in this way, receives from the contemplation of excellence a degree of instruction that assists its discrimination forever after.

The fine arts were first effectually introduced into France by Francis I.; but the subsequent civil wars did not allow them to make any considerable progress. In the reign of Henry IV. however, they began to evince more vigour, and the munificence of the great Cardinal Richelieu gave them new life. To enumerate the names of the artists who may be said to have owed their existence to the liberality of his administration, would be to form a long catalogue of names, and, moreover, great as their merit was, I am, I confess, not disposed to think that any of them actually attained the highest rank in the profession. There has ever been a nationality and mannerism in the French school, which, I am inclined to think, must be at variance with universal taste, and con-

sequently detrimental to excellence, and this nationality and mannerism affected artists of the most opposite genius and principle. If, for example, Watteau and Le Brun were required to paint a nuptial feast, the former would have represented a crowd of French peasants under a wire-covered alcove, animated with a joy simple and natural, but also gross, and perhaps licentious; while the latter would have chosen the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus, or of Cupid and Psyche, honoured by the presence of the immortal gods, indulging in their august pleasures,* and these gods and goddesses would in all probability have been lords and ladies of the court of Versailles.

In my next I propose to trace the history and progress of the arts in our own island. Perhaps it might have been expected that I should have previously taken a view of the Flemish school, but the chief works of the great masters of that school being in this country, I shall have an opportunity of adverting to it incidentally with more effect. Besides, the Flemish painters only excelled in the mechanical department, a lower branch of art, and more allied to the handicraft productions of the calico-printer and paper-hanger, than to the moral exhibitions which it is, as I conceive, the great purpose of art to produce.

VIATOR.

Boriana; or, Sketches of Pugilism,

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

No V.

IT is an axiom, we have heard, in political economy,—for we despise the study too much to know it from our own reading,—that a demand for any article always produces a supply. If this be a mistake of ours, that elegant economist, the Scotsman, with his usual suavity, will be pleased to set us right. It may be so in the meal-market—and also in Billingsgate; but we think the principle applies neither to poetry nor pugilism—nor, indeed, to

any of the fine arts. During the sitting of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, there is a loud clerical cry of "fish! fish!" and forthwith there is a profusion of cods and flounders. Were the kirk to exclaim "fowls! fowls!" there would, in like manner, be a massacre of turkeys and how-towdies.† So much for demand and supply of vivres, and good substantial vivres too, for a vast body of divinity. But let the Moderator of

* *Cavaliere Ferro*, vol. i. p. 52.

† See again *Dr Jamieson*.

the said General Assembly cry out "oratory, oratory," and will an immediate supply follow the demand? Alas! there will haply be a small voice heard crying from the synod of Moray, or a gruff one heard growling from the presbytery of Dumbarton, but the ladies in the galleries will not be satisfied, and will all look weeping towards the bar, with many a sigh for Mr Jeffrey and Mr Cockburn. True it is that there is a demand for eloquence, but there are no commissioners of supply. The futility of this principle is equally obvious when applied to pugilism. Search the records of the ring. There was a loud cry for a champion, during several years before the apparition of Tom Johnson—but no champion came forth from our boxing population. True it is, that the growth of genius is not, in any department, caused by the same principles as the growth of corn. Pol-lux and Belcher—Phidias and Chaun-try—Homer and Walter Scott—did not come into the world, because the world demanded them. On the contrary, they brought a supply—and then a demand arose. The ring was formed by the champions—the champions were not begotten by the ring.

The character of a people is to be sought for and found in their amusements. It is melancholy, therefore, to reflect on that of Englishmen, during the period that elapsed between the defeat of Slack, and the first peeling of Tom Johnson, alias Jackling.—There was no principle in the ring.—Honour had fled to heaven from fighting men. No dependence could be placed on the favourite at stripping or setting-to—and betting was little short of an act of insanity. Bolting was the order of the day, and it seemed as if pluck were rooted out from the soil of England. This is not the place to enter into a review of the government of the country during that disastrous era of our history. No doubt, the administration must have been most corrupt, and a reform wanted in every department of the state, before the spirit of pugilism could have sunk so low among the most boxing people in the universe. But this inquiry would lead us beyond our limits, nor, we confess, does it ever please us to dwell on the prospect of national degradation. So let us hail the restorer of his

country's honour in the champion, Tom.

"Johnson's first set-to, in 1783, was with a fighting *Carman*, of the name of Jarvis; and though Tom was looked upon as a mere *novice* in the art, yet he displayed so much superiority over the *Carman*, that his fame was soon made known. Jarvis had *milled* a few good men himself—but in the hands of Johnson he got most dreadfully beaten, that he was scarcely able to walk out of Lock's Fields, where the contest was decided.

"The Croydon *drover*, a man of pugilistic notoriety, now fought Johnson upon Kennington Common; but Johnson *finished* him in a very short period.

"*Sterry Oliver*, the noted death, although growing old fast, and who had been fighting ever since the days of Broughton, entered the lists with Tom Johnson, and proved himself a good *bit of stuff*—but his day was gone by—and Johnson was not long in getting the victory. Some thousands of spectators were upon Blackheath to witness this display of science.

"Bill Love, a *butcher*, challenged Johnson for fifty guineas, which was decided at Barnett; but the *knught of the club* was, in a few minutes so completely *cut up*, as to leave Johnson in possession of the ground.

"Jack Towers, who had overcome death, thought he had little more to fear, and therefore, without hesitation, agreed to fight Johnson at the above place; but Tom had likewise got the better of death, and, in a very short time, Towers was completely *satisfied* that he stood no *chance* with Johnson, and so *gave in*.

"A man of the name of Fry, offered to fight Johnson for fifty guineas, at Kingston, which Tom cheerfully agreed to; but, in less than half an hour, Fry got so much *broiled*, as to be very glad to put an end to the contest, and Tom walked off the ground not even *pinched*.

"Johnson about this period (1787) punished so many of the *minor coacs*, that it was deemed necessary, by the *sporting world*, to look out for a *customer* who might be able to stand something like a *mill* with him. As the metropolis could produce no such character, Bristol was searched, (the habited for pugilists,) when Bill Ward was selected, as a *decent article* that could be depended upon; and accordingly he was backed to fight Johnson for two hundred guineas, at Oakingham, in Berkshire. In the first round, Ward found out that he had got a *trump* to deal with, by receiving near a *doubler* from Johnson, and immediately acted upon the defensive. In fact, it was scarcely worthy of being called a fight; and the amateurs were not only disappointed, but much displeased. Ward was convinced that he could not beat Johnson by *standing* up to him, and therefore, determined to try

when he could not fire him out! And getting away when Tom attempted to put in a good blow, Ward was down on his knees. This humbugging lasted for nearly an hour and a half—Johnson's intentions being continually frustrated by Ward's dropping on his knees: At length, a prime blow made him cry out "*foul*," and he instantly retired; notwithstanding the remonstrances of his second, to come back and finish the fight. Johnson was now firmly established as the champion—his fame ran before him, and it was some months before any person could be found hardy enough to dispute his well-earned title."

Johnson was next matched against Ryan, an Irishman of surpassing strength, skill, and bravery,—and the battle, which was one of the most desperate ever witnessed, terminated in favour of the champion. In consequence, however, of a supposed foul blow by Tom, the men contended again for six hundred guineas.

"It was a contest of great anxiety, and the whole of the bruising world were there; from the Corinthian Pillar, to the *Coster*—Johnson, with his second, Humphries, and Jackson as his bottle-holder, mounted the stage at three o'clock; and were immediately followed by Ryan, who was seconded by a Mr Rolfe, a Laker, and Noulan as bottle-holder. The *set-to* was one of the finest ever witnessed in the annals of pugilism: the science was displayed in all its perfection; and the parryings and faints were as well executed, as if they had been fencing-masters of the first reputation: the silence and anxiety were so great among the spectators, that a pin almost might have been heard to fall. At length, Ryan put in a severe blow upon Johnson's chest, that brought him to the ground. The second round, which continued above two minutes, was terrible beyond description; science seemed forgotten, and they appeared like two blacksmiths at an anvil, when Ryan received a *knock-down* blow. The battle was well sustained on both sides for some time; but Ryan's passion getting the better of him, and which was much increased by the irritation of Johnson's second, in reflecting upon his country, that he began to lose ground. Ryan's head and eyes made a most dreadful appearance; and Johnson was severely *punished*. The contest lasted for thirty-three minutes, when Ryan *gave in*. A hat ornamented with blue ribbons, was placed upon the conqueror's head; and Johnson gained a considerable sum of money, independent of twenty pounds per annum, which was settled upon him by his master, who won some thousands in backing Tom; the door money, amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, was divided between the combatants."

In a few months after this terrible

conflict, Johnson was challenged by Isaac Perrins of Birmingham, supposed to be the most powerful man in England, and against whom no pugilist had ever been able to stand up *five minutes*. He was six feet two inches high, and weighed seventeen stone,—three stone more than the champion.

"On stripping, Perrins looked, in comparison, like a Hercules, and Johnson, who, in other fights, appeared as a big man, by the side of Perrins, now looked as a boy; the spectators were struck with the difference, and even Johnson's friends began to *shake*. The awful *set-to* at length commenced, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch—Johnson steadfastly viewing his mighty opponent, and considerable skill was manifested by both the combatants for nearly five minutes,—Perrins then made a blow, which, in all probability, had he not have missed his aim, must have decided the contest, and Johnson been killed, from its dreadful force; but Tom was *awake* to the intent, and eluded it: and in return, put in a *hit*, which could be of no trifling nature, to *knock a man down of seventeen stone*? [Grew applause; *bravo* Tom! *well done*, Tom!] Johnson followed up this advantage for three more rounds with success, and his *science* was of great service, in puzzling his antagonist—Perrins now went into Johnson, regardless of all danger, and knocked him down without ceremony, and continued *punishing* for several more rounds; Tom, finding he was over-matched, was obliged, for the first time in his life, to have recourse to shifting, to prevent his being beat straight forward; which conduct, occasioned some murmuring from the spectators, and Perrins began to treat him with contempt, by exclaiming, "*Why, what have you brought me here! this is not the valiant Johnson, the champion of England, you have imposed upon me with a mere boy.*"—Tom's manly heart felt most bitterly this keen sarcasm, and, bursting with indignation, instantly cried out, "By G—d! you shall soon know that Tom Johnson is here! and directly made a *spring* at Perrins, and put in a lunge over the left eye, that closed it up in a twinkling; and his wind likewise getting bad, Johnson's friends took the *hint*, and began to sport their money upon the champion's head. Perrins, like a brilliant of the first water, appeared not the least dull or dismayed by this loss, but rallied in fine style, and went into Johnson, and closed his right eye in return. The odds began to waver immediately, and the Birmingham men offered to lay it on thick. Forty rounds and upwards had now taken place, and the combatants still *gum*; Johnson began to be extremely careful, and to make the best use of his one eye, finding that it was still *up-hill work*; and gave Perrins a desperate blow upon the nose, which slit it down so completely, as

to have the appearance of being done with a knife.—Odds, ten to *one* upon Tom. The manly fortitude of Perrins astonished all present,—his bottom was still sound, and undismayed; he went into Johnson, and endeavoured, by a terrible *hit*, to close his other eye. Perrins' friends began to revive, and in a few more rounds, claimed the victory, as Johnson fell without a blow! But the empires allowed it fair, as the articles of agreement did not mention falling. Perrins' frame now began to fail him, but his mind was still cool and collected, and he had recourse to another method of attacking his antagonist; and which proved rather successful, till Tom became *down* to it. Johnson's knowledge of the science was here displayed in fine style—in warding off the chopper, and back-handed strokes of his adversary; by which means Tom recruited his strength; every round now Perrins appeared much the worse for it, and fell repeatedly from his exhausted state. Johnson had it nearly his own way; *hit* where he liked; and put in several *tremendous facers*, that Perrins' head had scarcely the traces left of a human being! Still his courage never forsook him,—and had not his friends interfered, and prevented Isaac from fighting any longer, it was the general opinion, that Perrins would have continued the contest till he had died! Perrins positively refused to *give out*; and was literally forced from the stage; *sixty-two* such rounds of fighting for an hour and a quarter, were scarcely, if ever, before witnessed in the annals of pugilism. The disparagement was spoken of as much too great between the combatants; and, notwithstanding Johnson performed prodigies of valour, by beating so uncommonly large a man, and entitled to every praise; yet still there were parts of the fight, that the amateur could not approve of, and the spectators dissatisfied. It was reported among the sporting men, that Mr Bullock made Johnson a present of *one thousand pounds*, and that he had gained, by the vast odds he had betted upon Tom, twenty thousand pounds! The door-money amounted to nearly £800, out of which Johnson received £533. Tom called upon Perrins, and left a guinea to drink Isaac's health, previous to his quitting Banbury."

It seems scarcely possible that any man can die in possession of the championship, unless he die young. Periodical rattling on the ribs is apt to affect the health and injure the stamina, and thus may the champion, on some dark day, fall beneath a hitherto inglorious arm. It is a hard thing to fight a fresh man four times per annum, and thus to be as it were the principal conductor of the Quarterly Review. The day was at hand when a new orb in the pugilistic hemis-

phere rolled in between Tom and the sun of glory, intercepted the glad beams, and eclipsed the champion. This orb is known in the astronomy of pugilism by the name of *BIG BEN*.

"Brain was of an athletic make, but not particularly so as to merit the appellation of *Big*, scarcely exceeding the size of Johnson. He was born in 1753; and in the early part of his life was employed as a collier in his native place. It was here that Ben first distinguished himself as a pugilist, with Clayton, the Shropshire man, by the science and game that was observed in the fight. A good battle also took place between Ben and a collier belonging to Kingswood, of the name of Harris. They were both compelled to acknowledge the superiority of Ben's pugilistic powers. He now bent his way towards the metropolis, and arrived about the year 1774, where, at the Adelphi wharf, he was employed many years as a coal-porter. He was a good-looking man, and when out of his business always appeared clean and respectable; mild and sociable in his demeanour, and never, ridiculously, pre-umed upon his qualities as a boxer.

"Ben's first *set-to* in London was with the *fighting Grenadier*, in the Long fields, in which, had it not have been for the assistance of a medical man, who was witnessing the contest, Ben must have been defeated. The *Lobster* had most powerful *claws*, and was a first-rate *punisher*, and by the tremendous *kits* which he put in under Ben's eyes, they were so swelled up, that he could not see out of them: when just at this juncture (whether from design, or not, we cannot ascertain), the ring was broken. During which circumstance the swellings were skillfully lanced by the surgeon, the blood discharged, and Ben restored to perfect sight. A fresh ring by this time was made, and the combat renewed; but in the course of a few minutes the *fighting Grenadier* was glad to call for *quarters*.

Corbally, an *Irish chairman*, fought Ben, upon a stage twenty-five feet square, at Knavestock, in Essex, on December 31, 1788. Notwithstanding the weather was extremely severe, the combatants stripped with the most perfect indifference, and the fight was carried on with determined courage on both sides; but Corbally, at length, was compelled to *give in*.

"Ben, in 1789, forfeited one hundred pounds to Johnson, which sum was deposited in part of one thousand pound stakes, Brain being in a bad state of health.

"Ben received a challenge from Jacobms, a *Birmingham pugilist*, which was accepted, and the battle took place at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, upon a twenty-four feet square stage, railed in, on October 23, 1789. Jacobms was a stout-made man, plenty of *pluck*, and not without some science. On the *set-to* Jacobms portrayed his deter-

mined resolution, and went in to Brain in fine style; but whether Ben felt any doubt about the fight, he did not conduct himself after his accustomed method of boxing, but was on the retreat, *shifling* often, to avoid Jacombs' blows, and fell frequently without a touch. Jacombs, on the contrary, received Ben's attacks undaunted. Considerable disapprobation being expressed by the spectators, particularly the Warwickshire men, who were getting outrageous at Ben's manœuvring, when at length Brain stood up to his adversary, and shewed what he was capable of performing, by putting in a tremendous *leveller*, and soon convinced the auditors that he was a *prime bit of stuff*. The contest was now worth looking at, and heroism was displayed upon both sides—when, after a most dreadful battle of one hour and twenty-six minutes, the brave Jacombs was conquered. The Birmingham men lost considerable sums upon Jacombs.

“Hooper, the *tinman*, was now backed to fight Ben; but a more ridiculous match never took place in the annals of pugilism—a fight it could not be called: and, in fact, it was little more than making fun of pugilism. Hooper was over-matched, and Ben treated him with the most sovereign contempt. The first round was well contested; but Ben put in such a *doubler*, that Hooper could never be induced to put it in his power to do so again. Hooper fell every round without a blow; run all over the stage; squirted water in Ben's face; and called him by the most opprobrious epithets, thinking, that by such acts Ben might be provoked, and put off his guard, and fall an easy prey to his disgusting manœuvres. Ben received several severe *facers* from the activity of Hooper, and had no means of returning a blow, as his antagonist after striking was upon the ground. However, Ben adopted a plan that all the stratagems of the *tinman* could not divert him from—Brain stood up like a rock in the middle of the stage, and there waited till Hooper thought proper to come up to him. This piece of *deceit* took place upon August the 30th, 1790, at Chapel-row-revel, near Newbury, in Berkshire, and continued for *three hours and a half*; the night coming on fast, several of the amateurs asked Ben if he should be able to finish the battle that day? When Brain jocularly replied, “that it entirely depended upon his antagonist;” and, laughing, observed, “they had better begin the next morning at six o'clock, and have the whole day before them.” The *fancy* in general were completely disgusted at such treatment; and, after what was termed one hundred and eighty rounds having taken place, and it being nearly dark, it was declared a *drawn battle*! and Ben walked off without receiving any particular hurt.”

Such heroes as Johnson and Big Ben seemed dead for each other; and the championship of England was once

more to be contended for at Wrotham in Kent, upon a stage twenty feet square. It was Tom Johnson and Big Ben—Hannibal and Scipio—Cæsar and Pompey—and prospectively, Wellington and Napoleon—Zama—Pharsalia—Wrotham—Waterloo!

“Johnson, attended by Joe Ward for his second, and his bottle-holder Mendoza, mounted the stage at one o'clock, with firm and decent composure; and, almost at the same instant, Ben followed with a cheerful countenance, accompanied by Bill Ward and Humphries, as his second and bottle-holder. The *set-to* was more furious than usual upon these occasions; and Johnson, from a desperate blow on the face, fell upon his nose, which completely stupefied him. The effects appeared evident in the second round, when Ben put in another *leveller*. Johnson *plucked* up, and in the next *set-to* laid Ben upon his back. Well, as these pugilists knew the *science*, they now appeared to lay it aside, and *ferocity* was the order of the day. The blows were dreadful in the extreme, and given and taken reciprocally. At length Johnson, in missing his aim at Ben, struck the stage with his hand, and broke his middle finger. Tom soon afterwards became desperate, and, with the agonizing idea that his proud fame was fast expiring, completely lost himself, and caught hold of the hair of Ben's head; several times shifted; and had recourse to these manœuvres, so unlike his former conduct, that disapprobation was publicly expressed by the spectators. Ben, after *millling* away for twenty minutes, decided the battle, by putting in a most tremendous *hit* upon Johnson's ribs, and by another cutting his lip nearly in half. Thus was the valiant and truly renowned Tom Johnson deprived of the championship, which he had so nobly maintained for several years unsullied.”

Neither Johnson nor Ben ever fought more. The Ex-champion scorned again to mount the stage shorn of his beams, and the successor to the crown never recovered from the effects of such tremendous punishment. It is quite refreshing to the mind of a true pugilist to think on such things.

“Upon his body being opened, it was found that his liver was considerably injured, in consequence of the many desperate battles which he had fought. On the 11th his funeral was conducted with decent solemnity; and Tom Johnson, forgetting all past differences, was foremost among the mourners, to shew his respect to the deceased; Ward, Wood, &c. attended to see the remains of the champion respectably interred in St. Sepulchre's church-yard.”

We beg leave (with permission of our Editor) humbly to suggest to the people of England, the propriety—not to say the necessity, of erecting a Grand

National Monument, in which may be placed busts of all her prime pugilists. We have indeed sketched a plan of such an edifice, of which we intend to send a copy to our friend Mr Egan—one to Mr Jackson, and one to Mr Crib—the *Tria Luminia Anglorum*—

at whose houses subscriptions will be received, and by whom any communications (post paid), on the architectural design will, we dare say, be cheerfully transmitted to the publisher of our *MAGNUM OPUS*.

COTTON'S "VOYAGE TO IRELAND."

IN his Specimens of English poetry, Mr Campbell makes some quotations from Cotton's "*Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque*," and remarks, that it probably furnished the hint of the peculiar style, spirit, and manner of the "*Bath Guide*." There is occasional coarseness in this liveliest composition of a very lively writer, as, indeed, there is in all Charles Cotton's writings, except a few of his angling songs, and two or three poems of a serious cast—but we think that we can present our readers with most of the spirited passages, without any offence to a rational delicacy, and that they will be greatly amused with its good-humoured absurdity, and temporary forgetfulness of every thing sober and solemn in this world. He commences with some jocularities on that somewhat indefinite principle of our nature, that

Sets folk so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high
Steeple,
And though I was bred 'mong the Wonders o' the
Peak,
Would have thrown away Money, and ventur'd my
neck
To have seen a great Hill, or a Rock, or a Cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and
brave.

He then gives us an agreeable picture of himself on starting.

'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
The days were now long, and the Sky was now
clear,
And Mary, that fair Lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flow'r'd Tabby
Gown,
When about some two hours and a half after Noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it
too soon.
With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tun'd up my Pipes to sing loth to depart,
The Ditty concluded, I call'd for my Horse,
And with a good pack did the Jument endorse,
Till he groan'd and he snorted under the burthen,
For sorrow had made me a cumberous burden:
And now farewell Dove, where I've caught such
brave Dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd Fishes:
Thy Trout and thy Grailing may now feed se-
curely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrears.

First night he sleeps at Congerton, and tells us that he had a comfortable

bowse, with no worse a man than good Master Mayor—and as far as we recollect, the following passage concludes with a new and good reason for wearing a nightcap.

With his Staff of Command, yet the man was not
lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he
came:
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous fashion.
When each one to keep his Brains fast in his head,
Put on a good Night-cap, and straight-way to bed.

Next morning he takes a kind leave of his hostess, and of her alone, for he facetiously remarks,

That her king, as 'twas rumoured, by late pouring
down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,
and jogs on about *three miles* to
Holmes chapel, where feeling himself
exceedingly thirsty, as he well might,
after so long a ride without any re-
freshment, he pulls up, and determines
on a cheerer.

A Hay! quoth the foremost, Ho! who keeps the
house?

Which said, out an Host comes as brisk as a Louse,
His hair comb'd as sleek, as a Barber he'd bin,
A Cravat with black Ribbon t'd under his chin,
Though by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to fear
That knot would be one day slip'd under his ear:
Quoth he, (with low Congy) what lack you my Lord?
The best Liquor, quoth I, that the House will af-
ford?

You shall straight, quoth he, and then calls out,
Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary:
Hold, hold, my spruce Host, for i' th' Morning so
early

I never drink Liquor but what's made of Barley:
Which words were scarce out, but which made me
admire,

My Lordship was presently turn'd into Squire:
Ale, Squire, you mean, quoth he, numbly again,
What, must it be pur'd? no, I love it best plain;
Why, if you'll drink Ale, Sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the best Ale i' th' Land, if you'll go to the
price,

Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple,
But then, in plain truth, it is suxpence a Bottle:
Why, Faith, quoth I, Friend, if your Liquor be such,
For the best Ale in *England*, it is not too much;
Let's have it, and quickly; O Sir! you may stay,
A Pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a Bottle here presently, Wife,
Of the best *Cheshire* Hum he e'er drank in his Life.
Straight out comes the Mistress in Waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a Milk-maid, and white as her Milk,
With Visage as oval and slick as an Egg,
As straight as an Arrow, as right as my Leg;
A court'sie she made, as demure as a Sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her,
Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, wilt please you walk
in?

I thank'd her, but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my business did call me away;

She said she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that Road,
I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the Na-
tion

Should no where afford better accommodation :
Mean while, my spruce Landlord has broken the
Cork,

And call'd for a Bodkin, though he had a Fork :
But I shew him a Skrew, which I told my brisk Gull :
A Tropane was for Bottles had broken their skull ;
Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt :
But 'twas I that applied it, and pull'd the Cork out :
Bounce, quoth the Bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smok'd like a new fir'd Gun ;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it :
Mine Host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no
fuller,

Look here, Sir, quoth he, both for Nap and for co-
lour,

Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't,
I defie *Leek*, and *Lambeth*, and *Sandwich* to boot :
By my troth he said true, for I speak it with tears,
'Though I have been a Toss-pot these twenty good
years,

And have drank so much Liquor has made me a
Debtor,

In my days, that I know of, I never drank better ;
We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt away
roundly ;

And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging.
For our work had been done, had we said t'other
Noggin.

Cotton and his servant reach "Ches-
ter in the West" about two in the after-
noon, and nothing can be more divert-
ing than the important air with which
he dismounts, as if he had performed
a most formidable journey—and the
comfortable and self-satisfied good hu-
mour with which he takes possession
of his quarters. Our friend Cotton
has no notion this day of being shook
in his seat after dinner, so he sends
his nag to the stable for the night, and
begins to reflect on his own situation.

And now in high time 'twas to call for some Meat.
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must
eat ;

And Faith we had Vict'als both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood :
Go thy ways, Mistress *Anderton*, for a good Wo-
man,

Thy Guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a Com-

And here I must stop the Career of my Muse,
'The poor Jade is weary, 'lass' how should she chuse,
And if I should farther here spur on my Course,
I should, questionless, tire both my Wits and Horse.

How he spent the time after an ear-
ly dinner, and before going to bed, we
are not told, but, somehow or other,
the silence speaks of pipes and malt
liquor, and the reader feels that the
bard retired to the downs, somewhat
the better of his tankard, at rather a
late hour. We think we see him sit-
ting in a little snug parlour, a three-
legged table, with a circular top, at his
elbow—covered, but not crowded—
and, as he puffs away in solitary bliss,
a gentle mist just dimming the bright-
ness of the fire and candle light. Mrs
Anderton perhaps comes smiling and
courtseying in, to ask if he finds
every thing quite comfortable ; and at

last ventures, on repeated solicitations
from the captain, to sit down on a chair
by his side. But of all this we are
told nothing, so suppose Charlie to
have passed a good night, and

After seven hours sleep, to commute for pained, taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken,
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of Bells,
Which, ringing to Mattens all over the Town,
Made me leap out of Bed, and put on my Gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the
Choire,

When straight I perceived myself all on a fire ;
For the two fore-named things had so heated my
bloud,

That a little Phlebotomy would doe me good ;
I sent for Chirurgeon, who came in a trice,
And swift, to shed bloud, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted Steeletto quite thorough the Vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain ;
When having twelve ounces he bound up my arme,
And I gave him two *Georges*, which did him no
harm ;

But after my bleeding I soon understood
It had cool'd my Devotion as well as my Bloud,
For I had no more mind to look on my *Psalter*;
Than (saving your presence) I had to a Halter ;
But like a most wicked and obstinate Sinner,
Then sate in my Chamber till Folks came to dinner :
I din'd with good stomach, and very good cheer ;
With a very fine Woman, and good Ale and Beer ;
When my self having stuff'd than a Bag-pipe more
full,

I fell to my smoking untill I grew dull ;
And therefore to take a fine nap thought it best.

Having thus been cheated out of the
morning service, he determined, on
no account whatever, to miss that of
the afternoon, so,
With that starting up, for my man did I whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were
grizzle,
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on
my Sword,
Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.

We are sorry to be obliged to say,
that we cannot think Mr Cotton was a
very devout person this day in church,
but we shall charitably suppose that
he had a bad headach, and that, we
all know, is a sad enemy to atten-
tion. We are led to conjecture, that
he yawned much during the service,
from the extreme alacrity with which
he quitted the cathedral. The service

No sooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like Boys in a School when they've leave got to
play,

All save Master Mayor, who still gravely stays
'Till the rest had left room for his Worship and's
Mace :

Then he and his Brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall and fell into his rear ;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In Authority's Tail, than the head of a Rout.

In this rev'rend order we marched from Pray'r ;
The Mace before me borne as well as the May'r ;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious Gold Belt in the rear of his Train,
Made such a low Congee, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days :
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my
Fist,

Till the Pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was
kiss'd,
By which, though thick-scall'd, he must understand
this,

That I was a most humble Servant of his ;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look,)
That to have me dogg'd home, he straightway ap-
pointed,

Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted ;

I was scarce in my Quarters, and set down on Crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to Supper.

After many excuses offered in vain, the poet finds that to the mayor's he must go, and really we, who have supped with many mayors, cannot see that he was at all to be pitied.—We never, in a borough, decline a meal with one of the council—but rejoice to breakfast with a Convener, to dine with a Provost, and sup with a Dean of Guild. No respectable Scotsman would act otherwise. At this time the Mayor of Chester was a prime magistrate indeed.

As he sat in his Chair, he did not much vary,
In state, nor in face, from our Eighth English Har-ry;

But whether his face was swoll'n up with fat,
Or puff'd with Glory, I cannot tell that;
Being enter'd the Chamber half length of a Pike,
And cutting off faces exceedingly like
One of those little Gentlemen brought from the
Indies,

And skewing myself into Congeys and Cringes,
By then I was half way arriv'd in the Room
His Worship most reverendly rose from his Bum,
And with the more Honour to grace and to greet

Advanced a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely dishing a Hat worth a Taster.
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester;
I thank'd him in Language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sate us all down to Table.

During supper a slight altercation occurs between Mistress May'ress and her Lord—for

Straight with the look and the tone of a Scold,
Mistress May'ress complain'd that the Pottage was
cold,
And all long of your fiddle-fiddle, quoth she,
Why, what it then, Goodly Two-shoes, what if it be?
Hold you, if you can, your little tattle, quoth he.

Charles is at a loss to know certainly, what conclusions to draw from this little connubial dialogue, as to the quarter in which authority is lodged in the mansion-house of Chester. And we can understand his perplexity. It is no uncommon thing, we are convinced, (we speak as bachelors) for man and wife to arrarage before-hand, little argumentations and seeming bickerings, before company, in which each party behaves with so much self-possession, and disregard of each other's opinion or feelings, that it is quite impossible for a spectator to say whether or not the Lady be a Hen-pecker, and taps the hollow beech-tree. Mr Cotton makes the following judicious reflections on this incident.

I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by this discourse,
The May'r, not a gray Mare, was the better Horse;
And yet for all that, there is reason to
She submitted but out of respect to his year;
However, 't was well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the Man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault;
But this brush being past we fell to our Diet,
And every one there fill'd his Belly in quiet.

After supper the Mayor's curiosity begins to awaken; and certainly, after giving his guest a capital supper, he is entitled to know something of his birth and parentage.

Wherefore making me draw somewhat nearer his Chair,

He wou'd and requir'd me there to declare
My Country, my Birth, my Estate, and my Parts,
And whether I was not a Master of Arts;
And eke what the business was had brought me
thither,

With what I was going about now, and whither:
Giving me caution, no Iye should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should cut only trap me,
I answer'd, my Country was fam'd *Staffordshire*;
That in Deeds, Bills, and Bonds, I was ever writ
Squire;

That of Land, I had both sorts, some good, and
some evil,

But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my Parts, they were such as he saw;
That indeed I had a small smattering of Law,
When I lately had got more by practice than read-
ing,

By sitting o'th' Bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that Arms I had over more stud'd than Arts;
And was now to a Captain rais'd by my deserts;
That 'twas business which led me through Palatine
and

Into *Ireland*, whither now I was bound;
Where his Worship's great favour I loud will pro-
claim,

And in all other places where ever I came.
He said, as to that, I might doe what I list,
But that I was welcome, and gave me his list;
When having my Fingers made crack with his
gripes,

He call'd to his man for some Bottles and Pipes.

We believe that the conversation with men of authority after supper, would not, in general, make very pretty poetry, and so Cotton opined.

To trouble you here with a longer Narration
Of the several parts of our Constabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious, I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most reverend Records of the City,
Where doubtless the Acts of the May'r are record-
ed,

And it not more truly, yet much better worded.

About one in the morning he takes leave of the Mayor, but not without making him the present of

A certain fantastical box and a stopper,
gifts being, to his certain knowledge, and to ours, always most acceptable to great men.

Next morning he procures a guide to conduct him over the Welsh mountains, who rides upon the following horse.

It certainly was the most ugly of Jades,
His hips and his rump made a right Ace of Spades;
His sides were two Ladders, well spur gall'd withal;
His neck was a Helve, and his head was a Mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the Creature was wholly denud'd of hair,
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a Mane, and a spig of a Tail;

Now such as the Beast was, even such was the
Rider,

With a head like a Nutmeg and legs like a Spider;
A voice like a Cricket, a look like a Rat;
The brains of a Goose, and the heart of a Cat;
Even such was my Guide, and his Benet, let them
pass,

The one for a Horse, and the other an Ass.

At Flint, Mister Cotton stops to get a "jug of sommat," and then canters on to Holly-well.

But the Lord of *Flint Castle's* no Lord worth a
 Louise,
 For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his
 House:

But in a small House near unto't there was store
 Of such Ale, as (thank God!) I ne'er tasted before;
 And surely the Welch are not wise of their Fuddle,
 For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
 From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we
 came;

My Guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
 O'er Hills, and o'er Valleys uneven, and uneven,
 'Untill 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,
 More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
 We happily came to St. *Winifred's* Well.

Here he is anxious to pay a visit to
 the famous medicinal well, but not so
 anxious as to forget the great leading
 principle on which his journey was
 conducted.

I went into th' Kitchen, where Vict'als I saw,
 Both Beef, Veal, and Mutton, but all on't was raw;
 And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter;
 For four Chickens were slain by my *Dame* and her
 Daughter;

Of which to Saint *Win* e'er my vows I had paid.
 They said I should find a rare *Fragassay* made;
 I thank'd them, and straight to the Well did repair,
 Where some I found cursing, and others at Pray'r;
 Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some
 Some naked.—

His description of the Well itself is
 very prettily written, and looks well,
 surrounded by the absurdity in which
 it is set.—

But the Fountain, in truth, 's well worth the sight,
 The beautiful Virgin's own tears not more bright;
 Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
 Her Conscience, her Name, nor herself were more
 clear:

In the bottom there be certain stones that look white,
 But streak'd with pure red, as the Morning with
 light,

Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
 But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
 Over the Fountain a Chapel there stands,
 Which I wonder has scap'd Master *Oliver's* hands;
 The floor's not all pay'd, and the Margent o' th'
 Spring,

Is enclos'd with a certain Octagonal Ring;
 From each Angle of which a Pillar does rise,
 Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
 To support and uphold from falling to ground
 A Cupola wherewith the Virgin is crown'd.
 Now 'twixt the two Angles, that fork to the North,
 And where the cold Nymph does her Bason pour
 forth,

Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis
 said,
 And 'tis true, for I heard Folks Teethhack in their
 head.

He quaffs a liberal glass of the sancti-
 fied water, flirts sprightly, but ten-
 derly, with the fair maiden who pre-
 sents it to him, and then, true to his
 dinner, as the needle to the pole, he
 is attracted to his house of entertain-
 ment.

My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
 I never ate better meat that I can tell;
 When having half din'd, there comes in my Host,
 A Catholic, good, and a rare drunken Tost;
 This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,
 And told me strange stories, which I have forgot;
 But this I remember, 'twas much on's own Life,
 And one thing, that he had converted his Wife.

Much against his inclination and
 usual practice, our poet ventures to
 sally forth in continuation after din-
 ner.

But now my Guide told me, it time was to go,
 For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
 Whence ere calling to pay, and having accounted,
 I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted.

They reach the banks of the Con-
 way ere nightfall, and that somewhat
 lumpy Ruin seems to us well de-
 scribed in the line,

But 'tis prettiest Cob-Castle e'er I beheld.

We regret that Cotton did not de-
 scribe his feelings on waiting for a
 ferry-boat, which are not, in general,
 greatly relieved by the arrival of a set
 of insolent, ignorant, rash, cowardly,
 and drunken ferrymen. But he seems
 to have laid down a resolution not to
 lose his temper on any occasion what-
 ever, and he takes leave of us with his
 wonted hilarity. Thus,

The Sun now was going 't' unharness his Steeds,
 When the Ferry-boat braving his sides 'gaust the
 Wheels,

Came in as good time, as good time could be,
 To give us a cast o'er an arm of the Sea;
 And bestowing our Horses before and abaft,
 O'er god *Neptune's* wide Cold-piece gave us a waft;
 Where scurvy landing at foot of the Boat,
 Within very few paces we enter'd the Port,
 Where another King's head invited me down,
 For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown.

It is perhaps requisite to know,
 as well as we do, the character of Cot-
 ton, in many respects an interesting
 one, fully to enjoy the levity of this
 bounding jeu d'esprit. But, with or
 without that knowledge, every reader
 must be pleased with it. It gives one
 quite the feeling of being on a jour-
 ney. No sentimentalist; Charles Cot-
 ton. He snuff's his dinner in the dis-
 tant inn with a wolf-like—a vulture-
 like sagacity—and the moment he sits
 down in a parlour, he is determined
 on happiness. No allusion is ever
 made by him to the past or the fu-
 ture. There he is, and he is happy.
 He is equally at home with mine Host
 or Master Mayor. He has no secrets,
 and communicates freely his whole
 history to people, who, he knows, are
 never to see him again, and when he
 is gone, all remember him only "as
 the Captain." Short and easy stages
 are his delight, and though we part
 with him at Conway, we follow him,
 in imagination, day after day, till at
 last we think we see him shipped for
 Ireland "at the Head." He makes no
 statistical observations as he jogs along
 —long-horned cattle browse away un-
 observed by him—and Welsh mutton
 attracts his attention only when roast-
 ed, or in chops. He has no great eye
 even for the picturesque; and though
 he no doubt saw the trees, and fields,
 and vales, and mountains, as he rode
 along, he had something better to

think of, at the end of a stage—a snug room, a clear tankard, a broiled fowl, and a pretty landlady. His “Journey” is called a burlesque. For our own parts, we think it a misnomer; and were we wishing to read a burlesque, we would turn to Mrs Spence,

or the Honourable Mrs Murray, or to the reverend Richard Warner of Bath, or, above all absurd people alive or dead, to—whom shall we say? why then—to—no—it would not be fair. So learn better manners and be quiet.

REMARKS ON SOME OF OUR LATE NUMBERS; BY A LIBERAL WHIG.

MR NORTH,

I HAVE been amusing myself in the country with the late Numbers of your Magazine, and still more with Dr Morris. I do not think that the good people of Aberystwith and its vicinity will recognise their Æsculapius, or that *Lady Johnes* will admit his affinity, or give him credentials of such a nature as Perkin Warbeck received from his aunt of Burgundy. But the reception his work will afford him at Glasgow and Edinburgh, is probably of more importance to him than the impression it may make among his first and second cousins in Cardiganshire. However, I hope he means to publish his three new volumes before the gout has quite demolished him—a catastrophe to which he seems to be making rapid strides, notwithstanding his skill in medicine. He will die in good company; for, if the bulletins from the Tent are to be credited, there is not a man among the “Contributors” who does not make vigorous efforts to partake his screwing and pricking honours, and share his fate. Certainly your Peter's Letters, and your Twelfth of August, are only part of a conspiracy, among the wine and brandy merchants, against the new school of water-drinkers—a school of which I would not, however, have you imagine that I am myself a disciple.

I do not much admire your criticisms on Lord Byron's new poem. I have lately read his formidable *Don Juan*; and, while I agree as to its transcendent merit, both as a work of imagination, and a general satire upon men and manners, I cannot subscribe to the overstrained and somewhat hypocritical tone of abhorrence which it is the fashion to adopt with respect to it, on the alleged scores of morality and religion. It contains many high-wrought descriptions of the voluptuous kind, which may render it a dan-

gerous book in the hands of young and inflammable persons; and on that account, when one is inclined to be very serious, one may regret that it ever was written. But this is a charge to which it is obnoxious only in common with a great many other seductive works of fancy and genius, about which no such mighty stir has been made, and to which no such violent exception was ever taken, even though they might be accidentally found on the shelves of a young lady's library. It has also several very unorthodox hits at matters of faith; some indecent witticisms at the expense of Scriptural phrases and Scriptural histories; and (what is of graver moment) some doubts expressed as to a future state—doubts only, however, not denials—incidentally and not offensively introduced, and by no means of so objectionable a character as his celebrated stanzas in *Childe Harold*, about which no such fuss was made, according to the best of my remembrance. Upon the whole, I am convinced that the violent outcry raised against the book is not so much to be attributed to any thing in its actual design and tendency, as to the (I fear I may say) deserved unpopularity of the author's moral character and conduct, and the understanding which prevailed of its being accompanied, in MS. with a sort of personal allusions and assaults, reported to be of the most libellous nature, from which no man or woman, in any way notorious, could tell whether he or she might be safe, and the importance of which was magnified to an infinite degree by the absurd air of mystery which enveloped the publication of it. The levity with which the poet turns the terrors and sublimities of his own genius into ridicule, so far from converting into matter of serious charge against him, I consider with admiration, as affording the highest evidence

of its astonishing and overwhelming superiority, and of his magnificent consciousness of his own power, which makes him love to sport with the passions he has himself excited in the breasts of his readers. To speak of it as evincing a complete depravation of mind and intellect, argues nothing, I think, but malice, stupidity, or a degree of prejudice bordering on both. What is published of the personal satire, with which, we are told, the original MS. abounded, is very bad, in point of taste and feeling, and can excite only one sentiment of disapprobation—when levelled at one injured individual in particular, of disgust and indignation. But where his satire is general, it is often as well directed as it is keen and irresistible. Witness his strictures on education, (canto i. st. 40, &c.; canto ii. st. 1, &c.)—on crin. con. actions, (i. 64)—on passion and hypocrisy, (i. 73)—his fine lecture on “Lead us not into temptation,” (i. 80)—on self-deception, (i. 83, 106, &c.)—on the vanity of human wishes, (i. 218.) Then, for deep feeling (setting aside all passages of which the strict moral propriety can be considered as questionable), his reflections on his own advance of years, (i. 214)—that happiness, to be felt, must be partaken, (canto ii. 172)—his exquisite stanzas on moonlight, (ii. 114)—and many, many more.

After all, the principal cause of the very general and total condemnation which Don Juan has met with, in conjunction with the motives already referred to, may, I think, be traced in the spirit of universal exaggeration, which I conceive to be the grand and master vice of the age, and on which, if I had the time for it, I could write a folio. For my own part, I hold Lord Byron to be neither god nor devil, nor a being partly one and partly the other, but a mere man, with very uncommon talents, and at least an equal proportion of faults; and I think we should write not only in better taste, but to better moral effect, if we would only condescend so to consider him. But there is nothing but exaggeration in the world on all subjects. We meet with a Scriptural phrase or allusion in a profane work, and instantly exclaim, Blasphemy! blasphemy!—forgetting, that the Bible being the book in most general circulation of any, and in which we were

all taught to read before we could even articulate, it is very natural that, when we have occasion for a familiar illustration, we should recur to earliest, first, and most lasting impressions, without any offensive meaning whatever. Are we not every day in our ordinary conversation talking about “the loaves and fishes?” and who ever dreamed that, in doing so, he was giving utterance to a blasphemous parody of one of the greatest and most stupendous miracles recorded in Scripture? At the same rate, we must not speak of a man “having the gift of tongues,” or “the pen of a ready writer;” or talk of “Job’s comforters;” or call a man’s wife “his rib,” or Sir Massey Manassch Lopez “a scape-goat;” or say “we wash our hands” of such or such an offence, or use any other of the thousand familiar phrases, which the habit, so constantly recommended and strenuously enforced by divines—

“*Nocturna versare manu, versare diurna*”—has culled out of the Old and New Testament, and gradually interwoven with the very form and idiom of our language. To speak seriously, it may shew both bad taste and a defective judgment to make any part or parts of the Holy Scriptures the vehicle either of pleasantry or satire; but it is the vice of exaggeration, displayed in its most offensive and injurious form, which can alone place such venial errors upon the same level with the sin of a direct and wanton attack upon religion, or mention Hone’s dull but harmless parodies with the same tone of indignation and abhorrence as is justly excited by Carlyle’s foul-mouthed and impious vituperations. Exaggeration bullies and swaggers in every department of life—in religion, in law, in politics, in science, in literature. Your friend, Dr Morris, is the prince of narrative exaggerators in our day—the very Sir John Mandeville of tourists; nor is his friend (your German Contributor with the hard name) far behind him. The poets of the Lake School—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey—all are exaggerators; and run a great risk, by their exaggeration, of utterly blasting the laurels to which their genius and talents entitle them. I know scarcely a writer of the present day who *does* not exaggerate, except the mysterious

author of Waverley. It is exaggeration to detect mortal poison in every glass of fermented liquor, as much as to swear, that potatoes, three bottles deep, are the only recipe for a clear head and a nervous and masculine understanding. Yet a man has little chance of being heard or attended to on the subject, who does not subscribe implicitly to one or other of the opposite creeds, as set up for "the true catholic faith" by Doctors Lamb and Morris respectively. But in the present days, the grand question of politics absorbs every other; and, if a man be neither a Radical nor an Alarmist, he must find himself (generally speaking) in a very awkward and graceless predicament, much like that ancient worthy of whom the proverb runs,—“Between two stools,” &c. This is my own case; and it is lamentable for me to think how completely out of favour I am with all my friends and acquaintance, for venturing to maintain that the late unlucky business at Manchester was neither a bloody and premeditated *massacre* (for that, I find, is the approved phrase) on the one hand, nor an act of commendable firmness (a salutary blood-letting; I am told, we ought to call it) on the other.

Now, although there never was a time in which temperance and moderation have been held so cheap, such mean and despicable qualities, as the present; yet every day's experience more and more convinces me, that there never was a time when they were more requisite, nor when their almost universal absence was so much to be deplored and deprecated. To those who are placed in the foremost ranks of the battle, it is as hopeless to preach forbearance as to pour a glass

of oil into the sea for the purpose of allaying a tempest. But to all other descriptions of persons whatever,—to all who are not actually *εν προμαχαις*,—I will venture to give a piece of advice, which (if generally followed) may yet save the country—and that is, immediately to change their newspapers and reviews, and take in, for their regular perusal, those only which are of a complexion the very reverse of their own favourite system. This will, for a few mornings, make them only the more angry and out of humour, but the bad effects will not last; as the most furious fire will, in the end, be subdued by the continual sprinkling of cold water, while the smallest augmentation of fuel only tends to keep it in a perpetual blaze. To those who are able to have such command over themselves, I would further recommend, that, in reading, they endeavour (just for the time) to divest themselves of their own prejudices, and put on those of the hostile writer; but this advice will be totally thrown away upon so vast a majority of persons, that it seems almost useless to bestow it. However, the very change in the atmosphere of an apartment heated by party politics, which is produced by the regular daily introduction of sixteen or twenty columns of letter-press of an opposite stamp, is prodigious; and I can assure you, that my own moderation and gentleness (being by nature of that ravenous class of politicians called Whigs) is entirely the result of my adoption of the advice I have given—my only newspaper being the *New Times*; and your excellent *Magazine*, with the *Quarterly Review*, my only literary journals.

METRODORUS.

The above is one of about thirty letters that we have received within the last quarter of a year, containing criticisms on us and on our *Journal*. We have selected it from the rest on account of its sense, liveliness, and spirit—and can scarcely believe it possible that METRODORUS can be a Whig. We have two separate publications in view—first, “Rejected Letters;” and, secondly, “Rejected Articles.” The number of Whigs who write to us is quite astonishing—some in sorrow,* some in anger, and some in fear. One or two have tried contempt in the beginning of a letter, but have terminated it in evident consternation.

EDITOR.

ON THE MILITARY ERRORS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

To Lieutenant Felix Shufflebottom, Royal African Corps, &c. &c.

I HEARTILY congratulate you, my dear Shufflebottom, on your appointment to so respectable a corps as the Royal Africans, and am happy to find, by your last letter, that the climate of Senegal agrees so well with you.—Your description of the regimental mess is excellent; the elephant's surloin must cut a magnificent figure at the foot of the table, and the tripe of the hippopotamus (which you describe as delicious) form, I have not the smallest doubt, a very savoury side dish. As for the roasted vulture, I confess, notwithstanding all the stuffing, it is rather too much for me, and the prejudices I have acquired in Scotland will never allow me to admit that your haggis could be improved by being served up in the bag of a Hyena. But as Pliny observes, “in ratione conviviorum quamvis a plerisque cibis singuli temperemus totam tamen canam laudare omnes solemus, nec ea quæ stomachus recusat adiuvunt gratiam illis quibus capitur.” Lib. 2. Ep. 5. Were it not for the great reliance I place on your veracity, I really could scarcely have credited your eating a couple of ostrich eggs every morning for breakfast, those I once met with in a show of wild beasts being about the size of footballs, but you have always been remarkable for having a devil of a twist.

I am glad you received the Numbers of Blackwood's Magazine I sent on to you, and completely agree with you that the articles you mention are beyond all praise. The work, as you say, is truly a national one, and at the present alarming crisis, it is consolatory to reflect, that the taste of that public cannot be entirely vitiated, which gives to such a work the encouragement which it deserves. The circumstance you mention from high authority of a volume of the Magazine having been presented by Mr Bowditch to the King of Ashantee, which he ordered immediately to be translated, is not to be found in the account of the embassy by that writer, although so interesting an occurrence certainly should not have been omitted. The astonishment of the king on reading the “Hospital Scene in Portugal,”

where a French grenadier, having bit off his under lip, crushes the bed-post with his fingers, is extremely well described; and his majesty's extraordinary embarrassment on reading, “the Lake School of Poetry, No 1.” is very natural indeed. The essay on “the Decline of a Taste for Metaphysics” was found quite untranslatable into the Ashantee tongue, and the Monthly Commercial Report seemed, on the whole; to be the paper in which his majesty took most interest. I am much flattered, however, by the favourable impression my writings seem to have made on the king, when he stated publicly that if the English had any further favours to ask of him, the only ambassador he would receive was Ensign Odoherty. I have already written to Lord Bathurst on this subject, offering my services, should they prove needful, but have not yet received his lordship's answer.

But there is a more important part of your letter to which I must now advert. The passage is as follows:

“On entering on my military career, I trust it will not be presuming too much on your friendship, to request to profit by your military experience. Your talents I well know to be of the highest order, and I likewise know you to be possessed of those fine discriminative powers which cannot fail to render you an admirable judge of the merits of your contemporaries.—May I, therefore, request that you would favour me with your observations on the military policy of the great generals of the present age, that you would unveil their defects, expose their errors, and thereby enable a Shufflebottom to profit by the blunders of a Lynedoch or a Wellington.” Most unquestionably, my dear Felix, you have a right to make this demand upon me. Your thirst for knowledge is most praiseworthy, and if the small fountain which trickles from Odoherty can contribute to quench it, you are most welcome to the beverage. Drink deeply of this living stream. Though the rill be small, my friend, yet, believe me, it is pure—it flows through a channel uncontaminated, and will nourish the constitution which imbibes

it. In your present situation, too, military knowledge is peculiarly requisite. It is possible you may be employed in a small expedition against the natives, you may command a party of attack on illegal slave-traders, or you may be placed on the staff of some blockhead of a general who, knowing nothing of military manoeuvres himself, of course, expects that such knowledge, in great perfection, shall be found in his aide-de-camp.—May I not flatter myself, too, that in communicating to you the stores of my own knowledge, I am, in some degree, spreading it through the continent of Africa. By your instruction and example it may be gradually diffused among nations hitherto ignorant of the enlightened policy of war, and, in the course of ages, a woolly-headed Wellington may arise, the scourge of the oppressor, and the conqueror of some Ebony Napoleon. These, my friend, are high speculations, and, therefore, congenial to my disposition ; but I cannot allow them to detain me longer.

Laying other considerations aside, however, I see much reason to fear that the partiality of my friends has led them largely to overrate the measure of my military talents. There exists but little connexion between Mars and the Muses ; and it may reasonably be concluded, that Shakspeare would no more have proved a Wellington in the field, than Wellington could become a Shakspeare in the closet. To suppose myself, therefore, capable of uniting those talents, in any high degree, would argue a portion of vanity, of which those who know me will be far from supposing me to be possessed. In truth, I am not so, and I assure you, it is with no small degree of diffidence that I now venture to commit to paper such observations on the military policy of the great generals of the age, as considerable experience and a judgment, perhaps not altogether contemptible, have enabled me to make. Though these letters are chiefly intended for your instruction, yet I shall not hesitate to enlarge the sphere of their utility by giving them to the world, I am not one of those (great as my regard for you certainly is) who

“ Would to Felix give up what was meant for mankind,”

and with a thorough knowledge of

the disadvantages under which I write, I shall commit them to the waters, not doubting but the world shall find them after many days. The difficulties I must expect to encounter, on the present occasion, are numerous and formidable. In the cause of *Odoherly versus Wellington*, where the plaintiff is an ensign, and the defendant a field-marshal, the former unknown by any military exploit, and the latter standing at the very pinnacle of renown, and whose name is irrevocably connected with achievements which form the foundation on which much of the superstructure of our national glory has been reared, I well know in what direction the tide of prejudice must run. But, I confess, I shall have underrated its force, if truth is unable to stem it, and if the reason of my contemporaries shall be found to have been swept away by the flood, I shall boldly appeal to other times and other men, when the deluge shall have subsided, and the ark of sound judgment shall once more have found an Ararat to rest on.

It has been said, and truly said, that though praise is ever a pleasing task, it is generally an unprofitable one, because it is more frequently from the errors than the excellencies of a character that a useful lesson can be derived. We are at little pains to follow our neighbours while they walk in the straight paths of rectitude and virtue, but we take mighty good care to shun their footsteps when we see them tumble into a coal-pit, or stick in a bog. Thus it is with the character of great men. The more admirable parts are generally beyond our imitation, but we can all avoid their failings, and profit by their errors. Few men can ever expect to draw teeth or write papers on the corn bill, with the facility which long practice and extraordinary talents have given to the Editor of the Scotsman and Dr Scott, but we can all despise the vulgar and plebeian insolence of the one, and avoid writing jocular songs on our deceased friends like the other. In examining the character of common men, the dross is generally very easily separated from the ore, but it is not so with those whom we have long been accustomed to gaze upon with admiration and respect. The blaze of their fame illuminates only their achievements, while their defects are shrouded in almost impenetrable gloom.

How few of those whom the name of Professor Leslie has reached, as that of the first physical philosopher of the age, have heard, or probably ever will hear, of his little innocent fopperies, his quadrille dancing, and his bouquet of artificial flowers! The case, I admit, is not exactly in point, because I am now treating, not of personal foibles, but of professional errors. But the utility of the task I have undertaken has been already sufficiently demonstrated, and if there shall be found any one who, after reading these pages, is disposed to dispute it, he may rely on it that there exists some radical fault either in Odoherly's understanding or his own.

In writing of the errors of the Duke of Wellington, sorry indeed should I feel, to be considered one of those malignant and unpatriotic individuals, who having vainly attempted to obstruct him in his career of glory, would now gladly return to their former miserable avocation, and by ignorant censure and false insinuation, endeavour to tarnish the lustre of his fame in its meridian. No. A task like this may be still safely entrusted to the Conductors of another Journal, whose impiety and want of British feeling, have been castigated with so much talent and justice in the former Numbers of that Miscellany, in which it is my intention that these letters shall appear. Yet, after all, the labour has been a superfluous one. Destroy as often as you please its little web of petulant sophistry, expose the mean artifices by which the structure of calumny has been reared, lay open the total want of honourable and consistent principle by which that Journal has been distinguished from its commencement—the brutal propensity will still remain—the vile appetite increases by the garbage on which it is fed, and we shall soon find the creature at its dirty work again. But professing as I do to feel not a less ardent but a more discriminating admiration of this great General than is entertained by the world at large, it may be proper that I should seize this opportunity of recording my sentiments of his professional merits;—and surely it will be sufficient for the fame of Wellington that it be acknowledged, that in promptitude of decision, fertility of resource, and self-possession in the hour of danger, he is perhaps sur-

passed by none, and certainly equalled by few. Yet these qualities, though originally the gift of nature, are undoubtedly increased by experience, and the warmest admirers of his character need not scruple to admit, that the Wellington of Talavera was a general very far inferior to the Wellington of Vittoria and Waterloo. But it is his praise, that he was ever found equal to the difficulties he was called on to encounter; that he profited not only by the errors of others, but by his own; and that, as the progress of the war, and the increased exertions of the enemy, demanded on his part higher resources and a more profound policy, the call was never made in vain. In the most perilous circumstances his confidence never failed, he grew as it were with the dangers that surrounded him, and when they were measured in the hour of trial, his genius was found to overtop them all. His unalterable confidence in his own powers, forms one of the most prominent features of his professional character. During the conduct of a protracted and difficult war of eight years, he on no occasion assembled a council of war, nor ever collected the sentiments of the generals of the army with regard to its operations. Instead of shrinking from responsibility, he assumed it all, he personally directed every movement of the different corps of his army, and left nothing at any time to the discretion of his generals, but what was absolutely called for by the necessity of the case. He was the living soul of the army, the great vivifying centre round which the minor planets revolved, and whose eccentric orbits were all designated by himself. How far this feature in his character may have contributed to, or diminished his success, is a problem now impossible to be solved. Most probably it has occasionally done both. There are many situations in which promptitude and energy of decision are of more importance than extreme accuracy of judgment, where instant action is required, and delay or vacillation ruinous. But I can conceive no experience so great—no judgment so profound, as to be incapable of being added to and informed by the counsel and suggestion of others. Even of the mind of Wellington this will not readily be predicated, and still less readily admitted, if it be so.

It is indeed difficult to believe, that the collected experience and information of the generals under his command, many of whom are undoubtedly men of the first talents and accomplishments, could on no occasion have added any thing of vigour, or of wisdom, to the decisions of a solitary and unaided, however powerful understanding. But let the question rest with this single observation, that had his efforts been less fortunate, this very quality which is now quoted in his praise, would then have furnished materials for a grave and serious charge against his conduct of the war.

But stop.—I have this moment received another letter from you, and the intelligence it contains is so important, that I really must interrupt the thread of my story to notice it. So you are married! What will poor Biddy M'Teague say to this? Alas, poor girl! like the rest of her sex she loved not wisely but too well. What can she make of those two thumping children of which you are the acknowledged father? Who is to pay for their board and education at Mr M'Guire's academy at Mullinavat?—These, my friend, are important questions, and well deserving your most serious consideration. Your wife, you say, is a Miss Louisa Congo, a young lady rich in all the beauties and accomplishments by which her sex is adorned. She is a native it seems, but whether her complexion be of the nankeen, the mahogany, or the Day and Martin colour, you do not specify. Her portion at all events is good, and that, you know, compensates for many imperfections. Ninety-seven elephants teeth, five tiger skins, and forty-three pounds of gold dust, form really a tolerable portion for a Senegal belle. The first of these you should consign to our mutual friend, Doctor Scott, who will either purchase them himself for the benefit of his dowager patients, or dispose of them for you to the best advantage. The second will make capital saddle cloths for colonels of yeomanry cavalry, and are at present in great demand. The third I would have you keep yourself till you return home, when you will be obliged to come down with the dust pretty freely for every article you purchase.

I shall now resume the thread of my observations. Lord Wellington assumed the command of the British forces in the peninsula, under a combination of circumstances peculiarly favourable. In the constitution of our country, it is not sufficient that a general should possess great talents to ensure him success. To serve his country with advantage, he must enjoy the full confidence of the sovereign and his ministers. He must frequently be supported against the clamours of the people, which are sure to arise on the smallest appearance of misfortune or failure. While he fights the battles of the government abroad, the government must fight his battles at home. He must not be tamely yielded up to the censure of those, who, necessarily ignorant of the general scope of his plans, yet scruple not to attack the wisdom and policy of the individual measures he pursues. Nay, even in many cases of positive and acknowledged failure, he must find a temporary shield in the unshaken reliance of his government from the innumerable weapons which are sure to be instantly hurled at his reputation. Without this support, neither Marlborough nor Wellington could have added as they have done to the triumphs of their country, and I may safely challenge any one to produce a single instance of a general conducting to a successful issue a long difficult and eventful war, who did not enjoy in a very ample degree the advantages I have described. In this respect, Lord Wellington was peculiarly fortunate on his assumption of the command. His brother held a high office, and possessed a very powerful influence in the cabinet; and from the frail tenure by which the ministry at that time held their offices, they were led to regard the success of the war in Spain as the only event by which their power could be maintained. The continuance of Lord Wellington in command was therefore in some degree identified with the permanence of their own power, and nothing which could contribute to his success was withheld by those who felt so strong an interest in promoting it. It is not my intention to enlarge on these circumstances, and I have merely ventured to glance at them as adventitious causes, which could not fail

to contribute largely to the successful developement of the extraordinary talents of Lord Wellington.

The military character which he had previously acquired in the East, was rather that of a rash and impetuous, than of a cautious and calculating commander. Those who blamed him for this probably did him injustice. When we consider how insignificant a number of Europeans bear sway over the vast population which covers our eastern dominions, it is obvious that the power by which they are subjected must be a moral, not a physical one. The latter, at least, must rest solely on the former for its existence, and the moment that the moral influence ceases to be felt, the bonds of their subjection will be broken, and our power be crumbled in the dust. In such a state of things, when war shall arise, a general must not be tied down by the rules of cautious policy observed in European warfare. Where the circumstances are so different, the measures to be adopted must be so likewise. There, a victory which inspires no general terror of our arms, is worth nothing. We have conquered only those who are left dead or bleeding on the field. But where, as at Assaye, a small European force of about 4000 men, attacks and defeats an army of ten times its number, the effect is not to be calculated by the number of the slain, the amount of the treasure which we capture, or the extent of territory we acquire. No; its consequences are to be felt, not seen. The very tenure of our power, our moral influence has been strengthened in the minds of the natives, and the advantages we derive are greater and more durable, than the slaughter of tens of thousands, and the capture of millions, could have yielded. It was on such principles that the military policy of Lord Wellington in India appears to have been founded, and, as far as my judgment goes, they are true ones. Those who censure his conduct may be assured that the *rashness* of Wellesley has contributed more to the stability of the British empire in India than the cautious policy of all the generals who have commanded there since its acquisition. Time causes many changes, and obliterates much, but no time can obliterate the battle of Assaye from the

minds of the natives—no time can change the powerful impression it has left on them.

On his return to Europe, and his appointment to the command in Portugal, Lord Wellington does not seem to have immediately relinquished the mode of warfare to which he had become so much accustomed in India. But it was one neither adapted to the enemy he had to encounter, nor the situation in which he was placed. He shewed himself a sort of military Scroggins, who *bored* in upon his enemy whenever he could get at him; and if he did not always beat him, he at least gave as good as he got, and left him with tolerable marks of severe punishment. But after indulging so much in general remarks, it is high time to descend to particulars, and to specify some of those errors to which I have in the course of them so frequently alluded.

At the beginning of August 1808, Marshal Junot occupied Portugal, with a French army of about 18000 men. On the 30th of July, Sir Arthur Wellesley had arrived in Mondego bay with a force of about 10,000 men. He was afterwards joined by Sir Brent Spencer with an additional body of about 5000, and on the night of the 8th of August, the disembarkation of the whole army had been completed. The chief body of the French army were at Lisbon, but General Laborde, with a force of about 5000 men, was in the neighbourhood of Leiria. Sir Arthur put his army in motion on the 9th, with the intention of advancing to Lisbon, and regaining that city from the enemy. On the 11th he was joined by the Portuguese army, consisting of about 6000; but from their being unprovided with a commissariat, and the British being unable to supply them, they remained at Leiria, and the British army advanced on its march. The French force, under General Laborde, slowly retreated; but on the 17th, they were found posted on the heights of Roleia, a position which commanded the road by which the British army were advancing. These heights were in front almost inaccessible; they were extremely steep, and covered with brushwood; and the summit could be approached only by a footpath, on which no more than two men could walk abreast. This

path, and indeed the whole front of the position, was entirely exposed to the fire of the enemy, while they were themselves perfectly secure from any retaliation. But their flanks had no *point d'appui*; and by making a *detour* of about three miles, he might with ease have turned their position, and forced them to a precipitate retreat. This option, therefore, presented itself to Lord Wellington. Either to take the enemy in front, and drive him perforce from his situation, with the certain loss of a considerable portion of his own army; or, by taking him in flank, to expel him from it with no loss at all. He must have known that General Laborde, with a force of 5000 men, could have no intention of giving battle to an English army of more than three times his force. He must have known the position to be untenable, and that, in all probability, the first movement in flank of a body of our army would have been the instant signal for his retreat. By attacking him in front, there was no object to be gained, but what would have been much easier obtained by turning the position. Yet Sir Arthur Wellesley did so; and in fighting his first battle in the peninsula, he perhaps committed a greater error, and was the cause of more gratuitous bloodshed, than in any subsequent operation can be attributed to him. Our loss consisted of upwards of 500 men, with many valuable officers; and though, with so overwhelming a force, we drove them from a position which it never had been their intention seriously to maintain, yet their loss was absolutely nothing, and 200 Englishmen were carried as trophies of their success to Lisbon. I have been assured by an officer now high on the staff in this country, who was made prisoner in the action, that Gen. Laborde expressed his astonishment at the manner in which he had been attacked, which he considered utterly irreconcilable with any principle of generalship. He then thought lightly of Lord Wellington's talents; but General Laborde (like other French generals) has probably lived to change his opinions. It may be thought that I have presumed to speak on this subject with more confidence than becomes me, and it may be so. But I am willing

to pledge the credit and celebrity of Odoherly for the justice of the censure I have passed. I am ready to appeal to any of the general officers who served on that occasion, to decide what weight is due to my observations. Nay, could the question be put to him without impertinence or impropriety, I should most willingly leave it to the candour of Lord Wellington himself, to say whether, in attacking the position of Roleia, he was not guilty of a gross military error. But the error, flagrant as it was, was one which at that time harmonized well with the temper of the English nation. Our military reputation was not then sufficiently established; and so long as our generals did but fight and make the enemy retreat, our homebred politicians cared but little whether they retreated carrying off two or three hundred prisoners or not. The despatches read well in the *Gazette*; the *real* victory of Vinniera followed shortly afterwards; and nothing disturbed John Bull's good humour till the Convention of Cintra, when he only grumbled that the French had not got a sufficient drubbing, and that they were sent home before half enough of them had got their throats cut.

So much, my dear Felix, for the first military error of Lord Wellington, by which I hope you will take care to profit, the very first time you command an army against the King of Mandingo, or the Emperor of the Caffres, or the Prince Regent of Woolhambra, or any other black potentate. Always take him in flank when you can, and never run rain stam up a hill, where one-half of your men are sure to be killed by the way, without being able to fire a shot at the enemy in return.

Numbers II. and III. of my letters will consist of a continuation of the errors of the Duke of Wellington. Number IV. will be on the errors of Marshall Beresford. Number V. on those of Lord Lynedoch. Number VI. on the general policy of the military war in America. Numbers VII. and VIII. on the military character of Napoleon. Number IX. on that of Soult. Number X. Marmont. And Number XI. Blucher. I beg my best respects to Mrs Shufflebottom.—I am, &c.

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF ROBERT BRUCE.

A Freedome is a noble thing ;
 Freedome makes man to have liking ;
 Freedome all solace to men gives ;
 He lives at ease that freely lives.

BARBOUR'S BRUCE.

THE discovery of the bones of ROBERT BRUCE, among the ruins of Dunfermline abbey, calls for some observations in a Journal intended to record the most remarkable events, whether of a public or domestic nature, which occur during the period to which it refers ; and it will never, perhaps, be our good fortune to direct the attention of our readers to an event more interesting to the antiquarian or the patriot of Scotland, than the discovery and reinterment of the remains of her greatest hero.

It is satisfactory, in the first place, to know that no doubt can exist about the remains which were discovered being really the bones of Robert Bruce. Historians had recorded that he was interred "*debito cum honore in medio Ecclesiae de Dunfermline*;" but the ruin of the abbey at the time of the reformation, and the subsequent neglect of the monuments which it contained, had rendered it difficult to ascertain where this central spot really was. Attempts had been made to explore among the ruins for the tomb ; but so entirely was the form of cathedral churches forgotten in this northern part of the island, that the researches were made in a totally different place from the centre of the edifice. At length, in digging the foundations of the new church, the workmen came to a tomb, arched over with masonry, and bearing the marks of more than usual care in its construction. Curiosity being attracted by this circumstance, it was suspected that it might contain the remains of the illustrious hero ; and persons of more skill having examined the spot, discovered that it stood *precisely in the centre of the church*, as its form was indicated by the existing ruins. The tomb having been opened in the presence of the Barons of Exchequer, the discovery of the name of King Robert on an iron plate among the rubbish, and the cloth of gold in which the bones were shrouded, left no room to doubt that the long wished-for grave had at last been dis-

covered ; while the appearance of the skeleton, in which the breast-bone was sawed asunder, afforded a still more interesting proof of its really being the remains of that illustrious hero, whose heart was committed to his faithful associate in arms, and thrown by him on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, amidst the ranks of the enemy, with the sublime expression, "orwards as thou wast wont, thou fearless heart."

Such an event demands a temporary pause in the avocations and amusements of life. We feel called on to go back, in imagination, to the distant and barbarous period when the independence of our country was secured by a valour and ability that has never since been equalled ; and in returning from his recent grave to take a nearer view of the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the beneficial effects which his unshaken patriotism has confirmed upon its people.—Had we lived in the period when his heroic achievements were fresh in the public recollection, and when the arms of England yet trembled at the name of Bannockburn, we would have dwelt with enthusiasm on his glorious exploits. A nation's gratitude should not relax when the lapse of five subsequent centuries has not produced a rival to his patriotism and valour ; and when this long period has served only to develope the blessings which they have conferred upon his country.

Towards a due understanding, however, of the extraordinary merits of Robert Bruce, it is necessary to take a cursory view of the power with which he had to contend, and of the resources of that kingdom, which, at that critical juncture, providence committed to his arms.

The power of England, against which it was his lot incessantly to struggle, was, perhaps, the most formidable which then existed in Europe. The native valour of her people, distinguished even under the weakest reign, was then led on and animated by a numerous and valiant feudal no-

bility. That bold and romantic spirit of enterprise which led the Norman arms to the throne of England, and enabled Roger de Hauteville, with thirty followers, to win the crown of the two Sicilies, still animated the English nobles; and to this hereditary spirit was added the remembrance of the matchless glories which their arms had acquired in the wars of Palestine. The barons, who were arrayed against Robert Bruce, were the descendants of those iron warriors who combated for christendom under the wall of Acre, and defeated the whole Saracen strength in the battle of Ascalon; the banners that were unfurled for the conquest of Scotland, were those which had waved victorious over the arms of Saladin; and the sovereign who led them, bore the crown that had been worn by Richard in the Holy Wars, and wielded in his sword the terror of that mighty name, at which even the accumulated hosts of Asia were appalled.

Nor were the resources of England less formidable for maintaining and nourishing the war. The prosperity which had grown up with the equal laws of our Saxon ancestors, and which the tyranny of the early Norman kings had never completely extinguished, had revived and spread under the wise and beneficent reigns of Henry II. and Edward I. The legislative wisdom of the last Monarch had given to the English law greater improvements than it had ever received in any subsequent reigns, while his heroic valour had subdued the rebellious spirit of his barons, and trained their united strength to submission to the throne. The acquisition of Wales had removed the only weak point of his wide dominion, and added a cruel and savage race to the already formidable mass of his armies. The navy of England already ruled the seas, and was prepared to carry ravage and desolation over the wide and defenceless Scottish coast; while a hundred thousand men, armed in the magnificent array of feudal war, and led on by the ambition of a feudal nobility, poured into a country which seemed destined only to be their prey.

But most of all, in the ranks of this army, were found the intrepid **YEO-MANRY** of England; that peculiar

and valuable body of men which has, in every age, contributed as much to the stability of the English character, as the celebrity of the English arms, and which then composed those terrible *archers*, whose prowess rendered them so formidable to all the armies of Europe. These men, whose valour was warmed by the consciousness of personal freedom, and whose strength was nursed among the enclosed fields and green pastures of English liberty, conferred, till the discovery of fire-arms rendered personal acquirements of no avail, a matchless advantage on the English armies. The troops of no other nation could produce a body of men in the least comparable to them either in strength, discipline, or individual valour; and such was the dreadful efficacy with which they used their weapons, that not only did they mainly contribute to the triumphs of Cressy and Azincour, but at Poitiers and Hamildon Hill, they alone gained the victory, with hardly any assistance from the feudal tenantry.

These troops were well known to the Scottish soldiers, and had established their superiority over them in many bloody battles, in which the utmost efforts of undisciplined valour had been found unavailing against their practised discipline and superior equipment. The very names of the barons who headed them were associated with an unbroken career of conquest and renown, and can hardly be read yet without a feeling of national exultation.

Names that to fear were never known,
 Bold Norfolk's Earl de Brotherton,
 And Oxford's famed de Vere;
 Ross, Montague, and Manly came,
 And Courtney's pride, and Percy's fame,
 Names known too well in Scotland's war,
 At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
 Blazed broader yet in after years,
 At Cressy red, and fell Poitiers.

Against this terrible force, before which, in the succeeding reign, the military power of France was compelled to bow, Bruce had to array the scanty troops of a barren land, and the divided forces of a turbulent nobility. Scotland was, in his time, fallen low indeed from that state of peace and prosperity in which she was found at the first invasion of Edward I., and on which so much light has been thrown by the industrious research of our times.*—

The disputed succession had sown the seeds of unextinguishable jealousies among the nobles; the gold of England had corrupted many to betray their country's cause; and the fatal ravages of English invasion had desolated the whole plains from which resources for carrying on the war could be drawn. All the heroic valour, the devoted patriotism, and the personal prowess of Wallace, had been unable to stem the torrent of English invasion; and, when he died, the whole nation seemed to sink under the load against which his unexampled fortitude had alone enabled it to struggle. These unhappy jealousies among the nobles, to which his downfall was owing, still continued, and almost rendered hopeless any attempt to combine their forces; while the thinned population and ruined husbandry of the country seemed to prognosticate nothing but utter extirpation from a continuance of the war. Nor was the prospect less melancholy from a consideration of the combats which had taken place. The short spear and light shield of the Scotch had been found utterly unavailing against the iron panoply and powerful horses of the English barons; while the hardy and courageous mountaineers perished in vain under the dreadful tempest of the English archery.

What then must have been the courage of that youthful prince, who, after having been driven for shelter to an island on the north of Ireland, could venture, with only forty followers, to raise the standard of independence in the west of Scotland, against the accumulated force of this mighty power?—what the resources of that understanding, which, though intimately acquainted, from personal service, with the tried superiority of the English arms, could foresee, in his barren and exhausted country, the means of combating them?—what the ability of that political conduct which could re-unite the jarring interests, and smother the deadly feuds, of the Scottish nobles?—and what the capacity of that noble warrior, who, in the words of the contemporary historian,* could “unite the prowess of the first knight to the conduct of the greatest general of his age,”

and was able, in the space of six years, to raise the Scottish arms from the lowest point of depression to such a pitch of glory, that even the redoubted archers and haughty chivalry of England fled at the sight of the Scottish banner?†

Nor was it only in the field that the great and patriotic conduct of Robert Bruce was displayed. In the endeavour to restore the almost ruined fortunes of his country, and to heal the wounds which a war of unparalleled severity had brought upon its people, he exhibited the same wise and beneficent policy. Under his auspicious rule, husbandry revived, arts were encouraged, and the turbulent barons were awed into subjection. Scotland recovered, during his administration, in a great measure, from the devastation that had preceded it; and the peasants, forgetting the stern warrior in the beneficent monarch, long remembered his sway, under the name of the “good King Robert's reign.”

But the greatness of his character appeared most of all from the events that occurred after his death. When the capacity with which he and his worthy associates, Randolph and Douglas, had counterbalanced the superiority of the English arms, was withdrawn, the fabric which they had supported fell to the ground. In the very first battle which was fought after his death at Hamildon Hill, a larger army than that which conquered at Bannockburn was overthrown by the archers of England, without a single knight couching his spear. Never, at any subsequent period, was Scotland able to withstand the more powerful arms of the English yeomanry. Thenceforward, her military history is little more than a melancholy catalogue of continued defeats, occasioned rather by treachery on the part of her nobles, or incapacity in her generals, than any defect of valour in her soldiers; and the independence of the monarchy was maintained rather by the terror which the name of Bruce and the remembrance of Bannockburn had inspired, than by the achievements of any of the successors to his throne.‡

The merits of Robert Bruce, as a warrior, are very generally acknow-

Froissart.

† Walsing. p. 106.* Mon. Malms. p. 152, 153.

‡ Henry's Britain, vol. vii.

ledged; and the eyes of Scottish patriotism turn with the greater exultation to his triumphs, from the contrast which their splendour affords to the barren and humiliating annals of the subsequent reigns. But the important CONSEQUENCES of his victories are not sufficiently appreciated. While all admit the purity of the motives by which he was actuated, there are many who lament the consequences of his success, and perceive in it the source of those continued hostilities between England and Scotland which have brought such incalculable calamities upon both countries, and from which the latter has only within half a century begun to recover. Better would it have been, it is said, for the prosperity of this country, if, like Wales, she had passed at once under the dominion of the English government, and received, five centuries ago, the present of that liberty which she so entirely lost during her struggles for national independence, and which nothing but her subsequent union with a free people has enabled her to obtain.

There is something, we think, *a priori*, improbable in this supposition, that, from the assertion of her independence under Robert Bruce, Scotland has received any injury. The instinct to maintain the national independence, and resist aggression from foreign powers, is so universally implanted among mankind, that it may well be doubted whether an obedience to its impulse is likely in any case to produce injurious effects. In fact, subjugation by a foreign power is itself a greater calamity than any benefits with which it is accompanied can ever compensate; because, in the very act of receiving them *by force*, there is implied an entire dereliction of all that is valuable in political blessings,—a security that they will remain permanent. There is no example, perhaps, to be found in the history of mankind, of political freedom being either effectually conferred by a sovereign in gift, or communicated by the force of foreign arms; but as liberty is the greatest blessing which man can enjoy, so it seems to be the law of nature that it should be the reward of intrepidity and energy alone; and that it is by the labour of his hands, and the sweat of his brow, that he is

to earn his freedom as well as his subsistence.

Least of all are such advantages to be anticipated from the conquest of a *free* people. That the dominion of free states over conquered countries is always more tyrannical than that of any other form of government, has been observed ever since the birth of liberty in the Grecian states, by all who have been so unfortunate as to be subjected to their rule. If we except the Roman republic, whose wise and beneficent policy is so entirely at variance with every thing else which we observe in human affairs, that we are almost disposed to impute it to a special interposition of divine providence, there is no free state in ancient or modern times, whose government towards the countries whom it subdued has not been of the most oppressive description. We are accustomed to speak of the maternal government of free governments, but towards their subject provinces, it is generally the cruel tyranny of the stepmother, who oppresses her acquired children to favour her own offspring.

Nor is it difficult to perceive the reason why a popular government is naturally inclined, in the general case, to severity towards its dependencies. A single monarch looks to the *revenue* alone of the countries whom he has subdued, and as it necessarily rises with the prosperity which they enjoy, his obvious interest is to pursue the measures best calculated to secure it. But in republics, or in those free governments where the popular voice exercises a decided control, the leading men of the state *themselves* look to the *property* of the *subject country* as the means of their individual exaltation. Confiscations accordingly are multiplied, with a view to gratify the people or nobles of the victorious country with grants of the confiscated lands. Hatred and animosity are thus engendered between the ruling government and their subject provinces; and this, in its turn, gives rise to new confiscations, by which the breach between the higher and lower orders is rendered irreparable. Whoever is acquainted with the history of the dominion which the Athenian and Syracusan populace held over their subject cities; with the government of Genoa, Venice, and Florence, in mo-

dern times; or with the sanguinary rule which England exercised over Ireland during the three centuries which followed her subjugation, will know that this statement is not overcharged.

On principle, therefore, and judging by the experience of past times, there is no room to doubt, that Bruce, in opposing the conquest of Scotland by the English arms, was doing what the real interest of his country required; and that how incalculable soever may be the blessings which she has since received by an union, on *equal terms*, with her southern neighbour, the result would have been very different had she entered into that government on the footing of *involuntary subjugation*. In fact, it is not difficult to perceive what would have been the policy which England would have pursued towards this country, had she prevailed in the contest for the Scottish throne; and it is by following out the consequences of such an event, and tracing its probable influence on the condition of our population at this day, that we can alone appreciate the immense obligations we owe to our forefathers, who fought and died on the field of Bannockburn.

Had the English, then, prevailed in the war with Robert Bruce, and finally succeeded in establishing their long wished-for dominion in this country, it cannot be doubted, that their first measure would have been to dispossess a large portion of the nobles who had so obstinately maintained the war against them, and substitute their own barons in their room. The pretended rebellion of Scotland against the legitimate authority of Edward, would have furnished a plausible pretext for such a proceeding, while policy would of course have suggested it as the most efficacious means, both of restraining the turbulent and hostile spirit of the natives, and of gratifying the great barons by whose force they had been subdued. In fact, many such confiscations and grants of the lands to English nobles actually took place, during the time that Edward I. maintained his authority within the Scottish territory.

The consequences of such a measure are very obvious. The dispossessed proprietors would have nourished the most violent and inveterate animosity against their oppressors;

and the tenantry on their estates, attached by feudal and clanish affection to their ancient masters, would have joined in any scheme for their restoration. The seeds of continual discord and hatred would thus have been sown between the lower orders and the existing proprietors of the soil. On the other hand, the great English barons, to whom the confiscated lands were assigned, would naturally prefer the society of their own country, and the security of their native castles, to the unproductive soil and barbarous tribes on their northern estates. They would in consequence have relinquished these estates to factors or agents, and, without ever thinking of residing among a people by whom they were detested, have sought only to increase, by rigorous exactions, the revenue which they could derive from their labour.

In progress of time, however, the natural fervour of the Scottish people, their hereditary animosities against England, the exertions of the dispossessed proprietors, and the oppression of the English authorities, would have occasioned a revolt in Scotland. They would naturally have chosen for such an undertaking the moment when the English forces were engaged in the wars of France, and when the entire desertion of the northern frontier promised successful rapine to their arms. In such circumstances, it is not to be doubted that they would have been unable to withstand the seeds of resistance to the English arms, which the French emissaries would have sedulously spread through the country. And if the authority of England was again re-established, new and more extensive confiscations would of course have followed; the English nobles would have been gratified by grants of the most considerable estates on the north of the Tweed, and the bonds of military subjection would have been tightened on the unfortunate people who were subdued.

The continuance of the wars between France and England, by presenting favourable opportunities to the Scotch to revolt, combined with the temptation which the remoteness of their situation and the strength of their country afforded, would have induced continual civil wars between the peasantry and their foreign masters, until the resources of the coun-

try were entirely exhausted, and the people sunk in hopeless submission under the power that oppressed them.

But, in the progress of these wars, an evil of a far greater and more permanent description would naturally arise, than either the loss of lives or the devastation of property which they occasioned. In the course of the protracted contest, the LANDED PROPERTY OF THE COUNTRY WOULD ENTIRELY HAVE CHANGED MASTERS; and in place of being possessed by natives of the country permanently settled on their estates, and attached by habit and common interest to the labourers of the ground, it would have come into the hands of foreign noblemen, forced upon the country by military power, hated by the natives, residing always on their English estates, and regarding the people of Scotland as barbarians, whom it was alike impolitic to approach, and necessary to curb by despotic power.

But while such would be the feelings and policy of the English proprietors, the stewards whom they appointed to manage their Scotch estates, at a distance from home, and surrounded by a fierce and hostile population, would have felt the necessity of some assistance, to enable them to maintain their authority, or turn to any account the estates that were committed to their care. Unable to procure military assistance, to enforce the submission of every district, or collect the rents of every property, they would of necessity have looked to some method of conciliating the people of the country; and such a method would naturally suggest itself in the attachment which the people bore to the families of original landlords, and the consequent means which they possessed of swaying their refractory dispositions. These unhappy men, on the other hand, despairing of the recovery of their whole estates, would be glad of an opportunity of regaining any part of them, and eagerly embrace any proposal by which such a compromise might be effected. The sense of mutual dependence, in short, would have led to an arrangement, by which the estates of the English nobles were to be subset to the Scottish proprietors for a fixed yearly rent, and they would take upon themselves the task to which they alone were competent, of recovering the rents from the actual cultivators of the soil.

As the numbers of the people increased, however, and the value of the immense farms which had been thus granted to the descendants of their original proprietors was enhanced, the task of collecting rents over so extensive a district would have become too great for any individual, and the increased wealth which he had acquired from the growth of his tenantry, would have led him to dislike the personal labour with which it would be attended. These great tenants, in consequence, would have subset their vast possessions to an inferior set of occupiers, who might each superintend the collection of the rents within his own farm, and have an opportunity of acquiring a personal acquaintance with the labourers by whom it was to be cultivated. As the number of the people increased, the same process would be repeated by the different tenants on their respective farms; and thus there would have sprung up universally in Scotland a class of MIDDLE MEN between the proprietor and the actual cultivator of the soil.

While these changes went on, the condition of the people, oppressed by a series of successive masters, each of whom required to live by their labour, and wholly debarred from obtaining any legal redress for their grievances, would have gradually sunk. Struggling with a barren soil, and a host of insatiable oppressors, they could never have acquired any ideas of comfort, or indulged in any hopes of rising in the world. They would, in consequence, have adopted that species of food which promised to afford the greatest nourishment for a family from the smallest space of ground; and from the universality of this cause, the POTATOE would have become the staple food of the country.

The landed proprietors, on the other hand, who are the natural protectors, and ought always to be the best encouragers of the people on their estates, would have shrunk from the idea of leaving their English possessions, where they were surrounded by an affectionate and comfortable tenantry, where riches and plenty sprung from the natural fertility of the soil, and where power and security were derived from their equal law, to settle in a northern climate, amongst a people by whom they were abhorred, and where law was unable to restrain the

licentiousness, or reform the barbarity of the inhabitants.—They would in consequence have universally become ABSENTEE PROPRIETORS; and not only denied to the Scottish people the incalculable advantages of a resident body of landed gentlemen; but, by their influence in Parliament, and their animosity towards their northern tenantry, prevented any legislative measure being pursued for their relief.

In such circumstances, it seems hardly conceivable that arts or manufactures should have made any progress in this country. But, if in spite of the obstacles which the unfavourable climate, and unhappy political circumstances of the country presented, manufactures should have begun to spring up amongst us, they would speedily have been checked by the commercial jealousy of their more powerful southern rivals. Bills would have been brought into parliament, as was actually done in regard to a neighbouring island, proceeding on the preamble, "that it is expedient that the Scottish manufactures should be discouraged;" and the prohibition of sending their goods into the richer market of England, whither the whole wealth of the country were already drawn, would have annihilated the infant efforts of manufacturing industry.

Nor would the Reformation, which, as matters stand, has been of such essential service to this country, have been, on the hypothesis which we are pursuing, a lesser source of suffering, or a greater bar to the improvement of the people. From being embraced by their English landlords, the Reformed Religion would have been hateful to the peasants of Scotland; the Catholic priests would have sought refuge among them, from the persecution to which they were exposed in their native seats; and both would have been strengthened in their hatred to those persons to whom their common misfortune was owing. Religious hatred would thus have combined with all the previous circumstances of irritation, to increase the rancour between the proprietors of the soil, and the labouring classes in this country; and from the circumstance of the latter adhering to the proscribed religion, they would have been rendered yet more incapable of procuring a redress for their grievances in a legislative form.

Had the English, therefore, succeeded in subduing Scotland in the time of Robert Bruce, and in maintaining their authority from that period, we think it not going too far to assert, that the people of this country would have been now in the *lowest state of political degradation*: that religious discussion and civil rancour would have mutually exasperated the higher and lower orders against each other; that the landed proprietors would have been permanently settled in the victorious country; that every where a class of middlemen would have been established to grind and ruin the labours of the poor; that manufactures would have been extinguished, and the country covered with a numerous and indigent population, idle in their habits, ignorant in their ideas, ferocious in their manners; professing a religion which held them in bondage, and clinging to prejudices from which their ruin must ensue.

Is it said, that this is mere conjecture, and that nothing in the history of English government warrants us in concluding, that such would have been the consequence of the establishment of their dominion in this country? Alas! it is *not* conjecture. The history of IRELAND affords too melancholy a confirmation of the truth of the positions which we have advanced, and of the reality of the deduction which we have pursued. In that deduction we have not reasoned on hypothesis or conjecture. Every step which we have hinted at, *has there been taken*; every consequence which we have suggested, *has there ensued*. Those acquainted with the history of that unhappy country, or who have studied its present condition, will recognize in the conjectural history which we have sketched, of what *would* have followed the annexation of this country to England in the time of Edward II., the *real history* of what *HAS FOLLOWED* its subjugation in the time of Henry II., and perceive in the causes which we have pointed out, as what would have operated upon our people, the *real causes* of the misery and wretchedness in which its population is involved.

Nor is the example of the peaceful submission of Wales to the dominion of England, any authority against this view of the subject. Wales is so inconsiderable in comparison to Eng-

land, it comes so completely in contact with its richest provinces, and is so enveloped by its power, that when once subdued, all thought of resistance or revolt became hopeless. That mountainous region, therefore, fell as quietly and as completely into the arms of England, as if it had been one of the Heptarchy, which in process of time was incorporated with the English monarchy. Very different is the situation of Scotland, where the comparative size of the country, the fervid spirit of the inhabitants, the remoteness of its situation, and the strength of its mountains, continually must have suggested the hope of successful revolt, and as necessarily occasioned the calamitous consequences which we have detailed. The rebellion of Owen Glendower is sufficient to convince us, that nothing but the utter insignificance of Wales, compared to England, prevented the continual revolt of the Welsh people, and the consequent introduction of all those horrors which have followed the establishment of English dominion among the inhabitants of Ireland.

Do we then rejoice in the prosperity of our country? Do we exult at the celebrity which it has acquired in arts and in arms? Do we duly estimate the blessings which it has long enjoyed from equal law and personal freedom?—Do we feel grateful for the intelligence, the virtue, and the frugality of our peasantry, and acknowledge, with thankfulness, the practical beneficence and energetic spirit of our landed proprietors? Let us turn to the grave of Robert Bruce, and feel as we ought the inexpressible gratitude due to him as the remote author of all these blessings. But for his bold and unconquerable spirit, Scotland might have shared with Ireland the horrors of English conquest; and, instead of exulting now in the prosperity of our country, the energy of our peasantry, and the patriotic spirit of our resident landed proprietors, we might have been deploring with her an absent nobility, an oppressive tenantry, a bigotted and ruined people.

It was therefore, in truth, a memorable day for this country when the remains of this great prince were rediscovered amidst the ruins in which they had so long been hid; when the arms which slew Henry de Bohun were re-interred in the land which they had saved from slavery; and the head which had beheld the triumph of

Bannockburn was consigned to the dust, after five centuries of grateful remembrance and experienced obligation. It is by thus appreciating the merits of departed worth that similar virtues in future are to be called forth; and by duly feeling the consequences of heroic resistance in time past, that the spirit is to be excited by which the future fortunes of the state are to be maintained.

In these observations we have no intention, as truly we have no desire, to depreciate the incalculable blessings which this country has derived from her union with England. We feel, as strongly as any can do, the immense advantage which this measure brought to the wealth, the industry, and the spirit of Scotland. We are proud to acknowledge, that it is to the efforts of English patriotism that we owe the establishment of liberty in our civil code; and to the influence of English example, the diffusion of a free spirit among our people. But it is just because we are duly impressed with these feelings that we recur, with such grateful pride, to the patriotic resistance of Robert Bruce; it is because we feel that we should be unworthy of sharing in English liberty, unless we had struggled for our own independence, and incapable of participating in its benefits, unless we had shewn that we were capable of acquiring it. Nor are we ashamed to own, that it is the spirit which English freedom has awakened that first enabled us fully to appreciate the importance of the efforts which our ancestors made in resisting their dominion; and that but for the Union on equal terms with that power, we would have been ignorant of the debt which we owed to those who saved us from its subjugation. In our national fondness, therefore, for the memory of Robert Bruce, the English should perceive the growth of those principles from which their own unequalled greatness has arisen; nor should they envy the glory of the field of Bannockburn, when we appeal to it as our best title to be quartered in their arms.

Yet mourn not, land of Fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast,
Of battles there by Scotland lost,
Grudge not her victory:
When for her freeborn rights she strove,
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee.

LETTER FROM THE ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

[We have been favoured with a copy of the following interesting letter, addressed to a Lady in this neighbourhood, by one of the Officers on the Expedition now travelling in the interior of North America towards the shores of the Arctic Ocean.]

August 27, 1819.—At Sea.

AFTER passing the southern point of Greenland, named Cape Farewell, we met with much ice, but as it did not lie thick, little difficulty was experienced in forcing a way through it, nor did it prove so great an impediment as the contrary winds which still continued to thwart us. Near the Greenland coast, the streams or fields of ice consisted of a collection of loose and comparatively flat pieces, more or less densely compacted together, according to the state of the weather; but on approaching the shores of Labrador, we fell in with many icebergs, or large floating fields of ice. The variety of forms assumed by these masses afforded us amusement, but occasionally we saw some of such an enormous size, that every other feeling gave place to astonishment. One of these larger bergs we estimated to be 200 feet high above the water, and above half a mile in length. Its surface was broken by mountains of no mean size, with deep vallies between. Enormous as these dimensions must appear, you will be more surprised when I inform you, that the part of an iceberg which projects above water, amounts only to a ninth part of the whole mass, that being the proportion of ice which floats above salt water. Arthur's Seat clothed in snow would have formed only one pinnacle to this berg. When these bodies became familiar to us from their frequency, we derived much pleasure from the various shades and gradations of colour they exhibited. The more compact parts were generally of a bright verdigrise blue; towards the base a fine sea green prevailed; here and there a tint of red was seen, and the summits alone were snow-white. As the part of the ice which is covered by the sea, decays more rapidly than that which is in the air, it often happens that one of these islands become top-heavy and tumbles over. We never saw one in the act of making this revolution, but most of them bore evident marks of

having been overturned twice or thrice, the old water lines, intersecting each other in various directions, being still deeply engraved on their surfaces.

"We first beheld the land (Resolution Island) during a fog, which soon became so thick, that we could not see the length of the ship. In consequence of this we got involved in a field of ice; then, to add to our distress, it fell calm, and although we could perceive that we were carried along by a violent current, yet the fog deprived us of ascertaining its direction, and the depth of water was too great to admit of our anchoring. After remaining in this situation for two or three hours, receiving occasionally some heavy blows from the ice, an alarm was given that we were close on the rocks. We all ran upon deck, and beheld a tremendous cliff, frowning directly over the mast heads of the ship. It was perfectly perpendicular, covered in many places by sheets of ice, and its summit was so high, and shrouded in so thick a fog, that it could not be traced from the deck. We had scarcely time to make any useful exertions, for in a few minutes the ship fell broadside against the cliff, along the face of which she was violently hurried by the current, towards a ridge of broken rocks, which in a short time would have torn the stoutest vessel to pieces. The heavy swell which prevailed, caused the ship, in her passage, to beat against various rocky ledges which projected under water. One of the blows she thus sustained, drove the rudder out of its place, but it fortunately hung suspended by a tackling which had been employed to secure it on coming amongst the ice. At this instant, when all human exertions seemed perfectly fruitless, the current eddied off shore, the land breeze sprung up, a boat that we had put overboard succeeded in taking us in tow, and what appeared almost miraculous—one of the last thumps the ship received, caused the rudder to fall back into its place. By this combination of favour-

able circumstances, we succeeded in getting round the point we so much dreaded; and, setting all sail, we steered from the land. Upon the first alarm of danger, the women and children, of whom we had a large number on board, going to Lord Selkirk's colony, rushed upon deck much terrified. The officers, however, succeeded in calming their fears, and prevailed on them to go below out of the way of the sailors, but scarcely had this been effected, when the current carried us against a large iceberg which had grounded upon a ridge of sunken rocks that lay at some distance from the shore. The crash of the masts and yards, together with the grinding of the ships side against the ice, terrified them more than ever, but we speedily got clear of this second danger without receiving farther damage. Our troubles were not, however, at an end; the ship had received so much damage whilst on the rocks, that, on examination, a great deal of water was found in the hold. All hands were instantly set to the pumps, but, to our mortification, we found that the water rushed in faster than we could, with every exertion, discharge it. Affairs now wore a gloomy aspect; the water in the hold increased to upwards of five feet, and the men were getting tired of the pumps, when fortunately the weather cleared up a little, and we saw the Eddystone, one of the vessels that accompanied us, at no great distance; we bore down and informed them of our situation. Every assistance in their power was promptly supplied; they sent 20 men and two carpenters. The services of the latter were invaluable, as our own carpenter had died in the earlier part of the voyage. With this fresh accession of strength, we kept the leak from gaining upon us; and after some time the carpenters succeeded in discovering and patching up the broken parts so as sensibly to diminish the influx of water. Their operations were however slow, and it was not till the evening of the second day, that we succeeded in getting all the water out of the ship. During the whole of this time, not only the officers and men worked hard, but even many of the women, recovering their spirits, proved eminently useful at the pumps. As the water decreased, the carpen-

ters were enabled the more readily to repair the damage that had been sustained: and they ultimately succeeded so well, that one pump proved sufficient to discharge the water as fast as it leaked in. In this state we have continued ever since.

"In these straits the Hudson's Bay vessels are generally visited by a tribe of Esquimaux, who frequent the shores during summer, and come off to the ships for the purpose of bartering their whole wealth, which consists in whale and seal blubber, for iron, which has become an article of the first consequence to them. Accordingly, one day when we were above 20 miles from the shore, these poor creatures ventured off in their skin canoes, pulling with the utmost anxiety to reach the vessels. It sometimes happens, when the ships have a fair wind, that they run past the Esquimaux haunts without stopping in the present instance, however, we were detained by light contrary winds, which enabled them to overtake us, and when they did so, they expressed so much joy and exultation, that it was easy to conceive how great their disappointment must have been when they missed us. In a short time we were surrounded by 30 or 40 canoes, each carrying one man with his small cargo of merchandize, which, to their great satisfaction, they speedily exchanged for pieces of iron, hoops, knives, saws, hatchets, and harpoons, and tin-pots. The wind continuing contrary during the remainder of the day, we stood in towards the land, and gave the women of the tribe an opportunity to come off, which they did in five large canoes, framed like the large one of skins, but open, and each capable of carrying from 20 to 30 people. The oars were pulled by women, but there was an old man in each boat to direct them. As they brought off a great many children, I suppose we saw the whole tribe, amounting to nearly 200 souls.

"The features of the Esquimaux are not the most regular in the world; but it was pleasing to see their flat, fat, greasy faces. When they had disposed of their articles of trade, we presented the women and children with a few needles, beads, and other trinkets, and sent them away highly delighted. Since that time we have been contending against contrary winds—

but by perseverance have succeeded in getting within a few days sail of York factory, at which place I shall conclude and despatch.

August 31.—York Factory.—We

have landed here in safety; find the country more pleasant than we expected, and have been told that the difficulties of travelling in this country have been much exaggerated.— J. R.

LETTER RELATIVE TO THE LATE DR GORDON.

MR EDITOR,

WITH feelings of impatience, mingled latterly with something, I must confess, akin to contempt for the apparent lukewarmness of those from whom better things might have reasonably been expected, I have waited for some account of the life and writings of the late inestimable Dr Gordon.— With sorrow and humiliation be it spoken, that, in a neighbouring and rival country, his merit would have been better appreciated; and, long ere now, that eulogium bestowed on his memory, which surviving, never fails to bestow on departed genius.— Not that we are, by any means, the indiscriminate advocates of a system where flattery and friendship are apt to obscure the light of truth; but that we think an over-sensibility to the beauties of intellectual eminence a much more pardonable defect than cold and unregarding apathy.

The merit of Dr Gordon, indeed, was of that unobtrusive kind “that seeketh not, so that it is not sought,” and that, instead of courting, shrinks from public admiration. No doubt this was not for the many; but who would have expected that in this boasted “intellectual city” it would have been overlooked by the more discriminating few; or that the genius and industry which devoted itself with an unreserved submission to the advancement of human knowledge and of human happiness, would be suffered to sink into the grave without an acknowledgment of gratitude, or a tribute of praise. It is devoutly to be wished, that this may not long remain a stigma upon us; and that the wing of youthful enthusiasm may not be damped from an observation of the disregard to excellence which characterizes an obtuse world.

Dr Gordon had the honours of a public funeral, and the Royal Medical Society have done their duty to his memory, by voting a bust of their departed ornament to be placed in their hall of meeting. These were ebulli-

tions of gratitude; these were what he deserved, and what we expected, but form only a small part of what we wish to see done. The world, to whose services he devoted his life, with a liberality and disregard of his private interest rarely to be met with, have no opportunity of knowing and acknowledging his worth from memorials such as these. We want something which will disarm every suspicion of partiality. We want some account of his writings, published and unpublished, to vindicate his reputation, to establish his claims to excellence, and to afford, to the rising generation, an example of truly scientific investigation and patient inquiry. Can not Mr Jeffrey—can not Dr Thomson—can not Dr Brewster—can not the biographer of Woodhouselee—can not he who has so eloquently portrayed the characters of Reid and Robertson—or can neither of these do justice to the memory or their departed friend?—Is it too lofty, or is it too lowly a task? “’Tis passing strange.”

To what I have said, Mr Editor, there may appear something like the partiality of friendship; yet, so far from this being the case, the truth is, that I had not, with Dr Gordon, the honour of a private acquaintance.— My sentiments are wholly unbiassed; I speak from the ardour of conviction; from the opportunity I had of appreciating his worth during an attendance of years on his public prelections, and from the perusal of his published works. Though his efforts were great—and though great was the result of them—it is almost impossible now to guess where the obstacles might be found which would have impeded his triumphant progress. With regard to the science of physiology, the only true stamen of medical knowledge, his loss is utterly incalculable. He seemed destined to be the Prometheus who was to raise it up from its infancy, and establish it on the firm basis of fact deduced from experiment. From the

perpetual fluctuations in physiological opinion—from the incessant overthrowing of one theory for the substitution of another equally foundationless and equally destined to be overthrown in its turn, the doctrine of the medical schools, which was fashionable during one season, became antiquated in a second, and exploded ere a third. What could be gained by a system of this kind, ever varying, and revolving in the trackless mazes of error, yet ever distant from the clear light of truth? To his discriminating mind it was manifest that the practice of physic must be founded on anatomy, or a knowledge of the structure and compages of the human frame, and on physiology, or a knowledge of the functions of that structure. All theory, grounded on a different basis, he perceived, must be unstable, unsound, unsatisfactory, and prejudicial. It was full time that the spirit of true philosophy, which had exploded alchemy and astrology—which had looked, with an unbelieving eye, into the mysteries of the horoscope and the crucible, should be brought to bear on the misty system of phlogistics, and the unintelligible phenomena of humours in the blood. We had talked enough about things which we could not understand, for the very obvious reason that they were incomprehensible; yet it discovered something of an intrepid spirit in such a young man as Dr Gordon, boldly to come forward and drive error and prejudice from their strong-holds; and to alarm the complacency of self-sufficient men, by informing them that their doctrines stood woefully in need of revision.

Anatomy had been cultivated in almost every region of Europe with assiduity and success. On the part of our own country, Cheselden, Cowper, Hunter, and Monro had come forward with respectable contributions; fact was added to fact, and the science brought to a state of comparative perfection. Not so with physiology; the black mantle of ignorance overshadowed it. It remained, *cruda et indigesta moles*, a complete chaos of vague notions and unsubstantial theory. It would have been a much easier task to lay the ground for a new superstructure—remained clear; but it was far wiser. The gigantic ruins of error and prejudice had first to be re-

moved ere a new fabric could be proceeded to. This Herculean task Dr Gordon allotted to himself, and he has been heard to declare, that he would think the labours of his life accomplished, if he could leave behind an unencumbered domain to succeeding adventurers. It is almost impossible to conceive how men of penetration and ingenuity could have been deceived with such specious sophistry as seems very recently to have formed the principles of physiological science. Even the speculations of Darwin, Beddoes, and Blumenbach, with all their fascinating cleverness, are little better than gilded sepulchres, replete with hollowness. Except Whytt, Harvey, and Haller, few had come to the contest with a determination of strict inquiry and patient investigation. Gordon commenced with classification, and, after carefully selecting all the substantial doctrines of preceding writers, all but very few, he set himself doggedly to the task of fresh experiment and observation.

The wheels of investigation have been set in motion; yet, great as the merits of several of our contemporaries assuredly are, we still think, with all due respect, that his place will not be soon occupied. Few indeed can bring to the contest such truly philosophical discernment and unwearied research, combined with such an extent of general information and scholastic attainments. Cut off, as he has been, in the summer of his life, when his blushing honours were daily thickening upon him, and when rising into that popularity which he so eminently deserved, it is not to be expected that all has been done for his favourite science which it was in his power to have accomplished, had it been the will of Providence to have lengthened the term of his existence. As it is, he has furnished the plan, and laid down the outlines of a beautiful and permanent structure. We have seen how, in the space of a few years—from the days of Black and Lavoisier—how chemistry has been augmenting its stores, while a Davy, a Thomson, a Murray, and a Dalton have been daily furthering its advancement. May it be the same with physiology, a science certainly not inferior in interest and utility. The laws of organic life, and the wonderful processes by which nature carries on the functions of vitality,

cannot fail to be interesting to a lover of truth ; while, without this knowledge, no rational theory can be established of the derangements to which the human frame is subject.

My only motive, Mr Editor, in sending you these scanty notices is to

lighten the weight of gratitude I owe to the memory of an instructor, whom I revered in life, and to whom I owe much. Your most obedient servant,

Δ.

Dec. 1st, 1819.

ON THE NATURE OF THE IMITATIVE PRINCIPLE, AND SOME OTHER FACULTIES, POINTED OUT BY GALL AND SPURZHEIM.

By PETER MORRIS, M. D.

I.—THE first notion of the faculty which has been pointed out, under the name of Imitation, was got from observing the organization of persons, who had an uncommon power of imitating voices and gestures. But common mimicry, or acting, is probably only one of its subordinate uses, or indeed is rather a *forced*, and unnatural application of it. The ultimate essence of this faculty, is probably an inclination to assimilate and unite the mind to whatever objects we contemplate, or even to conceptions that we form in the imagination. It has a palpable connexion with benevolence, which has a tendency to adapt, conform, and assimilate itself to other beings ; and as it were to blend the mind affectionately with their nature. Considered in this light, imitation is one of the highest faculties in the human composition, being that which unites and tunes the mind to the rest of the universe. It may be considered as a conductor stretching forth from the mind, by means of which the sentiments that exist elsewhere pass into us like electrical fire, and are again irradiated from us, and imbibed by the same faculty in other minds. At the same time, I do not suppose that the power of *Assimilation*, (for so it should be called) has within itself any perceptions concerning good and evil. It probably has an inclination to approximate towards all objects indiscriminately ; and being as it were morally neutral, is only repelled from what is vile, by the repugnant movements of the other sentiments. On the other hand, in contemplating the aspects of inanimate nature, the assimilative power finds a free and unrestrained exercise. The mind wandering abroad, rejoices in joining itself with plants and trees, or with the soothing liquidity of rivers.

The assimilative principle enters not only into what is called sym-

pathy, but also into many other things which have never been supposed to have any thing in common with sympathy. At the same time, it is necessary to observe, that the word sympathy is used to express a variety of different meanings, and is sometimes applied to circumstances in which there is no exercise of assimilation. The name of sympathy is sometimes given to an accidental concurrence of two persons in the same feelings and inclinations, which may be entirely selfish, although they happen to harmonize, by running in parallel channels. A herd of wolves may be said to sympathize in tearing down a horse, while in them the gentle feelings of assimilation is entirely wanting. Again, sympathy sometimes signifies only an operation of the imagination, which makes us suppose ourselves placed in the same circumstances as another, and causes us to experience how the situation would operate on our own individual constitution. Now, it appears to me, that assimilation is a peculiar act of feeling—a moulding of the mind to an external object. It is not an imaginary exchange of situation with that object, but an adaptation of the mind to its qualities. It is a faculty which almost always operates along with benevolent emotions. A mother, in addressing a young child, imitates the infantine sound of its voice ; and in that imitation, we recognise the accents of intense affection. On the other hand, a person mimicking what he regards with dislike, always produces a ludicrous effect, from the forced approximation of his nature, to what it cannot harmonize with. To make the distinction which is stated above quite clear, the name of sympathy may be given to the simultaneous existence of any emotion whatever in two minds ; but assimilation is another act of the mind, superadded to the emotions

sympathized in. The nature of this act must be understood by feeling, not by description—I have only been pointing out its practical tendency.

Probably the reason why the mind likes unity of expression in any large object, is not merely that the sense of fitness demands a certain adaptation in the parts, but is to be found also in the nature of this faculty. The mind, in turning itself to any one part of the object, would be grated, if, in turning its attention upon the rest, it found it was no longer in unison with them, because they were of a different character from the part which had been first contemplated. Therefore, artists who have an uncommon power of producing homogeneity and harmony, must always possess the assimilative power in a high degree. It is not reflection and analysis which enable them to combine harmoniously, but this faculty operating upon the materials presented by the imagination, and drawing together every thing sweet and homogeneous, by a sort of elective attraction. Again, the pleasure found in minute and imperceptible gradation, such as that of light and shadow, is probably occasioned by the mind being thereby enabled to pass from one part to another, and still prolong its union without receiving any shock. I have often considered why these fine and delicate gradations should excite in us a certain emotion of tenderness, and I think it must be from the connection which the principle of imitation has with that of love. Large expanses of pure colour like the sky, probably please, because the mind is enabled to glide rapidly over them in every direction; and at the same time, preserve the most complete union. Upon the whole, this power is the source of every thing bland and balmy in the arts, and in poetry.

It is the power of assimilation that enables an artist to enter completely into the spirit of what he is representing, and to conceive every quality in an object more strongly: but the representation itself is of course the work of other faculties.

There are to be seen among mankind two principal sorts of observation; the one is that which is incited by the imitative principle; the other is that which is prompted by the personal feelings, seeking for gratification in

the position of external circumstances; and, therefore, watching eagerly the state of facts, and studying the possibility of making them subservient to the purposes of will and action. The gratification of the personal feelings, depends always upon the position of external circumstances, and therefore the ambitious think that no species of truth is so important as the knowledge of how persons and circumstances stand; and this characteristic may be traced in all their studies. But as self-love inclines generally too much to confine itself to local and temporary observation, therefore, it is not the best guide to any sort of abstract truth. The other species of observation which is founded on the assimilative principle, may be called the contemplative sort; and, not being pursued for any particular purpose, is generally true and undistorted in its results; for the mind gives a faithful account of the qualities of the objects with which it has been combining itself. It is in this species of observation, that great poets and painters have excelled.

It must be from the same faculty which has been pointed out, under the name of imitation, that the desire for society chiefly results. In a deserted and insulated situation, this mental impulse speaks for itself, and makes itself known by vain and ineffectual yearnings, which can no longer be gratified, as is exemplified in the beautiful verses which Cowper ascribes to Alexander Selkirk.

But at the same time, it may be observed, that in the promiscuous thorough fare of the world, the usefulness of the imitative power is experienced rather than its sweetness. A rapid succession of heterogeneous objects with which the mind is constrained to effect a temporary assimilation, is certainly hostile to the cultivation of large and prolonged sentiments. And, therefore, the declamations of poets concerning the beneficial influence of the objects presented by the country, compared with that of the objects presented by the town, do not deserve to be sneered at.

The passion of love may be said to pervert the use of the imitative power, by confining it to one object, when its proper use is to unite the mind to all around it. Love, however, can scarcely be disparaged by any such ab-

stract reasoning, but must be considered as an accidental arrestment of the imitative principle, during which the mind is not so much confined as appears externally, but derives a great variety of impressions from the many coloured images of delight which are brought by imagination, to circulate around one object.

II.—The natural tendency of the assimilative principle, (if its operation were not modified by that of any other faculty), would probably be to remain fixed and stationary, without seeking for a change of objects to which the mind might successively unite itself. But I think there is, in human nature, a separate sentiment or inclination, which counteracts this want of motion in the assimilative principle, and carries it abroad through the universe, with a desire to survey and embrace as much as possible. In the diagram, which represents the position of the organs, there has been left a blank space between the imitative faculty and imagination, because it was perceived that these organs did not join; and I think that in this space, there is situated another organ, the nature of which has remained hitherto unknown, but which is undoubtedly the organ of the *Desire of variety*. This organ will be found greatly developed in those persons who have an uncommon range of invention, and a passion for changes and contrasts, as may be seen in Beethoven the musician. Assimilation aims only at uniting itself with such objects as are brought before it by external causes; but this other inclination, which may be called the *Discursive sentiment*, draws off the imitative principle, and transfers it from one object to another, so as to keep it revolving, and inhaling varied life, in its motion through the theatre of existences. Assimilation may be compared to caloric, which approaches towards objects by a gentle attraction, and gently blends itself with them; while the Discursive sentiment may be compared to light, which comes away with a new acquired motion from each object it visits.

That sort of Discursiveness which relates to space, is the kind which most frequently occurs to the imagination. Any object appearing to make a free and spontaneous progression through space, probably communicates a transient pleasure to this faculty, by offer-

ing a representation of its own tendency. How beautiful and pathetic is that passage in Horace, where, revolting from the gloomy idea of being confined, after death, to the subterranean world of shades, he makes use of an ancient fiction to express that uncontrollable desire of range, which was interwoven with his constitution!

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem
Superne; nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Jam Dædaleo ocior Icaro,
Visam gementis litorâ Bospori,
Syrtisque Gargulas, canorus
Alces, Hyperboreosque campos,
Absint inani funere nenia,
Luctusque turpes et querimariæ;
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

Whenever Horace requires illustrative images, he seeks for them in the remotest regions of the Roman Empire, so that his poetry is full of geographical allusions.

It is probably by this inclination, more than any other, that men are prompted to extensive speculations and inquiries. A motive to inquire may be found in the pleasure of exercising the understanding, and in the natural desire which we have to ascertain causes. But I think the love of the unlimited is the source of the highest species of curiosity from its constant wish to enlarge the field of vision. The lower faculties seem to operate only upon what is set before them, while this sentiment is ever calling to our remembrance how much more there is besides—how endless the range of what still remains to be contemplated and embraced. The power of apprehending particular facts is a perceptive faculty—not a sentiment which, of itself, requires to be gratified with the feeling of range—and it is a power which is often impelled to activity by vulgar and sordid motives; but the curiosity generated from Discursativeness has a spring of motion within itself, and may be considered as an endless wish, which cannot suffer death from satiety, but which soars away from each gratification with the same vitality as before. The mind, although imprisoned, as it were, by physical circumstances, is by this faculty rendered habitually conscious of the extent of what it has never seen.

III.—The faculty which has been

pointed out under the name of imagination, and which is contiguous to discursativeness, is, probably, only the minds conceiving images without combining or comparing them. Its office is that of continually reviving and renewing, within the mind, conceptions upon which the other faculties may operate. But poetical genius results rather from the activity of the discursive principle, which, by prompting the imagination frequently to shift and change its exhibitions, furnishes the mind with opportunities of perceiving the relations of objects that lie far separate—and thus enables it to discover new modes of combining.

The faculty to which the name of Wit has been given, belongs to a different class from conceptiveness, and is an intellectual power, that is to say, one which perceives relations. It would be more proper to call it the faculty of perceiving Difference—for that must be the nature of the operation performed by it. This faculty does not invent but only judges; and, I think, it has a strong connexion with discursativeness, or the love of variety, to which *sentiment*, the power of perceiving contrast or dissimilarity, is a corresponding power of intellect. It seems unlikely that any faculty should be implanted in human nature for the sole purpose of enabling us to perceive the ludicrous. And, therefore, I strongly suspect, that the ordinary office of this faculty must be of an intellectual sort, and that it is used habitually in discriminating the qualities of external objects. Yet if the faculty, named comparison, recognised both similarity and dissimilarity, the faculty of perceiving difference would appear to encroach upon its province. Perhaps the office of comparison is really limited to the recognition of identical qualities appearing in different objects.

With regard to the *emotion* of the ludicrous, it cannot be the movement of any intellectual faculty; for the intellect is susceptible of no emotion whatever, although it experiences a certain pleasure in judging. I think the emotion of the ludicrous is produced by a rapid oscillation of the imitative principle between two dissimilar objects or conceptions; and this must be what occasions the peculiar act of the mind indicated by laughter—an emotion which is quite

different in its nature from the regular movement of any other sentiment; and, indeed, the external signs of this feeling represent the internal oscillation and quivering of the mind.

The highest species of wit results more from Discursativeness than from the faculty of perceiving contrast; for, taken by itself, the intellectual power would want invention. When the love of variety acquires an excessive activity, the motion of the mind, from one object to another, is accelerated into a sort of whirl; and the assimilative principle, not being allowed time to unite strongly with any object, loses its due power of retardation. Therefore the feelings, instead of receiving nourishment from the succession of objects, are hurried along unexercised; and the emotion which results from the perception of contrast, is all that the mind is allowed to enjoy. This was remarkably the case with Voltaire, the peculiarity of whose genius hinged upon this circumstance.

IV.—Probably it is neither by sight nor by the power of motion that we acquire ideas of space, but the mind is rendered conscious of it by means of the faculty which has been pointed out under the name of locality, and which gives us an intellectual perception of space, without the intervention of the senses. Blind persons have generally a very intense perception of space, and would, probably, have it although they were never to exercise the power of voluntary motion. The perception of space may be considered as an habitual one, and prior to the exercise of all the other perceptive faculties. That which has been called the faculty of observation or Individuality I think is the one which, in perception, gives us the idea of an external cause or object, to which we are to refer the sensations or effects which the object occasions in the mind.—When we perceive a sound or colour, it is the faculty of individuality that takes note of the sensation, as indicating the existence of some external object separate from the mind. For this reason it might be called the perception of Externality. Space also is external, but is not an existence from which effects result.

Besides the perception of space, there is said to be also a faculty of perceiving form. Now, it may be asked, in what respects the perception

of form differs from that of space ; for the faculty of space must perceive position, and what is form but the position of parts ?

Probably the power of locality perceives nothing but vacuity and the situation of points ; while form is what examines the relation which real objects have to space. It may no doubt be said, that the faculty of locality, in perceiving the relative situation of points, perceives the capacity of space for form, but, probably, another faculty is necessary to enable us to determine what portions of space are actually occupied. The power of individuality gives only the idea of an external cause, but does not make known its relation to space.

Therefore it would appear, that the faculty of form is always employed upon real objects, and not upon empty space ; and, indeed, it may be considered as only a sort of appendage of the faculty of externality. I think it is impossible that so fine a feeling as that of symmetry can result from the mere act of perceiving shape. The faculty of form has, probably, no sense of beauty, but only perceives, as a matter of fact ; the relation of parts in any physical object ; and the feeling of symmetry is experienced when forms are such as to awaken sentiment, by gratifying the faculty of assimilation or discursativeness, by smoothness of prolongation, or by such lines as suggest the idea of motion. Therefore, although a designer would need to cultivate a very exact perception of form, still this only is a mechanical faculty, and the sense of beauty must be derived from a higher source.

The faculty of language has a very close connexion with that of form.—It is the power of perceiving the forms of sound, that is to say, the power of distinguishing the various acts of articulation by which the sound of the voice is shaped into words. It ought to be kept in view, however, that this faculty judges only of the sound of language, and never of its meaning or of the merits of expression. The reason why persons in whom this faculty is very active have an uncommon facility in acquiring languages, is that they perceive, with uncommon distinctness, the form of words, and, therefore, recognise them easily when they meet them again ; but the power of remembering the meaning of words

must depend upon the force of association in affixing ideas to them. It would be more proper to call this faculty the power of articulation than of language, since it has nothing to do with the grammatical relations of words farther than to produce mechanically those syllabic changes by which different tenses and cases are indicated ; nor does it regulate the order of words farther than harmony is concerned. Every thing in language, beyond the formation of articulate sounds, must be an act of understanding or imagination. Languages, in which the tenses are formed by auxiliary verbs, and the cases of nouns by prepositions, may, in this point of view, be considered as more metaphysical and less sensual than languages in which the same purposes are served by changes of termination.

Closely connected with the faculties of form and language, I think there must be an organ which judges of tastes, and occasions a love of eating and drinking, independent of hunger and thirst ; but its situation is, probably, so far back as to have prevented it from having been hitherto observed. If it be true that the taste of physical substances results from the form of their particles, it is easy to perceive why the perception, taste, should have a connexion with the faculties of shape and language. It has always been a favourite jest to ascribe an uncommon appetite to clergymen, and perhaps there may be some truth in the imputation ; for since they have more to do than other men with the study of languages and with declamation, therefore the faculty of language being much exercised, may communicate a more than usual activity to the neighbouring faculty of taste. And hence also, if it were not for the influx of new men, there would be a natural cause of decay in all institutions for the preservation of learning ; and sensuality would follow close upon the heels of scholarship.

And it may be remarked that Handel, in whom the faculty of language was uncommonly strong, was one of the greatest eaters ever known.

The most interesting point of view in which the perspective faculties can be considered, is in relation to objects of beauty. Yet in works of art they only regulate the external form of whatever is used as the vehicle of sentiment, whether

language and versification, or shapes, colours, or sounds. And none of the nations have been able to produce beautiful works of art, except such as have highly cultivated their perceptive

faculties; while the nature of the meaning conveyed by these works was determined by the character of their minds in other respects.

CHROMIEK'S REMAINS OF NITHSDALE AND GALLOWAY SONG.

THE most remarkable poetry of Scotland has been her traditionary songs. In these we trace some peculiarities, both of the life of her people, and the character of their genius. In the long preservation of the story of ancient events in her rude rhymes, we see the cleaving memory of the people to their ancient times: we see that retentive recollection of the affections of departed life, which belonged to a people of devoted feudal loyalty and great fervour of love in domestic relations. Traditional remembrance attached to their ancient names, has preserved incidents of battles and adventures that, for their own importance, had been long ago forgotten; and with them the picture of manners, and of states of society, which have long since passed away from the earth. There is something very touching in that lingering memory of the preceding warlike times of a people, which remains to their peaceful descendants in the midst of the very calm of life. Shepherds, in the bosom of their green silent pastures watching their flocks, maidens and children in their happiness, chant recollections of the days of iron and blood, not in contrast alone with their own quiet existence; but much rather, because by such strains they still hold, as it were, to their own mountains and vales, the presence of that spirit which dwelt there in departed days, and to which they claim kindred of their own. Their love reaches out of their own life, and stretching into the mighty past, brings down upon the earth a greatness which they no longer behold, but which honours and elevates those on which even its shadowy recollection descends.—The faint echo of the troubled years which yet murmurs in those sweet and melancholy songs, repeats to the hearts of the living the voices of the dead, and calls them to pensive communion with the memory of those who have lived before them. Many of the adventures preserved in these ancient songs, are, though of troubled times, of a tender and romantic kind, and speak not only to that faithful and

fond recollection of the past, but to that mingled tenderness and fancy, which, in the poetry as well as the matter of these songs, characterizes the people. A dreaming imagination of passions making their own unhappiness upon an earth which does not seem fitted for their residence, is made the ground work of a poetry plaintive and beautiful with fancy. Out of this tenderness and fancy is formed a delicacy of sentiment which could hardly have been believed to exist among a people bound by toil to the land on which they tread: nor can it be understood, except by those who know them, although the poetry which, even in this day, has arisen from among them, still vindicates this character.—One peculiarity may be observed of this most essentially national poetry of Scotland, that in the poetry which is serious or beautiful, there is no mark whatever of the strong intellectual character of her people. They are rather like strains of a plaintive music. Accordingly it may be doubted, whether the intellect of the people is in truth poetical. It might be plausibly argued, that it is much rather dialectic and practical merely, and grounds might be given for an opinion that it does not easily accommodate itself to the movements of poetry. Perhaps it might be shewn in some of the later poets of her civilized age, that they have failed in those parts of poetical composition which are peculiarly the work of intellect, and have injured their own poetry, when they have departed from that spirit of poetry which has belonged to their land—that it is there they are least original, and instead of their native spirit and grace, appear uncouthly as imitators. If there be any truth in these suggestions, it would follow that her poets might do better for their fame, if they would know more truly their country and themselves. If they would attach themselves to develop the seeds of poetry that are in themselves, and in the spirit of their native land. It is very difficult for any poet to maintain his own originality, because he is drawn

unconsciously to imitate what he greatly admires; and it requires an effort over himself, a government of his own powers, to detach them from that admiration, and confine them within the sphere of their proper agency. Much more when he has once begun to give himself to a public, he has involved himself with their admiration; and it is far more difficult to him to recover his mind to its own independence. He has to shut out from his thoughts the world from which he derives his celebrity, to withdraw into himself, and in silence and forgetfulness of the world, to discover in his own bosom the sources of his powers.

The genius of English poetry, may it be said without envy, discovers in a high degree this adaptation of intellect to poetry. Her greatest and most national poetry is intellectual. Such strains as the heart of Scotland has breathed she does not know. Her national poetry is that of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Spenser, minds in which imagination was throned in the seat of intellect. The poetry of Dryden and Pope is still of an intellectual order. And in another age and in another kind, of Collins, of Cowper, of Wordsworth. It may much be doubted if English poets will ever do justice to themselves who forget this character of the mind of their country. While they adhere to it, they will raise their own mind and that of the people to whom they speak. When they forget it, they must lower their own fame, and the intellectual power of the nation who consent to lavish on them their ill-merited applause.

We have fallen into this train of thought, with a little volume of poetry lying before us,* which we believe attracted considerable attention, eight or ten years ago, when it was first published, and over which there has all along been felt to hang something of a mystery. For our own part, we believe, that the most beautiful things in it are not poems of the olden time at all, but have been created by a man of genius still alive, in the very spirit of antiquity. The late Mr Cromek was a man of considerable enthusiasm and ability; but he knew little about poetry, and absolutely nothing about the poetry of Scotland. He was precisely that kind of person to believe every thing he was told on that sub-

ject—and having a vague notion, that the traditional songs of Scotland were pathetic and beautiful, he was ready to accept, as such, all verses written in the Scottish dialect, that breathed the sentiments and passions of lowly and rural life. In Dumfries-shire he became acquainted with Mr Allan Cunningham, at that time a common stone-mason, and certainly one of the most original poets Scotland has produced, who communicated to him a vast quantity of most amusing and interesting information concerning the manners and customs of the people of Nithsdale and Galloway. Much of this is to be found in the appendix to this volume. That appendix is ostensibly written by Mr Cromek, and perhaps a few sentences and paragraphs, here and there, are from his pen; but no person of ordinary penetration can for a moment doubt, that as a whole it was fairly composed and written out by the hand of Allan Cunningham. Every thing is treated of in the familiar and earnest style of a man speaking of what he has known from his youth upwards, and of what has influenced and even formed the happiness of his life. Allusions are made to persons deceased and things gone by, in the affectionate and even passionate language of a heart that had loved or enjoyed them; and every now and then bright and beaming images rise up of the past, which betray the secret of the author's character and situation, and prove, that none but a Scotchman could have so thought, and felt, and written of Scotland. We refer, for proofs of this, such of our readers as are fortunate enough to possess the volume, (for we believe it is now out of print), to the articles in the appendix, "Scottish Games," "Taking the Beuk," "Character of the Scottish Lowland Fairies," and the "Account of Billy Blin, the Scotch Brownie."

But the best of the poetry, too, belongs to Allan Cunningham. No doubt, there are still floating all over Scotland, on the unextinguishable breath of popular tradition, many songs, and snatches of songs, that have never found their way into any collection. We have ourselves heard sung in the country many such fragments. But they are, though often beautiful, all corrupt and imperfect—

* Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song: with Historical and Traditional Notices, relative to the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry. Now first collected by R. H. Cromek F. A. S. Edinburgh. 8vo. T. Cadell, and W. Davies, London, 1810.

the faded ghosts of what they must once have been, and breathing, as it were, the faint and obsolete language of the dead. The finest of our traditional strains, both of music and of poetry, have by this time been gathered together into a safer sanctuary—and we do not believe, that much that is valuable remains to be gleaned among the vallies of humble life. If we are justified in so thinking, can the most credulous person believe, that Mr Cromek, an Englishman, an utter stranger in Scotland, should have been able, during a few days walk through Nithsdale and Galloway, to collect, not a few broken fragments of poetry only, but a number of finished and perfect poems, of whose existence none of the inquisitive literary men or women of Scotland had ever before heard? And that, too, in the very country which Robert Burns had beaten to its every bush—and in every hamlet, of which he sat, both by night and by day, delighting the humble inmates by his own matchless genius, and eager to grasp, with passionate love and delight, every syllable of song that the inspired peasants of old might have breathed, and that time might still have spared to gladden the fireside of the cottager? Could love-songs, full of ardent passion, and melting tenderness, and pastoral imagery, and domestic joy, and national exultation, and religious reverence, have been recited and sung for ages by the Dumfries-shire peasantry, familiar as household words, and yet have never reached that ear which was so keenly alive to all the melodies of his native land?

But independently of all this, the poems speak for themselves; and for Allan Cunningham. Some verses there are in the volume unquestionably of an old date, (and these, by the way, are not Nithsdale and Galloway songs at all,) but the compositions, which we intend to quote, are either entirely modern, or entitled to be called ancient, merely because they occasionally include some fine old stanza, or are, with exquisite feeling, filled with those thoughts and images which were the delight of the simple bards of other days. We meet with songs said to have been penned and sung by the austere and persecuted covenanteders, full of melody, simplicity, elegance, and grace. No doubt such men had many of them, gentle hearts—and the love of their wives and their

fathers and their children must have often gushed up from that profound depth of soul, over whose agitated surface fell so black and fiercely the storms and troubles of life. But the following beautiful song, though boldly said to have been written during the days of the covenant, and afterwards to have been sung at trystes and merry-meetings by an old grey-headed patriarch, with whom have perished many lays of the times which were, cannot, as we feel, be thought of in any other light but an exquisite imitation.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie.
 Thou has sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,
 And by a' the lowing stars in Heaven,
 That thou wad ay be mine!
 And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart o' thine,
 By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
 That thou shalt ay be mine!
 Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic
 bands,
 An' the heart that wad part sic love;
 But there's nae hand can loose my band,
 But the finger o' God above.
 Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
 An' my claithing e'er sae mean,
 I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,
 Heaven's armifu' o' my Jean!
 Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
 Fu' safter than the down,
 And luve wad winnow owre us his kind,
 kind, wings
 An' sweetly I'd sleep an' soun'.
 Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve,
 Come here and kaeel wi' me,
 The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my God,
 An' I canna pray but thee.
 The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o'
 new flowers,
 The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,
 Our gude-man leans owre his Kale-yard
 dyke,
 An' a blythe auld body is he.
 The Benk maun be taen whan the carle
 comes hame,
 Wi' the holie psalmodic,
 And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
 And I will speak o' thee!

The following elegiac lines, which, in a note, are said to have been written about the time of the Reformation, on a daughter of the Laird Maxwell of Cowhill, called by the peasantry, the Lily of Nithsdale, are perfectly beautiful. They are said to have been given to the editor by the same young country girl who favoured him with the preceding song, a maiden who seems to have been singularly fortunate in recollecting what all the rest of her countrywomen had forgotten.

But we *know* them to be Allan Cunningham's—written, too, at a time when he was in the very humblest situation of life; and we do not think that either Bowles, or Campbell, or Wordsworth, has written any thing more wildly, and naturally, and so solemnly pathetic.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,

She's gane to dwell in heaven;

Ye'r owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,

For dwelling out o' heaven!

O what! she do in heaven, my lassie?

O what! she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angel's songs,

An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,

She was beloved by a';

But an' angel fell in love wi' her,

An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies my lassie,

Low there thou lies;

A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,

Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,

Fu' soon I'll follow thee;

Thou left me nought to covet ahin,

But took goodness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,

I looked on thy death-cold face;

Thou seemed a lilie new cut i' the bud,

An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,

I looked on thy death-shut eye;

An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven

Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddie and calm, my lassie,

Thy lips were ruddie and calm;

But gane was the holic breath o' heaven

To sing the evening Psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,

There's naught but dust now mine;

My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,

An' why should I stay behin'!

There is a little fragment, of only three stanzas, which we also believe to be modern—part of a song supposed to be sung by a deserted maiden, and which, whether owing to the singularly plaintive flow of the versification, or to the extreme simplicity of the mourner's grief, which connects itself with the forms and seasons of external nature, and with the first and most awful of all human feelings, paternal and filial love, are to us beyond measure affecting.

Gane were but the winter cauld,

And gane were but the snaw,

I could sleep in the wild woods,

Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,

And cauld at my feet,

And the finger o' death's at my c'en,

Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,

Or my mither sae dear,

I'll meet them baith in heaven,

At the spring o' the year.

The two first poems which we have now quoted, were given to Mr Cromek (so he tells us) by Miss Jean Walker, who also gave him, as a traditional poem, the "Mermaid," a most beautiful ballad, which we shall quote by and by, and which is now an *avowed* composition of Allan Cunningham. We are greatly obliged to this amiable young lady, for bringing to light so much fine old poetry; but she cannot but know, that she first heard them all from the lips of that ingenious poet.

In that part of this volume containing the Jacobite songs, we also trace the pen of Allan Cunningham. Who but himself and Miss Jean Walker ever heard the following ballad previously to the publication of these reliques?

The sun rises bright in France,

And fair sits he;

But he has unt the blythe blink he had

In my ain countrie.

It's nae my an ruin

That weets ay my ee,

But the dear Marie I left a-hin'.

Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bonnolie lowed my ain hearth,

An' smiled my ain Marie;

O, I've left a' my heart behind,

In my ain countrie.

O I am leal to high heaven,

An' it i'll be leal to me,

An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,

Frae my ain countrie!

The "Waes o' Scotland" is also modern. This we have always suspected, and we have occasion to know, that Mr Scott has ever been of the same opinion: the Ettrick Shepherd, too, we see in a note to the first volume of his collection of Jacobite songs, just published, smiles at the idea of this being a real Jacobite ballad, and pays a kind and generous compliment to its real author, whom he calls "the ingenious Allan Cunningham, one of the brightest poetical geniuses that ever Scotland bred, yet who in that light has been utterly neglected."

Whan I left thee, bonnie Scotland,

Thou wert fair to see,

Fresh as a bonnie bride i' the morn

Whan she maun wedded be;

Whan I came back to thee, Scotland,

Upon a May-morn fair,

A bonnie lass sat at our town-cen',

Kaming her yellow hair.

"O hey! O hey!" sung the bonnie lass,

"O hey! an' wae's me!

There's joy to the Whigs, an' land to the Whigs.

An' nocht but wae to me !

" O hey ! O hey ! " sung the bonnie lass,

" O hey ! an' wae's me !

There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
As een did never see.

" O hey ! O hey for my father auld !

O hey ! for my mither dear !

An' my heart will burst for the bonnie lad

Wha left me lanesome here ! "

I had na gane in my ain Scotland

Mae miles than twa or three

Whan I saw the head o' my ain father

Coming up the gate to me.

" A traitor's head ! " and " a traitor's head ! "

Loud bawled a bluidy lown :

But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' wier,

An' strake the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha',

My dear auld mither to see ;

But she lay 'mang the black izles

Wi' the death-tear in her ee.

O wha has wrocht this bluidy wark ?

Had I the reaver here,

I'd wash his sark in his ain heart blude,

And gie't to his dame to wear !

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame

But twa short miles and three,

Till up came a captain o' the Whigs,

Says, " Traitor, bid ye me ! "

I grippit him by the belt sae braid,

It bursted i' my hand,

But I threw him frae his weir-saddle

An' drew my burlie brand.

" Shaw mercy on me, " quo' the lown,

An' low he knelt on knee ;

But by his thie was my father's glaive,

Whilk gude king Brus did gie.

An' buckled roun' him was the broider'd
belt

Whilk my mither's hands did weave,

My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blude,

An' recked upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,

Whan a' folk are asleep,

And I lie oore my father and mither's grave,

An' hour or twa to weep !

O fatherless, and mitherless,

Without a ha' or hame,

I maun wander through my dear Scotland,

And bide a traitor's blame.

There is in this volume, a ballad called " The Lord's Marie," which we also venture to ascribe almost wholly to Allan Cunningham. It is founded on a traditional story of a daughter of the Lord Maxwell of Nithsdale, accompanying in disguise a peasant to a rustic dancing-tryste. There is nothing more interesting, or better illustrative of ancient manners, in the *Minstrelsy of the Border*.

The Lord's Marie has kep'd her locks

Up wi' a gowden kame,

An' she has put on her net-silk hose,

An' awa to the tryste has gane.

O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,

An' saft, saft on her brow ;

Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,

An' I kiss'd it aff I trow !

' O whare gat ye that leal maiden,

Sae jumpy laced an' sma' ?

O whare got ye that young damsel,

Wha dings our lasses a' ?

' O whare got ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,

Wi' Heaven in her ee !

O here's ae drap o' the damask wine ;—

Sweet maiden, will ye prece ?

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,

Ta'ist wi' the satin twine,

But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,

While she supp'd the blud-red wine.

' Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,

Wha wears the gowden kame ;—

This night will mony drink thy health,

And ken na wha to name.

Play me up ' Sweet Marie, ' I cry'd,

An' loud the piper blew,—

But the fiddler play'd ay *Struntum, strum*,

And down his bow he threw.

' Here's thy kin' health i' the ruddie red wine,

' Fair dame o' the stranger land !

For never a pair o' een before

Could mar my good bow-hand.

Her lips were a cloven hunney-cherrie,

Sae tempting to the sight ;

Her locks owre alabaster brows,

Fell like the morning light.

An' O' her hunney breath left her locks

As through the dince she flew.

While luvie laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,

An' dwalt on her comely mou't.

' Loose lugs yere broider'd gowd garter,

—Fair ladie, dare I speak ?

She, trembling, lift her silky hand

To her red, red flushing cheek.

' Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere brooch o' gowd,

Thou Lord's daughter sae gay,

The tears o'erbrim'd her bonnie blue ee,

' O come, O come away !—

' O maid, unbar the siller belt,

To my chamber let me win,

An' take this kiss, thou peasant youth,

I daur na let ye in.

An' tak, quo' she, ' this kame o' gowd ;

Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,

For meikle my heart forbodes to me,

I never maun meet ye main "

The next song we shall quote is prefaced by this somewhat suspicious looking notice.

" A fair specimen of romantic Scottish love than is contained in this song, is rarely to be met with. It was first introduced to Nithsdale and Galloway about thirty years ago, by a lady whose mind was deranged. She wandered from place to place, followed by some tamed sheep. The old people describe her as an amiable and mild creature. She would lie all night under the shade of some particular tree, with her sheep around her. They were as the ewe-lamb in the scripture parable ;—they lay in her bosom, ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and were unto her as daughters. Thus she wandered through part of England, and the low part of Scotland ; esteemed, respected, pitied, and wept for by all ! She was wont to sing this song unmoved, until she came to the last verse, and then she burst into tears. The old tree, under which she sat with her sheep, is now cut down. The schoolboys always paid a sort of religious respect to it. It never was the ' dools,' nor the ' but,' nor were the ' outs and ins,' nor the hard-fought game of ' England and Scotland,' ever played about it : but there, on fine Sabbath evenings, the old women sat down and read their bibles ; the young men and maidens learned their

Psalms, and then went home full of the meek and lowly composure of religion."

There's kames o' hinney 'tween my luve's lips,

An' gowd amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een keek there.

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The hinney lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Ladie Ann.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor simple lip,
Maun touch her Ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimp waist maun span,
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
'Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger
o' God,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap.
An' on the mantle which my luve wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie eebree's a holie arch
Cast by no earthlie han',
An' the breath o' God's 'tween the lips
O' my bonnie Ladie Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:
My Ladie comes, my Ladie gaes
Wi' a fou and kindly han',
O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my
luve,
An' fa' on' Ladie Ann!

There is, we think, much true love in the following stanzas,—warin', tenderness, and delicacy.

Could winter is awa, my luve,
And spring is in her prime,
The breath o' God stirs a' to life,
The grasshoppers to chime:
The birds canna contain themselves
Upon the sprouting tree,
But loudlie, loudlie sing o' luve,
A theme which please themselves

The blackbird is a pawkie loun,
An' kens the gate o' luve;
Fu' weel the sleeket mavis kens
The melting lilt maun muve.
The gowdspink woos in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
'Come here, come here, my spousal dame,'
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster Rose-linnct?
His breast is beating high,

'Come here, come here, my ruddie mate,
The gate o' luve to try.'
The lav'roc calls his flecked mate,
Frae near the sun's ee-bree,
'Come 'ke on the knowe our nest of
luve,'
A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my love,
Sae has the cushat doo;
The raven croaks a safer way,
His sootie love to woo:
And nought but luve, luve breathes around,
Frae hedge, frae field, an' tree,
Soft whispering luve to Jeanie's heart,
A theme which pleaseth me.

O Lassie, is thy heart mair hard
Than mavis frae the bough;
Say maun the hale creation wed,
And Jean remain to woo?
Say has the holie lowe o' luve
Ne'er lightend in your ee?
O, if thou canst na feel for pain,
Thou art nae theme for me?

Burns, though the best song-writer in the world, has not, in our opinion, produced six songs equal to Allan Cunningham's "Lass of Preston Mill." Why does it not find its way into musical collections?

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap o' down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill;
As I met amang the hawthorns green,
The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass,
Seemed like twa dew-gemmed blies fair;
Her brows shone comely 'mang her locks,
Black curling owre her shouthers bare:
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
Her lips were like a honey well,
And heaven seemed looking through her een,
The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'fair lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Where black cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Sax hulls are wooly wi' my sheep,
Sax vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's howmes an' mounie a hill;—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and gae wi' me:
A lovelier face, O! never looked up,
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:
'I hae a lad, wha's far awa,
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already fu' o' love,'
Quo' the lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

'O wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,
To seek for love in a far countrie?'—
Her tears drapp'd down like simmer dew,
I fain wad hae kissed them frae her ee.
I took but ane o' her comely cheek;
'For pity's sake, kind Sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o' ither love,'
Quo' the lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

She stroeked to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watry ee:
'Sae lang's my heart kens ought o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;—
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart sall haud nae ither love,'
Quo' the lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

'There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';

By lanely 'Clouden's hermit stream,
Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow !
O, they are lights of a bonnie kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill;
But there's a light puts them a' out,
The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

We finish our quotations from this somewhat mysterious volume with the longest poem in it; and as there is no doubt whatever, that it is by Allan Cunningham, our readers will, from its perusal, judge for themselves of his powers as a poet.

'There's a maid has sat o' the green merse side
Thae ten lang years and mair;
An' every first night o' the new moon
She kames her yellow hair.

An' ay while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
Fu' sweet she sings, and hie,
Till the fairest bird that woods the green wood,
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But whae'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the fair dame to;
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,
Nor waukens an earthlie ee.

It fell in about the sweet simmer month,
I' the first come o' the moon,
That she sat o' the tap o' a sca-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk-locks down.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
Her hand like new-won milk;
Her breasts were o' the snawy curd,
In a net o' sca-green silk.

She kamed her locks owre her white shoulders,
A fleecy bath bonny and lang;
An' ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
The birds forsook their young;
And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlet,
To listen the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
O sweetness it was sae fu';
The tod lap up owre our fauld-dyke,
And dighted his red-wat moue.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lured the new woke moon;
The stars draped blude on the yellow gowan tap,
Sax miles round that maiden.

'I haedwail on the Nith,' quo' the young Cowehill,
'These twenty years an' three,
But the sweetest sang e'er brake frae a lip,
Come, through the greenwood to me.

O is it a voice frae the earthlie lips,
Whilk makes ye melodie?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lilt,
And wad wey me i' wyle me!

'I dream'd a dreary thing, master,
Whilk I am nae yede;
I dream'd ye kiss'd a pair o' sweet lips,
That dropp'd o' red heart's-blude.'

'Come hand my sleed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gowd roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet,
An' lightlie lap he down.

'Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand,' quo' the little foot-page,
'If skathless hame ye'd win.

O wha will sit on yere toom saddle,
O wha will bruik yere glueve;
An' wha will fauld yere erled bride,
I' the kandle clasps o' luve?

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
Knot wi' a silken ban;
He seem'd a' in lowe wi' his gowd raiment,
As thro' the greenwood he ran.

'The simmer-dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller moon;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Washed wi' the white sea faem.

Come wash me wi' thy lile white hand,
Below and boon the knee;

* An' I'll kame thae licks o' yellow burning gowd,
Aboon thy bonnie bluc ee.

How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lile-white thy skin.
An' weel I wat thae kissing cen
Wad tempt a saunt to sin.'

'Tak aff thae bars an' bobs o' gowd,
Wi' thy gared'doulet fine;
An' throw ine aff thy green mantle,
Leated wi' the siller twine.

An' a' in courtesie fair knight,
A maiden's mind to win,
The gowd lacings o' thy green weeds,
Wad harm her lile skin.'

Syne coost he aff his green mantle,
Hem'd wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doulet coost he aff,
Wi' red gowd flow'd down.

'Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
Down wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
An' take me maiden hame.'

But come first tank me 'neath the chin,
An' syne come kiss my cheek;
An' spread my banks o' wa'ry hair,
I' the new-moon beam to deep.'

Sae first he kiss'd her dimpled chin,
Synce kiss'd her rosie cheek;
An' lang he woo'd her willin' lips,
Like hether-hannie sweet!

'O! if ye'll come to the bonnie Cowehill,
'Maug primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new mulked milk,
An' bind wi' gowd yere brows.

'An' a' for a drink o' the clear water
Ye'se hae the rosie wine,
An' a' for the water white lile,
Ye'se hae these arms o' mine.'

But what'll she say, yere bonnie young bride
Busked wi' the siller fine,
Whan the rich kisses ye kept for her lips,
Are left wi' vows on mine?

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae snaw;
'Sweet maiden, I'm in byrdal speed.
It's time I were awa'.

'O gie me a token o' luve sweet May,
A leal luve token true;
She crapp'd a lock o' yellow gowden hair,
An' knotted it roun' his brow.

'O tie nae it sae strait, sweet May,
But wi' loe's rose-knot kynde;
My head is fu' o' burning pain,
O sait ye maun it bynde.'

His skin turn'd a' o' the red-rose hue,
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
An' he laid his head 'mang the water lilies,
'Sweet maiden, I maun sleep.

She tyed ae link o' her wat yellow hair,
Aboon i' burning bice;
Among his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She weaved owre his brow the white lile,
Wi' witch-knots mae than mine;
'Gif ye were seven times bride-groom owie,
This might ye shall be mine.'

O twice he turn'd his smilg head,
An' twice he lifted his ee;
O twice he sought to lift the links
Wee knotted owre his bree.

'Arise, sweet knight, yere young bride waits,
An' doubts her ale will sowre;
An' wistly looks at the lily white sheets,
Down spread in ladic-bowre.'

An' she has premed the brodered silk,
About her white haire bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stan' its lane.

He fainthe, slowhe, turn'd his cheek,
And faintly lift his ee,
And he stave to lowse the witching bands
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a silken stem;

An' she threw them wi' her lilt hand
Among the white sea faem.

She took the bride ring frae his finger
An' throw it in the sea.

That hand shall menie nae ither ring
But wi' the will o' me.
She faulded him i' her lillie arms,
An' left her pearly kame;
His fleecy locks trailed ower the sand
As she took the white sea-faem.
First raise the star out ower the hull,
And nest the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa
Looked for her blythe bride-groom.
Lythlie she sang while the new-moon rais'd,
Blythe as a young bride May,
When the new-moon lights her lamp o' luvie,
An' blinks the bryde away.
' Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' monie a winsome flower;
But the princeldest rose o' that garden
Maun blossom in my bower.
An' I will keep the drapping dew
Frae my red rose's tap,
An' the balmy blobs o' lilka leaf,
I'll keep them drap by drap.
An' I will wash thy white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap.
An' ay she sewed her silken snood,
An' sung a brydal sang;
But aft the tears drapt frae her ee,
Afore the gray morn cam.
The sun low'd ruddie 'mong the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The plow-boy whistled at his darg,
The milk-may answered hie;
But the lovely bride o' Gallowa
Sat wi' a wat-shod ee.
Ilk breath o' wind 'mong the forest leaves
She heard the bridegroom's tongue,
And she heard the brydal-coming hit
In every bird which sung.

We have seen what a great genius has lately been able to make of the Scottish character in those wonderful Prose Tales which have revealed to us secrets supposed to have been for ever buried in forgetfulness. Ten thousand themes are yet left untouched to native poets—for, after all, Burns has drawn but few finished pictures, and was, for the most part, satisfied with general sketches and rapid outlines. It is not easy to imagine the existence of a more original poet than Burns, who shall also be moved by an equal sympathy with lowly life;—but it is very easy to imagine the existence of a poet who shall possess a far deeper insight into the grandeur and pathos of that lowly life, who shall contemplate it with a more habitual reverence, and exhibit it in a nobler, yet perfectly natural, mould of poetry. With all our admiration of the genius both of the Ettrick Shepherd and of Allan Cunningham, we are not prepared to say that either of them is such a poet—but we have not the slightest doubt, that if either of them were to set himself seriously to the study of the character of the peasantry of Scotland, as a subject of poetry, he might produce something of deep and universal interest, and leave behind him an imperishable name.

THE CLYDESDALE YEOMAN'S RETURN.

An excellent new ballad to the tune of *Grammachree*.

Written and Sung by DR SCOTT.

'Twas on a Wednesday evening, John Craig came darkling hame,
The burns they a' were sleeping, but wakefu' was the dame,
Yet rose she not when John came in—a thought displeased was she,
That John so late, on market days, in coming home should be.
And 'tis, "Oh, John Craig, I wonder—what a decent man like you
Can find so late, in Glasgow town, on Wednesday for to do?"

"Gude words, gude wife," quoth Johnny, "I'm sure you cannot say
That black the white is o' my ec, since e'er our wedding-day—
What past before's as weel forgot, for your sake as for mine—
What signify late comings-home—that were sae lang sin' syne?
Come gie's a cupfu' of your best, and I'll tell you where I've been—
For I've been at the Meeting, and the Radicals I've seen."

And 'tis, "Oh, John Craig! wae woman, full surely ye'll make me,
If ye tak to these evil ways, like other lads I see—
An orra cup I might forgie—but oh! the night is black,
That frae a weaver-meeting I see my man come back.
And 'tis, oh, John! think and ponder, for they're neer-do-weels, I trow,
And the day that ye gaed near them first, that day we all shall rue."

"Cheer up, gudewife, cheer up, Jean—what's all this fuss?" quoth John—
"Gude troth a little matter gars a woman to take on—
It was but Charlie Howatt persuaded me to stay
To see the fun for once, and hear what the callants had to say—
But 'tis true ye speak, they're neer-do-weels—they are a Godless crew,
And I'll gang back nae mair, Jean, for I've seen and heard enow."

And 'tis, "Oh, John Craig—blythe woman—me now your words have made"—
And with that a rowth o' peats and sticks aboon the fire is laid—
And the auld green bottle is brought furth, and John his quagh runs o'er,
Sae kind the mistress had not been this mony a night before!
"And 'tis—touch your cup, John Craig, my man—for a weary way ye've been,
Now tell me all the fairlies—here's to you John," quo' Jean.

"A good ten thousand weavers and colliers from Tollcross,
Came marching down the Gallowgate in order firm and close,
In even file and order due, like soldiers did they come,
And their feet did beat, in union meet, to trumpet, fife, and drum.
And they had captains of their own, and banners red and blue,
That o'er their heads, with wicked words, and fearful symbols flew.

"They played the tune, whose echo brings to our ears delight—
They played *God save the King*, Jean, but I trow 'twas all in spite;
For I fear, had they their evil will, they would pull the old man down,
And place upon some rascal head old Scotia's golden crown.
But when I looked upon the loons, for feckless loons were they,
Thinks I, we'll have a tussel yet, ere ye shall have your way.

Now when they came into the field—the music it did cease,
And up a weaver mounted, that had better held his peace;
For when I heard him raving against both Lord and King,
Thinks I, your throat deserveth no neckcloth, save a string.
And when against God's word and law with merry jibes he spoke,
Thinks I, the day will come yet, ye'll repent ye of your joke.

But the darkest sight of all I saw, was the women that were there,
For they all had knots of colours threc, entwined among their hair;
And well I knew what meant the same, for knots like these were worn
When the French began to curse their king, and laugh their God to scorn;
When, to strumpets base, devoid of grace, the fools did bend their knees,
'Twas then three-coloured ribbons drove out the flower-de-llys.

"But, by God's grace, no such disgrace shall come upon our head,
Or stain our ancient Scutcheon's face—old Scotia's Lion Red;
For be the weavers what they will, we Country Lads are true,
And the hour they meet the country boys, that hour they'll dearly rue;
For our hearts are firm, our arms are strong, and bonny nags have we,
And we'll all go out with General Pye, and the upshot you shall see."

"Nay, God preserve the King," quoth Jean, "and bless the Prince, his son,
And send good trade to weaver lads, and this work will all be done;
For 'tis idle hand makes busy tongue, and troubles all the land
With noisy fools that prate of things they do not understand.
But if worse fall out, then up, my man—was never holier cause,
God's blessed word—King George's crown—and proud old Scotland's laws!"

THE WARDER.

No II.

"LET MINE ENEMY BE AS THE WICKED, AND HE THAT RISETH UP AGAINST ME AS THE UNRIGHTEOUS. —JOB XXVII 7

WHEN we last addressed our readers on the state of Public Affairs, and on the symptoms of the diseases of the times, the country was looking forward with strong and high hopes—which have not been disappointed—to the meeting of Parliament. All the lovers of freedom, order, and religion, and none but they can be lovers of the land in which all these Sanctities have so long dwelt inviolated, well knew, that when the Grand Council of the Nation assembled, the voice of Britain would be there lifted up in recognition and defence of those principles by which alone the glory of a great People can be upheld. That a black and evil spirit had been too long brewing among the dregs of society, and that that spirit had been stirred up, and fed, and strengthened by wicked men, who hoped to see it ere long burst out into conflagration, was, we may safely say, an almost universal belief; and the only difference of opinion among good and wise men was with regard to the greatness and the proximity of the danger. When the character of a people seems to be not only shaken and disturbed, but vitiated and poisoned,—when it is no longer mere discontent, or disaffection to government that is heard murmuring throughout the lower ranks of life—but a bold and fierce and reckless spirit of impiety and irreligion, it is the bounden duty of all who are free from that malignant disease, and resolved to arrest its progress, to become Alarmists. There is no reproach, but true praise in the epithet, when bestowed not on merest sticklers for men and measures—but on them who know, from the melancholy history of human nature, how rapid and deadly is the contagion of infidelity—how fearful its ravages when it is spread among the poor—how difficult the cure, but how easy the prevention. There is something cowardly in being prone to fear even the most angry and threatening discontent of the people—more especially in times of distress and privation; and there is no such proneness

now visible in the character of British statesmen. But not to fear, or at least not to prepare for resistance, when the object threatened or assailed is no other than the Religion of our country, would betoken a shocking insensibility to the blessings which it bestows, and a shocking ingratitude to the God by whom it was revealed.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that almost all persons of any degree of knowledge and education, have expressed alarm for their country, and, along with that alarm, a determination to guard its threatened blessings. The language of impiety has come upon their ears, not from the dark dens alone of our crowded cities, but even from the hamlet and the village that once stood in the peacefulness of nature, like so many little worlds, happy in the simplicity of their manners, the blamelessness of their morals, and the confidence of their faith. Accustomed as they had been to look with delight, and awe, and reverence, on all those forms and services of religion by which its Spirit is kept alive in men's hearts, and which have been created by the devout aspirations of human nature seeking alliance with Higher Power,—the most ordinary men were startled and confounded to hear all religious establishments with the foulest execrations threatened and assailed, and that Book from which all truth and knowledge has spread over the world, daily and weekly exposed, beneath the skies of Britain, to the most hideous profanation. The danger has not struck only the clear-sighted and the high-souled—but it has forced itself upon the thoughts of men of every character and condition; and the humblest and lowliest Christian has looked forth with sorrow from the quiet homestead of his own inoffensive and retired life, on the loud and tumultuous spirit of infidelity abroad in the world.

But it is not to be thought that, in a country like Britain, where there is and so long has been so much talent, genius, philosophy, and erudition,

the attacks now made on Christianity, though they ought to awaken among its defenders the watchfulness, need ever awaken the trepidation of fear. Every man, in truth, who loves Christianity and obeys its laws is a defender of the faith,—but there is a mightier band, both of the living and the dead, drawn up in this land of light around the strong-holds of our religion. And before Christianity could cease to be our creed, not only would it be necessary to burn or obliterate the magnificent library of the genius of England—but to root out from the deep soil of the English heart all the grand thoughts and lofty associations that have for centuries there grown and prospered—to cut down the mysterious groves of the imagination—to strip the whole region of the English spirit naked and bare—and to leave it without hope, or memory, or emotion, or passion, one wide and cheerless blank of sterility and desolation. This is a catastrophe which never can befall us. We have no fears lest the temples of the living God should be pushed from their base by the fierce but feeble hands of their wretched assailants. These blind and impious hordes seem to us like madmen impotently dashing themselves against impediments which to them seem tottering or air-built, but against whose massive and enduring strength they fall down in miserable pain and baffled ferocity. We who know what Christianity is—and what is and what has been the Christian church—will not endure the degradation of one moment's fear, lest the mean should overthrow the mighty—lest the wretched hands of the ignorant, the vile, and the wicked, stretched forth through the darkness in which they dwell, should be permitted to touch, much less to scatter, the unextinguishable beacon-light that burns on the altar of Religion.

But is there any man so senseless as not to know that Christianity may remain, pure and undefiled, the Religion of the land; and yet that there may, at the same time, be in that land much of the wickedness and the wretchedness of infidelity. Though we have no fears for Christianity, which is of God, are we to have none for Christians, who are but mere frail and falling men? Are the blasphemies of infidels not to be put down by punishment, because, forsooth, we are

told, that if our religion is from God, it stands in no need of the support of man, while, at the same time, we are beholding the hearts and the souls of all who join in such blasphemies, polluted, scared, and blasted? Who, but the infidel himself, ever ventured to affirm, that God gave us Christianity to be a blessing, that was to exist among us for ever, in spite of all ingratitude, contempt, scorn, and blasphemy? If it is from God, why care for seeing it subjected to the puny attacks of man? Oh! blind, base, and wicked thanklessness to our Benefactor! It is, we reply, *because our religion is from God*, that we will not suffer it to be profaned. If it were even the mere human invention of some benign philosopher, who had seen farther than his fellow-mortals into the mysteries of our souls, even then so much perfect beauty, and stainless purity, and unapproached sublimity, though of mortal birth, would have been guarded both by righteousness and by law, and we would have been to their blasphemers. But when God has sent down in mercy his own word unto earth, shall we dare to pride ourselves on our poor virtues of liberality, and toleration of what we are pleased to call the opinions of our brethren, and stand by without smiting the offender in his guilt, while the revelation that made us what we now are, and worthy of the higher destinies of futurity, is mocked by the mouths of the ignorant, the profligate, the ferocious, and the wicked? What promise has our Creator ever given to us—what reason can we draw from his moral government, that he will not, to punish sin and iniquity, allow the light of Christianity to be darkened all over the earth? The sins of a nation bring upon it all kinds of evil—weakness, disorder, convulsions, and revolution. Thence, too, the decay of all human virtues, and of all human knowledge. And are we to suppose, that Christianity is still to abide among the melancholy ruins—and that the wickedness of the creature shall no more move the Creator unto wrath? Let no man, then, dare thus to speak of his religion; for, after all, its temple is in the heart; and if our hearts can be so cold, so dead in the frost of ingratitude as not to burn and kindle up into indignation, when God himself is insulted, how may Chris-

tianity any longer abide there—Christianity, the religion, it is true, of gentleness and of love, but whose Sanctities, when profaned, are terrible, and will not be so profaned without a terrible vengeance being wrought by heaven on the guilty Nation.

What is there in the heart of man, beautiful or great, that is not from Heaven? Love, by which men are held together in communities, is from God. Its principles are laid by God in the intellect and the heart. Parental and filial love are from and of God—their uttermost perfection is brought to light in the Christian dispensation. All created existence is in God. What then is or can be meant by telling us, that Christianity needs not our support, and that it is at once cruel, and unjust, and needless to inflict punishment on its enemies? Will not parental love, that mingles with ineffable and blissful tenderness with the heart blood of all human life, support for ever its own fearless and undying energies? Will not filial love yearn, even to its latest day, towards the bosom on which it lay in its helplessness? Yet, is there no language in which the word—*Paricide*—is unknown. The light of nature, whether original or revealed, is put into our own keeping—we are bound to feed and to protect it—and, if needs must be, to punish all who seek to extinguish it, by the infliction of degrading, and shameful, and humiliating punishment.

With many of those acts to which law, with a necessary regard to the rights of the community, has adjudged punishment, there are in human nature many sources of sympathy; and this feeling not unfrequently renders such punishment nugatory, or at least greatly diminishes its efficacy in the prevention of crime. But there is one crime which shuts up the hearts of all against its perpetrator, and makes them to award and to witness his punishment with a stern and almost un pitying spirit. That is the crime of *Blasphemy*. In the *Blasphemer* we see the enemy of all the human race. We see him flinging poison into the well of life; and when we think that the poor who repair thither in their thirst for refreshment may drink pollution and death, from what corner of the satisfied conscience can come one single feeble whisper against in-

fllicting punishment on the merciless destroyer? We find ourselves sometimes driven to the stern necessity of putting a malefactor to death for some one dangerous and unpardonable crime. He has forfeited his life—and the forfeit must be paid. Say that he is a robber or a murderer—that he has violated property and shed blood. Never did there exist in any human society, robber and murderer who had the power of being so destructive by acts of violence and blood to his fellow creatures as the—*blasphemer*. The one disregards the commandment of God and man—the other would obliterate them—would break the tablets on which they are engraven. A thousand robberies and murders lie at the door of every blasphemer. Could we suppose Paine to have suffered separate punishment for each of all the capital crimes that he had virtually committed,—hour after hour, and day after day, must the bones of the unhappy wretch have been broken on the wheel. One act of guilt is perpetrated, and the actor must die. And shall the fiend, who by cowardice or fear merely has been prevented from the commission of every crime, and who devotes all the energies of his nature, such as they may be, to the destruction of those feelings and principles and beliefs by which the actions of mankind are either restrained or kindled, shall he be held to stand aloof in impunity, beyond the reach of human law, and sacred from the vengeance of the society which he is plotting to undermine and to overthrow? The universal voice, of conscience cries out for his punishment.

But, no one who is capable of knowing the dignity of human nature, supposes that, by the punishment of blasphemy, the sole good sought or gained, is either the prevention of the further crime of an individual, or even the reformation of that individual. A wrong has been done—an insult offered to the spirit of religion in men's hearts—and unless the sin against God and the divine influence be punished, society would feel as if it retained the blasphemer within its bosom, and become a party in his crime. There must for such fault be an expiation ordained even by a human tribunal. Nature calls that criminal to the bar—and delivers him up to justice. None can

doubt or question the right which society holds of doing with the blasphemer whatsoever it will, who knows any thing of what Christianity is, or the principles by which alone can exist the great nations of Christendom. It is most true, that Christianity is with us part of the law of the land,—and it would be strange if it were not;—but however that may be—it is the law of God, and the law of nature admits it into our hearts; and, therefore, it is a crime to touch it with an unhallowed hand, and a crime whose punishment carries with it its own vindication.

It is therefore unworthy of any man of intellect to talk about the evil which is done by trials for blasphemy. If a crime is perpetrated, it must be punished—and he must have a poor opinion both of the laws of God, and the constitution of human nature, who thinks that a Christian society can be deterred by *fear* from the punishment of guilt. It is most true, that the wickedness of the blasphemer is aggravated by any evil that may result from the publicity which must be given to some portion of his blasphemy, by the only means that society can take for its ultimate suppression, and his immediate punishment. That guilt is on his own head. But though his impieties may, indeed must, in the course of justice, be made visible to some eyes which had otherwise been saved from the foulness, can that be held as an argument against passing sentence on them at all, and for suffering them to float over the whole of society, unbranded with the stigma of a righteous law? No man can think so. However hideous the crime of blasphemy—and however lamentable that the innocent should be almost obliged to hear or to look on it, when brought forward even for the purpose of punishment,—that evil is light and trifling indeed, compared to that which would spring out of impunity—for then we should seem to have abandoned, as it were, the cause of nature and of God. It is well that the religious mind should not be exposed to the contamination that there is felt to be in the mere knowledge that such foul things have been conceived and written, but, if they have been so conceived and written, is it better that they should be suffered, silently and surely,

to scatter themselves abroad, or that they should be fearlessly grasped by the law, and when by it exhibited, exhibited with the seal of reprobation affixed to them, to universal loathing, execration, and scorn? It would not only be weak but wicked to know that infidelity was openly at work, and yet to be afraid of arresting the evil spirit as he was selling perdition. We have remarked, that though many of our periodical writers have lamented (and who would not) that the conviction of that caitiff Carlisle was necessarily accompanied with the publication of some of his hideous impieties, yet that none have regretted or blamed the trial of such a pest, but men of the very narrowest intellect, or those who, in their secret souls, are unbelievers like himself, and would fain, by some plausible plea, shield such criminals from punishment.

Nor, on such occasions, has the self-named philosopher been silent—and we have been told, that *OPINIONS* must be put down, not by the pains of law, but by the power of reason. *OPINIONS!*—Of what do such persons speak? Has intellect any fetters imposed upon it in this country? May it not think—speculate—theorize—doubt—attack—and overturn? And in what place, or in what time of the world, were all kinds of *OPINIONS* so freely and boldly, and even audaciously promulgated, without fear of either stop or stay?—Never in any country was the human intellect so free—and heaven forbid that we should seek to abridge its freedom. But though virtue, and knowledge, and sense, and philosophy, should be free, because they will nobly repay their freedom to the state,—who contends, and with what motives, for uncontrolled liberty to vice, ignorance, madness, and folly? Have they a right to be free? or rather, is there not an obligation laid by liberty and knowledge on those whose country is blessed by their light, to bind, and shackle, and scourge, and punish, what is at eternal enmity with all most glorious and sacred to man? *OPINIONS!*—they are the fruit of thought—and such is the honour in which intellect is held in this country, that its very errors are respected, and we look with pardon even upon falsehood, if we are assured that the intellect has embraced it, mistaking it

for truth. But the foul and obscene blasphemies of which we speak, cannot, without the violation, not of language only, but of all feeling and thought, be for a single moment, denominated *OPINIONS*! They are conceived in the most deplorable ignorance—cherished in defiance of the conviction of their falsehood—expressed in words abhorrent from every emotion or faculty by which human nature is ennobled—disseminated in the spirit of wickedness among minds totally incapable of judging of the awful subjects which they vilify—sold by cold-blooded cupidity and insensate selfishness to poverty that, under the delusion of its darkness and its distress, barters its last rag for perdition.

It is not to be endured, that in this land that has so long held its faith in the open light of day, and at all times possessed champions willing to meet the infidel, it should be said even by her most degenerate sons, that *OPINION* has not a fair field. On the contrary, we could almost be disposed to think that christian divines have sometimes, we will not say degraded themselves, but stooped from their high place, to meet the atheist or the deist who, with all his loud vaunts, was at the time an object only of pity and of scorn. The wickedness of the infidels of the present day is almost lost sight of in the folly of their pride. It is on their *intellect* that they depend! They see through the delusions under which the wisest of men have lain; they discern the monstrous contradictions and inconsistencies of that evidence on which the best of men have trusted to the truth of revelation—they discover imperfections even in that morality which the purest of men have regarded as a standard to be looked up to with ennobling but hopeless aspirations; and who are they who have done and are doing all this, and would fain burst the bubble of Christianity,—why, they are the most ignorant, the most vile, the most selfish, the most profligate, and the most wicked of mankind. And it is they who would substitute reason for faith—who, alas! stand at zero on the scale of intellect, and never from their birth to their death shall comprehend, or catch even one single glimpse of one of the least perplexing mysteries of our nature.

It may perhaps be thought, that we state this too strongly, for that all men are agreed in their contempt of the radicals in religion. But have we not, during some of the late discussions which the act against blasphemous writings occasioned, heard the names of Calvin and Luther, and of other great reformers, mentioned by persons who ought better to have known how, and when, and where to speak of the benefactors of mankind? Little can they know of the real blessings of the Reformation, or of the sublime intellects which wrought it, who could endure to think of the one or the other in the same mood of mind in which they regarded the proceedings of our modern infidels. It is a shocking and a senseless abuse of the great events of history, or the mighty achievements, and the noble enterprises, and the unconquerable characters of its personages, to employ them as vague and indefinite arguments to sanction things, or opinions, or any courses either of action or of thought, that may happen to bear some *seeming* resemblance to them, but that are ever separate and opposed by a thousand *essential* differences. It is true, that all the immortal reformers of old had to contend against many of the most inveterate prejudices of human nature. And it was theirs to dispel the mists which hung over Christianity. Shall it be said, that the present reformers of religion too have their prejudices to fight against—and that they have to dispel the mists which are breathed *from* Christianity? But no person of common capacity will listen to such foolishness, or think, because wisdom, and virtue, and knowledge, and zeal, and rational piety, met in their day with opposition from authorities which they succeeded in laying prostrate, and in building on their ruins the temples of truth, that *therefore*, folly, and vice, and ignorance, and impiety, should be now-a-days granted privileges which to them were denied, and that we have no right to guard religion by the terrors of law against the wicked and the dark, because our ancestors were unable to guard superstition against the good and the enlightened. Look at the *end* which our reformers have in view—and look at the *means* by which they hope to attain it—and then say, if any Christian government

were not mad that did not crush them by the severest enactments. There is something, at first hearing, suspicious in one single expression in favour of liberty for such men. For, what if they were all, in one single day, put down into everlasting silence and oblivion? What thing, civil or sacred, human or divine, could suffer from their destruction? It is true, that with all their wickedness, and all their power of evil, no true Christian would wish them to be treated with cruelty, and no true religion would desire them to be overwhelmed by oppression—but all that Christian charity is called upon to do is to forgive them, and all that civil liberty ought to do is to endure them so long as they do not violate the laws; he is neither a Christian nor a freeman, who raves only at rights which it is impossible for them to possess, and who, even when he beholds their unwearied and unextinguishable hatred of all noble things, gives vent to his declamatory love of liberty, in resistance to those enactments which can affect only its foulest and most inveterate enemies.

Whoever has paid any attention to the history of religion in this island knows, that the blasphemies which are now circulated throughout town and country are the same that have been so frequently issued and have again fallen into disrepute, since the days of Tindall and Collins. All the arguments of the deists have been refuted over and over again many hundred times—so false and foolish is it to say that any other power but that of reason has been brought to bear against infidelity. But some wicked spirits appear every twenty years, and dig up the buried blasphemy—to each generation of youth the objections of the infidel appear to be new—the ignorant inexperienced mind is staggered for a while by arguments that before its ripper judgment fall asunder into shapeless pieces—and the man looks back with contempt on the delusions practised upon the boy. But it ever must be the fate of religion, so long as the human mind is constituted as it now is, and so long as the Evidences of Revelation remain the same, to enter the minds of millions through the gates of Doubt. Nor is this to be deplored:—for faith, though a gift, is a gift that must be won. But it is a sufficient answer to those purblind philosophers

who are averse to all legal enactments against infidelity, lest they arrest the progress of Thought and Opinion, that infidelity has, in fact, no thoughts or opinions at all—that the vender of blasphemy steals and does not produce—that instead of trusting to his own thoughts, he rakes out of the dust the buried falsehood, and the convicted lie—that it is from depravity of heart, and meanness of capacity, that he is unable to comprehend the evidences and doctrines of Christianity—that it is to him a relief to shut his eyes to that beauty and that sublimity which is knowledge too high for him, and to take refuge from those duties of thought which faith imposes on all, among the coarseness, the hardness, and the brutality of a creed, not as he would make others believe, of reason, but of the senses.

How widely and deeply the spirit of infidelity may at present be interfused with the character of the English people, it would be rash for any man to pretend to decide; but that it is an element, and a prime element too, of the present condition of the popular mind, as it has been lately exhibited in ways so hostile to the whole principles of the constitution, is certain; and this is a truth which ought not for one moment to be lost sight of by those who wish to promote their country's weal. The temper of the people, that is to say, of that part of them who have lately forgotten themselves and their country, is precisely that in which infidelity delights. It exhibits a blind and angry opposition to all established authorities—a scorn of many things that in a kindlier mood they were wont to respect—a distempered eagerness to swallow novelties from whatever quarter they come—a sad dereliction of many of those domestic habits which were once the preservation of virtue and happiness,—and it may be said, without injustice, sometimes a fierceness and a ferocity certainly alien to their nature, and not to be entirely accounted for on the ready and sweeping principle of distress. It is not to be denied by any one, that there is apparent, on the face of the times, to an extent that is undefined, a disturbance of men's minds from the old opinion and feeling that are hereditary in the country. The country itself has been shaken and unsettled by the events of many years. Its agitated

struggles, during a long period, and the agitations which on all sides have surrounded it—its alternations of unexampled prosperity and terrible distress, have thrown the mind and estate of the whole people off their natural bias, so that, when we look over the prospect of our public affairs, we see something dubious, perplexed, and undefined, that clouds over and disguises that inward stability and strength, which, in a country of such ancient and enduring greatness, it is not to be feared, must still subsist undecayed. But the countenance of the times bears in it trouble and alarm, not merely in the dangers which the moment announces, but in the spirit upon which the more distant future depends. The mind of the nation seems shaken from some of its ancient strong-holds—it seems as if it had less confidence in its past self, and were less under the dominion of the great ages of its history. There is seen, on the one side, a restless spirit of innovating speculation, a diseased independence of opinion which draws every one infected with it away from the dominion of the great leading

truths which have at all times held society together, betraying them to a belief in the sufficiency of their own understandings, beyond which they imagine that they need no subjection. And on the other side, we are forced to allow, that there has not been constantly exhibited that simple, calm, courageous reliance upon the cause on which they stand, but in too many a ready apprehension, a timid expectation, and even fear, which makes them clamorous in alarm, and disposes them to an eager violence in the measures of self-preservation. If we could be assured, that the ancient, simple manhood of the spirit of the nation were still in its full force, that the manly sense which was united to noble imagination and deep affection was still unimpaired, and the integrity of their union unimpeached—if the perfect simplicity of domestic manners, and the calm happiness of life were still without taint, there could be no room for fear; but we confess, that there is something unquiet and suspicious at the heart of society, that might almost seem to augur darkly of the future fortunes of the land.

THE WARDER.

No III.

"THEY LAY WAIT FOR THEIR OWN BLOOD: THEY LURK PRIVILY FOR THEIR OWN LIVES."
PROVERBS I. 18.

IN the immediate disorder of the times, namely, the hostility that has been for sometime in agitation against the government, the most marked feature is its—Licence. Declarations against property and against religion, have been coupled on the tongue of those who have been the foremost to give voice to the troubled spirit of their times, with railings against authority—and such Declarations have certainly found too ready a welcome, and too loud an echo. It would ill become any man who speaks at such a time, to disparage the character and spirit of those whom their own distress and ignorance may have thrown under the delusion of artful men, and exposed that character to taint and deterioration. But it cannot be doubted, that the publications of which we speak, have found a wide circulation in the country by that spirit which would once have excluded them from

circulation at all. Now, if this be true,—if there be an unsettled and disturbed spirit,—if the old foundations are shaken,—if there be an uncertain disposition in numberless minds, and an unsteady hope,—is it not the very time when there is danger in such Declarations? The strong and steadfast will which should cast them off is not in its hour of strength. We cannot tell how far they may circulate, how deep they may reach. They are poison wafting in the air, and what if the body by its condition receive infection? We speak not in despondency or fear; but there is something of a distempered condition in the mind and body of the country, and now an evil threatens to assail it and hovers over it, expressly suited to that condition.

The essence of such declarations is rebellion against all Law. It is not

of their wickedness we speak—but of their essential hostility to human society. It matters not from whom they come, or for what design; but if they find acceptance,—if they are used as a watchword, and can be acknowledged as a principle in any confederation of opinion, they give the character to the whole league to which they belong. In that light they are important in any estimate of the times, and they brand the Party that does not trample them under foot.

On such grounds as these, it is plain, that what is now important to every man's consideration of the times, is not the Political but the Moral state of the country. There seems a danger creeping on and infusing itself into the state far greater than any which threatens it from the ill-concerted designs of turbulent demagogues, but which yet derives strength from such designs. The array of hostility under such leaders, the meditation of political achievements, the restlessness of political combinations—all throw open the mind to the influence of such doctrines. They tear it from its settled hold on life,—they sever it from all the good obligations under which it has been bound, and from all the mild influences to which it has owed its virtue; they take it for a possession unto a worse power. The man is no longer his own who is enveloped in the association of a dangerous desperate faction. His will is bereft him, his understanding is suspended. He is given up to those to whom he belongs, and whatever mischief may be current among them, he must receive into his soul. Then it is that the tenets of the wicked are pernicious—then it is that the tongue of lies, the daring, blaspheming tongue, darts its arrows into men's hearts. Then it is that the licentious Will rejoices in its own corruption, and extends its depravity over the whole circle of human action. The doctrines that are now heard, even if they are not held by many, are therefore of serious portent, because they are lawlessness at its most accursed height,—if they are not rejected, they are entertained, and if they are in any degree entertained, the mind is overthrown. That mind can no longer love law in any shape. Law is the subjection of the mind, which is abhorrent to it, if the holiness of

law did not entirely quell and overpower its repugnance. But the moment that holiness is attained, then the natural abhorrence of the will rises in full force against law, and corrupts all opinion. If there be any such state in the times, then these blasphemies are pernicious tenfold, as there is in their circulation and acknowledgment, a sort of acceptance of a curse. They are like an intense flame of hellish fire, which quickens by its presence the germs of hellish life in men's hearts, and absolutely converts them into demons.

We would wish to speak with fairness of all parties in the state. But if there be any party—any individual who can look with composure or indifference, or favour, on the doctrines now held, or rather flung like fire-brands among an inflammable populace by the mouth-pieces of reform, the country will hold them accursed, and when peaceful and tranquil and sedate and happy times come to us again,—their conduct, they may well be assured, will not be forgotten,—but the indignant spirit of the land will repel from its happiness and its glory the base and abject spirits who could tamely witness its degradation, and who could tolerate the savage cries of the vile and the wicked, when raised against that Constitution to which all the nations of the earth look with envy, and under which Britain has altered and elevated the destinies of the world.

In times of public emergency, the minds of all those who know no political spirit but the love of their country, turn their first expectation to the constituted authorities of the state. It is possible that in calmer seasons they have been accustomed to regard these authorities with suspicion; and knowing what temptations power yields to ambition, they may have thought it their duty to follow with watchfulness and jealousy the measures of men whose every act must be either for the benefit or the injury of their country. But if these suspicions of the tendencies and excess of power are not to be remitted, far less must a Patriot suffer to escape from his mind his knowledge and understanding of the office for which that government exists. For he knows that in established and powerful government alone can the order of society subsist. He knows that that

constituted power to which the whole nation is subjected, is the bond of its united being ;—that if they have laws, morals, domestic happiness, public welfare, liberty, an independent existence, a name in the world, it is because they have a government, and are through all their members a constituted state, of which state the bond and strength is in that power to which the whole is under subjection. He never dreams, in his watchfulness of public men, of misdoubting the constitution of things under which he lives, or divides for a moment the idea of individual welfare from that powerful and coercive order which reigns over society. In times of pregnant and menacing importance, when danger has sprung up within the bosom and vitals of his country, is fear of the government to be his first and ruling impulse ? Or will he not, if he be a noble-minded man, rather give credit to the government for something of his own patriotism and his own love of liberty—confess to himself that that secondary and incidental character of authority—namely, a disposition to entrench on the rights of those under it—will give way in them, as it would in himself, to the glorious opportunity of restoring quiet to a disturbed people—and see in authority only its great, original, constituent, essential character of being, as it is, the represented majesty and the collective embodied power of the state ? He may hope and desire that they will not avail themselves of the occasion of strengthening their power, and may not overact the necessity of the occasion. But he will desire, above all things, that they should shew themselves resolute, firm, and strong—that they should wield the power committed to them without fear, and shew the front of their purpose without reserve or hesitation, and unappalled. For himself, he will understand that to direct his own force against that embodied power, is to aggravate the general danger. He will feel that the time demands his obedience and not his control ; and that if he would strengthen the cause of the common welfare, he must add himself to the virtual strength of the state, in whatever hands it may be held. He who acts otherwise, is not worthy of his native land.

That the present is such a juncture,

a vast majority of the gentlemen of England believe ; and many of them have, to their honour, flung aside their hostility to government, and joined heart and hand in support of measures, to which in less troubled times they never would have yielded assent, but which they have wisely considered to be now necessary to the salvation of the country. One point at least in the science of government is clear. If it is important that the people should obey the authorities of the state, it must be important that they should hold them in reverence. Their very place ought to command a certain reverence in those who are to obey. The natural disposition of a people is to obedience and reverence. The high places of power are lifted up above their speculation, and they are willing to believe in the sufficiency of those who fill them. Thus do they of themselves annex reverence to authority, and invest the persons of those who stand in high office with the dignity that belongs to their station. This is the order of nature. It is a great provision laid in the minds of men for the security and peace of society. Without this no society could maintain its peace—no state could be established among men. Therefore are those persons hostile to the order of society, and foolish in their designs, who in any government employ themselves in exposing to the contempt, and derision, and aversion of the multitude, the faults and follies of their rulers. Much more are they enemies to their country, who call the coarse audacious gaze of the multitude upon the defects of its constitution. There is a course for wise patriots to hold. They will resist with strenuous might the encroachments of power. They will give the strength and labour of life, and if need be, life itself, to the service of freedom.* But they will never call in the ignorant, the deluded, the gross, the licentious, to be their helpmates in the intellectual and virtuous labour of removing imperfection from the laws under which they live. They will not invite the people of the country to be judges of the laws which they are born to obey—they will not ask their plaudits, their concurrence, their laughter, to the service of the difficult and hazardous undertaking of reform. What end is to be answered by the diligent pains that are taken to lower,

in the eyes of the people, that body in which the government of the country most especially resides, in detailing to them abuses in the constitution of their parliament? The great question, at every moment to the people, cannot be, is our government constituted on such or such a theory? But is it our government at all? This is what is done in effect, when such questions are thrown to debate among the people. They are not called upon to judge of a fact—to know if such a right is constitutionally chartered to them, and unconstitutionally withheld—but they are requested to consider of a theory of government—to satisfy themselves of its adaptation to the natural fitness of things, and to give their opinion upon the time and means of accommodating to it the government of their own country. Can any thing be more outrageous to natural sense, than to propose such deliberations to such counsellors. Who is there that can do it in simplicity of purpose? Who without taking upon himself the crime of disturbing those minds from their allegiance whom he has called from their natural peace, to such distempered and unnatural speculation?

But, corruptions and abuses have crept in, and must be extirpated. Let them be extirpated, if it can be done, but by what hands? Do these reasoners imagine as soon as they have pointed out a fault, a gross fault it may be, in the state of government, that if it is not forthwith set to rights, the aggrieved people are to be called in to rectify it? Do they persuade themselves that the constitution of human affairs is so ordered that this medicine can now and then be administered, and with salutary effect? Let them look to the history of all government—to the constitution of all states upon earth, and then compare what they see with what has existed, and is possible among men, and not with their own theories. There must be abuses, great and gross in human government, with a tendency to accumulation. A just man will contend against them. A just government will, in peaceful times, part even with power of its own to purge them; but no government will tolerate that they should be purged by the uplifted and menacing hand of the people, and no just and wise man will the remedy from such a quar-

ter. There are abuses, but for what purpose are they continually hung out to the admiration of the people? Is it not to ask for their interposition? Then, what madness is it to weaken their obedience for no end whatever? Do these men not know what men are? Do they not know by what species of beings human laws have been constituted, and must be administered? Do they imagine it would be wise, and for the happiness of life, if the secrets of any man's life could be laid bare, and every heart disclosed to every human being who is concerned in its good and evil? If not—if human life is not so constituted—if all happiness would be withered away, and dashed out of existence by such a discovery—if it is most important in every point of our life, our peace, our virtue, our acquiescence in our lot, that such disclosures should be withheld from us—if the cloud in which half our interests of every kind are enfolded, is mercifully adapted to our own infirmity and imperfection—what wisdom is there in those who would tear from the eyes of the most ignorant of men, that ignorance which enables them to acquiesce in their destiny and all its duties.

If these principles be sound, our wonder must be great to hear any person who has at all scrutinized the character of those disturbed Assemblages which have of late been so frequent, interpret them as falling under the chartered description of assemblies for petition of redress. What does the liberty of the land require when the people are aggrieved, but that the governing authorities of the state should *know* the sentiments of the people? What more does the charter of liberty guarantee them, than the means of making their sentiments *known*? The constitution presumes that the government of this country in king, lords, and commons, will not be insensible to the known and avouched sentiments of the people. That is its reliance; and for that it has provided. But the least step beyond this, the least swerving aside from this prescribed course, is a dereliction of the constitution—a violation of it. It has made no provision that the people should intimidate the authorities to which it has subjected them. The very name of a resolution offends against its wisdom, and it ex-

pects the remonstrance of an obedient and faithful people in the language of petition. What then must a government think and feel when it sees, on the assemblings of the people for remonstrance, the countenance of intimidation? What, but that it is beginning to be made a question to what hands the government of the country is to be confided? It is a most fatal blindness to the reality of things, to imagine that the array of such meetings is an idle folly, and nothing more. To the people it is every thing. It is far more than the purpose of the meeting; far more than the foolish arrogance of their resolutions. It is in their eyes a declaration of their power, and of the character which they choose it should put on. Yet even in that, no doubt they have been often blinded and deceived themselves, not consciously avowing even to their own minds the meaning of the ostentation, but carrying away their hearts full of its effect. For in these, as in all popular disorders, it is to be understood that the overt and express act is the act of the most daring and unprincipled leaders,—and that the greater multitude lend, voice, heart, and hand, even to the act, without ever fully conceiving what is the nature and extent of the mischief which they are working.

If such be the essential elements of all Meetings of this kind, how can any student of the history of his country delude himself into a belief that they can be either beneficial or harmless—and how dare he to declare that they are constitutional? The least tumultuous, the least audacious of them, all, must not be honoured by so noble an epithet; while there have been some on which it has, with a miserable prostitution, been bestowed, that stood in fierce and frowning rebellion against the state. Let it not be said that any assemblage of the people can be constitutional that is irrational and absurd. The spirit of the British constitution is one of wisdom, and shall it sanction acts of folly and madness? It is popular—it loves and would protect the people, but can it bear to see the people drawn from their occupations and their firesides by the seductions of demagogues—excited by inflammatory and seditious harangues into the brain fever of intoxication,—and then all huddled together into one crowd

of poverty, ignorance, discontent, profligacy, and sedition? Or say that the assemblages of the people have a more orderly character,—are they, on that account, less dangerous to the state? What and who made them orderly? By what processes have all their discordant materials been made to coalesce, and that hideous mass to hang together like a system? Is that a constitutional spirit which calls out the unemployed artisan from his miserable hearth, and exasperates his distress into disaffection—which feeds poverty not with bread but with words steeped in rancour against his rulers,—which tells the people to forget their wives, their children, and themselves, till by their joint efforts they have overturned the government, and erected another its stead—which, by unremitting and multifarious exertions among men of blasted character, or of no character at all, have at last moulded to motion and consistency hundreds of thousands of human beings who neither have nor can have the slightest understanding of that system which they are raging to overthrow, and who, had they their wills but for a single day, would drench in blood the beautiful fields of England? And when such Assemblages become, day after day, more orderly, more subject to the command of their wicked leaders—when, at last, they are *bona fide* an army, marching neither loosely nor weaponless—what infatuation to believe that they have become CONSTITUTIONAL by the very means that have, at last, rendered them truly formidable to the state, and LEGAL because there they stand trained, and determined, and able, to resist the execution of the laws.

It is fortunate, that there is no mystery in the highest principles of legislation and government. Ordinary men of ordinary education, can understand them all—and it requires not so much talent, as a good spirit, to see when they are threatened, and how, when in danger, they should be brought to act. The sense of the country will judge for itself, of the character of all great public events; and though it will listen, it will not be dictated to by professional men, on subjects which so deeply concern its own welfare. Had all the lawyers in England been of opinion that the great Manchester meeting was LEGAL, that

opinion would have had no greater weight with the people of England, than a report on the same subject from Bedlam. It is not by a reference to statutes alone, that in times of great public danger like these, we are to try the legality of mobs. There can be no question, that the Manchester meeting offended against the statute; but even had there been no statute for it to offend, it offended against, for it threatened the right of property; and it offended against, for it threatened the right of life. It was a meeting that breathed fear and terror through the heart of a vast town—that stopped its pulses, and held it in shuddering expectation of plunder and fire. Could any thing be more ludicrous, than a lawyer rising up in all his pride of place and profession—and waving with his hand into silence, all other orders of uninitiated men; that they might hear, as it were, a response from an oracle, whose afflatus was divine, on a subject that was already clearer than the day to all mankind—and yet, descending in the most unaccountable manner from his tripod, without uttering a single word, except to declare that he had not yet consulted the god, but that he would most assuredly shew himself in inspiration, on an early day of the ensuing week?

But we hear no more now about the legality of that Meeting—and that Party, who have shewn themselves so much more desirous of turning out the Ministry, than of assisting the State, have sneaked away from the ground they at first attempted to occupy—and abandoning their legal and constitutional friends, the Radicals—but now legal and constitutional no more—they content themselves in asserting, that blamable, as that often lauded assemblage was, it was not dispersed as it should have been, and that illegality was there illegally put down. It is needless for us to enter into a full discussion of this point—for, we firmly believe, that after undergoing more violent and gross injustice than ever was accumulated on the heads of any body of men, the magistrates of Manchester stand, even now, not only acquitted, but justified before the country.

But we must never forget, for the sake of other men in authority, who may in future times of danger be called upon to act for the preservation of

public order, the base arts, of delusion, concealment, misrepresentation, exaggeration, calumny, and falsehood, by which it was attempted to make out a case against those magistrates, and to hold them up as the cruel and cowardly shedders of innocent blood. And first of all, with what blind boldness, and headstrong ignorance, was it trumpeted forth in writing and in speech, that the meeting dispersed was an innocent, laudable, useful, loyal, and constitutional meeting. These assertions, which, melancholy to know, were made by too many men of education and birth, circulated rapidly throughout the land—and once believed, the foolish and wicked falsehood took root in the mind of the people, has never yet been wholly extirpated, and not only disposed them, but, we will say it to their exculpation, and to the ineffaceable stigma of their betrayers, almost justified them in their subsequent hatred of those Authorities. It was next asserted, that the magistrates never even thought of arresting the demagogue* by the civil power, which might easily have been done—but, that soon as they saw the great crowd swollen to its full tide by the streams that came pouring into it from a hundred channels, they ordered the military to dash in, and to murder the people. Then came the pictures of the charge, drawn with such hideous exaggeration, as might suit those tastes to which they were to be exhibited—men, women, and children, lying in indiscriminate slaughter, and the field of Peterloo, drenched, reeking, and slippery with blood. The magistrates were described as standing aloof, like Napoleon and his Staff on Mont St Jean; directing, and enjoying the extermination of life. All decency—sense—reason—was now laid aside—in speaking or writing of the events of that day. It was the Manchester massacre—the bloody butchery—the carnage of Peterloo—the day of death, in which 50,000 unoffending people were trodden down, trampled upon, shot, bayoneted, sabred, and cut to pieces. A foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with our language, would have believed from some of the newspapers and gazettes of Manchester, that England was in a civil war, that a great battle had been fought, and that the one army had been totally destroyed.

Shame to such of the gentlemen of

England, and shame to such of her Peers, as tuned their spirits to such a strain! Such raving might have been expected from the angry artisan who in his hunger felt himself betrayed—it was worthy of the baffled villains who had betrayed him; and some part of it was to be forgiven from the friends of those few who unfortunately lost their lives on that day. But such language was pollution to other lips—nor could it have dwelt for a moment on the lips of a man of any condition—that is, of any education—till he had first flung from him his reason and his justice, forgot all his previous habits of thought, judgment, and expression, and descended from that elevation on which his birth or his acquirements had placed him, down into the lowest depths of the rabble, deplorably assimilating himself in tone, gesture, thought, feeling, and words, with the basest, and foulest, and fiercest of mankind.

How the countenance of each grim incendiary must have glared with savage joy, when, as he brooded in his lonesome den over schemes of pillage and murder, or met his accomplices in some secret conclave for mutual exasperation of each other's hearts, a newspaper may have been put into his hand, whose columns he saw filled with his own language—his own no more—but adopted in the very garb in which it shook the shambles, by squire, and knight, and lord, all emulous to surpass each other in their imitation of the spirit and the manner of the great masters of modern eloquence! The falling away of the lower orders of society from their ancient character, is, in these times, sufficiently to be deplored; but the country would indeed have been lost, had they to whom we allude been true specimens of her gentry and nobility, and had they not stood aloof and by themselves (a band too numerous by far, for the disgrace of one such degenerate son would have been disgrace enough to the land that bore him), despised at the time by all others, and now, beyond doubt, despised by themselves.

Some of them indeed have recanted, and retracted, and qualified—and that too with an air of dignity and self-congratulation as if their candour made them objects of approbation and esteem. But they who know the foulness of their offences, and their

fatal effects, will give them no credit for unsaying what it was shameful for them ever to have said; and they will see the distinction between a patriot nobly confessing himself to have been mistaken even in things which he had dispassionately studied, and a partizan driven by the sense of the country, reluctantly to eat up words by which he had defamed bodies of men who were defending the State, and what was far worse, encouraged bodies of men who were struggling for its overthrow. It is impossible to calculate the effect produced on the rebellious populace, by the lies about sharpened sabres—the murdering of infants in their mothers' arms—the interference of the regular troops to stop the fury of the Yeomanry—and to rescue the defenceless and unresisting from their insatiable lust of blood. Were the gentlemen who, under the most unardonable delusion, if, indeed, it be an abuse of language to call that delusion into which they fell of themselves, without any arts having been practised upon them by any magic more potent than the Pressman and Editor of a radical newspaper—we say, that were the gentlemen who sent forth over a populace already irritated to madness, those pernicious falsehoods under the sanction of their name and authority, to stand in the marketplace of Manchester doing penance in a sheet, such punishment would be inadequate to their offence, nor could it, though repeated once a week for a year, do away the evil which that offence produced.

It has been the uniform practice of ministers to communicate to the Civil Authorities who have, in dangerous emergencies, been called out to act for the preservation of public order, their approbation of the measures adopted by them, provided those measures have seemed justifiable and salutary. Ministers did so in the present instance. And how was this communication of theirs represented by the party? As something monstrous—as not only sanctioning murder, but expressing pleasure that blood had been shed. The plainest words were wrested from their only possible meaning: and the government of the country, while doing that which all governments had done, and which, had they hesitated to do, they would have shewn themselves a timid and dastardly and pusill-

lanimous government, altogether unfit to be at the head of affairs in such times as these—were branded as the abettors of murder, and with “breathless haste,” communicating to murderers their satisfaction at the loss of English life. The odium which was thrown on ministers fell back on the civil authorities of Manchester—and the thanks of a just and intrepid government awoke the curses of a wild and abandoned mob. The Party were determined not to lose the advantage which they imagined they had gained by those fatal events, which, judging by their conduct, all but themselves deplored—and they shewed what sort of grief was theirs for the unavoidable death of some of their countrymen, by aggravating that seditious spirit which had caused that death, and brought so many thousand lives into jeopardy; and by basely misrepresenting the language of ministers, so as to render them odious and hateful to the people. So far from ministers having with breathless haste sent off their sanction of acts, of which they knew nothing, that it is now notorious to the whole nation, and it might then, without any stretch of candour, have been presumed, that it was not till after several days and nights of the most anxious and intense consideration of all the circumstances of the case, that they communicated to the civil authorities their satisfaction with the conduct which they had been necessitated to pursue. Can any such monstrous absurdity be maintained, as that no ministers shall dare publicly to bestow approbation on the conduct of any of the servants of the state, till that conduct has first been subjected to the inquisition of the tribunal of the public? Who would serve a state whose ministers were to be so thankless and so cowardly? And by what tenure could any civil authority be held? By that of fear alone—fear of that very people whom that authority was created to control. Had ministers indeed acted thus, and abandoned the civil authorities to the rage of the rabble, they would not only have sacrificed those local magistrates, but they would have sacrificed themselves and their country. It is the duty of a government to trust to its servants, and not to suffer that trust to be shaken by popular injustice. It is their duty to judge for themselves, by what they know, of the conduct of

their servants; and if they are satisfied with it, fearlessly to proclaim that satisfaction. If they have weak and wicked servants, and approve their errors or their crimes, they will not, in this country, be suffered to do so with impunity, but will be overwhelmed by the only voice which a ministry ought to respect or need to fear, the voice of the nation.

We have been led to say this much on a subject which, in parliament, was made the chief charge against Ministers, and by which the Opposition vainly endeavoured to render them odious to the country. But all the delusions seem now to have been dissipated under which the minds of so many lay—and all the falsehoods refuted by which the indignation of so many had been excited against the ministry and the magistracy,—an indignation that has now found a different and proper object. We have said that it would be impossible here to enter upon any defence of the local authorities of Manchester,—but we cannot help reminding such of our readers as may have forgotten it, what had been the disturbed and dangerous state of the popular mind in the north of England, for a long time previous to the events in question, and what had been the conduct of those very magistrates during that trying period. Was it likely that the persons who had proved their moderation, their sense, and their courage, not only on various occasions of actual outrage, but throughout the whole course of their conduct, in the midst of disaffection, discontent, and violence, should, all at once, have lost both head and heart, and have been transformed out of conscientious and intrepid men, into blood-thirsty and cowardly slaves?—The meeting at Manchester bore upon it the insignia of rebellion—and they who knew nothing of the previous state of that part of the north of England saw in it enough to excite a strong and rational fear. But the full danger and the full wickedness of that meeting could be known and felt only by those who knew what had long been the obnoxious proceedings of its chiefs. For several years had the most desperate characters been holding meetings, at which violence was threatened to all government and all law,—itinerant orators had spread revolutionary doctrines through all the

surrounding villages, and the press had reached the last audacity of wickedness, teeming with sedition and blasphemy. It is all very easy to say why were such things permitted? that is not the question—they existed. On the 10th of March 1817, a meeting of the reformers was held in Manchester, and the magistrates, deeming that meeting illegal, ordered the military to surround the hustings, and the constables to seize the orators—no resistance was made, and, therefore, no bloodshed ensued. The thanks of government were given to the magistrates, and their conduct approved of by the whole country. There can be no doubt that such determined conduct at that time prevented a great deal of mischief. We know that in other counties serious disturbances broke out—that many atrocities were committed—and that blood had to flow upon the scaffold.

But bad as the popular spirit was in Manchester and the neighbourhood in 1817, in 1819 it was a thousand times worse. The press had urged the reformer to take up arms, and to resist the government. That government was represented, as existing only in a savage, but impotent tyranny—the period was said to be close at hand, when, with its destruction, there would be a freedom from all taxes, and an equalization of property. Even schools, it is well known, had been established, in which all religion was treated as a mere name, and in which was inculcated the defiance of government. The reformers had been long trained to the use of arms—and had been accustomed to march in masses in the open daylight, with banners flying, and with bands of music. Knowing all this, in what other light could the local authorities consider an assemblage of 50,000 such people, but as a multitude met in open rebellion against the state. The banners then raised were not merely the banners of that day—but had long been the insignia of rebellion—though, probably, some of the most atrocious character had been framed by the hands of some fair female reformer for that especial occasion, and first consecrated by the spirit of sedition, delivered to the bands that on that day were to shake the government of their tyrants. Had the ring-leader of such a fierce democracy been suffered in liberty to see the setting

of that day's sun, there would have been a confession on the part of government by its authorities, that the power of the populace was too formidable to be resisted, and that the laws must be left to their mercy. He was seized—and he was seized in the only way, and by the only power which could have been effectual; entrenched as he was, within a phalanx of his rebellious subjects.

But we must conclude. The danger that threatens the country has at last been acknowledged on all hands and by all parties; and such measures have been adopted by the wisdom of parliament, as we doubt not will, by suppressing, finally destroy the wicked spirit in which that danger is bred. We shall probably, in our next Number, take these measures into consideration, as by that time they will have undergone the ordeal of public opinion, and their real character made manifest. Meanwhile, before parting with our readers for another month, we wish to say a very few words upon what we conceive to be still the true and native character of Englishmen, and what will soon exhibit itself, when the power of its wicked disturbers and destroyers is no more. The great body of the English people are in their hearts disposed to look up with a natural respect to the gentlemen of the country; and they deserve that respect by their intelligence, their honour, their humanity, and their generous courage. Were the people of England not changed for a time into something abhorrent to their very nature, by wretches who seek to destroy in them those noble qualities which are a reproach to themselves, it would be quite satisfaction enough for them to know, that the administration of their affairs was in the hands of that Body of men. They could wish them in no better—they certainly would not wish them in their own. The fancies that are now abroad upon these subjects are no natural birth of the hearts of Englishmen. They would not, if left to themselves, desire to see the administration of the country's affairs under a responsibility to themselves. They would look up to the higher orders, as their natural guardians, with a frank and merited confidence. The poisoners of the heart of the country may instil into them other feelings—but these are their own. Though un-

questionably oppressed with ignorance, and fallen in too great a degree of late years from the old integrity of their manners, the English are yet a sober-minded, wise, good, contented people. That severity of condition which is annexed to their birth—labour—they bear with a hardy and cheerful spirit. The privations which belong to their life they bear with a strong and unrepining heart. They are willing to accept, and capable of enjoying the happiness which falls within their condition; and least of any men do they wish to disturb the natural order of things, by forcing themselves out of it. Wo to those who would trouble their hearts with that ambition! They like their labour, and wish for themselves no more than a natural welfare, according to the ordinary and possible courses of the world. Under great distress, unknown to those who do not know them, they have exerted, and do still exert, great fortitude and endurance. It is grievous, that in a time of suffering, when their utmost patience and prudence are required for themselves, they should be seduced, by mischievous persuasion, to shew themselves in any character but that most honourable one of their own.

No ruler need wish to govern a nobler people—no man whose own condition of life places him high in society, need wish his lot to be cast among a better. They have hearts open to kindness, and will be bound to those who know how to lay obligations upon them. Nothing can be easier than it is in the higher classes in England to make indissoluble the union of the lower orders of the people to their country. With them lies the strength of the community. They must understand that the mind of the people is by many causes disturbed, and that with them it rests to replace it in its old and settled strength. This is a private duty which every man owes to the public welfare. He must discharge it in privacy and silence around his own home—he must make himself felt by the people to be their friend. This is neither difficult nor troublesome; for they are ready to believe in any affection that is sincere. He must draw their hearts to the state by uniting them to himself—he must restore the steadfast condition of their minds by giving his counsel, and sometimes his exertion and his wealth to

restore the stability of their condition. The charge that is laid upon the government of the country by the state of the times, is beyond imagination arduous, because in a danger which is of undefined extent, they are required to act with promptitude, decision, and certain effect,—and yet in a danger of which the present amount may be far less than the threatened future, they are required to exceed as little as possible the ordinary limits of freedom. They are required to entertain the most watchful apprehension of danger, and yet in no degree to be swayed by fear. But to the general body of those whose rank, or wealth, or instruction, gives them a place of influence in society—the charge which is laid on *them* by the times, is in no respect arduous. It is to set their own minds, and the language will follow of course, in opposition to what is pregnant with evil in the spirit of the times; and the great labour and duty which they have to perform and to fulfil, is to support and to promulgate the principles and the blessings of legitimate government. What their duty is, when the danger cannot be so met and removed, is sufficiently understood.

It is to be hoped, that to a great part of the country there is little need to say any thing, except what might induce a more considerate and thoughtful temper as to the times. But there are many undoubtedly, who, without the obstinacy of party, have their minds held in subjection by opinions which belong to party. To them there is much to be said. For they hold opinions which are false, by the spirit in which they are conceived. They may have given them ready acceptance through an open kindness of spirit which sees in the most fanciful doctrines of rights only a more indulgent consideration of human happiness. But there is one thing they have not considered, and that is our human condition. To turn their eyes upon this, and to constrain them to draw from this principle their theory of government, would be to derange the whole temper of spirit in which they are used to reason, requiring them to seek their knowledge not on the agreeable surface of life, but in its difficult and painful depths, and in all its mournful necessities. But these are subjects for future speculation.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

System of Geography.—That rude compilation known under the title, Guthrie's Grammar, was for many years the only English work on geography. Pinkerton, well known as an antiquarian, at the suggestion of some London booksellers, undertook the compilation of a work on geography. He succeeded in constructing a popular and mixed system of geography, far superior in accuracy and extent of information to any hitherto published in the English language. But we want a purely scientific system of geography, freed from all topographical details and extraneous discussions. However great the merits of Pinkerton's work are, still it cannot be considered as a scientific and pure philosophical system of geography. Although we do not pretend to be able to point out a satisfactory plan for such a work, yet we think that attention to the following arrangement may assist in its execution.—A purely scientific geography should contain no political geography; and the absurd natural history geography, so much the fashion on the Continent, particularly in France, must be rejected.—The first grand division of the work might be arranged in the following manner:—

1. General Physiognomy of the Earth's surface.
2. General Meteorology.
3. General Hydrography.
4. General Geology.
5. General Geography of Plants and Animals.

6. General geography of Man.

The second grand division to be arranged in the following order:—

1. Division of the Globe into grand natural districts.
2. Description of these districts in the following order:—
 - a General Panoramic View.
 - b Development of the various forms, connexions, &c. of Mountains, Valleys, and Plains.
 - c Description of Springs, Rivers, and Lakes.
 - d Geology.
 - e Climate.

- f As connected with Climate, distribution of Animals and Vegetables.

Having premised this general description of the district, we might next describe very shortly the individual parts or provinces of the district, without however interfering with strictly topographical details, and without losing sight of the grand plan of the work, which is to communicate a physical representation of the globe and its inhabitants. Lastly, we must be careful so to arrange the details, that they may appear as consistent parts of a grand whole.

Gardiner's View of the Grampians from

the Ochil Hills.—We have just seen a proof impression of Mr Gardiner's view of the Grampians about to be published. The drawing is admirable, and the execution of the engraving masterly. As a whole, it much exceeds in beauty and general effect, the Swiss view from Mount Rigi, so much celebrated on the Continent; and we have no doubt that the details are given with the most scrupulous regard to accuracy.

Dr Barclay's Anatomical Plates.—We have seen and examined the first Number of a beautiful series of anatomical plates, published by Dr Barclay, lecturer on anatomy in Edinburgh. The plates of the series, which represent parts of the human frame, are beautifully executed; but the figures which have particularly arrested our attention, are those of objects of comparative anatomy, and these certainly display great mastership both in the painter and the engraver. We cannot, however, help expressing our regret that Dr Barclay, who has devoted so many years to the successful cultivation of comparative anatomy, should have enriched this work with so few observations, and the more particularly, as we know from our studies under this able teacher, the store of original dissections in comparative anatomy which are in his portfolio.

Discovery in Norway of a sealed bottle thrown out by the Discovery Ships. A priest, named Theling, at Ræde, has communicated to the Norwegian government, that a sealed bottle was found, on the 21st of September, near the mouth of a river a little above Ræde. It contained a report from the captain of the ship Hecla, which is on an expedition to the Arctic Pole. The report is dated May 22d, 1819, in north latitude 59° 4', west longitude 6° 55': It adds, that the crew are in good health; and the commander requests, whenever the bottle is found, that it may be despatched to the admiralty, which has been done.

The Human Race divided according to their Religious Professions.—Estimating the population of the whole earth at a thousand millions, the following is an enumeration of them according to religious profession.

1. Christians.....	175,000,000
2. Jews, (exaggerated) ~~~	9,000,000
3. Mahomedans.....	150,000,000
4. Heathens, &c.....	656,000,000
	1,000,000,000

Earthquake at Comrie.—Comrie, in Perthshire, has been long famous for its earthquakes. Some geologists, from this circumstance, suspect that its mineralogical structure must resemble that of those districts where volcanoes occur. We have examined Comrie and its vicinity, and find the pro-

vailing rocks are clay slate; and therefore very different from the trap and porphyry rocks of volcanic districts. An earthquake, we are informed, was felt at Comrie on Sunday the 28th November last. The shock was accompanied with a hollow rumbling noise, resembling the sound of distant thunder, and continued for about 10 seconds, occasioning, while passing, the crashing of the timber in houses, moving of the chairs, and jingling of the fire-irons, glasses, &c. It was felt for several miles around that village, and seemed to commence in the north-west, passing by the village, and its vicinity, in a south-easterly direction, when it ceased.

Menges Tour in Ireland.—Mr Menge, a German mineralogist, has just returned from Iceland, where he has spent several months in investigating its mineralogy. It is said, he has made a more complete and extensive series of observations than any preceding traveller. Already we have seen a very interesting account of the Geyser hot springs, by this naturalist, which has been read before the Natural History Society of Wetteran. An abstract of this account has appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, to which we refer our Readers.

Chestnut Wood used in Tanning and Dyeing.—Chestnut wood has recently been successfully applied to the purposes of dyeing and tanning, thus forming a substitute for logwood and oak bark. Leather tanned by it is declared by those who have made the experiments, to be superior to that tanned with oak bark; and in dyeing, its affinity for wool is said to be greater than that of either galls or shumac, and consequently, the dye given more permanent. It also makes admirable ink.

New Musical Contrivance.—Major P. Hawker has invented a moveable apparatus (so small that it may be carried in the pocket), which must preserve a correctly formed hand while passing the thumb on the keys of a piano forte, and by which it is impossible to play the scales of that instrument otherwise than in a mathematical true position.

Mode of Detecting Base Coin.—Base coin may be immediately discovered on looking at the head: if counterfeited, the ear is very imperfect; it is not so much raised or indented as the sterling coin by a great deal. There is a similar difference in the lock of hair represented on the cheekbone. Those conversant with base coin never sound them; a sight of the head is quite sufficient.

Revival of Falconry by Lord Gage.—Falconry is about to be revived as a field amusement in several parts of the kingdom. Lord Gage has introduced it at Ferle, in Sussex. His Lordship is attended by a Falconer, whose command over the hawks when in the pursuit of the game, has astonished all who have witnessed it.

In the time of James I. Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks; and in such esteem was that bird in the reign of Edward III., that it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's will.

Splendid Work on Mammiferous Animals.—A splendid work is now publishing in Paris, entitled *The Natural History of Mammiferous Animals*; with original figures, painted from living animals. The authors are, M. St Hillaire, professor of zoology in the Museum of Natural History, &c. and M. Cuvier, superintendent of the Royal Menagerie.

Four numbers have appeared in folio, with six plates to each number. No other collection but the museum presents such an assemblage of circumstances favourable to the undertaking.

The text in these numbers is by M. Cuvier. Thirteen of the figures represent animals well known: three belong to species which have been drawn from subjects not living, and eight represent animals that have never been portrayed. The descriptions embrace what is known relative to the exterior organs, and the use made of them, with that degree of intelligence which is peculiar to the individual. The females and the young are accurately described; and every circumstance connected with the reproduction of the species is carefully noted. Particulars of this kind are fully detailed with respect to the Moufflon of Corsica, the Macako of Buffon, the Maki with a white forehead, and the Stag of Louisiana.

There is a very curious work now handing about in literary circles, which is said to have been undertaken at the instance of the Portuguese government, by a Nobleman of distinguished eminence in Brazil, in the hope of arousing his countrymen from that state of apathy, with regard to literary subjects, in which they have so long been immersed. It is highly honourable to English literature, that the subject chosen for this purpose should be the production of a genius of our own. Pope's Essay on Man is the basis on which this illustrious translator has erected a fabric of moral and political science, adapted to the wants of the Portuguese, and composed of materials derived from the stores of all nations. The notes are voluminous, learned, and interesting, and are interspersed with short pieces translated from other languages. The press, pencil, and graver of England have contributed in all their excellence to the embellishment of this private publication, of which we understand only a few copies will be suffered to circulate in this country.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE entire works of Aristophanes; translated by Mr Thomas Mitchell, with numerous illustrative notes. In 3 vols 8vo.

Principles of Political Economy; by Mr Malthus.

Germany and the Revolution; by Professor Goerres, late Editor of the Rhenish Mercury.

Memoirs of the Life of the late Richard Lovell Edgeworth; by his daughter Maria Edgeworth. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The first number of a Gazetteer, of the Colonies and Colonial Establishments of Great Britain, will be published in January. To be completed in 12 monthly parts.

Mr Dawson Turner of Yarmouth, is preparing for the press, his Tour through Normandy, illustrated with a variety of etchings; by Mrs T. and his daughters who accompanied him.

Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, and his sons Richard and Henry, illustrated by original letters, and other family papers; by Oliver Cromwell, esq. a descendant of the family; ornamented with portraits from original pictures.

Journal of a Tour through part of the snowy range of the Himala mountains; by J. B. Fraser, esq; and twenty views in the Himala mountains, uniform with Daniel's Oriental Scenery, and Salts Views in Abyssinia; by the same.

Travels in various Countries of the East; being a continuation of Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey, &c.; by Robert Walpole, M.A. This volume will contain, among other papers, observations made by the late Mr Browne in parts of the Turkish empire; a Biographical Memoir of him; also, an account of a journey from Suez to Mount Sinai: of another, through part of Persia to the ancient Susa; the Arabic inscriptions discovered by Belzoni in the Pyramid of Cephrenes; travels in Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, and in the islands of the Archipelago; with remarks on the natural history, antiquities, manners, and customs, of those countries.

The first Quarterly Number of Mr Nash's Views in the city of Paris, will be published in February. The literary department to be conducted by Mr John Scott, author of Travels in France and Italy.

Shortly will be published, Memoirs of the Life of John Wesley, the founder of the English Methodists; by Robert Southey, esq. in two volumes octavo, illustrated by portraits of Wesley and Whitfield.

Miss Burney's Country Neighbours; forming the continuation of her "Tales of Fancy."

Plain and Practical Sermons; by the Rev. George Hughes.

The Annual Biography and Obituary, with silhouette portraits, for 1819, is in the press, containing: I. Memoirs of those celebrated Men who have died within the

years 1818-19. 2. Neglected Biography, with biographical notices and anecdotes, and original letters. 3. Analysis of recent Biographical Works. 4. A Biographical List of Persons who have died within the British dominions.

A new edition of the Confessions of Rousseau; translated from the French.

An Essay on Human Motives; by the Rev. John Penrose.

The first number of the Second Tour of Dr Syntax; from the same pen and pencil as produced the First: will appear on the 1st. of January next.

Mr Andrew Horn will publish in January, a work on the insufficiency of Nature and Reason, and the Necessity of Revelation, to demonstrate the Existence and Perfections of the Deity.

A reprint of the two supplementary volumes of *Vitruvius Britannicus*; by Woolf and Gaudon.

In the press, Christianity no cunningly-devised Fable; being six discourses on the evidences of Christianity; by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M.

An octavo edition of M'Diarmid's Lives of British Statesmen.

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On the 1st of January next will be published, No 1. of two weekly literary Papers, to be continued in numbers and parts. The one stamped for foreign and country circulation, to be called the *New Literary Gazette*. The other not stamped, for town sale, to be called the *London Literary Gazette*, to be edited by J. Polidori, Esq. M. D. F. R. S., and Dr Pittman of Oxford, assisted in the foreign department by Dr Frank of Vienna, &c.

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2 X

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••• The volume of Plates accompanying this Work, (and forming volume third) is peculiarly illustrative of the above interesting Islands, and consists of 10 *highly finished Views*, 23 Plates of Geological Strata, and 10 *Maps beautifully coloured*, the whole from drawings by the Author, with copious descriptions.

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Decisions of the First and Second Di-

visions of the Court of Session, from November 1810 to November 1811. Second Edition. £1, 10s. sewed. And from November 1811 to 1812. Second Edition. £1, 11s. 6d. sewed. N.B.—In consequence of the above Parts being “Reprinted,” Complete Sets of the “Faculty Decisions,” from the Division of the Court, may now be had, commencing with November 1808.

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Public Records of Scotland.—General Register-house, Edinburgh.

Nov. 12. 1819.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Dec. 11th, 1819.

Sugar. The sugar market, after an advance, has since returned to its former low and languid state. Even the disastrous accounts lately received from the West Indies, of the devastation occasioned in most of the islands by the late tremendous hurricanes, and the consequent diminution of the ensuing crops, has yet no effect upon the market, a strong proof of the deplorable stagnation of trade in this country. The continent of Europe is now also getting very considerable supplies of this article from the Brussels, the East Indies, and Cuba; but the chief cause of the great depreciation in value of this article, is owing to the want of consumpt both in the United Kingdom, and on the Continent, arising wholly from their poverty and want of trade. On this head, we can add nothing beyond what has appeared in our former reports. Very fine sugars are still in considerable demand, and at better, though comparatively greatly reduced prices.—*Cotton.* Notwithstanding the importations are considerably decreased, (about 40,000 bags less than last year) and the unfavourable accounts of the crops in India, still the price of cotton remains nearly upon a level. It cannot be otherwise, from the great stock on hand, and which cannot be greatly reduced owing to the stagnation of business.—*Coffee.* Maintains a good price, as may be expected; continues to fluctuate, according to the accounts from the Continent. Upon the whole, however, coffee seems to be the only article of commerce at present, for which there may be said to be a fair demand. Appearances would indicate, that the market for this article may remain for some time much in its present state.—In no other article of trade can we point out any material difference. There is, in fact, no demand to occasion any alteration; and all seems to remain stationary at our quotations.

The alarming situation of all the manufacturing districts has put a complete stop to business. In extensive districts of country, it is completely suspended, and terror and alarm now occupy the minds of thousands. It is impossible things can remain in their present state many weeks—nay, even days longer. People at a distance from, and unconnected with the manufacturing districts, have no idea of the terrible dangers and principles which assail the peaceable part of the community in those places. It is doubtful if the precautionary measures taken, may be able to prevent the most disastrous consequences; and it is evident, the preventative measures, which imperious necessity renders it necessary to take, will only hurry on the intended convulsion. Of the horrible plans of the disaffected, there can no longer be any doubt; and we confess our fears are greater than our hopes, that the storm may pass away without leaving fearful marks of its ravages. Be it as it may, there are principles planted in the minds of a mass of our population which half a century will not eradicate, and which will long keep this country in a fever of anxiety and alarm. To the wisdom of parliament, the decision and energy of the executive, and to the awakened feelings of the sound part of our population, we look with confidence to crush the designs of treason, and bring the guilty to speedy punishment. It is not those who are suffering the greatest hardships which now menace and alarm this country; on the contrary, the former most anxiously wish to be freed from their tormentors, who in general are men who have plenty of work, and even high wages. These men, for their own criminal views, endeavour to hurry on the poor and needy to pillage, plunder, and destruction. The day is at hand, we hope, when the one will be effectually relieved, and the other punished.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 29th Nov. 1819.

	2d.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	213 14	—	—	216 14	—
3 per cent. reduced,	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	—
3 per cent. consols,	67	67 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	—
4 per cent. consols,	83 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	—
5 per cent. navy ann.	102 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	—
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	65 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	—
India stock,	207	—	—	209	—
— bonds,	6 8 pr.	7 8 pr.	7 pr.	8 6 pr.	—
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	1 3 dis.	par. 2 dis.	1 2 dis.	1 3 dis.	—
Consols for acc.	—	—	—	—	—
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6p. c.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	71 fr. 60 c.	70 fr. 25 c.	70 fr. 20 c.	—	—

Course of Exchange, Dec. 3.—Amsterdam, 11: 18: 0 U. Antwerp, 12: 0. Ex. Hamburg, 36: 0: 0 U. Frankfurt, 150½ Ex. Paris, 25: 10: 0 U. Bourdeaux, 25: 40. Madrid, 35½ effect. Cadiz, 35½ effect. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44½. Malta, 46. Naples, 39. Palermo, 117 per oz. Oporto, 53½. Rio Janeiro, 58. Dublin, 11½. Cork, 11½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £3: 18: 6. Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 18: 0. New doubloons, £3: 16: 0. New dollars, 5s. 0d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 2d.

PRICES CURRENT.—December 11.—London, November 5, 1919.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt	60 to 65	55 to 60	56 to 61	57 to 59	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 82	71 74	72 82	61 76	
Fine and very fine, .	84 95	—	85 89	81 86	
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	112 114	—	—	91 112	} 0 7 6½
Powder ditto, .	108 112	—	103 106	90 117	
Single ditto, .	98 102	—	103 108	87 88	
Small Lump, .	95 100	—	92 98	89 90	} 0 0 7½
Large ditto, .	50 60	—	51 58	—	
Crushed Lump, .	31 32	31 6 32	32 32 6	29s 0d	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	98 110	—	109 120	90 122	} per lb. 0 0 9½
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	112 122	—	122 132	124 150	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	85 96	—	90 109	—	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	102 112	—	110 122	—	} 0 0 9½
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112 117	—	124 134	—	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	95 105	—	117 120	—	
St Domingo, .	7 8	8 8½	7 7½	—	} 0 0 9½
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—	—	—	—	
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 160 P. gall.	5s 3d	5s 1d 3s2d	2 11 3 2	2s 6d 4s 0d	{ B.S. } 0 8 1½
Brandy, .	4 9 5 3	—	—	2 9 4 0	
Geneva, .	5 0 3 2	—	—	2 10 3 0	
Aqua, .	6 10 7 2	—	—	—	{ F.S. } 0 17 0½
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	—	—	55s 65 0	{ B.S. } 143 18 0
Portugal Red, .	44 54	—	—	52 58 0	{ F.S. } 148 4 6
Spanish White, .	34 55	—	—	30 68 0	{ B.S. } 95 11 0
Tenerife, .	30 33	—	—	—	{ F.S. } 98 16 0
Madeira, .	60 70	—	—	40 50 0	{ B.S. } 96 13 0
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	47 50	5 10 6 15	6 5 6 10	7 0	{ F.S. } 99 14 6
Honduras, .	8 10	5 15 6 0	6 15 7 0	6 15 7 5	} 0 14 1½
Campeachy, .	8 10	6 10 7 0	7 5 7 15	—	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 10	7 10 8 0	7 10 8 0	9 9 10 0	
Cuba, .	9 11	9 10 10 0	9 15 10 0	—	} 1 4 6½
INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 0 8 9	10s 0d 10s 6d	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 9	—	—	—	
Ditto Oak, .	3 2 3 6	—	—	—	} Soc. C. 0 0 4½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	1 1 1 3	1 1 1 2	
St Domingo, ditto	—	1 4 3 0	1 5½ 2 0	1 2 1 6	{ B.S. } 3 16 0
TAR, American, . brl.	16 20	—	16 0 17 0	20 6	
Archangel, .	18 20	—	—	19 6	
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	8 10	—	—	55	{ B.S. } 1 8 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	54 55	54 55	56 57	52 0	{ F.S. } 1 10 1
Home Melted, .	58 57	—	—	—	{ B.S. } 0 3 2
HEMP, Huga Rhine, ton.	50 52	—	45	£49 0	
Petersburgh Clean, .	41 45	—	—	44 10	
FLAX,					
Riga Thues. & Druf. Rak.	58 60	—	—	70 0	{ B.S. } 0 9 1½
Dutch, .	58 112	—	—	70 0	{ F.S. } 0 10 0½
Irish, .	45 52	—	—	—	{ B.S. } 0 0 4 ½
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	90 92	—	—	£1 15	
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	14 15	—	—	—	{ B.S. } 0 0 7 ½
ASHES, Petors. Pearl, .	33 34	—	—	—	{ B.S. } 1 3 9
Montreal ditto, .	40 41	38 39	38 6 39 45	44	
Pot, .	32 35	32 33	55 6 36 56	40	
OIL, Whale, . tun.	54 55	53 53	—	53	{ B.S. } 0 4 6½
Cod, .	84 (p. brl.) 50	32 32	—	—	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9 9½	9 9½	0 7 0 8½	7s 3d 9 0	
Middling, .	8 8½	8 8½	0 4½ 0 6½	4 0 5 0	{ B.S. } 0 10
Inferior, .	7 8	7 8	0 3½ 0 4	—	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	1 1 1 2½	1 0 1 2	1 1 1 2	
Sea Island, fine, .	—	2 6 2 9	2 2 2 4	2 0 2 8	{ B.S. } 1 3 9
Good, .	—	2 4 2 5	1 10 2 1	—	
Middling, .	—	2 1 2 2	1 2 1 9	—	
Merara and Barbice, .	—	1 4 1 7	1 2 1 6	1 3 1 6	{ F.S. } 1 4 11½
East India, .	—	1 1 1 2	1 0 1 1½	1 3 1 2	
Cambrico, .	—	1 7 1 8	1 5 1 6	1 5 1 6	
Manham, .	—	1 5 1 6	1 3 1 5	1 3 1 5	{ B.S. } 0 4 6½
	—	—	—	—	
	—	—	—	—	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of October, and the 23d of November, 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Adams, W. W. Bow-lane, merchant
 Ashton, J. Harp-lane, Tower-street, wine and spirit broker
 Ainslie, J. Wakefield, wool-stapler
 Alder, T. Presbury, Gloucester, victualler
 Archer, J. Strand, hatter
 Andrews, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant
 Brown, C. Birmingham, cabinet-maker
 Bulton, W. Mulborough, builder
 Button, W. sen. & W. Button, jun. Paternoster-row, booksellers
 Bower, J. R. & H. M. New Poultry, stationers
 Branley, T. Nottingham, victualler
 Bryan, J. & W. L. Bryan, Grocers' Hall court, printers
 Burford, W. Gillingham, Kent, fishmonger
 Bynau, J. Oxford street, silk-mercer
 Birch, H. & J. Green, Sheffield, cutlers
 Bowden, T. & T. Bradshaw, Mile's-lane, ware-housemen
 Bowen, C. Hackney-road, surgeon
 Burn, T. Southend, Essex, brick-maker
 Hampfield, J. W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant
 Backhouse, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Buckler, J. Newman-street, Oxford-street, dealer in stained glass
 Blogg, B. Bull-and-Mouth-street, wine-merchant
 Bishop, D. Great Surrey-street, upholsterer
 Barlow, J. Manchester, innkeeper
 Brewman, B. H. Holywell street, Strand, silk-mercer
 Cullman, C. & J. Connor, Lime street, soap makers
 Collin, W. Snow's-fields, general provision-dealer
 Collins, J. Newport, Monmouth, common brewer
 Cope, J. L. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
 Crancey, J. Holborn-bridge, grocer
 Carter, E. Bristol, butter-factor
 Choppin, F. H. Whetstone, horse-dealer
 Crisp, C. Bristol, cordwainer
 Carruthers, T. Longtown, Cumberland, butter and bacon factor
 Charles, G. Seymour-street, Euston-square, confectioner
 Clowin, C. Manchester, hosier
 Clarke, W. Leicester-street, tailor
 Champness, S. Fulham, market-gardener
 Chappell, J. S. Oxford-street, hosier
 Clutton, V. Halesworth, Suffolk, brandy-merchant
 Davenport, S. & R. Payle, Manchester, engravers to calico-printers
 Davey, J. St James's-walk, Clerkenwell, carpenter
 Danell, J. & J. Parry, Bristol, tinnmen
 Drewry, J. Stafford, stationer
 Elliott, J. Farnham, common brewer
 Edmonds, G. A. Dudley, shopkeeper
 Eames, W. Haymarket, horse-dealer
 Farmer, N. East-lane, Bernondsey, rope-maker
 Furley, S. & R. Dodd, Milton, Kent, hoymen
 Fisher, F. Bristol, coal-merchant
 Field, J. Newgate-market, butcher
 Iawdington, W. Warwick-square, cabinet-maker
 Fildes, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, upholsterer
 Fisher, J. Bristol, victualler
 Forster, R. Old Broad street, merchant
 Greenwood, G. Hanway, Oxford-street, jeweller
 Garatt, D. Portsea, cabinet-maker
 Goddard, W. jun. Lowestoff, Suffolk, miller
 Gloag, R. Little Hermitage-street, Wapping, fish-monger
 Goodwin, B. Orford, Suffolk, grocer
 Gawan, J. Union-street, Somerset, cabinet-maker
 Harwood, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, porter-merchant
 Henderson, F. Newton-by-the-Sea, Northumber-land, fish dealer
 Hodson, W. Hessele, King-ton-upon-Hull, apothecary
 Holdship, J. Cheltenham, dealer and chapman
 Hemming, J. Long-acre, linen-draper
 Hankinson, V. Manchester, grocer
 Harris, T. Evesham, innholder
 Hughes, T. Cheltenham, potter-dealer
 Hartley, S. & W. Tadcaster, common brewers
 Hall, J. P. Liverpool, merchant
 Hall, C. Hill, Warwick, victualler
 Hartley, J. Manchester, warehouseman
 Hunt, R. & J. Sharp, Lombard-street, brokers
 Hughes, T. Oxford street, hosier
 Hughes, W. & F. Todd, Great Winchester-street, merchants
 Haw, C. jun. Minorics, grocer
 Harvey, J. P. Ipswich, linen-draper
 Hayton, J. W. Greenfield, Holywell, Kent, wire-maker
 Hyde, J. C. Union-place, New-road, apothecary
 Isaacs, I. Newington, glass and china-man
 Jeffery, R. Shadwell High-street, dealer in potatoes
 Jennings, W. Aldersgate-street, butcher
 Jackson, J. Manchester, butcher
 Jackson, E. Uley, Gloucester, clothier
 Johnson, J. New Buckenham, Norfolk, butcher
 Jacobs, M. Charles-street, Soho-square, glass-merchant
 Kelly, M. Manchester, twist and cotton broker
 Keeling, B. Stafford, cabinet-maker
 Kemp, J. E. Liverpool, merchant
 Levy, J. Rosemary-lane, slop-seller
 Lyons, L. Lower Shadwell, brewer
 Longhurst, J. Egham-Hythe, carpenter
 Langley, E. & W. Becht, Borough, engravers
 Lyne, J. Symmondy, Derby, cotton-spinner
 Lang, H. & G. & W. Lang, Accrington, Lancas-ter, calico-printers
 Linton, W. Colechester, linen-manufacturer
 Lowndes, W. & J. Robinson, & H. Neild, Man-chester, cotton-merchants
 Leyburn, G. Bishopsgate-street, provision-mer-chant
 Lamacraft, J. Plymouth, dealer
 Marks, T. Rochford, Essex, wine-merchant
 Mici, J. White Lion-street, Norton-falgate, coach and harness maker
 Matthie, W. & G. Yates, Liverpool, merchants
 Mullion, M. Liverpool, ship-chandler
 Merry, R. Birmingham, grocer
 Moston, J. Warrington, grocer
 Moss, A. High-street, Shadwell, slopseller
 Martin, G. Gloucester, pin-manufacturer
 Mitchinson, T. Grant Duffield, York, grocer
 Nowell, J. High-town, near Leeds, card-maker
 Nicholson, T. Liverpool, timber-merchant
 Nickson, S. Chester, cabinet-maker
 Neahy, W. Lamb's Conduit-street, upholsterer
 Nuttall, J. Manchester, bookseller
 Orchard, J. London-terrace, Hackney-road, mer-chant
 Owen, J. Cheapside, warehouseman
 Oswald, R. Beccles, Suffolk, tanner
 Parkes, B. Aldermanbury, British wine merchant
 Porter, J. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier
 Peet, W. Ironmonger-lane, merchant
 Pannell, J. sen. Wyke, Surrey, brick-maker
 Pullen, Spread Eagle-court, Finch-lane, bill-broker
 Peacock, R. Charing, Kent, miller
 Perkins, S. Midford, Somerset, dealer
 Peagam, W. jun. Plymouth, tailor
 Papworth, R. Cambridge, cow-keeper
 Reed, T. Bristol, butcher
 Ringel, J. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, baker
 Ross, C. Great Barr, Stafford, brush-maker
 Robinson, J. Hanley, Stafford, merchant
 Rolph, J. Carlisle, woollen-draper
 Rutland, T. Wootton-under-edge, grocer
 Rowland, R. Strand, linen-draper
 Sharp, J. B. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouse-man
 Sproston, S. London, merchant
 Say, R. Pipe's Inn, Somerset, wine merchant
 Scott, Bird-street, Wapping, builder
 Smith, T. Arncliffe, Stafford, maltster
 Savage, E. Upper North-place, Gray's-Inn-lane, grocer
 Sufield, W. Birmingham, printer
 Tennant, B. J. & W. Garbutt, Liverpool, mer-chants
 Tanner, E. St Dunstan's hill, general merchant
 Thurnell, Goulstone-square, Whitechapel, uphol-sterer
 Terry, R. Holborn-bridge, haberdasher
 Thomas, M. & W. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, linen-draper
 Turner, P. H. & C. Johnson, London-wall, horse-dealers
 Taylor, G. North Berlev, York, shopkeeper
 Taylor, J. Fore-street, Cripplegate, draper
 Taylor, W. Little George-street, Bernondsey N road, Surrey, bricklayer
 Tatham, W. Fendyaton, Cambridge, butcher
 Thompson, T. Lancaster, ironmonger
 Webster, T. Cheigwaite, Norfolk, painter
 Wellington, J. jun. Chard, Somerset, grocer

Wilson, J. Old Broad-street, merchant
 Wilson, I. Workap, money-scrivener
 Walker, S. Birmingham, merchant
 Wenham, J. Beckley, Sussex, tailor and draper
 White, B. Maiden-lace, Wood-street, hosiery
 Wattam, T. Great Grimsby, Lincoln, corn-dealer
 Ward, D. Brisley, Norfolk, seed-merchant
 Wright, C. Strand, wine-merchant

Wright, J. Doncaster, miller
 Woods, J. jun. Portsea, baker
 White, H. Warminster, Wilts, linen-draper
 Woodhouse, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
 Wrangle, J. Amwell, Hertford, coach-master
 Wood, J., D. Martindale, & J. Fisher, Poultry, warehousemen
 Zameira, J. Bevir Marks, St Mary-axe, grocer

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th November 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Bethune, A. merchant, Bridgend of Alness, Ross-shire
 Carrick, J. dealer in china and earthen ware, Glasgow
 Cliffe, Wastle, manufacturer, Langholm
 Gillespie, D. merchant-tailor, St Andrews
 Hurler Copperas Company, and Mrs M. Ewing or Lightbody, and J. Lightbody, residing at Hurler, and now in Glasgow
 Hogg & Black, merchants and manufacturers, Earlstoun, Berwickshire
 Lumsden, James, merchant, Dysart
 Macdane, A. merchant, Glasgow
 Macnab, A. & Co. merchants and commission-agents, Glasgow; and A. Macnab, H. Wyllie, and R. Stewart, individual partners

M'Call, J. & Sons, merchants, Glasgow; and J. M'Call, merchant, Copenhagen, J. G. M'Call, merchant in St Croix, both lately in Glasgow
 M'Gibbon, E. merchant, Glasgow
 M'Cubbing, J. cattle-dealer, Springfield, Dumfriesshire
 Peacock, R. & Sons, merchants, Paisley
 Pinkerton, J. jun. brewer, Glasgow
 Robey, G. merchant, Anstruther
 Smith, J. & Son, & Co. booksellers, Peterhead
 Stewart, R. flesher and cattle-dealer, Glasgow
 Thomson, A. & W. manufacturers, Dubbyside, Fifeshire
 Torrance, J. brewer and innkeeper, Galston, Ayrshire
 Willis, P. jeweller, Glasgow

London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, new	56	to 60	Boilers . . .	50	to 52
Fine	60	to 63	New	52	to 54
Superfine . . .	64	to 66	Small Beans .	44	to 46
Es. White . . .	56	to 60	Tick	38	to 40
Fine	62	to 66	Foreign . . .	40	to 42
Superfine . . .	68	to 71	Feed Oats . .	18	to 21
Old	75	to 78	Fine	21	to 22
Rye	30	to 32	Poland do . .	22	to 24
Barley	27	to 31	Fine	25	to 27
Fine	32	to 34	Potato do . .	24	to 26
Superfine g . .	36	to 40	Fine	27	to 30
Mult.	50	to 60	Flour, p. sack	55	to 60
Fine	68	to 75	Seconds . . .	50	to 55
Hog Pease . . .	46	to 49	North Country	45	to 55
Maple	50	to 51	Pollard . . .	20	to 28
White, new . .	16	to 30	Brn	9	to 10

Seeds, &c.—Nov. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown, .	15	to 20	Hempseed . .	—	to —
—White	6	to 11	Linsced, crush.	—	to —
Tares	0	to 0	New, for Seed	—	to —
Turnips	14	to 20	Ryegrass, . .	15	to 40
—New	0	to 0	do Clover, Red.	60	to 98
—Yellow	0	to 0	—White . . .	60	to 100
Caraway	48	to 50	Coriander . .	10	to 12
Canary	80	to 100	Trefoil . . .	30	to 63

New Rapeseed, £34 to £36.

Liverpool, Dec. 6.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat,	—	to —	Pease, for. . .	45	0 to 52 0
per 70 lbs. . .	10	0 to 10 6	Ries, p. cwt. .	0	0 to 0 0
English	9	0 to 9 6	Flour, Eng. . .	54	0 to 56 0
Scotch	8	6 to 8 8	—Seconds . . .	50	0 to 52 0
Irish, new . . .	9	6 to 10 0	Irishp. 240lb.	44	0 to 45 0
Dantzic	9	6 to 10 0	Amerl. p. bl. .	0	0 to 0 0
Wismar	9	6 to 10 0	—Sour do . . .	33	0 to 36 0
American . . .	8	3 to 9 0	Clover-seed, p. bush.	—	0 to 0 0
Quebec	8	6 to 8 8	— White . . .	0	0 to 0 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to —	— Rod	0	0 to 0 0
English, grind. 46	to 50		Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	33 0 to 35 0
Malt	6	0 to 7 0	English	28	0 to 34 0
Irish	4	6 to 5 0	Scotch	28	0 to 34 0
Scotch	4	6 to 5 0	Irish	28	0 to 34 0
Foreign	4	6 to 5 0	Butter, Beef, &c.		
Malt p. 9 gals. 10	0 to 11 0		Butter, per cwt. s. .		
Rye, for. . . .	56	0 to 58 0	— Belfast . . .	86	to 0 0
Oats, per 45 lb. .	3	6 to 3 9	— Newry . . .	82	to 0 0
English	3	6 to 3 9	Waterford, new	0	to 0 0
Scotch pota. . .	3	6 to 3 9	— Cork, 5d . .	72	to 0 0
Welsh	3	6 to 3 8	— Pickled . . .	78	to 0 0
Irish, new . . .	3	6 to 3 8	Beef, p. tierce .	85	to 95
— old	3	6 to 3 7	— p. barrel . .	55	to 63
Common	3	6 to 3 6	Pork, p. brl. .	78	to 86
Foreign	3	0 to 3 4	Hams, dry. . .	0	to 0 0
Beaus. pr. qr. .	—	to —	Bacon,	62	to 0 0
English	48	0 to 56 0	Short middles	60	to 0 0
Irish	45	0 to 47 0	Long	60	to 0 0
Pease, per quar. .	—	to —	New Rapeseed	£30	to £40
— Boiling . . .	45	0 to 52 0			

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 4th Dec. 1819.

Wheat, 67s. 8d.—Rye, 42s. 10d.—Barley, 58s. 9d.—Oats, 26s. 1d.—Beans, 49s. 1d.—Pease, 50s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Nov. 1819.

Wheat, 58s. 5d.—Rye, 39s. 2d.—Barley, 30s. 10d.—Oats, 22s. 6d.—Beans, 35s. 7d.—Pease, 35s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 26s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 18s. 8d.

EDINBURGH.—DEC. 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....34s. 6d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 6d.
2d,.....31s. 6d.	2d,.....21s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 6d.

Tuesday, Dec. 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 8d. to 0s. 10d.	Salt ditto,	1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Ditto, per stone	18s. 0d. to 21s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	8s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—DEC. 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....34s. 6d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....29s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 7 : 8-12ths.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

II. MILITARY.

Army. Captain MacGregor, 58 F. to be Major 12 Aug. 1819

3 Dr. G. E. Burnaby to be Cornet by purch. vice Willis, ret. 4 Nov.

6 Dr. Cornet Williamson, from 22 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Griffith, hp. 22 Dr. 21 Oct.

2 F. G. Ensign and Lieut. Gooch to be Lieut. and Capt. vice Clifton, ret. 28 do.

Ensign and Lieut. Jenkinson, from hp. to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. do.

8 F. Serg. Maj. W. Only, from Rifle Brig. to be Quar. Master, vice Kiernan 21 do.

15 G. Rothe to be Ensign by purch. vice Stewart, 28 F. 23 Sept.

28 Ensign Stewart, from 13 F. to be Ens. vice Dalgleish do.

34 Quar. Mast. Howe, from hp. to be Quar. Master, vice Stoddart, dead 14 Nov.

50 Bt. Lieut. Col. Harrison to be Lieut. Colonel, vice Hill, dead 4 do.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Wemyss to be Major do.

Lieut. Jauncey to be Capt. vice Montgomery, dead 5 do.

Lieut. Turner to be Capt. 4 do.

Lieut. Ross, from hp. York Chass. to be Lieut. vice Richardson, dead 1 do.

Ensign Sercantson to be Lieut. vice North, dead 2 do.

Harley to be Lieut. 5 do.

Edwards, do. 4 do.

Willis, from hp. York Chass. to be Ensign 2 do.

Lord Sussex Lennox to be Ensign 3 do.

W. Sheaffe to be Ensign 4 do.

H. Gill to be Ensign 5 do.

Lieut. Crofton, from hp. to be Lieut. and Adjutant, vice Lyon, dead 31 Oct.

64 Bt. Major Bishop to be Major by purch. vice Pears, ret. 28 do.

67 Lieut. Cockrill to be Capt. vice Browne do.

Ensign Bolton to be Lieut. do.

C. Langwerth to be Ensign 6 do.

80 Lieut. W. Leslie, from hp. 1 Bahama Gar. Comp. to be Paym. vice Jones, ret. hp. 4 Nov.

Ensign Watkins, from hp. 100 F. to be Ensign, vice M'Mahon, dead 11 do.

92 Brevet Major Wylie to be Major, vice Blainey, dead 4 do.

Lieut. Macintosh to be Captain do.

Ensign Hewitt to be Lieut. vice M'Donell, dead 3 do.

Macdonald, do. 4 do.

M'Nabb, fin. late Meuron's Regt. to be Ensign 3 do.

Gent. Cadet J. Buckley, from Mil. Coll. to be Ensign 3 do.

Serg. Major W. Grant to be Adj. and Ensign, vice Mackie, dead 5 do.

2 W. I. R. M. G. Sparks to be Ensign, vice Lowe, dead 4 do.

Cape Corps. W. L. Heathcote to be Cornet 30 Sep.

Assist. Surg. T. Clarke, from hp. 72 F. to be Assist. Surg. 25 June

Royal Artillery.

Capt. Pierce, from hp. to be Captain, vice Close 1 Sept.

Nicholls, from hp. do. vice Cowper 8 Nov.

2d Capt. Wilson, from hp. to be 2d Captain, vice Maitland 8 Oct.

1st Lieut. Dickens, from hp. to be 1st Lieut. vice Luggar do.

Dawson, from hp. to be 1st Lieut. vice Selwyn do.

Lindsay, from hp. to be 1st Lieut. vice Baldock 8 Nov.

Garrisons.

Major Gen. Sir G. Cooke, K.C.B. to be Lt. Gov. of Portsmouth, vice Kempt 20 Oct.

Dr Somerville to be Physician to Chelsea Hospital, vice Moseley, dead 11 Nov.

Lieut. Col. Fremantle, Coldstream Gds, to be Dep. Adj. Gen. Jamaica, vice Sparrow, dead 25 Aug.

Medical Department.

Physician J. Dwyer, M.D. from hp. to be Physician, vice Robson 25 Oct.

Barrack Department.

W. Doyle to be Barrack Mast. vice Hunter 15 do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Major Gibbons, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Pearce, hp.

Colberg, from 58 F. with Capt. Phelan, hp. 60 F.

Capt. Maitland, from 14 F. with Capt. Raynsford, 18 F.

Westropp, from 58 F. with Brevet Major Mac Gregor, hp. 95 F.

Shirley, from Coldstream Gds, with Capt. Powys, hp.

Templeton, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Forbes, hp.

Verity, from 58 F. with Capt. Montgomery, hp. York Chass.

Locker, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Captain Fraser, hp.

Day, from 49 F. with Capt. Campbell, hp. 96 F.

Lieut. Austin, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mercer, hp. 10 F.

Aufrere, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mallory, hp. 20 Dr.

Manders, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Crossdale, hp. 45 F.

— Lambert, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Chambre, hp. York Light Inf. Vol.
 — Fowle, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Firebrace, hp. R. York Han.
 — Jack, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lt. O'Hehir, hp.
 — Smith, from 60 F. with Lieut. Eason, hp. Ensign Browne, from 40 F. with Ensign Curten, hp. 4 W. I. R.
 — Malcolm, from 42 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Hogarth, hp. 99 F.
 — Bruno, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Dickson, hp.
 — Paym. Gapper, from 64 F. with Capt. Drawwater, hp. 104 F.
 — Quar. Master Hall, from 61 F. with Quar. Master Tyrrell, hp. 88 F.
 — Assist. Surg. Hume, from Staff Med. Department, with Assist. Surg. Woodroffe, hp.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Pears, 64 F.
 Captain Clifton, Coldstream Foot Gds.
 Cornet Willey, 3 Dr. Gds.
 Quarter Master Nankivel, Cornwall Militia

Appointments Cancelled.

Ensign W. A. Stewart, 28
 — Ross, 58 F.
 Staff Assist. Surg. F. Brown, from hp. 4 Dr. Gds.

Superseded.

2d Lieut. Bligh, Rifle Brigade

Removed from the Service.

Quarter Master Kiernan, 8 F.

Dismissed.

Paymaster Austin, W. Middlesex Militia
 Quarter Master Miles, (Lt.) W. Middlesex Mil.

Deaths.

Colonel Bold, 1st Lancashire Militia
 Major T. Baylis, hp. York Ran. Dep. Assist. Adj. General at Dublin 8 Nov. 1819
 — Vigoles, hp. 76 F.
 — Capt. Thomson, 17 F. Bengal 5 April
 — Dean, 53 F. Trichinopoly, Ceylon 7 May
 — Price, 54 F. Madras 7 April
 — Costley, 87 F. Cawnpore 24 May
 — Mercer, Royal English, Bermuda 25 Aug.
 — Lieut. Algoe, 34 F. in Camp at Bangalore, Madras 25 April
 — Rumley, 50 F. Secunderabad, Madras 16 March
 — Martin, Town Adj. at Berwick, and of late 1 Vet. Bat. 15 Nov.
 — Langson, hp. 69 F. Madras 13 April
 — Host, hp. 53 F. Trichinopoly, Ceylon 15 Dec. 1818

— Statham, 84 F. on passage to New S. Wales
 — Hall, hp. 81 F. 10 July 1819
 — Garrard, late Roy. Gar. Bat. 27 Sept.
 — Haverkam, of late 11 Vet. Bat. 16 May
 — J. Day, Royal Artillery Nov.
 — P. M'Lachlan, 59 F. Bengal 14 April
 — Ensign M'Mahon, 80 F. 17 do.
 — Lowe, 2 W. I. R.
 — Brooks, S. Lincoln Militia 13 Sept.
 — Paymaster Turner, 58 F. 30 Aug.
 — Quar. Mast. Gaze, N. Gloucester Mil.
 — Stoddart, 34 F.

Medical Department.

Dr Ryan, Staff Surg. at Bermudas 22 Aug.

Additions and Alterations while Printing.

Coldst. G. Ensign and Lieut. Hon. W. R. Rous to be Lt. and Capt. vice Duncombe, res. 18 Nov.
 — Hon. Henry Dundas to be Ensign and Lieut. do.
 — Edm. O'Ryan to be Ensign by purch. vice Marlon, ret. do.
 59 Capt. Tho. Cox, from hp. Port. Serv. to be Capt. vice Walling, exch. do.
 40 Lieut. Henr. Helmsley, from hp. to be Lt. vice Anthony, exch. rec. diff. do.
 46 Capt. W. Mallett, from hp. 56 F. to be Capt. vice Protheroe, exch. do.
 51 Lieut. W. H. Hare to be Capt. by purch. vice Smellie, ret. do.
 — Ensign A. Frazer, to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 — M. Miller, to be Ensign by purch. do.
 60 Lieut. Benj. Des Voeux, fin. 11. Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Trumbach, ret. 21 Oct.
 63 Lieut. Tho. Fairtlough to be Capt. by purch. vice Wynne, ret. 18 Nov.
 — Ensign Wm Hughes to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 — J. Ward to be Ensign by purch. do.
 65 Capt. W. J. Moorhouse, from hp. 5 F. Gds. to be Capt. vice Campbell, exch. rec. diff. do.
 73 H. Leckey to be Ensign, vice Maugher, dead do.
 — Paym. J. Bewa, from hp. 1 Greek Lt. Inf. to be Paym. vice Birch, exch. do.
 77 Lieut. C. Barry, from hp. 60 F. to be Lieut. vice Graham, exc. rec. diff. do.
 80 Capt. J. Maclean to be Major by purch. vice Kingston, ret. do.
 — Lieut. N. Baker to be Capt. by purch. do.
 — Ensign A. J. Caldwell to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 — Cha. Crickett to be Ensign by purch. do.
 Rifle Br. 2d Lieut. J. Fennell, from hp. to be 2d Lieut. vice Bligh, superseded do.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of November has been unusually cold. The temperature sunk almost every night towards the freezing point; and frequently below it. During the day, it rose only once to 50, and often did not reach 40. After the 12th, the frost was at times very severe, especially on the 18th, 24th, 26th, 27th, and 28th, but was frequently interrupted by intervals of open weather. During the great cold on the night of the 27th, the thermometer was very unsteady, frequently rising and falling 5 or 6 degrees in as many minutes. The mean temperature is fully 10 degrees lower than that of November last year, and 8½ below that of the same month, 1817. The temperature of spring water is also 5½ degrees lower than last year. The barometer during the month was rather unsteady, the mean daily fluctuation being greater than usual; but, up to the 28th, there had fallen little more than half an inch of rain. During the last three days, the quantity amounted to an inch. Notwithstanding the great depression of temperature, the mean of Leslie's hygrometer is greater than during November last year, indicating, of course, an unusually dry state of the atmosphere. The mean point of saturation is consequently a little below the minimum temperature, and the relative humidity is not much above the annual average. The month altogether is very different from what November generally is in this climate.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 23', Elevation 185 feet.

NOVEMBER 1819.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
Mean of greatest daily heat,	41.9	Maximum, 4th day,	50.0
..... cold,	51.6	Minimum, 27th	20.5
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	37.3	Lowest maximum, 27th	35.5
..... 10 P. M.	35.6	Highest minimum, 30th	41.5
..... of daily extremes,	53.8	Highest, 10 A. M. 5th	19.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	36.5	Lowest ditto, 28th	24.0
..... 4 daily observations,	56.6	Highest, 10 P. M. 30th	45.5
Whole range of thermometer,	309.5	Lowest ditto 27th	27.0
Mean daily ditto,	10.5	Greatest range in 24 hours, 24th	19.5
..... temperature of spring water,	45.0	Least ditto, 16th	5.6
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 14)	29.594	Highest, 10 A. M. 18th	30.165
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 44)	29.594	Lowest ditto, 6th	28.980
..... both, (temp. of mer. 44)	29.594	Highest, 10 P. M. 18th	30.110
Whole range of barometer,	9.035	Lowest ditto, 20th	28.980
Mean ditto, during the day,144	Greatest range in 24 hours, 10th685
..... night,157	Least ditto, 2d110
..... in 24 hours,301	HYGROMETER.	
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
Rain in inches,	1.518	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 5d	26.0
Evaporation in ditto,825 Lowest ditto, 29th	0.0
Mean daily Evaporation,027 Highest, 10 P. M. 10th	25.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	9.5 Lowest ditto, 29th	0.0
..... 10 P. M.	8.0	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 5th	42.2
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	50.9 Lowest ditto, 25d	19.0
..... 10 P. M.	50.8 Highest, 10 P. M. 5d	45.4
..... both,	50.9 Lowest ditto, 29d	19.6
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	81.5 Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M. 29th	100.0
..... 10 P. M.	85.5 Least ditto, 5d	51.0
..... both,	85.4 Greatest, 10 P. M. 29th	100.0
..... (Gr. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.152 Least ditto, 10th	56.0
..... 10 P. M.152 Mois. 100 cub. in Greatest, 10 A. M. 14th189
..... both,152 Least ditto, 25d087
	 Greatest, 10 P. M. 5d157
	 Least ditto, 22d089

Fair days, 18; rainy days, 12. Wind west of meridian, 23; east of meridian, 7.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Nov. 1	M. 27 A. 33 M. 51 A. 37	29.722 .555 .452 .455	M. 56 A. 38 M. 37 A. 58	N.W.	Frost, dull.	Nov. 16	M. 29 A. 35 M. 31 A. 40	29.556 .504 .797 .879	M. 37 A. 56 M. 40 A. 59	N. N. E.	Showery. Heavy rain.
2	M. 39 A. 35	.542 .469	M. 39 A. 42	W.	Frost morn. rain aftern.	17	M. 54 A. 37	.999 .969	M. 38 A. 59	S.W.	Mild, sunsh.
3	M. 58 A. 44	.450 .554	M. 44 A. 15	Cble.	Rain aftern.	18	M. 50 A. 39	.788 .529	M. 45 A. 56	Cble.	Fair, dull.
4	M. 59 A. 49	28.998 .954	M. 47 A. 46	N.W.	Showery.	19	M. 54 A. 37	.114 28.999	M. 45 A. 58	S.W.	Rain, sun.
5	M. 59 A. 59	.851 .856	M. 41 A. 10	Cble.	Rain, sleet.	20	M. 29 A. 57	.908 29.215	M. 38 A. 55	N.W.	Frost.
6	M. 50 A. 39	.998 29.269	M. 58 A. 39	N.	Frost, hail.	21	M. 24 A. 29	.276 .529	M. 55 A. 57	N.W.	Keen tr. sun.
7	M. 50 A. 37	.461 .496	M. 45 A. 47	N.	Frost, fair.	22	M. 22 A. 27	.411 .582	M. 51 A. 53	N.W.	Ditto.
8	M. 29 A. 39	.522 28.956	M. 58 A. 42	Cble.	Frost morn. rain aftern.	23	M. 22 A. 31	.678 .819	M. 51 A. 57	N.W.	Ditto.
9	M. 29 A. 42	.999 29.556	M. 12 A. 42	Cble.	Showery, cold.	24	M. 22 A. 50	.181 .580	M. 57 A. 51	N.W.	Ditto.
10	M. 58 A. 11	.851 .998	M. 45 A. 15	N.W.	Fair, dull.	25	M. 28 A. 34	.401 .194	M. 55 A. 54	Cble.	Sleet, snow.
11	M. 56 A. 41	.952 .918	M. 41 A. 42	W.	Mild, sunsh.	26	M. 25 A. 52	.595 .668	M. 54 A. 55	N.W.	Keen frost.
12	M. 55 A. 37	.747 .620	M. 49 A. 38	Cble.	Fair, dull.	27	M. 22 A. 30	.115 .154	M. 58 A. 55	N.W.	Frost fore. rain night.
13	M. 52 A. 44	.495 .481	M. 15 A. 10	Cble.	Frost, sleet & rain aftern.	28	M. 22 A. 46	28.999 29.555	M. 41 A. 40	S.W.	Mild, rain af.
14	M. 52 A. 35	.481 .455	M. 58 A. 57	N.W.	Rain, sleet.	29	M. 28 A. 42	28.999 .999	M. 30 A. 46	S.W.	Rain aftern.

Average of Rain, 2.5 inches.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- Oct. 15. At Sir A. M'Donald's, Sheen, Mrs Randolph, a daughter.
 — At Kennington, Mrs J. Mackie, a daughter.
 22. At Belvidere, the lady of John Robertson, Esq. of Foveran, a son.
 23. At Eskmount, the Hon. Mrs Ogilvy of Clova, a daughter.
 — At Dublin, the lady of Major Menzies, 42d regiment, a daughter.
 — A poor woman, the wife of a labouring man, named Scully, residing at Glengarriff, near Bantry, was delivered of four children, three sons and a daughter, who are likely to live and do well.
 25. At Cumberwell Grove, London, Mrs William Scott, a son.
 26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hogarth, Hart Street, a daughter.
 — At Dunbar, Mrs George Sandilands, a son.
 Nov. 1. At Nelson-street, Mrs Dalrymple, a son.
 3. At Darnhall, the Hon. Mrs Oliphant Murray, a son.
 4. At Lennox Love, the lady of Colonel the Hon. P. Stuart, a daughter.
 — At Inchmarlo, the lady of Henry Iveson, Esq. of Blackbank, a daughter.
 — At Hillsborough, the Marchioness of Downshire, a son.
 5. The lady of James Gibbon, Esq. of South Castle-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At Bristol, Mrs Daniel Frupp, a daughter.
 6. At Lyndoch-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Foulis of Woodhall, a daughter.
 — Mrs Dunbar, Society, Edinburgh, a son.
 8. At No 51, Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Thomas Kinneir, a daughter.
 — At the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, the lady of P. Macgregor, Esq. a son.
 11. Mrs Abercromby of Birkenbog, a daughter.
 — At Stonybank, the lady of Major J. S. Sinclair, royal artillery, a daughter.
 — At Chapelton, the lady of Captain John A. Durie, late of the 92d regiment, a daughter.
 12. At Maitland-street, the lady of Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Avoch, a son.
 — At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Dundas of Dundas, a son and heir.
 — At 66, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, 10th Hussars, a daughter.
 14. At 35, Gilmore-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Gibson, a son.
 16. At Brahan Castle, Ross-shire, the Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, a daughter.
 — Mrs Brown, George-street, Edinburgh, a son.
 — At Cockenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, a son.
 17. At New Laveock Bank, Mrs William Swinton Maclean, a still-born child.
 — At Ballinabry, Mrs Campbell, a son.
 20. At Castle Fraser, the lady of Colonel Fraser, a still-born son.
 21. At 33, Gilmore-place, Mrs Robertson, a daughter.
 26. At Gouyave, in the island of Grenada, the lady of Dr Henry Palmer, a daughter.
 27. Mrs Alexander Douglas, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At his Excellency's residence, London, the Countess Lieven, a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Oct. 16. Dr Burnside, royal navy, to Sophia, daughter of the late David Burnside of Ardmore, Esq.
 18. Colonel Fitz-Clarence, (natural son of the Duke of Clarence by Mrs Jordan) to Miss Windham, second daughter of the Earl of Egremount. The marriage was private. The young pair set out immediately for the Continent.
 — At Ayr, Patrick Gilmour, Esq. of the city of

Londonderry, to Miss Christie Hamilton, eldest daughter of Charles Dalrymple, Esq. Gull's Cottage, county of Londonderry.

22. At Leith, Mr William Young, merchant, Couper-street, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr James Ferguson, merchant, St Andrew's-street, Edinburgh.

25. At Whitehouse, James Skinner, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Jean, youngest daughter of Robert Vernor, Esq. late of Fisherrow.

— At Nicolson-square, Edinburgh, Mr Henry Gardner, to Eliza Mary, daughter of Mr Alexander Grant, writer.

— At Glasgow, Mr Alexander Braid, Paisley, to Anna, eldest daughter of Thomas Lang, Esq. of Flemington.

— At Athlone, John M'Roberts, Esq. of Listador, county of Down, to Mary, second daughter of the deceased William Finlason, Esq. late of Union-place, Aberdeen.

26. At Hillhouse, Robert Ramage Liston, Esq. to Janet, eldest daughter of George Johnston, Esq. of Hillhouse.

— At Castletellingham, Ireland, the Reverend Thomas Plunkett, eldest son of the Right Hon. William Plunkett, to Louisa Jane, second daughter of the late John William Foster, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of Millsbridge House, in the county of York, to Jacobina, youngest daughter of the late Capt. John Macdonell, Herwick-upon-Tweed.

— Robert Marshall, Esq. writer to the signet, to Mrs Shirley, late wife of Captain Shirley.

— Mr John Fillans, printer, to Helen, eldest daughter of Mr Archibald Glen, corn-merchant, Edinburgh.

— W. B. Rose, Esq. of Rhinie, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late David M'Culloch, Esq. of Glastulloch.

Nov. 1. At Glasgow, Mr B. Armour, merchant, to Isabella, youngest daughter of Alexander Brown, Esq. Meiklehill.

— At Haddington, David Skirving, Esq. Garleton, to Margaret Lindsay, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Soot, one of the ministers of Haddington.

— At Edinburgh, James Cruickshank, hosier, to Margaret Smith, relict of John Smith, A.M.

— In St Paul's chapel, York Place, William Ronald, Esq. captain in his Majesty's 6th regiment, to Elizabeth George, daughter of the late Lieut.-General Benson.

5. Mr Robert Nasmyth, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Mary Lockhart, eldest daughter of David Johnson, sen. Esq. Dundee.

— Mr Espinasse, to Miss J. Cruickshanks of Gerrard-street, Soho-square, London.

4. At Osley, Herts, James Gordon Murdoch, Esq. of Oakfield, Berks, to Caroline Penelope, fifth daughter of the late Samuel Gambler, Esq. commissioner of his Majesty's navy, and niece to Admiral Lord Gambler.

6. In St Paul's chapel, York-place, James Hay, Esq. eldest son of the late Captain Hay of the royal navy, to Mary, only daughter of Major A. Hay, formerly of the 35th regiment of foot.

9. At Kincorth, Frederick Grant, Esq. of Quebec, to Davina, youngest daughter of the late Robt. Grant, Esq. of Kincorth.

— At her father's house, Edinburgh, J. D. H. Hay, Esq. to Miss Jane, second daughter of Wm. Sanderson, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Walter Burns, upholsterer in Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Honyman, daughter of the late Patrick Honyman, Esq. of Gremsey.

— At Glasgow, James Wilson, Esq. advocate, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Crawford, Esq. of Broadfield.

— At Glasgow, Mr Walter Ballantyne, Shrvs, to Miss Bell, daughter of the deceased Mr Thomas Bell, merchant.

— At Ayr, Maurice Tweedie, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Alexander Gardner, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander M'Kay of Bel-

fast, to Jean, daughter of Mr David Murray, Calton-hill.

10. At Droich, John M'Farlan, Esq. younger of Ballinleroch, to Miss Janet Buchanan Ewing, daughter of the late Robert Ewing, Esq. manufacturer in Glasgow.

11. At Greenburn, Berwickshire, Mr Joseph Liddle, solicitor Supreme Courts, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late William Bogue, Esq. of Greenburn.

13. At St Pancras church, Charles Phillips, Esq. of the Irish bar, to Miss Whalley of Camden Town.

15. At Makerstown, Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, K.C.B. to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Ilay Makdougall, Bart. of Makerstown.

16. At Wellhall, by the Rev. Mr Story of Rose-neth, Captain Archibald Stewart, of the rifle-battalion, to Eliza Robina, only child of the late Robert Cross of Barrachnie, Esq.

18. At Irvine, Mr Henry David Dickie, Secretary to the Caledonian Insurance Company of Edinburgh, to Margaret Ann, youngest daughter of the late Hector Allen, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Greenock, Major Allan Macdonald, of the 55th regiment, to Miss Flora Nicolson, eldest daughter of Patrick Nicolson, Esq. of Ardmore.

19. Mr John Livingston, merchant, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Mutter, Melville.

23. At Catharine Bank, Mr John Hunter, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Sawers, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Sawers, accountant in Glasgow.

— At Paisley, Mr John Hart, writer, Paisley, to Margaret, daughter of Mr John Gibb of Inverurie.

At Hillside, near Glasgow, Mr John Newlands, to Lachone Mill, to Miss Rae, only daughter of the deceased Mr John Rae, merchant, Grassmarket, Edinburgh.

— George Johnston, M.D. Berwick-upon-Tweed, to Catherine, daughter of the deceased Mr Cladius Charles, surgeon, late of the staff, West Indies.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr Duncan Fisher, printer, to Mary, second daughter, Mr John Baillie, High Street.

Lately—At Edinburgh, Mr William Thomson, tobacconist, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Thos. Newlands, rope-manufacturer, Grassmarket.

DEATHS.

April 23. At Colombo, island of Ceylon, Lieut. John Hogarth, of the Bengal infantry, third son of James Hogarth, Esq. of Berwick.

Charles Elliott, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, sixth son of the late Sir William Elliott of Stobis, Bart. He fell gallantly in the attack of the fort of Rupal Droog, in the East Indies, on the 13th May last.

At Trincomopoly, in May last, Benjamin Horne, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service, third son of John Horne, Esq. of Strooke.

June 11. At the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Gregory Page, of the Bengal establishment.

At the Isle of France, in July last, the Hon. Sir Alexander Anstruther, recorder of Bombay.

Aug. 23. In Tobago, Mr James Lapslie, second son of the Rev. Mr Lapslie, minister of Campsie.

28. At Stoney-hill, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, Lieut.-Colonel Blaney, of the 92d regiment of foot. It would be impossible to do justice to the memory of this very excellent officer, by enumerating his many amiable qualities; it is only those who had the happiness of knowing him, that can justly appreciate his untimely loss, which is so deeply felt by his disconsolate widow, his family, and the regiment to which he belonged.

25. At Savannah, Georgia, North America, aged 26 years, the lady of John Williamson Stark, Esq. daughter of the late Captain John Baugh, of the 58th regiment of foot.

Sept. 15. At Roxin, in the State of South Carolina, Archibald Simpson Johnstone, Esq. eldest son of Adam Johnstone, Esq. collector of his Majesty's customs, Greenock.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Home Buchan. She was the last of that family of Home, formerly of Kello, in Berwickshire.

28. At Malden, in America, of the prevalent fever, Colonel John Ogilvy. He was one of his Majesty's commissioners under the 6th and 7th articles of the treaty of Ghent.

Oct. 5. At Florence, the Dowager Countess of Shaftesbury.

— At Perth, Alexander Moncrieff, Esq. Captain in the Royal Artillery.

7. At his house, near Cupar in Fife, Dr John Govan, physician in Cupar.

14. At Bernice, Argyllshire, Donald Fletcher, Esq. of Bernice.

— At Pictou, Nova Scotia, Edward Mortimer, Esq. merchant. He was a native of Scotland, and having gone thither in early life, soon rose to high consideration by his character and talents.

15. At London, Captain Andrew Anderson, of the Honourable East India Company's service, Bombay.

17. At Anderston, Glasgow, John M'llwham, Esq. of Carnbroe.

19. At London, William Spence, Felton, son of Mr William Spence, Felton-green, Musselburgh.

— At Innerleithen, Mrs Agnes Greig, James's Court, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Dow, of the British Linen Company's Bank.

20. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Macmillan of Stirling, in the 68th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry.

20. At Jumperbank, Ahson, aged 15; and on the 25d, Jane, aged 17, daughters of Mr John Thorburn.

— At Lisbon, Mary, sixth daughter of the late George Ramsay, Esq. of Barton.

21. At Exeter, James Connell, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At London, the Hon. Frederick Sylvester North Douglas, only son of Lord Glenbervie, and member of parliament for the burgh of Hanbury.

— Mrs Hutchinson, relict of Mr Thomas Hutchinson, baker in Edinburgh.

22. At Brodie's Buildings, Canongate, Mr John Reid, writer.

— At Edinburgh, in her 82d year, Miss Anne Wishart, daughter of the late Dr William Wishart, principal of the college of Edinburgh.

23. Mr James Bauchop of Brucefield, Mid Calder, aged 72.

— At Callander, Mrs M'Arthur, widow of the late Alexander M'Arthur, Esq. of Littlemill.

25. At her house in Matland-street, Miss Ramsay, daughter of the late Robert Ramsay, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Rattray, relict of David Robertson, Esq. late of Illeaton, aged 88.

— At 5, North St David-street, Edinburgh, Robert Thom.

26. At Annfield, Henry Miller of Pourin, M.D. of the Hon. the East India Company's service.

— At Blair Drummond, George Home Drummond, Esq. of Blair Drummond.

— At Edinburgh, in the 81th year of her age, Mrs Barbara Lockhart, daughter of the late John Lockhart, Esq. of Clophro.

— At his house, near Cupar Fife, Mr Andrew Milne of South Bally.

27. Mr William Young, writer in Stromness, Orkney.

28. At Edinburgh, William Govan, Esq. of Hermiton.

— At Greenbank, Miss Jane Remy, eldest daughter of the late Mr Patrick Remy, writer in Falkirk.

— Mary Westwater, relict of Mr John Megget, merchant, Edinburgh.

29. At Colthridge, Miss Lindsay, relict of Mr John Lindsay.

— The Right Rev. Edmund Derby, D.D. Roman Catholic bishop of Drumore.

20. At Florence, William Mackenzie, Esq. of the island of St Vincent.

— At Carraig, in the 78th year of his age, Robt. Hogarth, Esq. tenant there.

— At Easter Causeyend, Mr Thomas Graham, farmer.

31. Mrs Agnes Redford, wife of Mr Robert Lamb, wood-merchant, Leith Walk.

Nov. 1. At Swinton Manse, Mrs Harriet Hepburn Mitchelson, wife of John Tait, younger of Pinn, W.S.

— At Kirkwall, Orkney, in the 23d year of her age, Agnes Sear, wife of James Spence, Esq. merchant.

— At Dysart, James Davidson Fleming, M.D. aged 23.

2. At No 41, North Hanover-street, Edinburgh,

Mr Andrew Ewing, aged 70 years, father of Tho. Ewing, teacher there.

— At her house in George-street, Miss Catherine Morison Mackenzie, daughter of the late Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Seatwell, Bart.

3. At Edinburgh, aged 88, Miss Margaret M'Laurin, daughter of the deceased Mr Donald M'Laurin, some time surgeon in Edinburgh, and sister of the late Dr M'Laurin, physician in London.

— In the charity work-house of this city, John Barclay, aged upwards of 80 years. He resided in this establishment for more than 73 years, during which time he never slept a night out of the house. When he was admitted, there were only twelve inmates resident in the house.

— At Prescot, Lancashire, aged 87, John Haselden. He served in the siege of Quebec, in the 15th regiment, and was employed by the immortal Wolfe, as his vallet, until the death of the hero, when he entered the service of General Murray, with whom he remained until his discharge, in the year 1761.

4. At her house in Castle-street, Mrs Dirom, widow of Alex. under Dirom, Esq. of Muresk, in the 55th year of her age.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Campbell, daughter of the deceased Neil Campbell, Esq. late collector of the customs, Oban.

5. At Tiaquar Manse, Peebles-shire, the Rev. James Nicoll, minister of the parish, in the 50th year of his age. Few men ever descended to the grave more universally beloved, and more deeply regretted.

— At St Clair Town, Mrs Margaret Kinnear, aged 92.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Anderson, formerly baker in Potterrow.

— Thomas James Steele, eldest son of Andrew Steele, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Gray's Mill, Mr Belfrage, merchant, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

6. At Fort William, Mr Joseph Young, of the Customs, Edinburgh, and acting comptroller at Fort William.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Scott, spouse of Robert Gilmour.

7. At Edinburgh, Ramsay, the infant daughter of Archibald Douglas, Esq. advocate.

— Mr Robert Schaw, copper-smith, Prince's-street, aged 37.

— At Portobello, Miss Isabella Clunie, sixth daughter of the late Rev. John Clunie, minister of Whitekirk.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes M'Pherson, much regretted by her numerous friends and acquaintances.

8. At her house, Prince's-street, Mrs Gibson of Cliftonhall, aged 88.

— At Eskbank, Theodora Walrond, the infant daughter of Mr Wood.

— At Doneraile House, in the county of Cork, of water in the chest, the Right Hon. Hayes St Leger, Viscount Doneraile. His lordship enjoyed very extensive estates, particularly in the counties of Cork and Waterford. He was in his 80th year.

9. At his house, Coats Crescent, Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Henry Eskine of Sheffield.

— At Stirling, Mrs Helen Mathew, relict of Alexander Sutherland, Esq. late of Woodend.

10. At Campbelltown, Marion, infant daughter of Captain H. Stevenson.

11. At Leith, Mrs Margaret Brown, wife of Mr James Thomson, late farmer, Dalhousie.

— At Edinburgh, William Spird, fourth son of Robert Spird, Esq. writer to the signet.

12. At his house, in New Burlington-street, London, in a fit of apoplexy, John Dawson, Esq. an eminent solicitor.

— At Edinburgh, David Hay, Esq. of Helton.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Grame, sister to Colonel Grame of Inchbraick.

13. At Edinburgh, in the 46th year of her age, Mary, wife of Mr Daniel Forrest, sen. merchant, High-street, Edinburgh. Her amiable disposition and mildness of manners endeared her to all who knew her, and, as an affectionate and tender mother, her loss is irreparable.

— At Cambridge, in the 18th year of his age, Walter Clarke Cliffe, only surviving son of Lieut.-Colonel Darby, of Grosvenor-place, Bath.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Steven, bookseller.

14. At 45, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, Jane Stewart, the infant daughter of Peter Macdowall, accountant.

— At Balmuto, Mr James Young, 47 years faithful gardener there, and who last year obtained the Caledonian Horticultural Society's medal for the reward of long and honest services.

— At Western Portsburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Carmichael, spouse of Mr John Lizar, boot and shoe maker.

— At Glenmore, Argyllshire, Mrs Campbell, senior, of Glenmore.

15. At Gilmora-place, in the 21st year of his age, Mr Andrew Home, youngest son of the late Mr John Home, land-surveyor.

— At Orangefield, county of Down, Hugh Crawford, Esq. many years an eminent and respectable merchant and banker in Belfast.

16. At No 24, Henriot Row, Edinburgh, Patrick, infant son of Mr Wishart.

— At Edinburgh, in the 86th year of her age, Betty Cameron, a native of Lochaber, who has resided here for the last 60 years. This poor woman was one of a small class of people, perhaps more peculiar to Scotland than any other country, who never beg, yet never want, and who, without relatives, fortune, or certain income, are provided for as if they had all these.

18. At Peebles, John Steel, son of Mr Walter Steel.

— At No 10, Broughton-street, Jane's, eldest son of Dr John Campbell.

19. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Robert, fourth son of the late Robert Kay of Harlaw, Berwickshire, aged 19.

— At Rineton, Captain John Macdonald of Gardensdale.

20. At London, John, only son of Mr Robert Keltie, of the island of Demerara, West Indies.

Lately—Within a few hours of each other, Mr John Green, of Bromyard, in Herefordshire, and Elizabeth, his wife. They had been married 59 years, and had 22 children in little more than 19 years.

At Godalming, Nicholas Loftus, Esq. formerly Lieut.-Colonel of the 4th regiment dragoon guards, in the 80th year of his age.

In Downshire, at the seat of her brother, in consequence of a locked jaw, which proceeded from having a tooth drawn the week before, Miss Gordon, sister to Charles Gordon, Esq. of Wiscomb-park.

At Paris, Mrs B. Wallis, the wife of Lieutenant-General Bayley Wallis, and sister of Sir Robert Wilson, M.P.

At London, a few weeks after his return from India, Robert Stewart, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's medical service, third son of the late Robert Stewart, Esq. of Ballechin.

At Horseley, Gloucestershire, John Sheppard, Esq. He has left £400 to the Gloucester Infirmary, and £1000 three per cent. consols to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

At St Margaret Stone, near Dunfermline, after a long illness, Mrs Isabella Saunders, relict of Mr Robert Saunders, there.

At the baths of Tivoli, near Paris, in his 29th year, Sir Arthur Grey Hazlrigg, Bart. of Nossely Hall, Leicestershire.

Suddenly at Paris, Captain John Doig, late of the 21st regiment.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XXXIV.

JANUARY 1820.

VOL. VI.

Contents.

On the Progressive Change of Poetical Style	363	A Lay of Fairy Land, (from a volume of Poems, by John Wilson, now in the Press)	432
Public Buildings of Edinburgh	370	Verses on the Church of Krisuvik in Iceland	435
On the Analogy between the growth of Individual and National Genius	375	Sir Thomas Brown	ib.
Emma.—A Tale	382	Living Toads found in stones are productions of the former world, by the Rector of Pabsdorf	437
The Vision	384	Elements of a Plan for the Liquidation of the National Debt, &c. by Richard Heathfield	441
Reflections on a Brumal Scene	ib.	The Warder. No IV.	448
Notices of the Acted Drama in London. No VIII.	386	Notices to Correspondents	464
Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, enclosing a Fragment of the Mad Banker	390	Sonnet, by the Ettrick Shepherd	ib.
Annals of Peterhead, from its Foundation to the present time; by P. Buchan	393	LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE	465
Horæ Germanicæ.—No III. <i>The Twentieth of February</i> .—A Dramatic Sketch; by Adolphus Müllner	397	WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION	466
Analytical Essays on the old English Dramatists.—No VIII.— <i>The Witch of Edmonton</i> .—Ford, Dekker, and Rowley	409	MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	468
Sacotala; or, the Fatal Ring	417	MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Upon the Relation of Music to the Drama.—Letter I.	430	Commercial Report	473
		Meteorological Report	477
		Appointments, Promotions, &c.	478
		Births, Marriages, and Deaths	479

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ON THE PROGRESSIVE CHANGE OF POETICAL STYLE.

Ut unus ab illis numeretur Annus, omnes annos suos conterent.—SENECA.

THE progressive change of poetical style, as connected with the reputation of the poets of different ages, is a delicate theme. It involves the development of some niceties; the examination of some prejudices; and, what is worst, the contradiction of some assertions. The importance of the subject may perhaps hardly appear commensurate with its minuteness of detail. It cannot however be unimportant to have something like clear ideas on a matter which has affected, and will affect, the polite literature of this, and every other European country.

In commencing the present sketch, it would seem to be needless to go further back than the Augustan age, as including the earliest and the best of what we know of the Roman poetry. The progress of the Greek literature was early interrupted by political changes. From the age of *Æschylus* to the battle of *Chæronæa*, is comprehended only the short interval of ninety-eight years. In about double that time afterwards, the Romans began those aggressions, which ended in the second subjugation of Greece. To Rome the best fruit of this conquest was the cultivation of Greek literature, of which the Roman is indeed a sort of continuation. The Latin authors condescended to imitate those models which they could not hope to surpass; and such was the beginning of the Augustan age; the splendour of which has diminished that of all after literature, and in a great measure blinded posterity to the excellencies of succeeding authors; whilst, as shadows are strongest in an imperfect light, it has at the same time led us to

VOL. VI.

exaggerate their defects. The Augustan age has been too exclusively talked about. We have been too bigotted adorers of the poetic spirit, the simplicity, and the subdued beauty of *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the other eminent poets their contemporaries. It cannot, certainly, be denied, that the poetry of their period, presents an aggregate of excellence which it may be difficult to parallel. For this, however, it is more or less indebted to the favourable circumstances under which it was written; nor does it by any means follow that these poets were possessed of genius eminently superior to those, either of their own or of other countries, who have succeeded them. The commencement of the poetical literature of all nations, probably exhibits something like this. That it has been the case with English poetry, is attempted to be shewn in the course of these remarks. It is indeed natural to expect that the earlier efforts of poetry should be upon the whole the most happy; and for this plain reason, that in poetry as in every thing else, originality is much easier when there has been no one to anticipate its sources. The earlier poets, *Terence*, *Lucretius*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, stood upon the most advantageous ground. The Latin language had just attained to a polished regularity—the rude and comparatively antiquated versification of *Ennius*, and of one or two others whose names are now scarcely known, was all with which they had to contend. The fields of poetry were open to them, and they culled the flowers which grew at their

feet. Originality and simplicity then went hand in hand.

This, it is quite obvious, could not last long. In proportion as simple imagery and sentiment were pre-occupied, artificial combinations became necessary. The change in the poetical style is apparent, accordingly, even in the younger writers of the age of Augustus. Ovid and Propertius exhibit many marks of what Quintilian has described as the depravity of the Latin style. That quaintness of expression, pointedness of sentence, and elaborate metaphor, in which this depravity is thought to consist, are best known from a selection of passages which contain them. In the few examples here given, such are attempted to be selected as embody the peculiarities of the style of the age, at the same time that they illustrate the genius of the poet.

Propertius was one of the latest writers of the Augustan age. He died young, and his remains have been less esteemed than they deserve to be, probably because they are somewhat more tintured with the peculiarities of the artificial style than those of his contemporaries. He certainly has not the genius of Ovid, to excuse his want of simplicity, to those who make it the first criterion of excellence. Neither has he the equable and plaintive flow of Tibullus; but his elegies exhibit occasional bursts of poetry, superior perhaps to any thing in those of his rival. The following passage may afford some idea of the capabilities of the poet, as well as of the turn of his style.

Quicumque ille fuit Puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?
Hic pium vixit sine sensu vivere amantes
Et levibus curis magna perire bona.
Idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,
Fecit et humano corde violare deum;
Sed heu alterna quoniam jactamur in unda,
Nostraque non ullis permanet aura locis;
Et merito hamatus manus est armata sagittis
Et pharetra exhumero Gnosia utroque jacet;
Anteferit quoniam, tuti quam æternus hostem
Nec quisquam, ex illo vulnere, sanus abit.
In me tela manent, manet et puerilis humo,
Sed certe pennas perdidit ille suus;
Evocat heu! nostro quoniam de pectore nunquam
Assiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.

Lib. ii. Eleg. xii.

Though generally elegant, however, and occasionally tender, he is haunted with a sort of pedantry, which sometimes weighs down his genius.

During the latter portion of the reign of Tiberius, began that course of tyranny and debauchery, which overlaid and poisoned the genius and

virtue of Italy. From this time the writers are few, and scattered at long intervals over a dreary and neglected tract. The reigns of succeeding emperors, down to Vespasian and Titus, exhibit little else than the annals of cruelty and sensuality; and a poet appears like an oasis of the desert green in the midst of a scorched and sandy waste. That tendency to the artificial style, which began with Ovid, attained, in the hands of Seneca, to all the madness of metaphor and antithesis. Examples of these figures are indeed to be found in almost every sentence of his prose writings, and of the few verses he has left. It is perhaps superfluous to remark, that the heavy and tasteless tragedies under the name of Seneca are generally thought to be falsely attributed to the tutor of Nero. In his poetical lamentations on his banishment, he quaintly alludes to the solitude of Corsica.

"Hic, sola hæc duo sunt, Exul et exilium."

And in conclusion of a deprecatory address to the rugged genius of the place, thus sings—

Parce religatis, hoc est jam parce sepulchris,
"Pavorum cineri sit tua terra levis—."

This taste in the usual course of things soon became subject to a reaction. It was a permanent one, and the writers from that time downwards are comparatively moderate in the application of artificial embellishment, only using it in proportion as they are compelled to do so by the increasing necessities of originality.

Lucan was about twenty five years younger than Seneca. It is needless to dilate upon the well-known characteristics of this admirable poet. He has been, perhaps justly, accused of a tendency to bombast. The *Pharsalia*, however, as a whole, has a well-sustained tone of lofty stoicism, and contains many passages of a force and energy which have not often been surpassed. It may perhaps be but a doubtful compliment, that the sceptical Pere Hardouin, who has disputed the authenticity of most of the classics, concedes that of Lucan. His language is much more artificial, and includes more apparent effort than that of the best poets of the Augustan period. His complimentary line to Cato is celebrated,

"Victrix causa Dns placuit, sed victa Catoni."

This, however, is not the only compliment he has paid to the Patriot,

The following fine panegyric ex-
clamations are put into the mouth of
Brutus.

"Quid, tot durasse per annos,
Profuit, immuni corrupti moribus ævi?
Hoc solum longe pretium virtutis habebis,
Accipient alios, facient te bella nocentem." Lib. ii.

He thus eulogizes the customary
suicides of a certain tribe, auxiliaries
of Pompey.

"Proh! quanta est gloria Genti
Injecisse manum Fatis, vitæque repletos,
Quod superest donasse Deis!" Lib. iii.

Having related the rout of Pom-
pey's army, he breaks into these ex-
clamations; the change of tense from
the third to the first person plural is
striking, and the concluding thought
strong, and perhaps a little too daring.

"Vincimur his gladius omnis, quæ serviet, ætas;
Proxima quid Soboles, aut quid merueri nepotes
In regnum nasci? pavidi num gessimus arma?
Teximus aut jugulos?—Alieni pœna timoris,
In nostra cervice sedet: post proelia nati.
Si dominum, Fortuna, dabas, et bella dedisses."

Silius Italicus has of all the Latin
poets met with the worst usage and
the greatest neglect. The injudicious
plan of his poem, on the second Punic
war, has in part been the cause. A
work of seventeen books, and consist-
ing of no great single action, but a-
mounting to something very like what,
upon a smaller scale, had been called
"a Gazette in rhyme," has dreariness
in the very outset. Added to this has
been the operation of that criticism
which, to the occasional boldness of
Silius, prefers the exaggerated charac-
ters and feeble style of Statius. Si-
lius Italicus has too easily indulged in
the pleasure of composition. He was
a man of wealth and leisure; and
when a great man chooses to relax him-
self in verse, few critics are ill-bred

enough to hint the possibility of pro-
lixity. Had he concentrated the
powers, which he has lavished upon
his voluminous Epic, into a poem of
the fourth of the length, he would
have stood high as a poet. A very few
extracts will amply prove this. His
expressions are sometimes very bold,
though his force, upon the whole, is
much less than that of Lucan. The
opening presents a forcible description
of Hannibal, the Hector of the poem.

"Ingenio motus avidus fideique sinister
Ia fuit, exuberans astu, sed devius æqui;
Armato nullus Divum pudor; improba virtus
Et pucis spectatus honos; penitusque medullis
Sanguinis humani flagrat situs: misuper ævi
Flóre virens, ævet Egales abolere parentum
Decedens, ac Siculo demergere fœdera ponto.—
Jamque, aut nocturno penetrat Capitolla visu,
Aut, rapidus, fertur per summas passibus Alpes,
Sepe effiam famuli, turbato ad luvina somno,
Expavere truceem, per vasta silentia, vocem;
Ac largo sudore virum invenere, futuras
Miscentem pugnas, et inania bella gerentem."

Lib. i.

The character is well kept up;—
his persuasion that he was fated to
conquer Rome,—his joy at the omens
in his favour, and his disregard of
them when against him,—his intense
love of Fame and loathing of peaceful
obscurity—

"Quantum, enim, distant a morte silentia Vitæ!"

The passage of the Alps is, in some
places, highly wrought. Indeed it
seems to be one of the peculiarities of
this poet to give a sort of dramatic, or
even theatrical effect to some of his
descriptions of natural scenery.

The following passage is remarka-
ble, not only as being a proof of the
strong and pointed metaphorical ex-
pression of which Silius Italicus was
capable, but also as affording a strik-
ing example of that change of style
which the necessity of originality forces
upon poets. The Alpine solitudes are
referred to.

"Has observatis Valles (navimus astris;
Namque dies confundit iter, peditemque profundo
Errantem Campo, et semper media arva videntem,
Sidonia Cynosura regit fidissima nautas." Lib. iii.

Lucan, in his account of Cato's
march through the Lybian Desert,
had already said, "sideribus novere
viam." Silius strengthens this passage
by the "enavimus," which is "a
bold word," and by additional circum-
stances.

The brave obstinacy of Flaminius,
who fights at lake Thrasimene, against
all augury, and under the most un-
favourable circumstances, is pourtrayed
in lively colours. Describing the
disorder of the Roman troops, hurrying
to the onset, he says—

"Præsago cuncta tumultu
implere, et pugnam, fugientium more petebant." Lib. v.

and the audacious Consul, in defiance
of dissuading Omens, exclaims—

"Sat magnus in hostem
Augur adest, Ensis

The rout at Cannæ, which, though
infinitely more disastrous, includes
less of picturesque circumstance, is
less successfully treated. The diffi-
culty of transferring the interest from
Hannibal to Fabius, Scipio, and oth-
ers, who, after the decline of his for-
tunes, became "lords of the ascend-
ant," takes much of their attraction
from the latter books of the poem.
The following lines may be quoted, as
having that sort of theatrical effect
which has been already adverted to:—
"Hinc rupti resboare poli, atque hinc crebra micare
Fulmina, et in classem ruere inopæabile oclum."

Lib. XVII.

The poems of Statius have been al-
ready mentioned. Pope has conde-

ascended to translate the first book of his *Thebais*, and to give an English version of the melodious mediocrity of his original. All Latin verse, however, is melodious; and to this excellence, which he possesses in common with the rest of his poetical countrymen, Statius has added little of his own.

From this period down to Claudian, "all is void," poetically speaking, for, excepting by scholars, Ausonius is not resorted to, and Prudentius scarcely ranks as a classic—that poet being a Christian. In annals which are filled with wars abroad and brutality at home, there is no room for literature. The leaf coloured red is, in the eye of reason, as much a blank as that which is left untouched. Whilst every thing estimable was retrograde, corruption of manners advanced with accelerated progress. Juvenal had said, in his strong way;

"Occurrunt multæ tibi Belides, atque Eriphylæ:
Mane! Clytemnestram nullus non vicus habebit!"

and Silius Italicus elegantly and feelingly alludes to the same deterioration. He is describing the conduct of the Romans after the defeat at Cannæ,—

"Hæc tum Roma fuit; post te, cui vertere mores
Si stabat fatis, potius, Carthago, maneres!"

The poetry of Claudian is like the last lamp which, after a long interval, seems to bid us adieu, in our egress from some city where we are leaving the brilliancy of palaces, and the illuminated haunts of elegant civilization. He is one of the most polished of poets; nor does his polish detract anything from his strength. His satirical passages are as free from coarseness as his gayest strains: and, as the finest scymitars are said to be tempered with perfume, they, perhaps, cut deeper from the delicacy employed in their formation. The obscurity of the events which constitute the subjects of most of his pieces, is a great disadvantage. We are with difficulty interested by that of which we know little. The Trojan war, and the fortunes of the first Cæsars, are familiar to all; but who knows or cares about the virtues of Stilicho, or the defeat of Rufinus?

This poet abounds, above all the Latin poets, in point and antithesis. His points, however, are always elegant; although perhaps pushed, in a few instances, to absolute quaintness.

The opening of the Panegyric on Serena, is a beautiful effort:—

"Dic mihi, Calliope, tanto cur tempore differs
Plerio meritam serto redimire Serenam?
Vile putas donum, solitam consurgere gemmis
Et rubro radiare mari, si floribus ornes
Reginæ regina coram?—sed floribus illis
Quos neque frigoris Boreas, nec Sirius urit
Aestibus, eterno sed vetis honore rubentes
Pons Aganippe! Permessius educat undâ
Unde pius pascuntur apes, et præta legentes
Tiansmittunt sacris Heliconia mella futuris."

On the nuptials of Honorius, the gay poet informs the young bridegroom,—

"Non quisquam fruitur veris honoribus
Hyblæos latebris nec spoliât favos,
Si fronte caveat, si timeat rubus:
Armat spina rosas; mella trahunt apes;
Crescunt difficili quadra iurgio;
Ascendit quæ magis quæ refugit Venus;
Quod denti tulcris, plus sapit osculum."

Fescennina.

In the poem on the enterprise of Rufinus, the half-suppressed inquietude of the people is described in a simile, of which the exquisite language is fully equal to the evident justice of the comparison:—

Ceu murmurat alti
Impacata quies pelagi, cum, flamine fracto,
Durat adhuc sævitque tumor, dubiumque per æstum
Lassa recedentis fulcant vestigia ventis—

In Ruf. Lib. I.

Rufinus is slain and hacked in pieces, and his limbs scattered about,

"Pulvere raro,
Per partes tegitur, nusquam totiesque sepultus."

Lib. II.

The next passage is singular, as being in anticipation of the Linnæan System. It may possibly have afforded a hint to Darwin.

"Vivunt in Venerem frondes; omnisque vicissim
Felix arbor amat: nutant ad mutua Palmæ
Fœdera; Populeo spirat Populus icu;
Et Platani Platanis, Alnoque assibit Alnus."

Epithal. de nupt. Mon. & Mar.

The following description of the infant Sun is pushed, though elegantly, to an extreme of quaintness.—It is one of his few faulty passages:

"Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus alis
Cristatum radiis—"

Rapt. Pros. Lib. I.

After Claudian there is no Roman poet of note. The intellect and learning of the times were rapidly absorbed by theological polemics of a description which, in their operation, seem to have darkened rather than enlightened the minds of the disputants. Such was the twilight which preceded the night of the middle ages.

The foregoing extracts have gone so far in shewing that, after the Augustan age, the paucity of poets is probably to be attributed to the noxious influence of a corrupted and distracted empire; and that the efforts which were actually made, exhibit proofs of genius and taste, which, had they been reserved for a happier period,

must have led to splendid results. It remains to glance at the revival of poetry, as it extended to England, and to point out the similitudes between the progress of the English poetical style, and that of the Latin classics. The truth of the critical* deductions which may be drawn from this view, must, of course, depend upon the right appreciation of the facts.

It was not until about the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, that the English language attained such an approximation to perfection, as to become comparatively permanent in its idioms and general tone of expression. In tracing the progress of our poetical style, it would, however, be unjust to omit one or two writers of Henry VIII. and Mary. The works of the Earl of Surrey, and of Wyatt, present many passages of poetical simplicity, joined to easy versification, the last of which qualities is as rare in early poetry, as its adjunct is common. In an investigation of this nature, the progress of English poetry in general must be carefully kept distinct from that of English dramatic poetry. The general style of poetry in the reign of Elizabeth, the *true* Augustan age of Britain, was affected by circumstances from the operation of which the drama was in a great measure free. The drama may be called of indigenous growth, while the Epic and Lyrical shoots were early improved by grafts from the ancient classical and modern Italian Parnassus. The drama, too, was adopted by a man who had powers to form it as no other school was ever furnished, and to enrich it as no other poetry was ever enriched. In the hands of this almost preternatural genius, it at once attained that perfection which other departments of the poetic art have only reached through the lapse of ages; and he has thrown a radiance over his dramatic contemporaries, with which their own powers, aided even by the tuition of his example, would never have invested them.

Throughout the plays of Shakspeare, and also, in a lesser degree, in the other dramatic writers of his time, is to be found that just mixture of simple originality, bold metaphor, and pointed energy, which approaches the perfection of poetical writing. In the miscellaneous poetry of the age,

there is a homely formality, more or less interlarded with that tendency to quaint conceit, which, after Spenser, went on increasing, until the paroxysm had its crisis in Cowley. A few instances of quaint metaphor may be, indeed, selected from the immense stores of the dramatic productions of Elizabeth's reign; but they are few. Romeo and Juliet contains more than one; and in the pathetic oration of Caratach over the body of the suicide Penius, in the Bonduca of Beaumont and Fletcher, the Briton is made to exclaim,

"Thou hallow'd reffe, thou rich diamond,
Cut with thine own dust—"

The style of the great Epic or rather allegorical poet of the period, Spenser, is much more simple. Had he written a regular Epic, and been less fond of the antiquated phraseology which he affects, he might have ranked as the English Virgil. His verse is melodious, and his language, in general, simply poetical; for he has few of those pointed and antithetical passages which increase with the advancement of poetry. The following stanzas are more pointed than is usual with him:

"Dear dame, quoth he, you sleeping sparkes awake
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow.
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moisture into smoke do flow.
And wasted life do lie in ashes low;
Yet aithens silence lesseneth not my fire
But told it flames and hidden it doth glow
I will reveale what you so much desire—
Ah! Love lay down thy bow the whiles I may
respyre."

Book 1, Canto IX.

Envy is thus finely described,—

"And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cuncker'd teeth a venomous tode
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne mawe,
At neighbours welth that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw:
And wept that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous
glad."

Book 1, Canto IV.

In Ben Johnson and in Donne there is an evident deviation from the early simplicity of style. Jonson, though often hard, sometimes writes elegantly, even in the modern acceptation of elegance. His epitaphs are deservedly celebrated. The two following are the first and last stanzas of one of his songs:

"Come let us here enjoy the shade,
For lov'd in shadow best is made;
Tho' Envy oft his shadow be;
None brooks the sunlight worse than he."

* Such are his pow'rs whom time hath styl'd
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now mild;

Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now wild,
The eldest god yet still a child."

In his *Elegy on Shakespeare*, the strong thoughts are clothed in rough versification :

"Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe;
He was not of an age but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo he came forth to war
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun and wov'n so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wif."

The reputation of Donne is a little unaccountable. His lumbering conceits and lumbering phraseology seem to have acted as a sort of pioneers to the less awkward forces of Cowley; but he is best known by the translation which Pope has made of some of his satires. If Donne was the precursor of Cowley, Drummond may, perhaps, as properly be called that of Waller. In this poet some of the most musical versification and most elegantly pointed lines of the time are to be found. Indeed some of his sonnets have never been surpassed.

Waller has carried the union of pointed thought with correct versification to a height which after times have seldom exceeded. He is not, however, always equally happy, nor is the polish of his language always sufficient to disguise the far-fetched thoughts which are embodied in his stanzas. His exquisite song, "Go Lovely Rose," has been the favourite of most readers of poetry. But a fairer sample of his beauties and his faults must be given.

SONG VII.

While I listen to thy voice
"Chloris, I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.
Peace, Chloris, peace, or singing die,
That together you and I
To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is that they sing and that they love."

One of the happiest stanzas in his panegyric on Cromwell runs thus: It alludes to the insular advantages of England.

"Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive,
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The land with vengeance, and the good to aid."

Cowley made his age of English poetry what that of Seneca was in Roman poetry; and had Seneca been more of a poet, he would have been the Roman Cowley. One song will sufficiently exemplify the peculiarities of this poet.

WEeping.

"See where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others eyes
Ah! charming maid, let not ill fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears,
For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In ev'ry drop, methinks, her eye;
The baby which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

N'er yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this sunshine and rain together;
Pray heav'n her forehead, that pure hill of snow,
For some such fountain we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind,
Melt not to feed that beauteous stream below.

Ah! mighty love, that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweat!
But what, alas! ah! what does it avail
That she weeps tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the asses' hoof can hold,
So cold that I admire they fall not hail!"

To this song, a double mark of admiration is requisite. The tribe, of which this author is one, have been called the "metaphysical poets;" and he is the prince of them. The term "metaphysical" is, however, by no means happy in this application of it. It is used in contra-distinction to "natural;" the style of Cowley is the unnatural style. To define precisely what is meant by this is yet a matter of nice distinction; the faults of this style have been much exaggerated, and sometimes misconceived. The difference between Cowley and those who are called the natural poets seems to be merely this; that he pushes his thoughts, whether metaphors, antitheses, or similes, frequently too far, and, what is worse, for the most part uses them indiscriminately and without any apparent consideration, whether or not their general tone is adapted to that of the subject he is treating. His quaintest thoughts may be paralleled from different passages, in the works of other poets, but he is so blindly attached to them, that he crowds into his verse every point of every kind which his subject affords, as if all of equal propriety and value. Thus, in the example given, the last line is absolutely ludicrous, because utterly uncongenial with the graver tone of the subject and the preceding matter, whilst in an epigram or a satire it might have been applauded. His love of point is so intense, that he heeds not how far he goes for one, or how laboriously he hammers it into the shape he wants. Although a thought have the coldness of frost-work itself, he cares not, so it possesses also the crystalline sparkle; and though in the banquet he sets before

us we meet with much real fruit, we fully as often have our teeth set on edge by a cheat in stone, or an imitation in ice.

Dryden, to a facility equal to that of Cowley, in the exhibition of original and unexpected turns, has added the most exquisite judgment in using them. He was the first, and is perhaps the greatest master of that style of writing poetry which, in reality, is almost as far removed from simplicity as that of Cowley, but in which, by the better adaptation of the materials to the subject, the art of the poet is either altogether concealed, or else rendered pleasing by the very way in which it is exerted. The world, to be sure, had seen the two early pieces of Milton, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*; but, before the publication of "*Paradise Lost*," Dryden had written much, and well. It remains to select a few passages, and first, as an instance of daring simile admirably adapted to the subject, take these couplets.

"I call'd thee, Nile; the parallel will stand;
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land,
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind."

Medal.

The next would be out of taste in any thing but a satire.

"In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write."
Asiatom & Achitophel.

The passages that follow are not a little Cowleyan, excepting in the occasions of their introduction.

"The souls of friends, like kings, in progress are
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement in a coarser place,
Where pomp and ceremonies entered not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well
forgot."

Eleanora.

"One I beheld, the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind;
'True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
But smiling said, she still shall gain the prize,
I only have transferred it to her eyes."

Epistle to Kneller.

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers
Is reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day,
And as these nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright Lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grow's reason at religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light."

Religio Laici.

Such is the style of Dryden, the great principle of which has, since his time, continued, and probably will continue, to be that of all successful English poets. This assertion, however, must of course be taken quite ge-

nerally, and the word style understood in its most general sense, and not, by any means, as including those peculiarities of rhythm or versification which are more properly classed under the denomination of mannerism. That criticism, which turns back for models to the works of the early poets, is certainly most mistaken. The regions of poetical simplicity are quickly exhausted, and to expect further discoveries there, is to expect them in a country which has been surveyed and mapped over and over. Another reason for the gradual dereliction of simplicity in poetry is that general tendency to abstract ideas, which civilization and knowledge are always inducing.

The mind, less and less accustomed to details, with difficulty condescends to the consideration of simple impressions, however beautiful and however new, and finds more excitement in the bringing together of ideas which are usually apart, and the generalizing of sensations which are at first naturally distinct. This evidently leads to what is called a metaphysical or artificial style of writing. To use the term, "artificial," however, as descriptive of a deviation from some fixed standard of style, is to give it a strictness which it has really never borne. There can hardly be a general or national artificial style, in any reasonable meaning of the word; nor is there any fixed standard of the natural and familiar. Those thoughts which are now far-fetched must, as the minds of men become more accustomed to poetical images and expressions, grow gradually common. Some of our most familiar phrases, which are now trite and vulgar, are, in fact, in their elements, highly figurative and poetical, and probably were at first popular for that very reason. In short, it would appear, that future adventurers in metaphor will be less and less able than their predecessors have been, to leave behind the idioms of common use, and that the common place has a perpetual tendency to outstrip the artificial. If the principles of criticism, deducible from the foregoing, were applied to living poets, Mr Moore would perhaps be found too much, and Mr Wordsworth too little, addicted to the search of originality of point and metaphor. This, however, is dangerous ground, nor are such comparisons within the intention of the present remarks.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH is a city of palaces.—The imposing natural grandeur of her situation has excited a kindred spirit in her architects; the dark huge masses of the old town, and the open and airy splendour of the new, associate with the surrounding magnificence of nature, and make “mine own romantic town” the wonder of Europe.—The spirit of public improvement is visibly abroad, and national taste seeks to associate with its pure and impressive literature the sister productions of architecture, painting, and sculpture. To accomplish this, we must be prudently patient—we cannot create architects like soldiers, by a conscription—nor rear splendid edifices by a spell—nor rob Athens to decorate Edinburgh, as Constantine did Rome to ornament Byzantium; we must maintain the same air of originality in our buildings which reigns in our literature, and make the one worthy of the other.—I confess, Mr North, I perused with some pain, an article in your last Number, recommending the restoration of the Parthenon in the national monument, and pressing its reception at great length and with great learning. But there is no occasion to array a line of eminent names—of ancient nations, and famous edifices—the question lies at the very surface, and is decided by the natural good taste which is more or less in the bosom of every individual.—I love the warm heartedness with which your correspondent presses the matter; I perfectly agree with him concerning the object; but we differ widely about the means—he reasons wisely—but he reasons from wrong principles.

It is asserted, there is a wide—an unapproachable difference betwixt literature and art; and Homer and Virgil are pointed out as the well-springs of poetical genius, at which the muse has refreshed herself through all succeeding generations.—But while we are called upon to imitate those immortal men—to do for Scotland what they did for Greece and Rome—hallow her hills, and her heroes, we are not to adapt their verse to our sentiments, and by a mere alteration of names, transfer at once the eminent poems of the Heathen into Christian service.—How this privilege is denied to poets and conceded to

architects I cannot comprehend.—All people, whose taste and genius influence and lead public opinion, are as well acquainted with the noble edifices of Europe, as they are with the works of Homer and Virgil—and the tables and shelves of architects are loaded and encumbered with drawings of all the buildings Greece or Italy possess.—They accumulate there, till native taste is terrified at the contemplation—rebuked as the spirit of the Roman Triumvir was under the eye of Cæsar—till original talent is frightened into servile imitation—and then the nation is desired to build the columns of Trajan and Antonine, as beacons to light the way for public taste—an expensive mode of instruction, sacrificing ready money, and originality together—for the sake of erecting *something* that means *nothing*, unless accompanied with a spiral supplemental bas-relief, to represent the deeds it is designed to celebrate.—A Trajan’s column will appear in Edinburgh, without its sculptural explanations, with as much propriety as the female quaker appeared naked in the streets of London as a sign to the people!—You will observe the ancients had always an obvious meaning in their works.—What is the difference, for it seems your correspondent has discovered there is one, between building an exact Parthenon, and carving an exact Apollo,—they are both servile plagiarisms—proofs, perhaps, of delicate hands and degenerate heads; and the carver is as original as the mason, and the mason as the carver.—I should also think a Parthenon in Scotch freestone, will still be more like the original than the English Homer of Pope or Cowper is like the illustrious Greek, and millions claim their acquaintance with the divine poet through that medium alone—I for one—a much more questionable mode of acquaintance than contemplating the Parthenon in drawings or models, to which I hope the taste of the country will always keep it confined.—That Michael Angelo, who proudly wrote “Michael, poet, sculptor, and architect;” studied the Grecian buildings I have no doubt—but he was no servile borrower—in his borrowing he shewed the exuberance of his native riches—he did not borrow because of abject poverty—he

did not advise a resurrection of the Parthenon—nor accurate copies of triumphant columns—he had a prouder, a nobler aim—and he attained it.—Your correspondent calls the poverty of England in superb structures an “extraordinary problem,” and seeks to solve it, by saying it is from the absence of works of art—and so it is.—How does he suppose Greece obtained her buildings? There was a time, I dare say, when she was poor in these ornaments—but Greece *created* them for herself—she was no importer of the architecture of other nations; her footsteps can only be traced in Egypt, and that faintly. In Greece and Italy the public money was lavished on public edifices—the noblest modern works in Britain are the result of private subscription—a demand for grandeur would soon command the attention, of genius—but no demand is made—the public offices of the most powerful nation on earth are like brick-stacks, and our proudest palaces are like barns and barracks.

But it seems this is the golden moment to introduce this piece of borrowed dignity—the only period when an edifice of “precisely the same description, and destined to exactly the same purpose, as the Parthenon of Athens,” can be obtained; public encouragement calls loudly for something, and must, it seems, be gratified—must have a stolen morsel put into its mouth till something better can be made ready. Your correspondent calls out, like the cook at Camacho’s wedding, to the impatient Sancho—“Here friend, comfort thyself with this scum till the pot boils;” but a temple in honour of Minerva is one thing, and a monument in honour of Christian glory another. Why not advise at once a triumphal arch? a structure quite in point—ready made—no cost for invention—can, like the Parthenon, be taken, “cut and dry,” from the architect’s portfolio, and will form a grand entrance through which the titled men of the south can approach “old Lady Edinburgh on her throne of rock.” These were erections which ages and great names have consecrated; but their time has passed away—they stand memorials of ancient usage—and a Christian people have found out a better way of acknowledging the protection of providence. But a traveller, it seems, has discovered some resem-

blance between the Acropolis and the Calton-hill—they are both rocky elevations—overlook two ancient cities—“they are both rivers, look you,” says Fluellen, “and there be salmons in both.” And this unfortunate resemblance must be punished by the infliction of a corresponding edifice; and something of the same kind of threat is held darkly forth against the rock of Stirling. Can you tell me where Phidias sought for a precedent in choosing his site? and what temple he plundered to ornament it? But it seems we have quarries capable of being laboured into any forms which architects may be driven to borrow, and because our native rocks have submitted to every species of imitation which the carver’s chisel can accomplish—because Waterloo-place possesses capitals delicately carved, exactly resembling some Athenian antiques, we must have an imitation on a grander scale; we have been, but puny thieves of porticos and capitals hitherto—despise these petty larcenies—make a bold grasp, and become the greatest and most unlimited architectural thieves of the age. But then, this will enable Edinburgh to have a school of architecture—to become the centre of taste, and the mistress of chaste design—and you cannot imagine what wonderful things Scottish genius may accomplish, by placing a Parthenon before it. It may teach us to be honest, but we begin basely—it may instruct architects in the honourable feeling of the genius of one land, to another—to abandon their predatory inroads on broken down nations—but it sets a bad example; and instead of holding up a wise and salutary lesson, it will be hailed as a precedent, not as a warning; and there will be no end to the importation of ancient temples, while folly has a pound in her pocket, or Scotland an acre of rock for a foundation.

Your correspondent, however, confesses a kind of lurking suspicion, that, inasmuch as a poem equal in beauty to the *Æneid*, a statue as peerless as the Apollo, and a work as sublime as the Principia, might be produced in a few years, so might an edifice be imagined, rivalling the wonders of the Parthenon; but he has far less faith in the genius of architects than in the imagination of poets and sculptors—and lest some lucky creation of the kind should occur—some gifted

architect arise—he calls loudly to “lay the vile clutch of restoration on the Parthenon,” and occupy this classical rock—this Caledonian Acropolis, before native and original genius can come modestly forward with her proposal of a rival edifice. But Marcus Aurelius and Trajan repaired to Athens, to the foot of the Acropolis, to do what millions did, and what millions do, admire the grandeur of the Parthenon, and to borrow—not the whole edifice, like our Caledonian admirer—but conceptions worthy of the imperial dignity. This was rational and wise—just to the majesty of Rome and the dignity of Greece; these illustrious men did not distrust national taste like your correspondent, and though ages had passed away, and universal admiration was warm and unabated, though the worshippers of Minerva still thronged her porch, this admiration was not seized on as a pretext for transferring the building to one of the seven hills. But Dante, it seems, and Petrarch, admired the ancients so much, that they rather sought to restore their works to their original splendour and purity, than publish their own productions. Had they limited their genius to this generous labour, their names would have been silent to-day—they would not have figured in your correspondent’s list of eminent men. And pray, what works did they restore? That they studied the ancient poets, there is evidence in their works, but they reared permanent structures of their own; and the *Inferno*, as far as I can judge from an imperfect translation, is one of the most original works that ever issued from the mind of man. All that can be quoted from tale or history—which poetry can give, or tradition supply—and all the illustrious names that can be ranked together, and the example of eminent nations added to the whole, go only to prove, that one man of genius admired another, and sought to rival not to plunder him. The want of variety in the forms and combinations of architecture is complained of, and the reproach of copyism endeavoured to be mitigated by the assurance that originality is a most difficult thing—a beauty of rare emergence among architects. All that is very true, and nothing to the purpose—originality of any kind is a great rarity, and thousands of men have acquired

great names without being wholly original. I think there is a French critic, who proves the *Æneid* to be a mere cento from Homer and others, and yet who denies the charm which the great Roman has diffused over that tender and beautiful poem? His poem is not an *Iliad* in a less lofty language, as your Caledonian Parthenon would only be a Greek Parthenon, degraded in a baser material. Eminence in architecture, according to your correspondent, can easily be obtained; there is no need of study to create—no waste of thought wanted; “he thinks best who never thinks at all.” You have only to put forth your hand and steal—only steal what is valuable, and steal extensively. Why then, if to be original is a hopeless matter, seek you to establish a school for architecture, and purchase a model for forty thousand pounds? Acts of depredation may be committed without the extravagance of such an establishment. But then, the power of choosing well among the remains of ancient art seems, to your correspondent, almost as rare a gift as the faculty of original conception. But a structure decidedly original in its conception and detail is not desired, perhaps ought not to be expected; yet I should suspect that the Doric order is capable of assuming many beautiful arrangements equally sublime and simple as the Parthenon. No one is called on to invent new orders—much merit lies in making use of created things in a new and beautiful manner. As an order of architecture may be degraded by applying it to a mean purpose or injudiciously, so may it be elevated and honoured in being dedicated to a noble purpose, and applied in a masterly and unborrowed manner. This principle of tasteful selection and judicious admiration of other people’s productions I never heard questioned or contradicted till I saw it in your *Miscellany*. That an architect wishes for edifices that cost no study, may be natural enough to those who are more alive to money than fame—who have no noble ambition within them—and who think that the glories of a nation are transferable things, mere matters to let—and the plunderer can inherit, with honour and renown, the spoils he has snatched. I should as soon think of monopolizing the glory of Marathon or Salamis—laying claim at once to the retreat of

the ten thousand, as I would to the fame of the Parthenon; and I am sure the world would concede me the first as soon as the last. That many buildings in Edinburgh are copies from the Greeks shall not serve your correspondent's turn, though he is willing enough to forget that, when he is calling out for an example—one grand example, to instruct and elevate the grovelling intellects of the Caledonian architects. That the county-hall of Edinburgh is copied from the Eryctheum of Athens—that something else has been stolen from the Temple of Neptune, and another building, on which admiration has been lavished, is a fac simile of the Temple of Ceres, proves nothing but the unblushing servility of the whole race of architects, and which nothing can equal but the imprudent fortitude with which the restoration of the Parthenon has been proposed and pressed. What copy has ever equalled the original? or what copy is and has any pretension to share in the fame of the first maker. Take one example among ten thousand—a Christ in the Garden, supposed by many, and asserted by some, to be the divine work of that name by Corregio, was sold in London for a prodigious sum; but when Lord Wellington captured the real Corregio among the baggage of the French at Vittoria, the false Corregio lost all his lustre, and all his value. This glorious achievement of an uninstructed man, who studied in no school save that of nature, and who was indebted to his own hand and head alone for his fame, is now in Apsley-house, and is worth going an hundred miles to see. I am sorry, for the sake of your correspondent, that I cannot name the lucky holder of the copy. In walking through Edinburgh, a person, acquainted with other architecture, has his recollection continually exercised, and there is little time for admiration, in apportioning to each nation the bits of borrowed lustre which arise before him in all shapes—from a simple portico to an entire edifice. Like Constantine, your correspondent, in the haste to make his city great, consents to plunder what he has not leisure to create; the sameness of the buildings of Constantinople has been often censured, and the monotony of Prince's-street and George's-street, where

“—Each alley has its brother,
“ And half the platform just reflects the other,”

has been felt by every admirer of Edinburgh. I certainly think that the want of originality in some of the buildings which your correspondent mentions, is a great drawback on their fame. But he forgets the fame of Scotland whenever he thinks of the Greeks—he loves a Doric portico better than he loves his country, and the dust of Athens, or the cinders of Hercules have more of his reverence than the dust of all the Douglasses. He considers that the keystone in the arch of Scottish renown is not in its place till a successful inroad has been made on the Doric—he contemplates former thefts with a rapture he seeks not to suppress—still his joy is not perfect—nobody has stolen an entire Doric temple—how blind we have been to our own greatness! To select with taste, to single out an object worthy of being stolen, is the greatest proof, in his eyes, of good taste and genius; and as no person has ventured so fearlessly and far as himself, he hopes to outstrip all former achievements, and eclipse all other renown.

I come now to an important matter, a view of the Parthenon, which your correspondent has not taken, or rather carefully avoided. Perhaps he prefers it plundered of its brightest jewels, and robbed by time and the hand of man of its chief attractions, to what it was in its proudest hour, when its pediments and friezes spoke audibly in sculpture as with a tongue, and the divine statue of Minerva seemed by its awful majesty to justify the superstition of the Athenians. He has been silent about the sculpture, without which his Parthenon would be a crown deprived of its gems, or a nocturnal firmament without stars. He exultingly tells us of the crowds which its fame collected, but it never entered his head that the half of their delight arose from contemplating the matchless sculptures which filled the pediments and the tops, and the exterior and interior friezes. All their admiration is set down to the stately Doric—but had the friezes been emptied of their historical processions, and the pediments of their majestic figures, which represented great and momentous events—the crowds of gazers

would have been lessened, and it would have looked as blank as a huge frame out of which one of Raphael's divinest productions had been cut. Your correspondent may however turn round on me with the assurance that he intended not to present this empty Doric cup to the thirsty lips of his countrymen—that he wished to fill it brimful, not with a heathen but a Christian spring, or to drop metaphor, that he felt his Doric temple was imperfect without the powerful and necessary aid of sculpture; but even should he feel and express all this, the unblushing adoption of the Athenian temple will avail him little. Certainly he does not mean to press Theseus, and Illisus, and Minerva, and the Centaurs, and the naked youths of Attica, into the service of the Kirk of Scotland.—Still should he push them from their stools, he must select some other beings to succeed them—some designs must be sought for in which British glory and Christianity has a share—and here he embarks in an ocean of expense, and what will alarm him as much, a call will be made for original designs, unless with the same love of imitation as in the building, he advises us to transfer the cartoons of Raphael to our walls, cut out in good gray stone, and as these will by no means go round them, call in Reubens and Michael Angelo as auxiliaries. Should he, however, have the weakness to wish for sculptural designs—illustrating Scottish glory—expressing the original character of the nation—and commemorating us in every point of our fame as warriors, patriots, poets, divines, philosophers, and so on, he must not hope to conjure them up by an article in your Magazine, or extract them like a new made Parthenon from the portfolio of good master what's-his-name. They must be the fruit of much meditation, the unwearied labour of years, and what is more, they will devour all your correspondent's original sum of £40,000. The simple stateliness of the Doric was enriched by the sculpture—the massive plainness of the pediments and extensive friezes was adorned, while concealed by the splendour of historical enrichment—without sculpture it will be inferior to its prototype, and will no more have the effect of the Parthenon than apprentices cap will look like a bonnet of gold sparkling with precious stones.

A reluctance is expressed at removing that tall round—I cannot find a name for it—called Nelson's Monument. Who, in the name of taste, considers that inelegant and unmeaning mass an ornament? yet it expresses the national admiration of our naval hero as visibly and sensibly as the column of Antonine without sculpture, can ever be compelled to do. I cannot help wondering at the sweeping wholesale manner of your correspondent; he casts down Admiral Nelson's windmill, but he atones for disturbing this laboured quarry above ground, by proposing to impress a soldier into the sea service—to seize the column of the divine Antonine, and compel it to acknowledge, in the streets of Edinburgh, the glory of Alexandria and Trafalgar. How will he accomplish this—a column, though it reaches the clouds, means nothing of itself—the columns of Trajan and Antonine were the mere vehicles of sculpture; the pegs on which history hang her achievements. Deprive them of their sculpture, and they are columns to any one's fame. Here, again, your correspondent forgets the principle and exalts the auxiliary—tells the value of the picture frame, and forgets that of the picture. Now he has filled the Calton Hill and St Andrew's Square with the cumbrous splendour of two unadorned edifices—two Samsons shorn of their locks of strength—this he calls rivalling Athens and Rome. Having accomplished this, what does he propose to do—to consecrate the temple of Minerva, and turn her niche into a pulpit? And here he seems sensible that the genius of the age must have something conceded to appease it; and the compliment he pays Messrs Elliot and Playfair is a dexterous one—a stab under the fifth rib. “Here (says he) here is a square, two hundred feet long and sixty feet high, for your genius to revel in—there is nothing to prevent your fancy and taste from running east, and west, and north, and south, by stone walls, and nothing to curb you over head but a stone arch. (At what period did the Greeks arch their temples?) And there is an ample field for exerting yourselves; I have given the smoky and dirty exterior to Phidias; but the interior, the glorious interior, I have reserved for you—let your genius be measured with the genius of antiquity, and let the victor

bear off the prize." Really I would give tenpence, for I am miserably poor, to know the name of the man who wrote this. He crowns Phidias king of infinite space, and confines Kilho and Playfair in an augre's bore—and this he calls rivalry—a fair free field for rivalry; by this he proposes to arouse the free spirit of genius—and truly it deserves never to rise, unless, like the strong man in scripture, it starts up and snaps the bonds with which it is now proposed to constrain it. "And if (saith the same inspired authority) by thus giving you the interior, we secure to you the victory, and you outvail the exterior by Phidias, we will rejoice at the triumph of modern over ancient art." And so thou mayest, thou fair-

est of all architectural critics. When a fish learns to swim with fins of lead, an eagle to soar with shorn wings, and a man to outstrip the deer in fleetness, with two half hundred weight, or a Number of Constable's Magazine at each heel, then may you hope that genius will most curiously adapt its original feelings to the line and the level of other men—seize on their unfinished works with all the fervour of new and unabated thought—warm itself up to the same temper with which the original design was conceived—and, conjured into the magic circle of Phidias, drudge-at his behests with a visible and impassable limit before it, and rest amid the terrors of the sorcerer's wand.

A JOURNEYMAN MASON.

ON THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE GROWTH OF INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL GENIUS.

THERE is a natural inclination in men's minds to wish that the impulses under which the genius of a people acts, should be derived essentially from their own mind; and many may have experienced the feeling who scarcely recognise it in formal enunciation; for undoubtedly there is a very general and deep-felt admiration of those works of genius in every kind, which bear impressed on them the character of the people among whom they have arisen, and which seem native, as it were, to their soil. There is felt, in like manner, a certain repulsive chillness investing those works of art, which, though elaborate and fair, are imitated merely from the art of another nation. They want natural interest; and they always give back the impression of a timid genius, which will rather forego the pleasure and pride of its inherent power, than risk the peril of relying upon it. There is a reproach that lies even on the imitator's name, in which all sympathize, though they may have taken no account with themselves of the feeling in which they participate.

This natural impression, which allows so much virtue to the workings of a native spirit in the breast of genius, may be itself of more virtue than we are apt to conceive. It is a just and true sympathy in common men, with that condition of the mind in which its highest faculties are best

exerted—a sympathy of no ordinary moment. If we consider what the high exertion of those faculties must be, we shall perceive that the subject of our regard is nothing less than a spiritual agent in freedom of its power, satisfying its own native desires out of the means which its union with life may yield it; for life is different to every mind, according to its own constitution—to that of the bodily frame in which it breathes and feels, and to the thousand-fold contingencies which make up to it the circumstances and course of the individual being. But whatever is thus brought into the soul of pleasure and of pain;—whatever the affections of the mind, modified, as they thus are, into peculiar character;—whatever the sense and the intelligence, thus moulded or endowed for peculiar discernment, may gather up from the world of life, for joy or sorrow—for delight and awe—for knowledge infinitely diversified—for self-springing conceptions of unsleeping thought;—whatever life itself, by its beauty, powers, destinies—its passions, hopes, privileges—its multiplied relations and ceaseless change—can yield to the intellectual and sensitive soul for feeling and thought,—these are the materials, the means, which its union with being brings before it for the exercise of its faculties, according to the tendencies; the impulses, the desires of its own peculiar nature. If that

mind, then, has but lived in freedom of its powers—if the act of its faculties, in the continual progress of life, has been impelled from within—if it has trusted itself to feel, and rejoiced to know, as its nature led—if it has been true to itself, and cherishing its own inward discernment, and guarding the fountain of light within itself—has been able to shed from that source a pure unfailing light upon its own thought and its own motion,—if it has used intelligence and feeling as gifts made immediately to itself, for its own strength and guidance—it will, in its maturity of thought and power, and in the season of productive genius, perform the works of its great conception in the spirit in which it has lived—it will bring into being, by its operative art, substantial expression and likeness of those peculiar and individual forms of feeling and thought which it has entertained and cherished within itself in its long communion with beings; and that peculiar impress on its works, may be regarded as the symbol of an individual nature unfolded in the mind—as evidence of an unoppressed spirit of life in the soul—of a mind maintaining its endowed powers entire in their native liberty.

The character, therefore, of original genius, pure and entire, on the productions of art, is by no means of an importance limited within the pleasures of taste. It has a far higher significance, referring directly to the entire courses of life in the mind, and to the entire condition of the mind in all action, of whatever importance, that springs from itself. It is not to be imagined, therefore, that the sympathy of ordinary men, with that condition, however it may be to a certain degree unconscious and unintelligent, can be unimportant to themselves.

It is an essential quality of genius in the individual mind, perhaps its distinctive and most constituent quality, that it draws its powers from sources within itself—that its faculties are but the organs, as it were, of a deeper spirit, residing in, and blended with, its own deepest nature. The man himself, the living being, with all his sensibilities, recollections, loves, powers—with all his experience and all his capacities of life—is the deep and exhaustless source from which his genius draws the materials of its conception—the elements of its ceaseless

creations. It is the expression of his own individual being, the colouring of life derived through his own senses to his work, that makes the impress of genius on the productions of his art.

On the productions of a nation's genius, it may be presumed there will be read the same character—that this collective genius will express itself, will mark its own act, its own work, with the seal of its own individual character; and it may be apprehended, that this expression of an individual character in a people will imply, as in the individual, some extraordinary self-communion in the spirit of the people.

For the spirit of a people, as that of a single being, entering upon the world of life it is to possess, finds allotted to itself its own peculiar and individual condition of existence, distinguishing it from all others. A race of men entering upon a land to dwell there, bring with them the spirit of power which is to animate and rule over their existence during the long course of its coming ages; but the life they are to lead dawns on them as they set foot on its soil. The earth itself, and the sky, to which their existence from that hour is committed, are the groundwork of that arising life. Mountains, and waters, and woods, and soil, and the climate, which overhangs them all, give the first determination to their existence, allotting many of their avocations, and holding in themselves the numberless influences which are to be showered continually from the countenance and the hand of nature on their progressive existence. The same change of their place of abode, has drawn around them, still farther, new circumstances of life, allotting to their society its relations with other societies of men. Still more, it has begun, to that society of their own, a new internal social life—as among themselves their own relations begin necessarily to change, and new forms to grow up out of their new condition. Their manners alter to their avocations—their laws relax, or strengthen, or multiply their bonds with the changing necessities of their life; and the powers of men over men, and the affections that mingle with those relations, change the whole aspect and being of society. The memory of their anterior being soon dies away into faint,

broken, and doubtful reminiscences ; but passion cleaves to the memory of the new life they have begun, and the vigour of enjoyment, and the ardour of growing power, shew, in the strong youth of the people, the preparation of their powerful manhood. The ages roll on ; and whatever their appointed life may be, it unfolds itself before them under the power of their spirit, while the power itself of their spirit is unfolding in the midst of their changing life. The men to whom they give birth, who rise up in their endowed strength among them, to perform conspicuously the offices of ordinary existence—who in war, in the government of men, in the wisdom or sanity of their lives, in the walks of peaceful genius—who by their achievements, their endurance, or their great affections, signalize the power of human nature, or the peculiar character of their people,—all these, whensoever they appear, springing forth, as they do, out of the heart of the nation, are no other than energies of its own—unfoldings, as it were, of their own spirit in their own life—shewings forth of their mind in realized act ; and from them, therefore, redounds upon the people, from whom they have arisen, deep-reaching and lasting energy, of the same quality which has been so highly manifested in those particular men. So, too, and in yet higher degree, what the collective people themselves have achieved, or suffered, or greatly felt, in enterprise, in calamity, in peril, in change or revolution—is to themselves at once both a part of that national life of which they are fulfilling the course, and an act of the national spirit, strengthening and exalting itself by its own great acts, and gathering future sentiment and thought from all that it passes through. That the spirit which a people bring with them to the land of their dwelling—that the life to which they are given up, and its manifold events, should form for them a peculiar character, as well as a peculiar history, seems easily to be understood. It is for the sake of examples of these courses of nature, that we read the history of the world. We can often trace, in remarkable ways, this formation of character—this growth of the genius of a people. But what we are better able to do is to observe the results—to know the charac-

ter—to recognise the workings of the genius that has unfolded its strength. Men's observation of men is made intelligent, often not by their power of searching investigation, but by their quick true sympathy ; and, in virtue of that sympathy, and the light of intelligence which it brings, they read with strong and just interest, the characters of men, singly or in nations, and behold in their works and in their lives the discovery of their inward peculiar spirit. The strong, deep, *general* interest with which all the memorials of men are considered, that bear strongly impressed a peculiar and specific character, could not be explained, if we were to ascribe the intelligence of character to faculties purely intellectual ; but it may be understood, if we can ascribe it to the faculties of sentiment—if we may say, for explanation, that what we call character subsists essentially in relations of the spirit to that *life* in which all participate, and in so much, is matter of that universal sympathy in which alone men's condition of existence is discoverable to one another—if we are at liberty to comprehend, by character, no more than peculiar modification of our common nature ; and by genius itself, not simply the high endowment of intellectual powers, but the blending of intellectual powers, whatever their degree, with the tendencies and workings of each individual nature.

The individual mind, as was observed, will produce its own character in its works, only if that character has been duly unfolded ; only if those properties which were strongly implanted by nature, have received due nourishment and free development from the courses of life. But such nourishment must be self-nourishment ; such development must be self-development. Life can do no more than lay open its fields before the mind, which must find its own nourishment, and make its own growth. But the essential principle of self-nourishment and self-development is strong self-consciousness, maintained uniform to itself. It is, that the mind having once felt, retains that feeling ; that the pleasure it has felt, from that time belongs to itself, and will recur ; that the pain it has felt, from that time belongs to itself, and will recur. There is a personal identity begun and carried on in these uniform recurrences

of sensation or emotion. The objects which present themselves to the mind are continually varying their aspect, and so far tending to perplex their own impressions. The weaker mind is overcome by this variableness of impression, and loses its self-consistency; but the spirit of stronger quality is able to maintain its own uniformity of feeling and belief in the midst of much variation, and by that means forms its own strength, making its inherent qualities more and more predominant over the impressions, by which they are continually called into play. But that continual recollection and recovery upon itself of former emotion, affection, and sensation, by which alone this superiority to present impression can be maintained, is of the nature of a self-communion; it is a reflection of the mind upon itself; it is a self-consciousness prolonged or reproduced; it is an internal repetition, with consciousness of its own emotion, to which it attaches itself more and more.

Like this, perhaps, is the formation of character in a people. There *may* be assigned to their spirit such a life as will quench and destroy it; but if it find a happier lot, if the ways of life that are opened before it are such as strengthen its great qualities and solicit its gentler ones to gentle action, then the growth of character will take place by uniformity of emotion. If there be a lofty magnanimity in the spirit, war will strengthen and unfold it. If that property were less deeply fixed, the exceeding hazards and the disasters of war would oppress it; but if it be indeed in the nature, it rises from them more glorious. The spirit has derived from the accidents of life its occasion of strength, but it has been by subjugating those accidents to itself. That proud and stately satisfaction in its own greatness, by which its fortitude is sustained, is not a feeling known only and produced at the time of need; it must be a habitual temper of the spirit, continually nourished in the ordinary process of life. There is implied a conscious and thoughtful grandeur—a mind turned back in reflection on former deeds, deliberately knowing its own greatness—and, with deliberate purpose, choosing the virtue of which it has already made experience.

Whatever quality of the spirit of a people might be brought under con-

sideration, the same argument might be held, that it must be self-nourished by a reflective consciousness. Can we conceive otherwise of that beautiful character of the patriotism of the Swiss, which we suppose to blend the love of their native land with the imagery of its scenes. The love that is felt in its mountain-vales is a feeling that has filled all the years of life. It has returned upon every bosom ten thousand and ten thousand times—the peaceful benediction of each successive day that has risen and set upon the mighty land,—love swelling the heart, and drawing from torrent and rock, from green pasture, and shaggy wood, and naked sky-piercing peak, the sights and sounds of its continual nourishment.

The heart filled with its affections, and the intellectual spirit, have both but one law from nature, by which they may form their strength;—it must be self-cherished.

The character, the genius of a people, if it be great and beautiful, is the result of a life of ages, in which the great and beautiful qualities of their spirit have been exercised and nourished with continual ministries from natural life, and continual indulgence of self-delight. In that character subsists the record of the virtue and happiness of successive generations of innumerable men. That vast immeasurable flood of life has rolled into night, unbeheld, for the greater part, even while the sun shone upon it, and now engulfed in forgetfulness; but a power remains from it—its spirit inhabits the earth, quickening the countless progeny of life in continual renovation.

If we are able to bear sympathy to the departed multitudes of a people, if the imagination or belief of their virtues, their powers, their loves, be any thing to us who now walk on their soil,—then the aspect of the genius, and the character which from them yet subsists amongst us, will be great and dear to us, for the sake of that which has disappeared and left no other memorial. Even the works of skilful art, small as their importance may seem to be, when compared with the living happiness of the millions of a people, will, for their sake, be no longer unimportant, when they bear impressed on them that character, which the life of those millions has brought into being. The works of art of a

people become an integral part of their existence, when moulded into being by their spirit. They are all that is durable of that existence. How are they unimportant if they survive to bind together, by venerating love, brotherhoods of men, who are separated by the interspace of ages?

But if the genius and character of a people be thus highly derived, is there no corresponding importance to ourselves of our own participation in that character? and what are the means we possess for augmenting its power over ourselves? We know that the character and genius of a people are at all times their most important inheritance from their ancestors. Whatever energies, whatever virtues, whatever capacities and means of happiness we possess, are but in part our own, in greater part they are received by us from those whose offspring we are. But of the importance of those energies, virtues, capacities, there is no question; they are indeed our *possession* of life, the natural powers that determine to us the good of existence. The obligation therefore which each mind owes to the society from which it is sprung, its connexion with that society, its derivation from it of good, is in kind and degree not appreciable. To the genius, the character of those successive generations to which we succeed, we owe *ourselves*. It may be a question of some interest how far it may be in our power to heighten the beneficial influence which derives to us from those preceding us; rather what power there may be in ourselves to determine the *degree* of the benefit we will receive.

If our derivation of power, sensibility, and virtue, be from others, it may seem evident that the derivation will be greatest the nearer we approach, in character of mind, to those from whom we inherit. The quality we derive will be transfused in more vigour the more nearly our whole temper of mind, and all that influences it, our whole frame of life approaches to the temper and life of those from whose minds it issues to us. It is known accordingly, that the most powerful derivation of character, from age to age, is among those nations, whose simple forms of life, and purity from foreign intercourse, maintain the nearest a continual uniformity of the state and disposition of the people.

VOL. IV.

But the maintenance of such a continued uniformity seems to be neither in our power, nor according to the course of nature. Rather there seems an adaptation for continual progressive change; and it would appear that by such change only can the greatest good of mankind, or of any nation be attained. It may be said that we hold our welfare under a double law—subjected, in part, to those from whom we descend—in part free, and deriving the good of our existence from ourselves. As far as we are subjected, the law of our life would bind us to continual unchanging uniformity. As far as we are free, having the measure of good in our own intelligence, it leaves us open, and, indeed, continually solicits us to change, inasmuch as the possible or imaginable good which lies before us unpossessed, is always great, as well as that which we possess and enjoy. It must be the wisdom of life, it would appear, duly to combine our subjection and our independence, the principle of stability and the principle of change. It is to be desired that the living generation should derive as much as possible of good from those which have preceded, without being so far subjected to them as to lose the good which is open to it to acquire. But it ought not, in eagerness for acquisition of its own, to forego the good which may be inherited. In what manner this difficult combination may be affected, is a distinct question. But it is important towards affecting it, that the danger of deviation either way be distinctly understood. Among ourselves, the tendency of deviation seems to be towards too great relaxation of the subjection of our minds to the great generations from which we spring; and it appears, on that account, of more need to urge the consequences of that deviation.

It seems of necessity, if we hold at all in our hands the courses of our own minds, the prospects of our own welfare, that we should understand how much of our welfare, or of that character in which our welfare is determined, depends on our adherence to the spirit and life of our forefathers. To possess and to enjoy life as it arises before us, is not all that is required of us. We must look reflectingly, not on ourselves merely, but on generations that have preceded us. We must know, from thoughtful examination,

3 B

what there is great, good, beautiful, that has descended to us in their line, and which it is in our power to possess or to forego; and once enlightened to an intelligent love and veneration of that excellence in any kind, which has been in such transmission tendered to our acceptance, it only remains for us, so far as the moulding of our minds is in our own hands, to frame them to that excellence we love and admire. But that is the less difficult, because love and admiration do of themselves, by their own strong affection, produce in the mind the qualities on which they fix their impassioned contemplation.

It would be interesting to consider in what way the derivation of good from one generation to another, in the ordinary course of nature, is effected. Indeed, without such a consideration, even much at large, all the preceding observations and suggestions of argument must be very imperfectly intelligible. Yet it is itself an argument of far too great extent to be merely involved in the discussion of other questions. It would be curious and important in such an inquiry, if there were here room to enter upon it, to observe in things of the greatest and the least magnitude the same derivation; to behold it in the great national virtues and powers by which a people subsists, and to trace it in its minuter currents, in the smaller pleasures of life, and the subtlest play of intellect. The question that has been brought forward, more or less, in all that has been said above—"of the influence upon a people of adherence in the productions of genius in the arts, to the character of preceding times,"—holds somewhat of a middle place of importance amongst such topics. What belongs to virtues of public action—what belongs to the virtues of domestic life, is far greater. These are the great substantial parts of our inheritance, with the loss of which we forfeit ourselves. But connected with these, and participating even in their importance, is the character which genius maintains in the works it brings forth to adorn and delight a country.

The human intellect, searching life, nature, and itself, and re-moulding what it has seen into forms of its own, is not an unfettered intelligence, ranging through absolute existence, and creating ideal form. It is the power of a being who in all parts of his na-

ture is subjected to conditions of life, who, in his sensibilities, his knowledge, his productions, is under restraint and limitation of his individual nature, and of his place among mankind. What it requires for its most perfect energy, is, that its free and ideal intelligence and conception should be blended in the highest degree with its individual constitution or character. He who, in consciousness of the powers that are discovered to him in his manhood, slights and foregoes the sensibilities of his earlier life, rejects the best half of his power; and he who, in the pride of his own age, believes himself independent of the ages to which he succeeds, shuts out from himself the highest influences under which it was given to his mind to live. To each nation—to each individual, there is given peculiar good. That is their felicity, *Sua si bona norint*. To intellectual genius there is given its own discernment of the nature and qualities of things.

He who belongs to a people of thoughtful moral spirit, will, by his place among them, possess peculiar moral insight. He lives in a world which to many is unrevealed; and if his subtle and searching intellect—if his mighty and creative soul delight itself in such knowledge—in such imagination, he derives a power to himself out of the blood from which he springs, which he could have found in no other sphere of thought. Is his work in vain? or does he exalt and prolong to his people that moral thought which he has embodied in most beautiful and unperishing forms? If the people of a country are endowed with peculiar sensibility to the beautiful face of existence; if their exquisite sense apprehends, with a delight known only to themselves, the beauty with which shape and colour have invested all living and insensate things, and the harmonies that breathe in sound, shall genius, by intellectual pride, separate itself from the lot of its people, refuse the bounty of nature, and imagine to itself sources of power opened up to it in its own bosom alone? It cannot shake off the nature in which it lives; it cannot hold its power in independence of the bounty that nourished it up. Not the sympathy alone of the people for whom it exists, requires of it the recognition and acceptance of their own common

being ; but the maintenance of its own power speaks the same dictate. The sensibilities which were opened up in the life of its childhood, are those of the whole nation. The numberless, unfathomable springs of delight which well up through its whole nature, and from which are the impulses of living energy that feed and animate its power, were all unlocked by the touches of delight which struck in earliest years on those native sensibilities. Let him dread lest those springs subside into their own silent depths, if the power be withdrawn which first solicited them to play. In those sensibilities he has possessed his power. Can he tell what that power may become without them ? Let the Italian painter dare to trust to his magic pencil, not his fame alone, but his power over the minds of his people. Has he himself a moral will, or intellectual aspiration ? To these his art shall find a way. From nature he shall acquire her own solemn spells ; from the face of earth and sky, from the wondrous universe, he shall take those aspects of things, those mighty scenes, by which the spirit of nature holds dominion over the human soul. He shall not use a skill of vain delight ; but, true to highest purposes, he shall seize, by mysterious powers, the imaginations of men, and through their imagination shall bind their hearts. Unknown to themselves, covering his moral end, in the beauty of his genius, he shall woo them, by delight from the lower bent of their frail nature, and draw them over to rejoice and to dwell in higher sensibilities, and in more solemn thought. As nature herself gives no tongue to her most dread admonitions, as her sweet persuasive influences fall silently on the heart ; so genius, in the hour of its dominion, has no need to declare the end for which it works. It fulfils its own spirit, and trusts the consequences to the might of that nature, for, and with which it humbly uses its own frail instruments and feeble skill. It is scarcely to be doubted, that genius thus working will not only find itself richest in its own power, but will most powerfully infuse its own virtue into other hearts. It is

hard to tell in words how intellect can carry over its severe energy into the forms and colours of the pencil ; yet those who have looked with understanding eyes on the shapes which sprang from Michael Angelo's stern and giant thought, on the dim and serious hues which shadow out the workings of Poussin's studious mind, they know well that intellect will bring out upon these materials its own impress, that it can find in them fit matter for its own labours, and require of others minds energy, toil, and exaltation of thought kindred to its own, rejecting from the circle of its sympathy all those who approach unprepared to the contemplation of its works. Who would wish an Indian philosopher, if the iron age of India can yet teem with the sacred birth, to found his speculations of wisdom on the almost material logic of Hartley or Locke ? or who would counsel her poets to arrest the sympathy of their countrymen by spreading before them in vivid picture, the burning strife, and angry tumult of ordinary mortal life ? This may be philosophy to our intelligence, and poetry to our imagination. But India has hid her spirit of thought in invisible worlds, and held her power in the spiritual being of man. There is the strength she still offers to her sons : the powers with which she broods over the continual arisings of their life. Wo to the degenerate son who should sever himself from her ancient might ! She has darkened truth, and laid heavy oppression upon groaning life. But if ever her teacher of truth shall arise, let him speak to her in the might of her own spirit—in the voice of her own tongue. If the avenger of prostrate life should ever lift up her head into liberty, let him remember the ages of the past, and give her strength which her nature can embrace, and powers in which her spirit can walk. Alas ! our civilization, our knowledge, wars with her spirit ; and subjugated as her strength is by our arms, her ancient mind will perhaps, be yet more prostrate under the ascendancy of our conquering intellect.

EMMA.—A TALE.

HUSHED were the tones of mirthful revelry,
Stayed were the music and the dance, as fell
On Croydon's Gothic towers and battlements,
The shades of dreary midnight. In the hall
The hearth's brands were decaying ; but a flame
Lambently lighted up the vaulted roof,
And circling walls, where antlers branching wide,
And forehead skins of elk and deer were seen,
And fox's brush ; the trophies of the chase ;
And warriors cloaks depending, and the gleam
Of burnished armour.—

In her chamber, one
Sleepless alone remained, where all was still ;
Reclining on a couch, and dreaming o'er
The thoughts—the happy scenes of other years ;
And, with a sweet, seraphic countenance,
Shining in beauty and in solitude,
Like morning's rosy star, when from the sky
Her sisters have in silence disappeared.
Sorrowful Emma ! were not thine of yore
Thoughts of unrest, and mournful countenance !
But sparkling eyes, that matched unclouded heaven
In their deep azure ; and carnationed cheeks,
Round which the snow-drops like a halo spread ;
And an elastic footstep, like the nymph
Health, when in very wantonness of play,
She brushes from the green the dews of morn.

And why, wrapt up in cloak of eider-down,
Chilling thy beauty in the midnight air,
Breathing, in solitude, the deep-drawn sigh,
Con'st thou, unheard of all, the love-born tale,
The tale of hapless lovers, soft and sad ;
And why, when all is still, and balmy sleep
Should seal the weary eyelids, dost thou sit
Mournfully beside the lattice, and attend
To the hollow murmurs of the distant sea,
Which fitfully, upon the passing gale
Break in, and die away ?—

The winter's breath
Destroys the bloomy flowers—the ocean tide
Is governed by the moon ; and, for thy grief,
Although unmarked by all, there is a cause !

And she hath laid her down, and silently,
As Retrospection wandered through the past,
Have her chaste eyelids closed ; and, in her dream,
Lo ! forests darken round with gloomy boughs,
And wolves are heard to howl ; around her path
The forky lightnings flash ; and deeply loud,
The thunders roll amid the blackening skies.—
Anon her steps have gained a precipice
Above the roaring sea, where, waste and wild,
The foamy billows chafe among the rocks—
The rocks whose sable heads, at intervals,
Are seen and disappear. Awfully dark
Night's shadows brood around ; but, in the flash
Of the blue arrowy lightnings, far away
A vessel is descried upon the deep ;

While moaning sounds are heard, and dismal shrieks
 O'er the tempestuous billows breaking loud ;
 Until its stormy fury vented forth,
 And the winds hushed to silence and to rest,
 And the bright stars appearing, and the clouds
 Breaking away, like armies from the field
 When battle's clangor ceases,—she beholds,
 Pallid beneath a cliff, the form of him,
 Her chosen hero, bleached by wave and wind,
 Unconscious of the seamew with a shriek
 Hovering around—the victim of the storm !

Anon the vision changes ; armies throng
 The arid fields of Palestine afar,
 And, glittering in the setting sun, she sees
 The Moorish crescent over Salem's walls,
 The Infidel victorious, and the hosts
 Of baffled Christendom dispersed : she sees
 Disasters and defeat the lot of those,
 Who, 'neath Godfredo's banner, daring, left
 On perilous enterprise their native shore.—
 The battle's voice hath ceased ; the trumpet's note
 Hath died upon the west-wind ; bird and beast,
 From mountain cliff on high, and woody dell,
 Lured by the scent of blood, have come to gorge
 On the unburied dead. Rider and horse,
 The lofty and the low, commingled, lie
 Unbreathing, and the balmy evening gale
 Fitfully lifts the feathers on the crest
 Of one, who slumbers with his vizor up !

Starting she wakes ; and, o'er the eastern hill,
 Lo ! beautiful the radiant morn appears,
 And, thro' the lattice, steadily streams in
 The flood of crimson light ; while, sitting there
 Upon the outward ivy wreath, in joy
 Happy the robin sings ; his lucid tones
 Of harmony delight her listening ear,
 Dispel the gathered sadness of her heart,
 And, tell her that her fears are but a dream.

But hark ! why sounded is the warder's horn ?—
 Doth danger threaten, or do foes approach ?—
 The guard are at their station ; and, she hears
 The ring of brazen arms, as anxious there
 The soldiers, girding on their swords, draw up ;
 The bugle's sound of peace is faintly heard,
 Mournfully pleasing, in a dying strain,
 Melodious—melancholy—far away !
 An answer's returned ; heavily down
 Sinks the huge drawbridge and the iron tramp
 Of steeds is heard fast-crossing. Joy to her,
 To long forsaken Emma, joy to her !—
 Obscured by tempests dark, and brooding storms,
 The sun may wander through the sky unseen
 The livelong day ; until, above the tops
 Of the steep western mountains, forth he glows,
 Glorious, the centre of a crimson flood,
 In brightness unapproachable : so oft
 The span of human life is measured out :
 Sorrow and care, companions of our steps,
 Hover around us, blotting out the hopes
 We long had cherished ; banishing the bliss

We oft have tasted, till our path is dark;
 Then lo! amid the gloom of hope deferred,
 Breaks in a blessed light, a living day,
 Like that of polar regions, glowing bright,
 Unclouded, and unconscious of an end.—
 A group of happy faces throng the hall,
 And scarce hath Emma entered, like a flower
 Blushing, and beautiful, with downcast eyes,
 And palpitating bosom, ere her knight,
 Young Ethelrid, from holy wars returned
 With laurels on his crest to part no more,
 Kneels faithful at her feet in ecstasy,
 And lifts her snowy fingers to his lips.

Δ

THE VISION.

Καίτοι με σκότης διώκει.

I CALL upon thee in the night,
 When none alive are near;
 I dream about thee with delight,—
 And then thou dost appear
 Fair, as the day-star o'er the hill,
 When skies are blue, and all is still.
 Thou stand'st before me silently,
 The spectre of the past;
 The trembling azure of thine eye,
 Without a cloud o'ercast;
 Calm as the pure and silent deep,
 When winds are hush'd and waves asleep.
 Thou gazest on me!—but thy look
 Of angel tenderness,
 So pierces, that I less can brook
 Than if it spoke distress,
 Or came in anguish here to me
 To tell of evil boding thee!
 Around thee robes of snowy white,
 With virgin taste are thrown;
 And, at thy breast, a lily bright,
 In beauty scarcely blown:—
 Calmly thou gazest—like the moon
 Upon the leafy woods of June.

The auburn hair is braided soft
 Above thy snowy brow:—
 Why dost thou gaze on me so oft!
 I cannot follow now!
 It would be crime, a double death
 To follow by forbidden path.
 But let me press that hand again,
 I oft have passed in love,
 When sauntering thro' the grassy plain,
 Or summer's evening grove;
 Or pausing, as we marked afar,
 The twinkling of the evening star.
 It is a dream, and thou art gone;
 The midnight breezes sigh;
 And downcast—sorrowful—alone—
 With sinking heart, I lie
 To muse on days, when thou to me
 Wert more than all on earth can be!
 Oh! lonely is the lot of him,
 Whose path is on the earth,
 And when his thoughts are dark and dim,
 Hears only vacant mirth;
 A swallow left, when all his kind
 Have crossed the seas, and winged the wind.

Δ.

REFLECTIONS ON A BRUMAL SCENE.

I HAVE an old remembrance—there are hours,
 When clouds, that mantle o'er, with folds opaque,
 The calm, clear mirror of the soul, disperse
 Like icebergs from the pole; and leave behind
 The pristine feelings of our youth unchanged,
 Our boyish visions and romantic dreams,
 Like landscapes pictured in a quiet lake.
 I have an old remembrance—many a year
 Hath come, and passed away; and many a smile
 Been chased; and many a clamorous wo appeased;
 And many a chance and change come o'er my lot,
 Since then—but, from the shadows of the past,
 It streams like sunbeams o'er an eastern hill,
 And all its feelings thrill along my soul!
 Chill is the air; the spirit of the frost
 Reigns, with his icy sceptre; vale and field
 Are sprinkled o'er with snowy offerings;

And from each leafless bough—what time the wind
 Low-toned sighs past—a thousand glimmering shreds
 Descending, tinkle on the ground beneath.
 Chained are the sluggish waters to the shore ;
 And icicles, from overhanging shrubs,
 Gleam in the sunshine with a sparry light :
 Far o'er the surface comes the shadowy depth
 Of the steep mountain-banks ; and from the ledge,
 Over whose downward rocks the river falls,
 Comes back the chastened murmur with a tone,
 Whose memory conjures up departed years.—
 How pale is now the sunshine, pale and soft,
 And tender as the faint smiles of a child ;
 Not on the far blue concave of the sky
 Gleams forth one fleecy cloudlet, from the depth
 Above me, to the hoary mountain tops,
 Far distant, that engird the horizon in.

Enough.—Between these banks precipitous,
 When school hours were departed, oft—how oft,
 Along the crackling ice, with glittering heel,
 All eager have I glided ; breathing out
 The smoky breath in the clear frosty air ;
 When round me all was motion ; and the ice
 With many a winding semicircle was traced,
 Whitening around, a labyrinthine clue.
 Too soon gloomed twilight's feeble ray around,
 Too soon the sun departed, while serene,
 Above the hills, peeped forth the evening star.

How many a loved companion revelled here—
 Alive in every fibre to the smile,
 And thrilling touch of pleasure ; hoisterous
 And noisy in their mirth,—like ocean waves,
 When winds are piping loud,—but innocent,
 And all unpractised in the guileful world.
 My soul recoils—I dare not number them—
 Oh ! fast, and fearfully hath the spoiler death
 Thinned their young ranks ;—this, sickened at his home ;
 And this, in far off lands ; this, like the beam
 Of daylight on the western hemisphere,
 Died with a slow, invisible decay !

* * * * *

Many yet survive ;
 Yea, many, but all changed ; with blackening wing,
 The demon of the world hath scared their hearts
 With sorrow, and with sufferings, and with guilt ;
 And what they were, can be but faintly traced
 In what we find them now ; a grievous change
 Hath shadowed them ; nor more resemblance they
 Bear to themselves of yore, than doth the year,
 Wrapt in the glorious garment of the spring,
 To bleak November on her hill of storms !
 How piercing is the air ; far distant things,
 Girt by a pure translucent atmosphere,
 Seem near : with hoary scalps, the mountains high
 Stretch their gigantic pyramids to heaven ;
 So, to the Roman bard's domestic eye,
 In golden ages past, Soracte stood,
 White with its diadem of snow. 'Tis we,
 Who change, alas ! not nature ; and where I,
 Now moralizing, stray, shall others stray
 To moralize, when I shall be no more !

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No VIII.

If the reader has any thing better to do than be idle we advise him to skip over our dramatic notice this month; for the theatres have been more than usually dull lately; and all we pretend to do at the best is to reflect a little of their light when they put forth any. The race of these rival theatres has been, this season, against the public as well as against each other: And from certain symptoms—particularly that of both of them *puffing* very much—we may now be pretty sure that they have nearly run themselves to a stand still. The most friendly counsel we can offer these unweildy rivals—who would be high-flyers, contrary to the will of “fate and metaphysical aid”—is that they at once relinquish their opposition stages, and set up a comfortable and convenient patent safety coach. If these latter do not cut so dashing an appearance, they carry the passengers much more commodiously—are in not near so great danger of being upset—and, above all, they fill much better.

The only novelty of any importance since our last article, has been a tragedy at Covent Garden, called *Mary Stuart*; a translation from a very celebrated tragedy of Schiller's, of the same name. A translator, now-a-days, seems to think that if he understands the languages out of which and into which he translates, nothing more can reasonably be required of him: So he takes up a poem—changes the words of it from one language into their corresponding words in another—and thinks that all is done. As if poetry were a business of moods and tenses! If, after this, what was inspiration in one language, becomes insipidity in the other, he has no notion that the fault lies in him. But the truth is, he has “rendered unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,” and let all the rest escape. It would be considered as a ludicrous blunder if one unacquainted with the mathematics should attempt to translate Euclid's Elements, from the language in which they are written, into another. It is nothing less for one who is not a poet to attempt to translate poetry. The essential qualities of it—that

which makes it poetry—will inevitably evaporate, and leave nothing behind but a jargon of words, or a *caput mortuum* of detail.

We are not acquainted with *Mary Stuart* in the original German; but are certain that it never could have acquired the reputation which it possesses, if it had been any thing like the doleful and dreary exhibition we have just witnessed. It was a total failure. Instead of being poetry illustrating history, or history suggesting poetry, it was neither poetry nor history. Take one example: *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, who never met at all, are set to fight a pitched battle of words together, on the green opposite Fotheringay Castle, in a twenty-four foot ring kept by the courtiers and attendants of each. As the play has been withdrawn for the present, to undergo alterations, we shall reserve any further remarks we may have to make on it till it is brought forward again. In the mean time we would by no means be understood to say that the play is entirely without merit.

There are, in particular, two very interesting scenes;—the one in which *Elizabeth* hears the various opinions of her council on the proposed death of *Mary*,—and that in which she signs the death-warrant. But these were rendered prominent chiefly by the admirable performance of *Mrs. Bunn*; who conceived the character in a very fine historical manner. Her acting was altogether too elaborate; but there was the true tragic spirit and tone about it. We happened to see this lady the first time she ever appeared on the stage; and we shall not easily forget the effect her person and voice produced upon us. They realized our very ideal of a heroine of romance; and sent us back at once—(a long journey!)—to the days of chivalry. We could fancy her stately steps ascending to her place in the lists, to the sound of trumpets and the shouts of admiring multitudes.—We could picture her, bending from her state, to place the reward of valour round the neck of an armed knight kneeling at her feet; or lend-

ing him her fair hand to kiss, as a still higher honour. Her voice, too! It was not a voice, but an echo. There was a passionate and mysterious music about it that we have never heard before or since. It sounded at a distance; and like an enchanter's spell, called up an antique bower, with a bright lady sitting in it, sighing over the strings of her own lute, "to the very tune of love." The gentle reader, if he has ever in his boyhood set fire at once to his imagination and the bed-curtains in reading himself to sleep over a romance—dreaming of it all night—and waken at day-break to continue it—will not laugh at our folly; or if he does, it will be good-naturedly. As for those who have never, once in their lives, melted away their senses to the "thin air" of fancy in this manner,—we have nothing to say to them; for we should never come to an understanding with each other: And they would pity us perhaps not less sincerely than we should pity them. The vision that we speak of haunted us for five long years of boyhood. It flew before us as we pursued it, and it still flies before us now youth is over, and we pursue it still, and ever shall, and ever in vain: For it is—nothing. It has no real existence and never had.

"The mind has made it, as it peoples heaven,
Even with its own desiring fantasy."

The lady who has recalled these visions to us, has changed since we first saw her, more than we ever remember any one to have changed in so short a time. It is by a kind of second-hand association that she has recalled these images now. What she *is* reminds us of what she *was*; as that reminded us of what she might have been. We do not say whether the change is for the better or worse. Certain it is, however, that she is now a much better actress than she was, and therefore not anything like a heroine of romance. She is now a seeker after tangible applause and profit; and she will gain them:—but in exchange she must be content to forego those rapt imaginations that we can conceive her to have enjoyed when she was only *la bella fornarina*. She has exchanged moon-light meditations, for morning rehearsals—solitary echoes of

her own fancies, for the noisy applauses of a public theatre—and (worst of all!) imaginary love-vows, for real newspaper criticisms. She knows best whether the change is for the better.—Now that Miss O'Neil—(it goes almost as much to our heart to call her *the late* Miss O'Neil as if she had died)—Now that *she* has left the stage, the prospects of Mrs Bunn are entirely altered. She is now, without exception, the best tragic actress we have: And if she takes pains to improve the powers she possesses—if she cultivates a more strict intimacy with nature, and confides more implicitly in her suggestions and impulses—she will not disgrace her station.

After this it is painful to speak of the performance of Miss Macauley in Mary Queen of Scots; and we should have been loath to do so, but that she is not at all loath to speak of herself. This is the lady who accused Mr Kean of attempting to keep her from public notice. "The attempt and not the deed confounds us!" Miss Macauley's performance was, like the rest of the piece, a translation of Mary Queen of Scots—though still quite "german to the matter." She was not Queen Mary, but "Queen Mary's lamentation." We might almost say that Mary's whole character—certainly all the effects it ever produced—resulted from her personal beauty. In this respect she was, without exception, the most romantic personage in our history. Fortunately we are spared the pain of saying how little Miss Macauley was qualified to represent Mary in this particular—for we find the portrait ready done to our hands.

"—Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look." *

It would be anything but friendly to this lady to conceal from her that she never can succeed on the London stage. As she has obtruded herself on public notice, she will not be angry with us for saying what we have. Indeed we hope she will have discrimination enough to attribute our apparent want of gallantry to the real excess of it. For, as we could say nothing pleasant about her, we should probably have followed our usual practice of being quite silent,—but that we do owe her a little grudge, for stepping into the frame where we had hitherto kept the

* Keates' *Endymion*.

picture of Mary Queen of Scots, and standing right before it—and all that we can do, she will not go away.

We do not know that any other part of this tragedy requires notice, unless it be Mr C. Kemble in the gallant—we will not call him: the unfortunate Mortimer; who perishes in endeavouring to rescue Mary from her enemies. It was a delightful sketch—breathing the buoyant spirit of youth and chivalry combined. This gentleman's noble person and air are the only things left on the stage that are worth looking at in this way, except Miss Foote—and her beauty has evidently made so much impression upon herself, that other people feel nearly absolved from its power.

—*The Comedy of Errors.*

SHAKESPEARE'S *Comedy of Errors* has been revived at this theatre. For what reason, it is difficult to divine,—unless it be that the managers think this the most valuable of those of Shakspeare's works which are laid on the shelf—which is not unlikely,—for it is without exception the *least* valuable.—The revival, however, has been quite successful, on account of some very pretty music being introduced into it, set to some of Shakspeare's songs and some other verses, and sung in a spirit of the most delightful and friendly rivalry by Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree. Miss Tree is really an exquisite singer. She improves upon us every time we hear her; and is only second to Miss Stephens. These two ladies sang "Tell me where is fancy bred?" in a most delicious style, "flowing with milk and honey."

The managers are very clamorous about the success of this their experiment of introducing examples of Shakspeare's "Sonnets" to the stage. If those poems wait till these gentlemen discover their beauties, and marry them to music, they will "live and die in single blessedness." In truth they are innocent of knowing any thing about such trifling matters. They think that because a sonnet is a short poem a short poem is a sonnet. We assure them that this is not the case; and moreover add, for their edification, that not a line of any thing they have introduced into the *Comedy of Errors* is to be found in Shakspeare's *Sonnets*. Two of the four examples which they refer to the sonnets are from the Pas-

sionate Pilgrim; and the other two are not written by Shakspeare at all. The one beginning "Come live with me, &c." is part of Kit Marlow's *Milkmaid's Song*; and the other—"As it fell upon a day, &c."—is part of a delightful little lyric by an obscure poet of Elizabeth's time, named Richard Barnfield. We whisper these things in the manager's ears—for every body else knows them. These same persons, too, have tried to make improvements in the language in which Shakspeare has thought proper to dress his poetry; which is as if a country clown, with his hard, horny, plough-holding fingers, should attempt to improve the arrangements of a woman of fashion's toilet.

We had nearly forgotten to mention, that the music which is introduced into this comedy has these remarkable circumstances about it—that it is partly original by Mr Bishop, and partly selected by Mr Bishop; and yet it is all selected, and all by Mr Bishop. The explanation of the riddle is this—that that which is *not* original is selected by Mr Bishop, and that which *is* original and by Mr Bishop, is selected by Mr Bishop also.—But it is very pretty and appropriate nevertheless.

Mr Macready.

Since our last notice, Mr Macready has gained a sudden and unexpected increase of popularity, by his performance of *Richard III.* and *Coriolanus*. At the close of both these tragedies, it is the fashion to hail him with shouts of applause, waving of hats, &c., and calls for him to come forward and give out the play, after he is "dead in law."—We have been prevented from seeing any more than the last act of his *Richard III.*—for it has not been acted for several weeks. The most striking part of this is the manner in which, after having received his death-blow, he retires to the side-scene, and then, with a super-human energy, lifts himself to more than his natural height, and comes pouring down upon his adversary till he reaches him, and then falls at his feet like a spent thunder-bolt.—This is extremely fine.—If this performance should be repeated, we shall make a point of recurring to it—for the little we did see of it, raised our expectations of the rest very high.

Mr Macready's *Coriolanus*, if it has not raised our general opinion of his

talents, has not lowered it. There were two very fine things in it;—his reply to the tribunes of the people when they decree his banishment.—“*I banish you!*” and his quarrel with Aufidius in the last scene, where he reiterates the word “boy!” We have seldom witnessed any thing more nobly dignified than his manner of giving the first of these speeches; and the last was highly energetic, powerful, and natural: but it must be admitted that they both wanted the merit of originality.—This first was a *fac-simile* of Mr Kemble’s voice and manner in the same part. So much so, indeed, that the resemblance actually startled us. The latter part of the last scene was performed exactly in the manner of Mr Kean. We do not say in the manner that he will perform it,—for he is an actor that baffles all anticipation.—In saying that we have not seen any thing in the late performances of Mr Macready which has raised our opinion of his talents, nothing can be farther from our intention than to detract from the reputation which he now enjoys and deserves. The only point in which we differ from the public on the subject is, that we think the popularity which he enjoys *now*, he deserved to enjoy before. Undoubtedly he is the second actor on the English stage, but it is equally certain that he is at a very great distance from the first: as far as talents are from genius.

The Pantomimes.

The Covent Garden Pantomime, this year is better than usual, because it is less extravagant and unnatural: For nature should be respected to a certain degree, even in that least natural of all things—a Harlequinade. This story consists of a selection from the adventures of Don Quixote, and Sancha Panza; and it is a happy thought to make Harlequin’s wand take the place of the knight’s heated imagination, and bring about in reality those changes which he only fancied. Thus the windmill is changed into a giant—the flock of sheep into a company of soldiers, &c. In the island of Barataria, too, Sancha’s dinner is

not carried away by those who bring it in, but disappears by the aid of Harlequin’s magic.—The scenery of this Pantomime is extremely beautiful, and consists chiefly of natural views of the country in which the scene is laid.

The Pantomime at Drury-Lane is indifferent. It commences with the nursery story of Jack the Giant Killer—but it soon deserts that, and runs into the usual *Steeple-race*. The scenery, too, is equally common-place; and the drollery (such as it is) consists of practical puns, which one half of the audience cannot relish, and the other half (for whom chiefly the Pantomime is produced) cannot understand.—It is really a little too bad, that these enormous houses, which are fitted only for the representation of *Spectacle*, should give us so few tolerable examples even of that.

Miss O’Neil.

And so we are never again to see Miss O’Neil! never again to watch her eyes, those “fountains of sweet tears,” till we forget ourselves and all the world! Never again to listen to her voice, till we become enamoured of “dainty sweet melancholy!” Never again to—But we are getting foolish, and, indeed, impertinent—for this lady is no longer a subject for public notice.—We now take leave of her for ever—convinced that the stage will never see her like again, as it never did before. The very qualities which made her what she was, would, in the natural course of things, have kept her from publicity. It is difficult to conceive what train of circumstances could have made an actress of such a woman: And we cannot help feeling a secret compensation for the loss of her, in the reflection, that she has only now crowned and completed the conceptions we had always formed of her nature, by thus willingly resigning the enthusiastic idolatry of a whole people, for the quiet comforts of home, and the company of her own happy thoughts. She will now fulfil her true destiny—for she was made to be a Desdemona or an Imogen, but not to act them.

LETTER FROM THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Glen-Wastle, January 1st, 1820.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

A THOUSAND merry new-years to you and all your dear Divan—I mean, what of them remains in Auld Reekie; for *here* are three of us—three of your best Contributors, that have been curling, skating, shooting larks, and drinking het-pints together for a week—often thinking of you as a friend, but never dreaming of obeying your commands as an Editor. Tickler and I walked over the hills from Altrive eight days ago, and found the Laird in excellent preservation—indeed, looking rather larger than life, owing to the quantity of trappings and happenings he sports during this terrible frost. The glass was down at nine as I was going to bed. But in spite of all that, we contrive to spend our time very merrily with our worthy old landlord: nay, I do not think I ever saw this place looking more beautiful—no not even in “the leafy month of June.” When one looks down in the morning from the Queen’s Tower, you cannot picture to yourself a more lovely phenomenon than the tops of the trees. They are all spread over with a coating of frost-work—every little twig is feathered as delicately as if it had cost a fairy milliner a night’s hard work to adorn it. The tall black trunks rise like ebon pillars, amidst and beneath glorious canopies of alabaster; and the water being hard bound, and the mill silent, no sound is heard all around, except the eternal cawing of the rooks, from those innumerable nests on which my window looks down. The minister is well, and desires his compliments. He is in raptures with the Radical’s Saturday Night, which Tickler read aloud one night in his loftiest tone of pathos; and says, it is a shame, if a certain queer fellow does not ere long, give the world the finest treat they have had for some time, by publishing his long promised poem of *the Manse*.

The Laird has become very lazy of late, and says, Don Juan has put him quite out of conceit with the Mad Banker, which, I now fear, he will never conclude. Don Juan and Anastasius may be abused by those that like, but Wastle thinks them two works likely to produce greater effects on the public mind than almost any things that our time has put forth. There is no question, he says, that the author of the Novel has borrowed a great deal of his matter, and his manner both, from Faublas; but as I am not very powerful in the French department, I cannot judge of the propriety of the anaphthegm. Surely Anastasius ought to have been split into two or three tales—a single volume of it is more than the whole of the Brownie of Bodsbeck. The want of continued interest will probably prevent the work from being so great a favourite among the ladies; but surely individual parts of it will always live among the most exquisite ornaments of English literature. The description of his brothers and sisters at the beginning—the picture of Constantinople—the visit to the grave of Helena—the whole of the Egyptian part, above all the flight of Hussan, and the Bridal Scene—and the close of the third volume which is written in the truest spirit of Romance—these are things which do honour to the genius of Byron, if Byron wrote them, or Mr Hope, if Mr Hope wrote them, and that is saying enough. As for the Jackall, I feel satisfied he never wrote one line—not even the worst one in the whole book.

I had a letter from Dr Scott this morning, full of all his characteristic kind of fun. It is dated from the guard room of the Glasgow Yeomanry Hussars, in which corps the Dentist is cutting a conspicuous figure, and for whom he has written a noble war song, which he is to send you next month. Their dress uniform, he says, is red breeches and yellow boots—and he is getting his mustachios to grow: but I think the worthy doctor is more likely to serve the good cause, by writing a few more of his loyal songs, than by disguising his portly outward man in this remarkable manner. As for us in Ettrick, we are to have a new regiment of Yeomanry Sharpshooters—and I am to be a corporal. I never saw a finer set of fellows than the most of them—but I remember how you admired our horse Yeomanry—and we are of the same breed.

In case you should be in want of a few of Wastle's verses, I send you a fragment of one of his cantos, which I found in his drawer this morning, but the beginning of it is a-wanting, having been torn off. I heard him read it all over, but I remember nothing of the exordium, except that it was awfully severe upon poor Mr Terrot. That young lad is very rash, and knows nothing whatever of what he is meddling with, but you should spare him for this time. There was also a dedication to Tickler, which went on thus :

"Oh, Timothy ! we true old Bachelors
Should dedicate our strains to one another :
What though our doings all the world abhors,
Especially the womankind—my brother,
While this bright flame up one's own chimney roars,
Why should we all our satisfaction smother—
Nor shew what mints of unpartaken pride
Grace lone Glenwastle and serene Southside ?

"I hear with much regret this rife report,
That Hogg's about to be a married man—
I fear the change will spoil a world of sport,"
Half-banishing the Bard from our divan," &c.

I cannot recollect the rest of it, but as usual, I was treated with slender ceremony. He has been, as I have hinted, abusing poor "Common-place Terrot," as he calls him,—and then off he goes with this beginning of the fragment. Some verses, you will observe, are quite illegible in this sad scrawl of the old man.

XII.

Oh ! for some *Schmidt*, that trumpet note to blow
That stirs the blood, if any blood there be—
Ascending clearly with that silver flow
Melodiously, magnificently free ;
Kindling the air at eve, and earth below,
With one resistless flame of harmony :
High above pealing choir and echoing ring
Ascending, like the mandate of a king.

XIII.

Oh ! for some trumpet of triumphant call
To bring some knightly foe for knightly sporting !
For you, ye catiff crew, we scorn you all,
There is a sort of shame, faith, in consoling,
Even at the weapon point, with the base thrall
Of mean Plebeian passion—yet if, courting
Your ruin, come ye will—we would not choose
Such spoils as you can yield—but shan't refuse.

XV.

'Tis now an age—six months, as one may say,
Since we have had a dab at any body,
But longer this same quiet game won't pay—
Nod goes the general receipt—nod—noddity :—
'Tis time some other dog should have his day,
And keep good people waking o'er their noddy ;
Some dozing, dull, dogmatic man of merit,
For instance, the immortal Mr Terrot.

XVII.

And, oh ! to think of all the feasts we've had
Upon the like, ere now, at old Ambrose's,
When Hogg's kind eye would glitter, grim and mad
With joy, at prospect of some glorious *doss* ;
When gentle Tickler would exclaim—"Too bad !"
Be satisfied, my dears, with bleeding noses."—
But we would still pay on, on lude and lude,
Th' unconscionable usury of whip.

XVIII.

The dawdling damsel gliding in her coach,
The dapper dandy stufed in his sedan—
Alas ! how never may their dregas approach
The mirth that wraps our mystical divi !
Fine folks ! we would not for the world enroach
Upon your beat : be happy, if we can ;
For us,—we think ye all a set of spoons,—
We're disappointed even in these Diagoons.

XIX.

A genuine German Freyherr, or Herr Graf,
With check of bronze and strong thick swart
Moustache,
Such as one saw about old Blucher's staff,
All over cross, and star, and grin, and gash,
Is worth some staring—but it makes one laugh
To see Miss Molly, with a sabretache,
Coaxing a few soft hairs below the nose,
In hopes of seeming fearful to our toes.

XX.

To see him laced like some fine velvet cushion,
One universal glare of tinsel glorious,
To see him through the jar of varicet pushing,
In Stanhope slim, with caution meritorious,
Ah me ! how different from the headlong rushing
Of chariotteering Ajax, *ô Illegio*,
—Or Dr Morris whirling, (honest man !)
By wild Lochawe, you furious slandrydan

XXI.

There's few Hussars or Lancers in the land,
Bearded or beardless—booted, red or blue,
Or black, or yellow—that can understand
Better than we ourselves were wont to do,
The merits of flirtation—underhand
Intense flirtation ! serious, deep, and true,
In dun retired Boudoir, or twilight shade
Of whispering leaves, with matron or with maid.

XXII.

But as for the flirtation of our capouring
Fantastic exquisites, 'tis not the thing :
Whoever sees them with their waists so tapering,
And padded breasts, and feels the scents they fling
From out their laboured curls, amidst their capot-
ing,
And hears the silliness they sigh and sing—
Must fear they are as far removed from thinking
Of serious loving, as of serious drinking.

XXIII.

Ill may romance accord with modern garb—
One feels in gazing on their stiff attire,
Such webs and nets of finery must absorb—
All effluence of the soul—fear—hope—desire—
Even lordly passion, like a harnessed barb,
Will soon, so hampered, lose his pristine fire,
And learn, instead of all his fine free paces,
A few set pawings and Cheapside grimaces.

XXIV.

One scarce could picture Mars and Aphrodite
Under the semblance of yon gaudy cornet,
Simpering to yon slim goddess of our city;
Old Homer, were he here—how he would scorn it!
The pair are very fond (the more's the pity),
But, Lord! when eyes are eyes, what need of
Lorgnette?

No—one can't think the blacksmith had been jealous
Of any of these prig-my-dainty fellows.

XXV.

But if you wish to see a real beau,*
As fine as all the 7th and 10th together,
Grand, and yet wearing all his grandeur so,
As if its weight were not a pigeon's feather.
I pry'thee, gentle female reader, go,
(For scarce he'll venture out in this cold weather)
And at Macculloch's window, you shall see
A man will shew you what a man should be

XXVI.

In native bearded beauty—what a sweep
Of fringe and fold is all about him flowing!
How graceful sits his cincture, yet how deep,
Round, round, and round again, superbly going;
Does it not make your young hearts pant and leap,
To gaze on Hassan's dirk—how rich 'tis glowing
With sapphire, diamond, emerald, topaz, ruby!
He makes your homebred cockcomb look a shoeboy.

XXVII.

I'm sorry his Circassian has returned—
For love or money I would fain have seen her;
Ah! how to gaze and gaze, mine eyes had burned,
Were she, in aught of feature or demeanour,
Like you sweet thing, whose tears are all inured
In the world's heart—whose glance of love is keener
Than all the lightnings e'er Prometheus stole—
Yon visioned queen of Allan's musing soul.

XXVIII.

Triumphant captive! oh! 'tis worse than slaughter
To see the paltry price the Turk has told:—
With what wide treasures would not I have bought
her,
Of heart—soul—tears—blood—anything but gold!
If Eve was half as fair as this her daughter,
Oh! Father Adam!—pardons manifold
For all thy weakness—her ambrosial breath
Might well persuade to sin, though sin were death.

XXIX.

And yet 'tis not her beauty, first or most,
That penetrates the eye of him who gazes,
Of all the times my heart's been won and lost
(On recollection their amount amazes),
I could be sworn mere beauty never cost
Me much in phrenzy—no, nor even in phrases—
With utter non-chalance my heart repels
The proud set-to of dozens of crack belles.

XXX.

There is a certain haughty conscious swim
O' th' eye, an artful dropping of the lid,
Which says, I'll easily make an end of him,
Or looks ('tis all the same) as if it did;
For me, I'm full of self-will to the brim,
I never fancy doing as I'm bid;
I sometimes stare as if I were struck dumb,
But that's pure malice—fudge—the merest hum.

XXXI.

Impute it not to vanity that I
Should think such engines have been moved or
me;
I ne'er suspect that gentle damsels sigh
For Wastle's self—whatever smiles I see—
To all such fair fond dreams I've bid good-bye,
They do not fit a quizz of sixty-three.
When I was young they scorned me being poor,—
I can't be gulled in age, though flattered more.

XXXII.

I was but the laird's brother long ago,
And all did treat me as a younger brother;
Full well the frigid cursey did I know
Of each disdainful miss and mighty mother;

Yet now, that I'm a rich old battered beau,
Observe but how they court me—damn their po-
ther!

Day after day, and night succeeding night,
Their hooks are baited well—but will I bite?

XXXIII.

No—not for worlds; as some old crafty trout,
At leisure fattening in his deep clear pool,
When some green angler flogs his fly about,
Observes the bright deceit all calm and cool,
And never dreams of stretching forth his snout,
Like your young gaping gormandizing fool;
So I—in short, since I've been Laird of Wastle,
My heart is an unconquerable castle.

XXXIV.

The pride they wounded then protects me now
And if it did not were not I a dunce?
When madam curtsies low, more low I bow,
And twice I simper, if miss simpers once;
I'm trebly lined about both breast and brow
I've still some smooth brass buckler for the nonce,
My spectacles spy finely what folk am at,
And—in descripto *voc clamantis clamat*.

XXXV.

Grant me, I pray you, grant me a reprieve,
Dear loving ladies, pity an old man,
And give him for sweet charity, your leave
To dwindle out his unmolested span
In his own way—to smoke his pipe at eve
In quiet o'er his solitary cann,
To pore his eyes out if he has a mind,
And creep to bed just when he feels inclined.

XXXVI.

It is not orthodox that creed of yours,
That, without woman, comfort there is none.
I don't deny your company has lures
For most—the sweetest lure—beneath the sun;
But time for all things is the best of cures,
And habit, now (my course so nearly run)
I promise you has reconciled me quite
To be alone by day, still more by night.

XXXVII.

Besides, I want the courage (grant the wish
Were present) for so perilous a change;
I know you'd hate my modes of dressing fish;
The whole of my small culinary range
Would shock you—you would scout each favourite
dish,
And give for sheepshads *rotis a Volaille*;
You would insist on putting in green tea,
In short, my love, we never should agree.

XXXVIII.

For novelties you'd be a constant plotter.
You would abuse my old French elbow-chairs,
You would compel me thro' the house to totter—
Those long cold lobbies, and those steep high
stairs—
To hear your notions, (you'd have talk'd with
Trotter)†
About some Gothic or Chinese repairs;
You'd pull my own coeval damasks down,
And run up bills, you minx, for chintz from town.

XXXIX.

Nay, who knows but you might dislike my friends,
And stare them by your coldness from my door?
Give great Pulltucki o'er the fingers' ends!
Or dare to pun, and call my Hogg a boar?
And then to make deserted ME friends,
Bring in your fine strange faces, by the score,
"Captains and colonels, and knights in arms,"
With stars, and other fashionable charms?

XL.

"CHILDREN!!!"—the word's enough!—depend
upon't
'Twill never do; there's lots of marrying men.
The deuce a fear, if patiently you hunt,
You'll meet with chances every now and then.
But as for me, my Brannah's very blunt,
Yet, ere I stop, I tell you once again,
I'm quite determined to continue single—
So, there's enough for once of Timon's jingle.

* They seem to have been written when the Persian Ambassador was in Edinburgh.
† The fashionable Upholsterer of the North.

You will see from this, that the Laird is not going to be married any more than the Shepherd. We still sing in chorus (Tickler, Wastle, and I), every evening, our old song.

WHEN shrovetide falls in Easter week,
And Christmas sees the swallow's wing;
When Lawyers nought but truth will speak,
And Whigs in private toast the king;
When songs and plays are quite put down,
And sermons by all men preferred;
And indigo dies breeches brown—
Oh! then my love and I'll be married.

When usury's never paid to Jews;
And noses are not stained by brandy;
And Pussy barks and Messin mews;
And itch is cured by sugar-candy;
When maids on sweethearts never dream;
And birds' nests can no more be harmed;
And oysters float in waves of cream—
Oh! then—oh! then—we will be married.

I wish, from my soul, you were here, to join your fine bass in the stave, and to taste the best hock ever the Laird had in his cellar, of which he gives us a long-necked bottle or two every day. You never licked your lips over the like. He got it from Mr Thomas Hamilton, the famous Glasgow wine-merchant, by way of particular favour, and he says it is more than a hundred years old. There never was the match of it on Yarrow before. Grieve and Laidlaw were pretty well when I heard from them.—Ever your affectionate Contributor,

JAMES HOGG.

ANNALS OF PETERHEAD.*

WE love Peterhead. We recollect passing a few days there very pleasantly a good many years ago, and indeed shall never forget the surpassing dinners that we enjoyed at its incomparable ordinary. Every place within fifty miles of Aberdeen is pleasant to us, for the sake of that double-bodied town, and the cunning, yet kindly toned pronunciation of its inhabitants. We beg leave, therefore, to return our best thanks to Mr Buchan for his presentation copy of the "Annals;" and to assure him of corned-beef and greens, and a jug of toddy, at Ambrose's, on his first visit to the city of Blackwood's Magazine.

Mr Buchan has really made a very amusing book of it; and there are some circumstances attending his little publication, which we think must interest in his favour all good-natured, statistical, and antiquarian readers. These are very modestly mentioned in his preface. He has not had the benefit of much education—and he is not rich in this world's gear. Besides—but let our worthy annalist speak for himself.

"I have also laboured under other difficulties than those above stated, which I have studied to surmount; and many of the pieces contained in these pages, are not arranged according to the plan I had in view, having collected much of the information at different periods after I had begun printing. Having none who could assist me, I was obliged to be author, caseman, pressman, &c.; and many of the following pages never were in MS. being actually composed while printing them. It is therefore hoped, those whose judgment is matured by reason and experience, will not be blind to the trouble of such an undertaking, under so unpropitious circumstances, and will allow, that imperfectly as the subjects are handled, I deserve the clemency of an impartial public. But, if they have otherways determined, I shall console myself with the following lines, written originally in French by the king of Prussia."

As we are now reviewing the works of the king of Prussia, we omit his majesty's verses, and turn to Mr Buchan's prose. We shall not insult our readers by telling them where Peterhead stands.

"Peterhead is a clean and neat little town;—the streets are open, straight, and in general clean and dry, and give a free

* Annals of Peterhead, from its Foundation to the present Time; including an Account of the Rise, Progress, Improvements, Shipping, Manufactures, Commerce, Trade, Wells, Baths, &c. of the Town: Also, a Sketch of the Character of the Inhabitants, their Civil and Ecclesiastical State: An Excursion to the Bulters of Buchan, Slains Castle, &c. with their Description—the Scenery of the country round—Remarks on Dr Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, &c.: Biographical Notices of men of learning and genius, among whom are, George Earl Marischal, founder of Peterhead, and Marischal College, Aberdeen; with a number of Curious Articles hitherto unpublished; with Plates, Engraved by the Author; by P. Buchan, author of the Recreation of Leisure Hours, &c. Peterhead, Printed at the Auchwedden-press, by the Author; Sold by him, the Booksellers in Peterhead, and the principal Booksellers in Scotland. 1819.

course to the fresh air. Nothing is allowed to remain on them that can contaminate the air, or offend any of the senses. The greater part of the houses stand in regular order, especially the latest built; which are in general of the finest hewn granite, which is composed of quartz, shorl, and feldspar, neatly finished, and have a beautiful appearance when the sun shines. In the inside of the houses of people of every rank, if you do not find costly furniture, you will, for the most part, meet with clearness and neatness. Upon the whole, it has a handsome aspect, the houses being covered with slate, and situated on a gentle ascent, all which give it an elegant appearance from the sea.

"Peterhead has been much resorted to as a place of amusement, and as one of the first watering places in Great Britain. Its mineral waters have been justly celebrated over all Europe for their efficacy in the cure of many disorders incident to those living in large and confined cities. It has been frequented by the Prince and the peasant; and many have owned their obligations to the mineral waters, baths, and cheerful company in Peterhead, for a radical reform in their decayed and hypochondriacal constitutions."

We believe Mr Buchan has here said no more than Peterhead deserves—and well may he exclaim, beholding its present splendour, "were a person now to rise from the dead, who had lived in Peterhead at the time Earl Marischal granted the original charter to but fourteen feuars, and that only 225 years ago, how would he stare upon first beholding it as it now stands, with its harbours, shipping, trade?" The first thirty pages of the volume are dedicated entirely to the town of Peterhead and its concerns, which is described very graphically; and Mr Buchan exhibits a good deal of antiquarian lore. Among other information, he gives us a paper, shewing the progress of the whale-fishing since 1802; and a list of the manufactures and trades of the town, from which it would really seem to be a very spirited and thriving place. It is famous for its organs, no less than fifteen having been built there lately, and the most of them by "a cabinet-maker who never saw one made before he himself made the attempt." It is also great in brewerics.

"Of these there are two in the town, both of which deserve the highest praise, and one in the neighbourhood that has long been established in one of the halls of the late Earl Marischal's castle of Inverurie, of which honourable mention is made by the porter and ale drinkers, both at home and abroad;—and these should be no bad judges,

since they generally go where the *Ale* is best."

We cannot mention all the good things of Peterhead; but it would be unpardonable to overlook its butter.

"Peterhead Butter has also attained some celebrity among purchasers, and it is a full proof of its superiority, that it is admired by those who are in the daily practice of using it. The author of the present work has frequently seen in the High-street, and other places of Edinburgh, these words in conspicuous characters,

"*Real Peterhead Butter,*"

with samples of it in their windows;—in other places he has seen it "*Genuine,*" &c.

Its baths are even better than its butter; and we can safely recommend them to our invalids—for even the readers of this Magazine cannot always be in good health and spirits.

"Peterhead has now the most complete set of Baths of any town on the coast of Scotland, owing to the spirited exertions of my worthy friend, Mr James Arbuthnot, jun. who has, at an unprecedented expense, cut out of the solid rock, one of the following dimensions, viz. 90 feet by 30, and capable of holding any necessary depth of water. The bottom is covered with sand, and quite level. It possesses all the advantages of the open sea, without the danger attending bathing in unfrequented places; and is filled every tide with pure sea water, by a valve, which opens and shuts when required. For the convenience of those frequenting this bath, there is built on its margin a house, in which they undress and dress, and it is sheltered from the gazing eye of a prying public, by a mound of rock twenty feet high.

"There is another bath which was formed in 1799 by the Keith mason society, for the accommodation of those drinking the mineral water. Its dimensions are 40 feet by 20, and it is now set apart solely for the use of the gentlemen.

"There are twelve warm baths, with, perhaps, the best set of apparatus to be found in Britain; by means of which the patient may be accommodated with the steam or vapour, hot air, projecting, and shower baths, at any degree of warmth that may be found most proper to alleviate pain or disease."

There is a very interesting chapter on "Education and State of Learning" in Peterhead, from which we regret that we cannot afford quotation. But a town so near the colleges of Aberdeen, may well be distinguished for the erudition of its inhabitants. Yet there is no rule so general as to be without its exceptions.

"In every place of trade, there must be a few of inferior talents and principles, but of these there are few here; yet it would be

doing the public injustice to say there are none of so illiberal minds as to envy their neighbours' prosperity, and the superior talents of those who do not associate with them. Although I do not say Peterhead is more infested with these characters than its neighbours, still it has its share of them."

The good people of Peterhead are all protestants, "either followers of John Calvin the Frenchman, or James Arminius the Dutchman, but I believe that there are many who, should you ask them to which party they belong, whether Calvinists or Arminians, would be at a loss for an answer.—They scarcely ever heard of the tenets of these church-champions, and therefore they do not become proselytes either in faith or practice." In politics they are all well-affected to the government, and have the good of their country at heart; so it is scarcely necessary to add, that they do not read the Scotsman. "They seldom read opposition newspapers, *with a view to profit by them*, (what sensible Aberdoonian would?) and disputes about politics, like religion, are rare." There are several inns at Peterhead, which are neither "shabby, noisy, crowded, nor uncomfortable," and the Ship-tavern "is situated in the Broad Street, and is famed for keeping the best London porter. What is called the club meets here once a week; a party of gentlemen that convene every Friday night, who play cards and take supper." We believe that of this club Odoherly is an honorary member. We have a very short chapter on the booksellers and stationers of Peterhead, to which we anxiously turned. About fifty years ago there were no bibliopoles there. One Mr William Farquhar, a sort of poet,—the Allan Ramsay of Peterhead,—was the first circulating librarian—but the brethren of the trade have since grown both in numbers and in grace, and their shops contain a valuable collection of theology, the works of Rutherford, Fisher, Erskine, Knox, Willison, &c. So says Mr Buchan, "literature, as well as shipping, is now upon the increase." We must insert the following well-merited compliment to our good friend, Mr Alex. Sangster.

"The Booksellers in Peterhead do not speculate much in publishing; they trust more to the judgment of their grave neighbours in the South, and are pleased with their selections. I do not mean to augur from this, that the Booksellers here have

not equal discernment to those in the South, but rather that they are more dilatory in running the risk, as they have less field to work upon: however, there are no rules without exceptions, and we find Mr Alex. Sangster, the senior bookseller, often break through the present, as he is both friendly to the interest of the trade, and to authors, among the most liberal-minded in his line."

Literature being in this flourishing condition at Peterhead, printing too is advancing under a press of sail—so is engraving.

There are five embellishments to this volume, which, though somewhat rude, deserve commendation. The first is a sort of panoramic view of Peterhead, in which a cock on the point of a steeple cuts a famous figure, and is almost heard to crow,—its harbours—groves of masts—vessels at anchor—wherries going before the wind—and jolly tars with arms a-kimbo, and manifest quids in their cheeks.—The second presents us with a Greenlandman among the ice, part of whose crew are hoisting on deck huge fragments from a whale that is lying a-long-side, and blurring brine all the while through his nostrils,—and part shooting at a white bear, who is sitting very unconcerned on his posteriors, with his organization lowering towards the sons of Peterhead, as if he had bargained to sit out a certain number of shots, on condition of receiving, in return, a certain portion of blubber. The third is a sombre and solitary view of Slain's Castle, darkened by a flight of crows or other waterfowl. The fourth is a plan of the Bùllers of Buchan, which have very much the appearance of being made of gingerbread. And the fifth is a view of Raven's Craig, that impressive old ruin on the south-side of the river Ugie, from the chief gate-way of which Mr Buchan has represented a most impressive old gentleman advancing with a huge staff in his hand, and who is intended, we presume, to gain credit for being an ancient Pict, or Pecht, folks of whom one frequently reads in the history of Scotland, but whose existence has always seemed to us very problematical. Of the printing of his book and its engravings, Mr Buchan thus speaks:

"Printing was first established in Peterhead as a regular business, on the 24th day of March 1816, by a young man, who had long witnessed, with feeling regret, the inconvenience his native town laboured under,

no printing-press, at that time, being nearer than Aberdeen. To remedy this defect, and with a view to surmount every obstacle, however difficult, he set out on a pilgrimage to Edinburgh, and thence to Stirling: he staid a few days in each place, where he acquired the rudiments of the *Faustical Art*, and at the end of ten day's hard study, produced specimens of his progress in it; which gave general satisfaction to those to whom they were shown, particularly to the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan, and the worthy and philanthropic Charles Forbes, Esq. M.P. who took him under their patronage, and, by their kindness, enabled him to go forward rejoicing. As he is sensible of the honours done him, he still continues to enjoy that friendship which was so seasonably begun. May these honoured gentlemen long continue their friendship, and he to walk more deserving.

"Since his settlement in Peterhead, he has made a *Printing Press*, with no assistance from any other person, being wright and blacksmith alternately himself. The present work is wholly printed with this press. After having succeeded, beyond his most sanguine expectation and that of his friends, in this laborious job, he was led to try the Type-founding, in which, the length that he went, he succeeded equally well; but the cutting of the punches, and preparing of the moulds, were found to occupy too much of his time, as he was always under the necessity of making his own tools.

"Since his engaging in the present history, he has made a few attempts in Engraving, the result of which will accompany this volume.

"Ere the reader proceed to examine the work critically, it may not be unnecessary, nor, I hope, deemed egotism, should I acquaint him, that the author never had a lesson in the art, and the enclosed *views* are among the first of his productions in that line."

We shall now accompany our ingenious author on a water-party of pleasure to the Bullers of Buchan—no relations whatever, as our English reader will immediately perceive, to Buller of Brazennose. Mr Buchan is our pilot,—and a poetical pilot too.

"After getting through this gut or strait, (which in an ebbing tide is no easy task,) we began to view the vast expanse of Neptune's dark domain, with Cruden's bold and rocky shore, which vary the pleasing scene. Certainly nothing could be more picturesque, or inviting in nature, than the mild and delightful aspect of the rippling waves borne over the surface of the shining deep, till lulled into a breathless calm by the slumbering vigils in a morning of May, save where the noisy shore batted in concert with the flagelet of some hundred Kitty-wakes, which flew in rapid motion from the crevices of the projecting rocks. Æolus

had also to heighten our pleasure, giving a jubilee to all but the fanning zephyr, which childishly played in Neptune's lap along the shore, with the wrinkling folds of his dark green mantle.

"We next steered through the lofty arches formed by nature's mystic hand, where the prospects were ever varying, and entertainments ever new:—Cliffs overhanging cliffs, whose towering pyramids often meet, and where the subterraneous passages below instil into the mind that degree of solemnity and evening gloom, which is only dispelled by quitting this fantastic abode of seals, cormorants, and wild pigeons, on whose rights, they seemed to think, we had been trespassing.

"We now approached the Bullers (Bouilloirs, or, as the neighbouring people, by way of compliment to their chief, call it, the Earl of Errol's Punch Bowl,) with chilly tremour, to contemplate its majestic form, rising from the vast profundity of water below. On entering this vaulted arch, to explore the interior of its inmost recesses, the hideous howling and wild screaming notes of the hawks, owls, coots, and a number of other sea fowls, so deafened us, that for some time we were obliged to answer one another by signs.

"The arch, through which we entered, is about forty feet high, formed by the great architect of nature, out of a wall some hundred feet high, destitute of all lateral cavities, and where nought is to be seen but the distant clouds floating in snowy wreaths through a blue-tinted sky of glowing æther in the aerial regions above.

"In shape, it is nearly of an oval, whose diameter is from thirty to forty yards wide. Its irregular, but stupendous walls, whose shaggy sides display the rugged rock pendent over the gulf below in awful grandeur, exhibit the hand of nature in her rudest form.

"In some of the horrid chasms above, the ravenous hawk and owl are known to nurse their callow young. The whole forms such a contrast to what strangers are accustomed to view, that the eye and ear are lost in an agreeable perplexity."

Mr Buchan is at issue with Dr Johnson on the point of these Bullers. And, we admit, that he makes the lexicographer look exceedingly foolish. The folly of all Samuel's remarks, observations, and reflections, on what he saw in Scotland, almost exceeds belief. He was not a little of a Cockney in his way—and nothing can be more absurd to our view, than the image of the old blind unweildy porpoise, rolling about in a little crank yawl, under the magnificent arches of this tempestuous temple, and forming his childish theory of its formation.—See how Mr Buchan settles him.

"First, He says, 'We entered the arch which the water had made.' Does any man of common sense suppose that the water was like aquafortis, to cut or eat out of a solid rock ten or twelve feet thick, an arch of thirty-five or forty feet high, and about twenty wide; this would have been a phenomenon of rather an unusual and extraordinary nature. If such occurrences took place in the Doctor's time, I am sure none has in mine.

Secondly, He deems it a place of safe retreat for small vessels in the time of war, persisting in the opinion of the practicability of stopping up its entrance 'with little difficulty,' so as to secure its inhabitants from their enemies, and saying that 'the crews of the vessels thus blockaded can lie safe in the caverns below, while their vessels are shattered from above with stones.'

"I suppose every one sees the impropriety of this conjecture, it being a well known fact that, were their vessels shattered to pieces, however secure from their enemies, they themselves might be, while lying in the caverns, they would literally starve. I can see,

indeed, little advantage they could have in being saved from stoning to perish by starving, even allowing the possibility of being safely barricaded as he says, a few lines before, when visiting it in a boat, 'we were inclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement.' Again he says, 'If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Bullers of Buchan.' How then, in the name of wonder, could it be possible, for those who were without the means to get out, to save their lives, unless another miracle were wrought, and they fed with ravens, as was Elijah!"

We think that we have quoted enough of this entertaining little volume to interest the benevolent reader in its author. Do buy a copy, then, our good sir—and be assured that, if you have a library at all, there are many worse books in it than the "Annals of Peterhead."

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No III.

[By way of giving as much variety as possible to the views we are opening for our English readers into the present condition of German literature—and more particularly into what we consider its most promising department, the tragic drama,—we this month insert, not an account of a regular play, but a complete translation of a short dramatic sketch, intended originally for being represented upon a private stage. This is a species of composition wherein all the best of the German poets have occasionally condescended to employ their powers. The stage is the ruling passion of the German people in the present day, and nothing connected with that passion and its manifestations can be regarded as uninteresting.

It would, of course, be equally useless and impertinent for us to enter into any regular criticism of a composition which we present entire to the judgment of our readers. There is something in the history of the little piece, however, which must not be omitted. It originally appeared under the name of *the Twenty-Ninth of February*, with a conclusion of the darkest horror—infanticide being added to the guilt of adultery and incest, in order to leave no part of the spectator's soul unpenetrated with the influence of the awful Destiny (the favourite deity, as we have already sufficiently seen, of the German stage) that was here set forth as coming down from her accustomed arena of royal and noble houses, to spread ruin and desolation over the family of a simple forester.

There is a fine passage in the *Thyestes* of Seneca, which seems as if it had been written expressly to speak the meaning of the sketch as it then stood.

Montes cæcus instiget furor :

Rabies Parentum duret ; et longum nefas
Eat in Nepotes ; nec vacet cuiquam vetus
Odisse crimen : semper oriatur novum :
Nec unum in uno : dumque punitur scelus
Crescat—Liberi pereant male ;
Pejus tamen nascentur—

———Inpiâ stuprum in domo

Levissimum sit.———

But, indeed, the spirit of *Æschylus* himself seemed to have been conjured entire by *Müllner* into his narrower and lowlier circle.

In this state, there is no doubt, the production was a more perfect one of its

kind than it is now ; but no one can regret the alteration, with whatever minor disadvantages it may be attended. Well as the Germans are accustomed to strong excitements, it was found that their public would not tolerate seeing terrors of this kind brought home to the immediate bosoms of mankind in the midst of that humble life, for whose hardships Providence has sent down an equivalent in its exemption from many of those miseries that visit higher heads. The author, therefore, devised a new catastrophe—a tender and happy—not a terrible one, for the Twenty-Ninth of February ; and it is in this shape we now give it.

The name will strike English ears as a strange one ; but it could not have appeared in any such light to the Germans, who were already well acquainted with the *Twenty-Fourth of February* by Werner—a beautiful composition, of which, in one of our early *Hore*, we shall give an account at least, if not a complete version. The quibble in the name of the female may also appear in very doubtful taste—we think it is so, but still must recollect that it is the bad taste of Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Shakspeare—as well as of Adolphus Müllner. The German reader may be informed that the pun in the original is on the word *Thräne* (which signifies *tears*.)

The chief interest of the piece, and its chief merit, appears to consist in the powerful idea it gives of an unseen but felt communion and sympathy going on between the world of the living and the world of the dead. It is the vice and the misery of modern literature that ideas of this dark kind are left out and banished. They do not suit the clear-sighted, rational, intellectual eye of our self-satisfied age—an age which is too proud of itself to take any delight in the exhibition of difficulties and mysteries, such as all its power cannot overcome, nor all its perspicacity explain. There is, nevertheless, great sublimity and great beauty too in the idea which Müllner has so well illustrated ; and there is nothing in it, so far as we can see, that should shock the notions of the most sincere Christian, although we observe the German critics have, for the most part, been of a very different opinion.

In our next article of this series we shall have the pleasure of introducing, for the first time to the English reader, another great living tragedian—*Oehlenschläger the Dane*.]

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF FEBRUARY.

A Tragic Sketch.

BY ADOLPHUS MÜLLNER.

Dramatis Personæ.

Walter Horst, a Forester.

Sophia, his Wife.

Emilius, his Son, (in his twelfth year.)

Lewis Horst.

The scene is the forester's house in the wood. An apartment with a principal door, and a side door. On the former are written the days of the last week of February in Leap year. Under Saturn the twenty-ninth. A projecting chimney—a screen before it ; and implements of hunting on the wall.

SCENE I.

Walter, lost in thought, with a hanger in his hand, which he has been polishing. Sophia is working at a hunting net, and rises disquieted soon after the curtain draws up.

Soph. SEE, now the evening red has died

away—
Stars glimmer thro' the broken clouds—and
still

My ~~own~~ is not returned.

Wal. Have patience wife—
He comes anon.

Soph. Oh ! never till this day
He staid so late.

Wal. Come, strike a light !

Soph. Alas !

Wal. Wherefore art thou so anxious ?—
On the way

So often trod, each tree or mossy stone
Will greet him like a friend—all is fami-
liar—

Then the snow's lustre—covers, like a robe
Of light, the way—whereon the beaten paths
That lead through the grey forest shades are
sure,—

And unavoidable—as death.

Soph. 'Tis well
For men—but he—a careless child—oh,
Walter,

He will be lost—

Wal. What evil spirit thus
Disturbs thy peace ?—To prophesy misfor-
tune,

It is not well !—An hundred times to-night,
Hast thou been starting from thy chair, to
look

If the boy came :—Yet every day he goes
From hence to school in town—and has,
ere now,

Remain'd, how oft know not, till the evening.—

Why on this day of all the year am I Provoked to frown at thy fantastic fears?—

Soph. For the whole road, one hour suffices.—More

Than this already has been spent in darkness.—

To blame a mother's care—thou art severe—

Wal. Thy care is most unsuitable, applied

To restless moods of youth. Boys all are driven

To wild pursuits by youthful impulses—

Out of a mother's anxious hand they tear The leading strings, and give the reins to pleasure.—

Even as the sportive hoof of the young horse Raises the dust in clouds—so they contend With stocks and stones, all for the sake of strife.—

That boyish power may grow to manly strength—

Wildness to wisdom.—If thou would'st retain

A son's affection, let him go and come At his own will—lead him, indeed, but not Like infants by the hand.

Soph. Oh could I weave!

His fortune like this net, and regulate His pleasures as I can arrange these threads!

For oh! I love him as my life—or Heaven!—

Wal. Nay, that is sinful.—Evermore the devil

Watches for such an opportunity, And then the die, on which thou, (wicked gamester!)

Has risked thine all, is by the invisible claw

Of Satan turn'd.

Soph. Thy words are terrible!—

Wal. But have I not already prov'd thy truth?

It comes across me like the comet's glare, And chills my heart, when of my cherished idol

The angel cheeks appeared, so deadly pale— (*he pauses.*)

Soph. (*Weeping*) Alas! my daughter!

Wal. Weep not, she is but

Gone home, that little one—

Soph. Alas! I feel

Misfortune rule me with resistless power, Even as the wedge that rends the tree is driven,

Deeper and deeper by the heavy axe, So pain on pain increasing presses on me, Till my poor heart will break!—Thus am I judged—

'Tis but the punishment I have deserved For having broke mine oath thee to avoid—

Wal. Delusions all! grieve not! it was his will!

Soph. Believ'st thou this? Thy looks deny thy words.

If so—what caus'd her death.

Wal. Leave that alone.

Soph. Why did he perish when he heard the news?

Wal. Why did he live our marriage to prevent?

Soph. My dreams are true. At our lost daughter's birth,

Methought I saw her like a seraph floating Borne on a crystal sphere, (wherein the stars Reflected shone) in giddy circles, whirled; Then all at once, the mirror broke in fragments,

And pale and lowly in the grave she lay.

Wal. Heaven gave and took away.

Soph. From my clasp'd arms

Will Heaven so rend all that I hold most dear,

Without compassion? Did I not behold, While yet I wept for Clara's early dream, A dagger in the heart of our dear boy? And then an head that lay upon the ground, That, with delirium I kneeled down to kiss, And it was thine!

Wal. No more of this. Thy dreams Are all so frightful, that the mere narration Is equal almost unto the fulfilment— For my sake, then, I pray thee, tell no more, For my brain whirls.

Soph. Hear how amid the forest The thaw wind moans; while from the south are borne Clouds threatening with their load of sleet and rain.

Without the gloom increases; and, within, All grows to me more dark and apprehensive.

Such a mere child! how easily may he wander!

Send after him! I cannot bear it longer!

Wal. But whom?

Soph. The boy.

Wal. Nay, he is distant far.

Soph. Then will I light the lantern straight, and go

Myself.

Wal. Thou, and alone? That road by night

Thou never hast attempted. If the wind Mid-way by chance should blow the lantern out,

Thou wilt both lose thy labour and thyself.

Soph. Go thou!

Wal. And wilt thou stay content alone?

Soph. Nay, let us go together!

Wal. Surely not!

For if, meanwhile, he should arrive, and find

The cottage so deserted, would he not Run out in search of us into the forest?

Soph. (*setting down the lighted lantern.*) What'er befalls us let it fall on both.

Wal. Nay, be composed, he must be here ere long.

Soph. A tempest like to this was never known—

Hark how the oak trees crack, and even like reeds

Or long grass are in motion!

Wal. 'Tis severe!

Soph. And how the sleet and snow, together driven, Beat on the window

Wal. (struggling with disquiet.) With the beadle's children
He must have staid, regardless of the night,
As last year, when the ice, hard by the church,
Was so frequented.

Soph. (violently agitated.) Mercy!—
Heaven! that ice—

Wal. What mean'st thou?

Soph. Only this—I pray thee, tell me,
Did the boy take his skates with him to-day?

Wal. Doubtless he did—the morning
still was frosty.

Soph. (running to the lantern.) Oh, then,
indeed I can no longer stay,
Even if the storm should rend the forest oaks.

Wal. (interrupting her.) Art thou a
Christian? Be composed! rely

On Heaven, and wait!

(Violent noise in the chimney, and fire issues from it.)

Soph. All gracious powers! my son—

Wal. (tearing away the screen.) Nay,
what the devil is that noise?

'Tis nothing!

One might have thought the house, with
"man and noise,"

Had met destruction. All because the storm
Has broken down the chimney top. See'st
thou?

Soph. (with wildly fixed eyes.) Oh, Wal-
ter, he is dead!

SCENE II.

*Emilius enters, muffled to the throat—books
in a leather strap—skates in his hand.*

Em. Who is it, mother?

Wal. (laughing for joy.) Ha!

Soph. (joyfully.) Heaven be praised!
my son! Then he is safe.

For thee, Emilius, deeply have I suffered.

Wal. Well, there he is at last, in health
and ruddy.

Soph. Give me thy books and neckcloth
too. How drench'd
Thou art even to the throat!

Em. But, father! tell me

Who is it that is dead?

Wal. Nay, ask thy mother,
She deem'd that thou wert lost.

Em. Indeed!—of this
I had not thought.

Wal. But look to it, my boy!

It is forsooth thy duty now to die—

To verify the solemn signs and tokens,
Or no man will believe in them again.

Soph. Come now, Emilius, change thy
dress.

Em. (kindly.) Pray, mother,
Take not this trouble.

Soph. (in a voice of sudden terror.)
What is that?

Wal. Ha! what?

Soph. (terrified.) He bleeds!—

Wal. Where?

Soph. See! the marks upon his collar!

Em. 'Twas but a scratch,—'tis nothing.

Wal. Comes it not

From foolish quarrels?—Hast thou been
again

Boxing with mad companions?

Soph. Aye, indeed!

Was this the cause?—For shame!—

Em. Nay, it was nothing;—

Only to-day, upon the ice, they know not
How to make room politely;—then one falls,
And cannot choose but quarrel with his
neighbour.

Wal. And thou wert fighting?

Em. I am quickly rous'd.—

Soph. Now, shall I bring thy supper?

Em. I can wait.—

You are too good.

Soph. Am I?—Well then, Emili

Will not refuse his mother one req

Em. No surely—Tell me what

Soph. Give me

Those foolish toys that bring thee into dan-
ger:

Go on the ice no more.—Now, wilt thou
promise?

Em. Aye, that forsooth I promise wil-
lingly,

Because THE ICE TO-MORROW WILL
BREAK UP:—

(Both parents are much moved.)

However, thou wilt not withhold them
from me.

When the next frost sets in.

Wal. Boy, thy whole heart

Is fixed upon this play.

Em. No doubt it is.

When I have got them buckled on securely,
Thou canst not guess how light of heart I
feel!—

Of all our sports it is the best!—One flies
Swift as an arrow, without pain or trouble;
Like some unearthy spirit; and his course
Is finish'd unawares.

Soph. Too soon, indeed,

If one grows wild, as thou art.

Em. Mother, hear me.—

So, (as I dream sometimes) in rapid flight,
Joyous and free, the spirits of dead children
Are borne about;—for souls are light as
air.—

'Tis but the body's weight that hinders us
Upwards to float amid the stars' refulgence,
Where the blest angels dwell.

(Sophia kisses him, and prepares to go.)

Nay, do not go.

Soph. I must prepare for supper.—Stay
thou here.

SCENE III.

Em. My mother weeps.

Wal. Because she thinks on Clara.

Em. Oh, her I saw to-day!

Wal. (surprised.) What mean'st thou, boy?

Em. When we came out of school, we
play'd this morning,

As usual, pelting one another well

With snowballs; and drew up in regular
armies;—

Then, from the steep hill where the gallows
stands,

Rapid as lightning hurl'd on sledges down:

But suddenly a strange mysterious sadness

Fell on us, and I felt as if some power

Drew me from thence invisibly tow'rd home.

Then as I would have climb'd our forest hill,
Voices I heard of children at the river,
That led me from the road.

Wal. Why so?

Em. I know not;

Only I feel that I am lonely here.

Wal. Are we not here? and lov'st thou not thy parents?

Em. Oh surely.—But who is there here to play with?

Wal. Poor boy!—But I will join thee in thy sports.

Em. Not so,—thou art not willing—But when I

Have learn'd the hunter's noble art,—Ah! then,

I'll know to please thee better.

Wal. (*grinding the hanger.*) Well, ere long

I shall instruct thee.

Em. Hear me now.—'Tis true,—

Thou art a powerful marksman, and can'st hit

The swallow in his flight; and aim so well
Thy hunting spear, that the wild boar falls down

Whole and untorn, all save the mortal wound—

And thou canst artfully entice the fox
Forth from his hole in day-light.—This and more

'Tis thine to do—but yet thou can'st not play.

Wal. Ah truly, to thy home of happiness,
Childhood! there can be no return. Could I
Once more but play!

Em. If it so pleases thee,
Listen, and I will teach thee.—Thou wouldst all

Hear and behold in full reality.—

Whate'er thou canst not hold substantially,
Even like the hunting knife which thou art sharpening,

Accords not with thy humour.—For the future,

Pray follow my example—for all things

Appear as I would have them. I can change

This room into a forest,—and a funnel

Will serve me for a hunting horn. I ride,

Though without horse and harness—and a stag

Or mountain goat, dead as a stone I shoot.
Not with a gun, but with thy walking stick.

Wal. Aye—these are joys of youth—
which in itself

Has all things good—whate'er imagination
Presents is real; and in dreams we rule
The universe.—

Em. Methinks since Clara died,
From thee all cheerfulness is quite departed—

But I am joyous—she is still with me—

Still smiles—and joins in every game—

Wal. (*agitated.*) Emilus!

Em. Nay, when close to the river I had come,

From whence the voices rose, the night had fallen—

No one was there.—But it was near the place.
Where is my sister's grave—A longing drew me—

Mine eyes were filled with tears—I knew not why—

I lean'd myself upon a wither'd tree

Hard by; and as the wind blew powerfully,

Muffled myself within my Spanish cloak,

And closed mine eyes.—Then a strange mood came on,

Of deep tranquillity. I saw my sister,
Leaning from Heaven with sweet smiles to receive me,—

And after this, methought, in a fine arbour,
With flowers entwined, we played with her tame dove,

Which I had taken with me,—and she kissed—

Wal. (*interrupting him.*) No more—I cannot bear this—

Em. Had the storm

Kept off, I had been there till now.

Wal. (*impatiently.*) Well—Well!—

Emilius,—didst thou write to-day?

Em. No, this

Was but a Bible lesson.

Wal. Read me then

What was thy latest task. (*While Emilus fetches the Bible.*) In Scripture, too,

'Tis said that sorrow even finds relief.

Em. (*reading.*) "Every purpose is established by counsel, and with good advice make war."—

"He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets; therefore, meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips."

"Whoso curseth his father or mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness."—*Proverbs.* xx. 18, 19, 20.

Wal. How was it, boy? Read the last words again.

Em. (*impressively.*) Whoso curseth his father or mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.—

Wal. (*thoughtfully.*) Ha! was it not in token of Heaven's wrath,

That such a fearful thought came to my soul—

That favourite child—she was my light on earth,

To cheer the darkness of my life—

Em. If this

Has pleased you, wait, and in my writing book,

I'll find one like to it—

Wal. It is enough.

Em. (*reading from a copy book.*) Listen!

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."—*Ibid* xxx. 17.

Well, shall I read another?

Wal. (*violently.*) No!—

Em. (*in a moderate voice.*) 'Tis pity.

Here is more against the sins
Of children disobedient to their parents—

And lessons that clear up obscure verses—

Wal. (*aside.*) 'Twas not the eyes—no—
'twas the deed that scorned him!—

Yet can I say that I repent it—no !—
And were the flames of hell ninefold more
hot,

Without Sophia never could I live !—

SCENE IV.

Walter, Sophia, Emilia, (Soon after, the Stranger.)

Soph. (coming in hastily.) Walter !—

Wal. (startled.) What is it ?—

Soph. There is here a stranger—

As if to visit us.

Wal. So much the better—

His presence will beguile the time.

—(*Kneeling loudly.*) Come in !—

Em. An old man this !—

Stran. God save you, friends.

Wal. Amen.

Your greeting, friend, is good ; and of thy
worth

Affords a pledge. So art thou truly wel-
come.

Stran. (putting off his cloak.) You see a
traveller who has lost his way.

Will you permit—

*Wal. (seeing the stranger at a loss with
his hat.)* Shake off the snow, good friend.

(Soph. (coming forward.) Walter, I
feel a strange misgiving here.

Wal. Um ! So do I—wherefore I cannot
tell—

Soph. (to the stranger.) You are not
well acquainted with the way ?

Stran. 'Tis long since I was here before.
(*He looks about him, and seems to pray in
silence.*) *Soph.* So then ?—

Wal. (in a soothing tone to Sophia.)
He seems a travelling preacher.—In the
forest

You went astray ?—

Stran. Methinks, in truth, I did not—

Your name is Jacob Horst ?

Wal. He is no more—

I am his son ; and Walter is my name.

You knew my father ?

Stran. Aye.

Wal. But yet, methinks

You should have better guess'd his age—
If now

He lived, he must have been as old as thou
art !

Has business brought thee hither ?

Stran. Aye.

Wal. But not

Of evil import ?

Stran. No.

Wal. Pray, would you choose

To join our supper ?

Stran. Thank you.

Wal. Wine ?

Stran. In truth,

Your offer is well timed.

Wal. (taking keys.) Where are my keys ?

We have some bottles close at hand.

Em. Wait, father,

I'll bring the light.

SCENE V.

(*He takes the lantern, and goes with his
father. Sophia sets the table, and exit at a
side door.*)

Stran. Whence is the dark oppression,

That in my bosom smothers up the sparks
Of kindling pleasure ? Is it but the look
Mistrustful of mine host's, in whom, per-
chance,

My unexpected entrance raised confusion ?
Yet, from a stranger's lips await them not
The glad announcement of prosperity ?

Is it because, at some unlucky hour,
I came, that from the well-known walls, it
seems

That some dark spirit frowns ? Or is it rather

A gloom prophetic from the realms of death,
That spreads around me this mysterious
terror ?

Came I not here to die ?

It matters not.

When the tree withers, where it first was
reared,

And evermore the river hastes away
From the first fountain-head. But to the
spheres

The path is closed ; and man, whose course
is thither,

Dies not in peace, but in his native land.

Born for eternity, he pictures forth

Her emblem in the page of time,—(the ser-
pent,

That wreathes into a circle,)—so his exit

Is like his entrance. Happy if he finds

A grave where stood his cradle !

SCENE VI.

(*The Stranger. Walter with wine. So-
phia with glasses on a salver. Emilia
seats himself on a chair in the back-ground,
and looks at the light of the lantern—then
puts it out, and falls asleep.*)

Wal. Drink, my friend,

Wine renovates the spirit.

Stran. Pledge you !

Wal. Thanks.

Now to your business

*Stran. (sitting down at the table with
Walter.)* Presently.—You had

An uncle in America ?

Wal. 'Tis true,

My father had a brother there. From child-
hood

I heard of him.

Stran. Would you not like to be
His heir-at-law ?

Wal. Whoever knows to earn

His bread by labour, never will desire

The death of those that are to him related.

What Heaven decrees will come to pass.

Stran. Already

It is decreed and past ; and Lewis Horst

Has named you for his heir.

Wal. (mistrustfully.) Indeed ?

Soph. (working at her net.) Well then,
This would be fortune !

Stran. Named you and your sister,
Whom—

Wal. Nay, there you are in error—I have
none.

Stran. How ! know you not ?

Wal. I never had a sister.

Stran. Ah ! like the first cold shivering
of a fever,

It rushes through my frame. Poor child !
poor outcast !

Wal. Well, hast thou nothing better to
contrive ?

This tale of thine, methinks, will gain from
us

No more support.

Soph. Thou knowest not to serve up
Well-told romances.

Stran. Walter, it is true—

Thou had'st a sister—There—behold the
proof— (*Gives him a letter.*)

Wal. My father's writing—this commands
attention !

I long to read:

Stran. (*to Soph.*) Hear how it came to
pass—

James Horst was to the eldest daughter mar-
ried

Of the king's falconer.

Wal. So far, 'tis right—

By her he had one child—that child am I ;
Sister or brother I had none.

Stran. 'Tis true ;

But in the snares of the deceiver fell
His heart. It must be told—At a grand
feast

Given by the falconer, when all were gay,
It was the twenty-ninth of February,
A day that seldom comes, therefore was held
With more festivity ;—the charms of Agnes,
The youngest daughter of the falconer,
Won his affections.

Wal. Did'st thou say, indeed,

The twenty-ninth !—that is *to-day* !

Soph. Aye, truly—

(*Terrified, and looking towards the door.*)

'Twas then, too, that he died.

Wal. That day that comes

But every fourth year seems to me accurs'd,
No gift of Heav'n—but heathenish work of
Rome !

Stran. Nay, there is in the year no day so
blest,

That man may not be tempted. Agnes fell,
And gave life to thy sister—but, ere long,
Thine uncle, who held then an office there,
Saw her expire, and leave an infant child,
Whose birth till then had been concealed.

Wal. (*joyfully.*) 'Tis true,

Sophia ! see, he writes here to his brother,
That in his married state he felt severely
The consequence of that concealed trans-
gression,

And therefore too he could not but desire,
'That of forbidden love th' unhappy offspring
Should still remain unknown and unacknow-
ledged,

At least until his wife's death or his own.

Soph. (*Embracing her husband.*) Walter !
what happiness is ours !

Wal. Sophia !

Soph. Old man ! in truth I love thee !

Stran. How is this ?

Soph. Well ! you must know an hundred
weight to-day

Hast thou of chilling marble from our hearts
Removed, which had been there for twelve
long years.

VOL. VI.

Wal. Yes ; on my soul ! for your reviv-
ing news

We thank you.

Stran. For the news that you must share
Your fortune with a sister ?

Wal. If no more

But what I won with daily toil were mine,
Gladly would I support her—but your tid-
ings

Are worth far more than you can be aware.

Stran. Pray thee, explain the mystery.

Soph. 'Tis no less

Than this—you have afforded us conviction
That of a father's sudden death our marriage
Was not the cause.

Stran. How so ?

Wal. I will explain ;

My father (*I was then about eighteen*)

Had chosen for me a bride—

Soph. Aye—with a fortune

In money of ten thousand crowns.

Wal. Sophia,

Poor, and an orphan (whom my father's house
Had, since my mother's blindness, enter-
tained),

Soon won my heart, and *her* I sought in
marriage—

Her beauty was a dower inestimable,
And our love mutual. Hitherto my father
Had treated her most kindly, like a daughter,
But when we thought he would have join'd
our hands,

Then—then he was no father—but a tyrant.

Soph. 'Twas hard indeed—I was com-
pelled to steal,

Unknown to Walter, from our home—to
swear

That I would send no letter and no message,
But separate for ever !

Wal. All in vain

I threaten'd or implor'd. Our doom was fix'd.
Then, in the madness of my desolate rage,
I cursed my parents and my birth.

Stran. Alas !

That was most impious !

Wal. Well—I have atoned

By suffering for my crime.

Stran. But Heaven is jealous—

And judgement awful—Wherefore didst
thou swear

That heavy oath ?

Soph. My courage was o'ercome

Resistance vain—

Wal. Then from my father's home,

By rage and sorrow I was driven—

Stran. Unblest,

Thou didst forsake thy parents ?—

Soph. For my sake

That error he committed ;—through the
world

Wandered twelve months or more without
repose :—

Wal. Fortune was more propitious than a
father—

I found Sophia in a foreign land—

But she avoided me—her heart was chang'd ;
Soph. Alas ! the fatal oath had sealed my
lips ;—

Our hearts indissolubly were united.

I sent intelligence that he was there,
But waited long—long, ere an answer came,
I would have fied to save my soul, but letters
Arrived at last—

Wal. Their import—that my mother,
Long sick and feeble, had at length expired,
And that my father, too, himself, alas!
In health declining, wish'd me to return.

Soph. Me too he sent for.—Both were to arrive

On the same day, that comes in each fourth year—

His birth-day.

Wal. And one sentence in my letter
My heart with unexpected pleasure filled—

Soph. Alas it led me on to sin.

Wal. "While yet,
I linger in this weary world," he said,
"Have I a secret to disclose to thee,
That a dear heart with thine will now unite."

Now, dearer was to me no heart on earth
Than my Sophia's; and to her alone,
These words could I apply.

Stran. Ha! tell me *this*.

Your name then is *Sophia*?

Soph. Yes indeed.

Stran. For *this* thank Heaven!

Wal. I urg'd my suit with vehemence;
Threw myself at her feet, and prayed that we
Might never part again! At last she yielded.

Stran. How,—then you waited not, first
to obtain,

A father's blessing?

Wal. No—alas, we did not!

Soph. When tears were showered upon an
heart that love

Has cultivated, like a fruitful field,
Powerfully will the first green shoots arise!
So *here* was foster'd the quick growth of sin!

Wal. Within my burning heart, a conflict
raged;—

"If thy desire," methought, "has not his
blessing,

Then art thou lost, and evermore thy portion
Is vain remour."—But when the knot was
tied,

And to new life I woke, the interpretation
Seem'd indisputable; for my Sophia
And happiness at once were mine. Away
Post-haste we drove together; houses, trees,
Went dancing by us on our rapid progress:
Shouts, gratulations, and the bugle-horns
And fairy-dreams beguil'd the way. The
happy

Forget all time, and in a moment's space
Traverse a world.

Soph. Such was the roseate light
Cast on our marriage, that soon died away.
And never more reviv'd—

Wal. With confidence,
We came into this chamber; *there* he lay;
Joy rais'd him up; "Children!" he cried;
we both

Ran to embrace him, and at once to tell
The news that we were married.—At that word
His eyes looked wildly—he began to speak,
But, all at once, with palsy struck, fell back-
wards;

Life came again. 'tis true, and recollection;
But limbs and tongue were paralyz'd—Oh,
fearful

His efforts were to say what on his heart
Weigh'd heavily! At last he turn'd away,
Grasp'd at the bed and wall convulsively;
Till by life's parting agony releas'd,
He breath'd no more.

Stran. Aye—to confess our sins,
Too long conceal'd, Heaven at the hour of
death

Forbids,—as if its mercy were exhausted.

Wal. Twelve years have past away—
through all this time,

The devil fill'd us with unquiet thoughts,
That against us resentment caus'd his death.

Soph. Now let us deem it was the agitation
Of joy that kill'd him; and that his exertion
Was but to tell us that we had a sister!

Wal. This house here in the forest, of the
crown

By feudal tenure held, with the free right
Of hunting, granted to the line of Horst,
Must go from son to son. Here I became
A father; yet, our first-born almost brought
His mother to the grave; and then my
daughter,

Born five years after her grandfather's death,
Almost took with her every wish of mine
For longer life.—She—*(he pauses over-
powered.)*

Pray forgive me, sir!

Soph. This child to Walter was indeed
his *ALL*!

Fresh and rejoicing on this very day
Four years ago, had both our children gone
To join a merry-making in the town.

Then came, at once full speed, a messenger
On horseback, who brought us intelligence
That my child Clara would be drown'd.

The river,
Was with the melting of the snow high
swollen;

Clara had swollen upon the shelving ice;
It broke with her; she floated from the
shore—

No one had ventured—

Stran. Gracious Heaven!

Wal. No danger
Withholds a father. In wild haste I rush'd
Down to the stream that here surrounds the
wood;

Clara was floating on the broken ice,
Borne on the broad and rapid flood along,
Attended by a crowd of idle gazers.

Smiling she stood, and in the water play'd
With a long limber branch.

I was resolved
To save her at all hazards; but in vain!
"Father! I'm sailing!"—These were her
last words!

She sank, to rise no more!

Soph. Where afterwards,
Her lifeless frame was found is now her
grave.

Wal. You wish'd for *wine*, I give you
tears—dear bought

With pain and suffering.

Soph. In our dwelling, sir,

To pain you must be reconciled. In truth,
My name is Payne.

Stran. How so?

Soph. My father, Horst,
Called me Sophia; but my name before
Was Agnes Payne.

Stran. Indeed! And where was then
Your dwelling-place?

Soph. Gemmd.—The Rector's house.

Stran. Ha!

Soph. There were two of us protected
there,
Myself—and Mary Agnes May—who died
While yet a child—Were you then there,
and know?

Wal. Old man, your eyes are wild.

Stran. Oh, come ye waves!

Rise up, ye raging floods, upon this house,
Cover the guilty like the innocent!

Walter, I am thine uncle, and thy wife,—
She is thy sister!

Soph. Mercy! Heaven!

(*She falls down in a faint.*)

Em. (*In his sleep.*) Away,
Black raven! Leave the nests in peace! Thou
Satan,

Begone!

Wal. He dreams—the let-loose influences
Of Hell disturb his rest; even on the spot
Where his grandfather died. Boy! Hear!
Awake!

How did that proverb run?

Em. Which was it?

Wal. That

Of darkness and of curses.—

Em. “Whoso curseth his father or his
mother, his lamp shall be extinguished in
utter darkness.”

Wal. Uncle, hear'st thou?

The book of God arraigns me; and the
Devil

Already drags me by the hair!

Em. (*Seeing his mother.*) Oh Heavens!
My mother!—Thou strange man! I charge
thee, tell me,

How did this come to pass?

Lewis. Have patience, boy,

She will revive.—Go, fetch the wine.

Wal. Oh, strive not

To wake her senses but to the endurance
Of sufferings, whose immeasurable depth
No soul can estimate.

Em. She is reviving—

Pray, mother, had you fallen?

Soph. Aye, fallen indeed;
Fallen deeply!

Lewis. Silence, boy,—now rest a-while!
Are you not better?

Em. Surely, for her looks
Are not so pale.

Soph. Oh, I am well, my spirit
From torturing apprehensions is more free;
For those who are on earth to suffering
doom'd,

May from the torments of eternity
Perchance be sav'd.

Em. Tell me,—what means my mother?

Lewis. Oh never may'st thou know by sad
experience!—

Yet who can stem the tide of consequences?

Em. Father! now tell me.

Wal. 'Tis a riddle, boy!

Em. What are the words? Let me but
hear, and I

Haply may find the interpretation.

Wal. Thou

Art nephew to thy mother, and thy father—
He is thine uncle!

Emil. (*Perplexed, and shaking his head.*)

I—now tell me, mother,

What hast thou—?

Soph. Pain and suffering without end,
Unto the grave.

Emil. Have I offended thee!

Lewis. No, no, my son. Heaven is with
them offended.

Because they disobeyed a father's will;
And they are sorrowful, because to-day
They have been told that separation only
Can Heaven appease.

Wal. (*Starting up and grasping the dagger.*) Ha!

Soph. (*Painfully.*) Separation!

Wal. Never!

If by our marriage we destroyed a father,
Thou art still mine as ever, and more dearly
Hast thou been won!

Soph. (*Weeping.*) How could we know the
truth?

Wal. (*With looks of insane determination.*)
Uncle, if Hell has sent thee that the world
May know this horrid tale, that but for thee
Had been for evermore concealed, methinks
It were no crime, if with this murderous
steel,

I seal'd it up in thy cold heart.

Soph. (*Running to him.*) Oh Walter!

Lewis. Nay, let him strike! I am pre-
pared,

(*Walter retires, and lets fall the hanger.*)
From shores

Far distant, to the dwelling of my fathers,
A heartfelt longing brought me hither.

Childless,—

And without pleasure, wealthy, here I sought,
Surrounded by dear friends to end my days.
But could I thus thine evil star propitiate,
From thy hands gladly would I death re-
ceive!

Wal. The powers of darkness lie in wait
for me.

(*He breaks the hanger, and throws it away.*)

The enemy is strong; and man is weak!

Soph. This cannot come to good—(*to*

Lewis) Uncle, forgive him,

He is insane!—He cannot bear your looks,
Pray leave us now.

Lewis. First, must I speak to him,

Though he should kill me—Horst! 'tis not
the laws

Of man that judge thee! 'Tis the voice of
God,

That from thy father's tomb speaks fearful
warning!

He was a sinner; and it was the fruit
Of sin that wrought his misery;—above all,
Because he criminally sought to check

The rolling of that wheel, that from the abyss
Of dark futurity winds up the chain
Of evil consequence, and by concealment
Avoided shame ; him punishment o'ertook,
And in dire sufferings wore his life away.

Soph. 'Tis true indeed—an impulse pure
at first,

But misinterpreted, drew me to Walter,
Our love had been fraternal—sisterly,
Had not our father's guilt remain'd unknown,
When first our hearts were join'd.

Lewis. Wouldst thou incur,
Like him, the punishment of untold sin ?
Like the rank weed that in the corn-field
grows,

An evil deed the more it is conceal'd,
Spreads forth more widely and luxuriantly.
A son's lips curs'd his parents and his birth,
And thou (*to Sophia*) hast broken thine oath :

Thus both are sinners.

Mark the dire chain,—adultery first,—then
curses,—

Oaths broken, and at last incestuous children !
One for a token of just anger—Heaven
Has from you taken. If thy heart remains,
By sin enslav'd, then what will be the fate
Of the surviving son !

Soph. No more,—in pity !
My blood runs cold to hear thee !

Lewis. In this world
That man, by sinful passions moved, may
still

Resolve on good or evil—Heaven bestows
Reason and free volition.—Part for ever !
Then shall I take Sophia and protect her
As a dear daughter, but if you remain
United still—then shall my wandering steps
From this dark dwelling of my fathers lead
me

Thro' the wild woods, now while the storm
is raging,
And of your crimes the knowledge and the
memory

With me shall perish. Choose, and I shall
wait !

Exit.

SCENE VII.

Wal. Soph. Emi.

(*The latter sitting in the back ground.*)

Soph. (*after a deep stillness.*) Can God
desire a sacrifice like this ?

Walter, Could'st thou endure it,—thine no
more !

Wal. My lamp is now extinguished.—all
around

Is utter darkness.

Soph. Of our father's death,
One anniversary passed over calmly.
The second robbed us of our dearest child.
Oh ! now, I feel the third must be the last !
All is fulfilled. Our father's angry spirit
Has sent this man, so like to him in voice,
To impose on us the direful task of part-
ing !

Who can resist the will of Heaven ?

(*After a pause, she draws near to Walter.*)

See, Walter !

With this dear ring that now in tears I
bring thee,

I do absolve thee from all marriage ties.

Wal. (*Embracing her with great emotion.*)

Oh ! Agnes !

Soph. Yet let me not lose thy love !

Wal. I keep a dear inestimable pledge,
That must for ever bind our hearts.

Soph. Oh ! God,

My poor Emilius !

(*She runs to meet the boy, who comes
at her call, and embraces him.*)

It is true, the church

Our marriage may dissolve ; but who shall
break

The mighty bonds of Nature ?

Wal. Had you not

Weighed this before ?

Em. Had'st thou forgot Emilius,

That thou would'st leave me thus ?

Soph. Ha ! such request,

Is bold indeed—Walter—if thou should'st
grant it,

Thou art far more than man.

Wal. How—thou desir'st—

Soph. Hear me in mine affliction !—Glid-
ing round

These obscure walls, our father's angry
ghost,

Compels me from this dwelling to depart,
Wherein my conscience never found repose.
But the boy's kind and lovely countenance,
Dear as the light of Heaven, attracts me
still,

And holds me with a chain of adamant.—
To save me from delirium, then, O Walter,
Let my child go with me !

Wal. Where'er thine uncle

Takes thee to live, oft shall he go to see thee !

Soph. No—he must not remain with thee
alone :

Not without me in this unlucky house !
Always around his innocent head, it seems,
As if I heard the boding flight of owls :
And in distressful dreams, I feel him torn
From my clasped arms.—See, in the dust
I lie. (*kneeling.*)

Oh ! for the love of heaven, brother ! allow
The boy to go with me.

Wal. Agnes—thy wish

Bears hard on me ; and I have not the power
To grant it, or deny.—Therefore Emilius
Himself shall choose.

Soph. Oh, let my sufferings move thee !
Thou child of sorrow ! say not no !

Em. Wilt thou

Divide my heart ?—If I may not belong
To both—Then will I not remain with either.
Long as I can remember, some deep impulse
Drove me from hence ; and therefore would
I go

With thee more willingly—But yet 'twas not
Into the wide world that I wish'd to wander,
But upwards to the starry sky ; and this,
Where'er I go, would rule my inclinations.

(*Seeing the emotion of his parents, he takes
a hand of each, and presses it to his heart.*
Believe me that I love thee heartily,

But I am a poor child, whose presence much
Would not enliven thee. Thine eyes are still
So dim and melancholy, and the stars
So bright and pure, therefore my spirit still
From this dim narrow dwelling is updrawn,
To the blue realms on high. A wayward
child,

I long to sail above this earth—So mother,
If I go with thee, thou wilt praise me little.
Let me remain here and assist my father,
I am to learn the hunter's noble art,
In the wild woods.

Wal. (Embracing Emilius) My son!

Soph. He has resolv'd,

Here to remain! Then may the wrath of
Heaven

This dwelling raze, and overwhelm me in its
ruins!

For never—never can I leave my son!

(Clasping him in her arms.)

Wal. The measure of our sufferings is
complete.

No grain more can it now receive. If thou
Canst not resign Emilius, then go forth,
Call in thine uncle. If he promises
To be indeed a father to the boy—
Then will I listen to thy prayer.

Soph. (Embracing him.) Oh Walter,
Thou hast no equal!— *(Exit.)*

SCENE VIII.

Wal. Ent.

Em. Father! shall I go hence?

Wal. Never so long as I survive!—Death
only

Can marriages dissolve by children crown'd,
(Meditating.) Well, then!—thy doubts at
last shall have an end; ●

And thou shalt find the bonds in sunder
broken,

That may no longer hold. *

Em. (He seizes a knife hastily.) Father,
beware!

Hast thou forgot that knife is newly whet-
ted?

Wal. So much the better,
*(He kneels in prayer, with a knife clasped
in his hands.)*

Em. How, thou prayest? Wilt thou
Then kill thyself?

Wal. (rising up and embracing him.)
Pray for my soul?

Em. Oh Father!—

First kill Emilius!

Wal. (staring at him.) Whom?

Em. Be kind! unite me

With little Clara for my bride! Thou knowest
We used to play here man and wife, and
thou

Hast married us an hundred times, now take
me,

Pray take me, to poor Clara!

Wal. Childish plays,
And Heaven unite those whom on earth the
Church

Divides!

Em. I cannot tell thee how my heart
Is mov'd, but all my wishes go not on high,
And lead me to that arbour in the skies,

Where I may find her, when this life dis-
solves!

Wal. Fortunate boy! thine innocent
spirit here

Feels not at home, by guilt and wo surround-
ed.

Em. Thinkest thou that it would give me
too much pain?

Look! while I slept here on this chair, me-
thought

I felt the steel deep pressed into my heart!

Wal. Ha! Agnes dream'd this too!

Em. Yet the deep wound

Gave me no pain!

Wal. On my dark soul descends
A stream of supernatural light? To both
The self-same visions came;—here is the
place,

This is the day wherein my father died;—
How strange! Is it decreed that I may thus
Appease his angry shade?

Em. Art thou reflecting

If thou should'st kill me?

Wal. Silence!—At thy words,

I tremble—

Em. Nay, thou shalt not let me go,
I cannot bear my mother's anxious looks,
Her constant fears lest some mischance be-
fall me,

Then the schoolmaster—he for ever scolds me;
When I am lively, I'm mischievous,—when
merry,

Forsooth I am a graceless child. Thou only
Know'st my true disposition. 'Tis most
certain

That I am wild, and venture more than
others—

And when a comrade has unjustly acted,
Resistless impulse drives me to chastise him.
Now the schoolmaster calls those inclinations
The seeds of wickedness, and all misdeeds.
Should such a boy turn good for aught, he
says,

It must be thro' miraculous aid.

Wal. His words.

Are but too true!

Em. Indeed! well then, would'st thou
Suffer Emilius still to grow in strength
And wickedness? Oh, bring this mortal
course

Of your poor child thus early to an end,
While he is not too bad. Oh take me home,
Take me from hence with you!

Wal. (Overcome.) Aye, death indeed
Demands the offspring of unhallow'd love!
The raven too, waits in his parent's eyes
The promised meal; and the young brood
of eagles.—

Come boy! with heart already turn'd to
Heaven,

Come and receive from him who gave thee
life

And passions wild, the better gift of death!
*(Drawing his son towards him with the left
hand, he makes a thrust at his heart with
the knife, but feels resistance, and starts back
trembling.)*

Ha! what was this? And can thy tender breast
Resist the sharpen'd steel?

Em. (Recollecting.) Oh—'tis the letter!

Wal. Are spirits floating here invisibly,
That such a horror siezes on my heart?

Em. (Drawing out a parchment.)

Now, be not angry with me for this fault.
Carefully in the tumult of our plays
This letter have I guarded, but at last
I had forgotten it quite—The schoolmaster
Received it first; but it belongs to thee.

*Wal. (The knife still in his right hand;
the left convulsively on his forehead.)*

Wo! whither would my frenzied brain
have driven me?

Had the deed been accomplished, whither
then?

The scaffold? Oh ye beams and mouldering
walls

Fall down and cover me! ye clouds of night
Conceal me! Through the force of wild emo-
tion,

Ever am I the slave of evil! yawn,
Oh grave! and hide me from the powers of
Hell!

Em. (Coming up to him.) Father!

Wal. Unhappy boy! Away! Each word
Of thine becomes an implement of Satan!
Away,—I tell thee, from this house!

SCENE IX.

Wal. Em. Lew. and Soph. (rushing in.)

Soph. Oh! Walter!

Lew. Horst! what is thine intent! a mur-
derous weapon

Grasped for the second time to day? On
blood

Still bent?

Wal. (Letting the knife fall.) All is ful-
fill'd that on me lay!

Soph. (Terrified.) Oh! heaven! my
dream?—Emilius, the sharp steel
That struck thy heart will take my life
away!

Em. Mother! I feel no pain—tho' I have
prayed

That I might lose that life for which thou
weep'st.

The dagger fail'd—this parchment letter
here,

Received the stroke!

Lew. Heaven's power is infinite—

Yet on the dread abyss that yawned before
us,

I look with trembling.

Wal. From myself I turn

With horror, more than words can e'er un-
fold—

I am nor man nor beast—bear, tiger, wolf,
And lion spares his young—Wo, wo, to
me!

I am insane—Madness alone can lift
His murderous arm against an innocent
child.

Lew. Compose yourself!—Heaven only
has allowed you

To stagger to the brink; thus to point out
The danger of thy soul's blind impulses—
That Providence not yet forsakes thee wholly,
This letter, for a silent token serves.—Look,
now,

Who was the writer.

(He takes the letter from Emilius; and on
giving it to Walter, notices the superscrip-
tion.)

How?—"To Jacob Horst!"

Wal. (terrified.) For whom?—My father?

Lew. Hasten to find out

To whom his death so long remains unknown.

Soph. I should with apprehension watch
the import,

If yet a harder fate were possible?

Lew. (To Walter.) Well, then?

*Wal. (Having broke the seal hastily,
and glanced over the contents.)*

'Tis a certificate of baptism,
Of "Agnes May."

Soph. Maria Agnes?

Lew. (Looking at the paper.) Right!
There are three names.—What more?

Wal. "Certificate—

Gemind,—The Rector,—at his death,—con-
fessed,—

For Agnes Payne—A CHILD EXCHANGED."

(With a loud cry of joy, he lets the pa-
per fall.)

Oh! Heaven!—

Agnes!—my own!—my wife!—

(Embracing her.)

Soph. (Resisting.) Walter, thou rav'st!
Wal. Were this a wonder, when one
instant changes

•Hell into Heaven?

Lew. (Taking up the letter.) Is this then
possible?

Whence comes this letter?

*Wal. (Beating his breast and almost
breathless.)*

How shall we sustain

The overpowering weight of too much joy!

Em. Taking his hand. My father!

*Soph. * (On the other side.)* Walter!
speak! how is this?

Wal. Kneel down, kneel down,

Thank Heaven—weep—pray—adore the
boundless grace

Of God—the light of our dark pilgrimage!
Pray, child! even thou hast deeply sinned
in this,

That thou wert weary of thy life.—Kneel,
Agnes,

And pray with tears, because we both have
sinned,

In doubting of that mercy which kind
Heaven

Pours on the guilty. Thus I bring to thee,
Oh! Universal Father, this torn heart,

Sav'd by a hair's breadth from destruction's
gulf—

Now by repentance ruled, and gratitude.

(All three remain for a few seconds in
the attitude of prayer.)

Lew. The justice of our Heavenly Fa-
ther here,

Indeed is manifest. A dark illusion
Formed of my brother's crime, the punish-
ment,

And of your guilt, this apprehensive horror
Of a dire sin that had not been committed,

Has been the sentence.

(To *Sophia*, who, with the others, has now risen up.)

At the Rector's house

Died Agnes Payne, in childhood, at Gemind,

And thou art AGNES MAY.—There are the proofs.

The priest, though poor and needy, in his house

Received you fatherless ; but Jacob Horst Seemed in his estimation rich, and therefore Was better able to protect an orphan.

To thee he gave the name of thy lost playmate—

But in his last hours the deceit confess'd, That he had practis'd with a kind intention.

Wal. (Looking up to heaven.) Father, thou hast forgiven us !

Soph. Our past sorrows

His anger have subdued.

Emil. And is not Clara

In heaven with him—beyond the starry spheres ?

She has prayed God my sufferings to allay,
And He has will'd *Emilius* to survive.
Then be you tranquil—I will gladly live,
Though Clara has a better life on high.

Soph. My child, thou long'st so much to be from earth,

To other worlds remov'd—that evermore Thy mother's heart must tremble.

Wal. No—'tis well ;

So let him look on high—Whene'er his eyes Are lifted up to heaven, shall Walter too The Almighty Father praise, who has call'd home

Our innocent child. Her dwelling is not far.

Soph. (Looking up.) Clara !

Wal. Father !

Both. (Together.) Look down on us !

Lewis. At last

Heaven for his own has chosen you. Severe At once and merciful—shine forth his power And glory—and, by ways inscrutable, Blessings and justice are together join'd !

ANALYTICAL ESSAYS ON THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No VIII.

The Witch of Edmonton.—Ford, Dekker, and Rowley.

IN this singular drama, there is no high passion—no high imagination—no impressive plot—yet it presents so perfect a picture of human life, that it is felt to be most truly tragical. The chief agents and sufferers are all of humble character and rank ; but they come before us either deformed or agitated, by the vices, crimes, and miseries, from which the lowest are no more exempt than the loftiest ; or adorned and supported by the virtues, the hopes, and the happiness, which exist in power throughout the whole frame of human society. A direct appeal is made to some of the simplest and strongest feelings of our nature ; and over the whole action of the drama, there is spread the influence of a superstition, which, though vile, squalid, and debasing, is yet at times made to partake of a character of sublimity, by the intense power which it exercises both over its minister and its victims. Witchcraft in its lowest shape, that of an old, decrepit, starving, persecuted beggar, and stick-gatherer, rules the lot of the blind, or erring and sinful creatures of the play ; and as we listen to the curses of the beldam, and see how, under their infatuation, her victims fulfil their own pitiable destiny, the days of superstition seem revived, and some of

its most foul and hideous scenes re-acted in the world.

Witches are not to be dealt with but by men of genius ; for they are ugly wretches in all real superstition, and their very power, terrible often in its effects, may be said to lie in their very impotency. It would be easy for the most common writer to paint a witch even to the very life—at once natural to the eye and the imagination ; but it requires the knowledge and the power of the true poet to bring into contact with her the peculiar natures on whom her spells are to work—to make her even majestic in her bowed and ragged infirmity, from her mysterious relation with the destiny of others ; and to offer up unto her, helpless in herself, and hurtless to the callous or the calm, the heart in whose depths fear lies ready to leap up and deliver its possessor to despair. Nothing but a wild power of poetry can, in poetry, render old women formidable ; for now that the age of witchcraft is gone by, in real life they have lost all their grandeur. Now-a-days, an old crone may be ugly, blear-eyed, decrepit, poor, and boy-hooted, without being a whit the better of it ; if she steal sticks, she must go to the police office—if her black cat fall in the way of a terrier,

he must die—and if her curse have any power, it extends only to a fit of the ague, as in the noted case of Goody Blake, and Harry Gill; murders and suicides depend now on other principles, and aged women have scarcely the means of getting themselves hanged. It was otherwise in the days of Ford and of Dekker, and old Mother Sawyer herself taught them the poetry of witchcraft.

All literary witches, that is the witches of literature, it may be conceived, owe some sort of derivation to the Thessalian witches of the ancients; for Horace's witch goes very near to making candles of infant's fat. Lucan's Erichtho is a thorough witch, except, perhaps, that her invocations are too lofty. The Erichtho of Marston in 'the Wonder of Women,' is something of the same family; and is moreover a gowl, and a nightmare, and a succuba. Middleton's Hecate is little better, though she and her train are immortal, as being the supposed models of the witches in Macbeth. Ben Johnson's witch, in the Sad Shepherd, is the best popular witch perhaps in all our literature; and we are let into her character at once, by seeing her sitting like a hare in her form. But of all witches who walk on the ground, and know not the use of broomsticks, she of Edmonton bears off the bell; and our own excellent Scottish witch, Miss Weir, sister to the worthy Major, did not perform her final part on the platform, more completely in character, than, as we shall see by and by, did old Mother Sawyer.

It would, in our opinion, be a much easier thing to describe a sorceress than a witch. There is a sublime imagination of magic, as a science above human knowledge, and of preternatural power acquired by that science. Such personages, therefore, are men or women of high acquisition, like Sir Humphrey Davy, or Miss Porden, and they act on principle. They invent safety-lamps, and are the authors of systems. Accordingly, they do just whatever they choose, and nobody is entitled to call their conduct in question, unless a greater magician than themselves. All Mr Southey's sorcerers perform whatever they think most advisable—so does Manfred and Dr Faustus, and Professor Leslie. Just set them once fairly a-going, and a sorcerer or magician will never stop;

he will eat fire, and make ice; and the very elements are not sure of themselves when he is a-stix. But there is also a foul and obscene imagination of magic, as a power obtained by desperate violation of natural laws, and by giving up the soul to the dominion of baleful desires, and the courses of a hideous life. Of this last magic are witches. There are here elements of poetical power; but the real witch, with her damnable practices, and hellish lusts, seems to drag down the popular imagination when it conceives of her, and to debase it. Yet the poet may there find these wild elements of power; he sees a dark and troubled region gleaming with flashes of lurid light; a wild play of human desires in conflict with nature's laws; and a strange disturbance of the realities of the world, and an escaping from, or overcoming them by dark agencies, and the suddenly appearing force of inscrutable relations; to all which there is added a general grim and grotesque feature, that heightens the strangeness of the whole. Let any man attempt first a sorcerer, and then a witch, and he will find the former comparatively easy.

Shakspeare's witches are of a class by themselves. They are neither sorceresses nor old women. It has been said that he must have been in Scotland—they are so truly Scottish. We have lived long in Scotland, and have had some solitary midnight walks through scenes terrifying enough, but we never saw nor heard of any beings in the Highlands, even cousins, sixteen times removed, to those things so withered and so wild in their attire. Shakspeare has created our witches for us, and we are all very much obliged to him—particularly the good people of Forres. Let us not seek for them a more ancient origin. Shakspeare, no doubt, was on that very blasted heath, whether personally or not we shall not say—and he knew by inspiration what things should hurry through the rueful skies of Albyn, and over her black heath-wildernesses, and through the heart of the thunder, lightning, and rain, of those dismal regions. Neither their characters nor their forms are distinct, for depend upon it, Shakspeare did not see them distinctly—nor Banquo nor Macbeth.—No more does one see distinctly the raven that alights near his feet during some stormy midnight, and on some

wild moor—with *sugling* wings and the croak of a demon. But critics must make every thing out, forgetting that no creatures are so poetical, as those that are imperfect and obscure—and even contradictory—and exhibiting the senses under the influence of the imagination warring with themselves. The causes of the motions in the minds of Shakspeare's witches are not more obscure to our eyes, than they were to their own; for, in the bosom of creatures not human, we dream that the very desires move blindly and in blindness. There is a hint somewhere dropt, that those creatures are to be rewarded for their labours against Macbeth—but we can hardly believe that any more than themselves; and they seem to meet and part upon no imaginable motives, as if they were but half-willers in their own agency. At one time they seem to have no divination, but call up heads and spectres to shew the future; at another they predict, of themselves, to Macbeth and Banquo. No one can guess at the limits of their knowledge, or of their power, or at the nature of their impulses and desires. They cannot be said to love lofty agency, for they swim like tailless rats in sieves to revenge themselves on “rump-fed ronyons” by the death of masters of small trading vessels; nor can they be said to be exclusively fond of low company, for they speak imperiously to kings, and hold in their skinny hands, and utter with their shrivelled lips, the doom and destiny of empires. They brew toad-broth—and they fly from lapping it on the wings of the wind. They are consistent in nothing, but in a dim, vague, indefinite, glimmering, and gloomy spirit of evil, which involves all nature, animate or inanimate in its atmosphere; now settling on the mountain-tops, now creeping along the marshes—now shewing all things wild and terrible—and now bringing out bats and worms, from mean or slimy obscurity. Yet, after all—they are nothing—“the earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and those are of them.”

But we must leave the witches of Shakspeare, and return to her of Edmonton. Without farther preface, let us give an analysis and specimens of this strange play.

The first scene is laid in Edmonton. Vol VI.

ton, in the house of Sir Arthur Clarrington, and introduces to us Frank Thorney (the wretched hero of the tale, and son of a respectable yeoman) in conversation with his fellow-servant Winnifrede, whom he has just married, after an illicit amour. There is sincere affection subsisting between them, and it is expressed in several speeches of considerable beauty.

Winnifrede. Ay, ay: in case No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you like better, I may chance to be remember'd, And s— you now and then. ‘Faith! I did hope You’d not have used me so: ‘tis but my fortune. And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity Upon the child I go with: that’s your own. And loss you’ll be a cruel-hearted father, You cannot but remember that. Heaven knows how—

Frank. To quit which fear at once, As by the ceremony late perform’d, I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge, As any double thought; once more, in hearing Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats, Or what can be suggested ‘gainst our marriage, Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits Of beauty, or what woman’s art can practice, Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin! I hope thou dost believe me.

Win. Swear no more; I am confirm’d, and will resolve to do What you think most behoveful for us.

It appears, however, that though Winnifrede is sincerely attached to her new-married husband, she had, unknown to him, been seduced by her master Sir Arthur Clarrington, who, unacquainted with the marriage that has just taken place, makes his appearance, and as Winnifrede leaves the stage, threatens and bribes Thorney to wed her. Thorney first accepts the bribe, and then avows his marriage, beseeching Sir Arthur not to inform his father of the event, lest the old man should disinherit him. The scene concludes with an interview between poor Winnifrede and her seducer, in which we are greatly interested in the character of this humble heroine. We see that she has thoroughly repented of the crime into which she had been basely betrayed; and at the same time we feel, as if her duplicity to her husband was one day or other to be punished, in spite of the sincerity both of her affection and repentance. Winnifrede and Thorney are but in very humble life—but, even in their destinies we see the punishment of frailty and of crime; and while we anticipate calamity to the lowly pair, perhaps feel as deeply the mournful darkness of our human lot, as if we were watching the fortunes of the very highest personages. As Sir Ar-

thur tries Winnifrede's fidelity to her husband, she exclaims.

Win. Can you name
That syllable of good, and yet not tremble
To think to what a foul and black intent
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:
If you appear in any visitation,
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused Thorne, my kind husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not thoroughly perfum'd with sighs
For former deeds, of love: may I be cur'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
To see or hear you! I will change my life,
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

Sir Ar. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not
asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?
Away, away! lie on't!

Win. My resolution
Is built upon a rock. This very day
Young Thorney vow'd with oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds, in which we are to either bound,
Of lasting truth. And shall I then for my part
Unfile the sacred oath set on record
In Heaven's book? *Sir Arthur*, do not study
To add to your lascivious lust the sin
Of sacrilege: for, if you but endeavour
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin
A temple hallowed to the purity
Of holy marriage. I have said enough:
You may believe me.

Sir Ar. Get you to your nursery,
Then freeze in your old cloister. This is fine!
Win. Good angels guide me! *Sir*, you'll give
me leave

To weep, and pray for your conversion!

'Thorney now goes to his father's house, and convinces him, by a letter procured from Sir Arthur Clarington for that purpose, that the rumours of his attachment to Winnifrede are false. The old man then proposes that he shall marry Susannah Cartèr, a maid whom he had formerly loved, and with whom he will receive a rich dowry, sufficient to remove all incumbrances from their little estate. This Frank consents to do—and it is fixed that the marriage is to take place next day. The behaviour of the young man in all this seems to arise from fickleness, weakness, want of principle, and avarice—making him the slave of impulse. He undergoes many struggles of conscience; but at last satisfies himself with that desperate expedient of the guilty, "it is the will of Providence."

Frank. No man can hide his face from heaven that views him,

In vain he flies, whose destiny pursues him.
So strong is this feeling of destiny in the hearts of the wicked or the unfortunate, that it has been held to be a law of life, and particular houses, more especially, to exhibit its dreadful operation. Genius has, as we know, founded on this belief sublime imaginary histories—so has tradition attributed them to reality. The prince and the peasant have felt themselves under the same dark power,

which has been supposed to lay palaces in ruins, or to disturb the thatch on the cottage. Are not both of equal importance—or rather insignificance—in the decrees of Providence,—and are not the miseries and the crimes of cottars, in reality, as sad to nature as those of kings!

The Witch of Edmonton, Mother Sawyer, is now brought before us. See the old hag.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, gathering sticks.
Saw. And why on me? why should the envious
world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a low buckled and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be a witch, urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at
nurse.
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief adversaries.

Enter Old Banks.

Banks. Out! out upon thee, witch!
Saw. Dost call me witch?
Banks. I do, witch, I do: and worse I would,
knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou
upon my ground.
Saw. Gathering a few rotten sticks to warm me.
Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly!
I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else!
Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser! there
they be.

Would they stuck 'cross thy throat, thy bowels,
thy maw,
Thy midriff!

Banks. Say'st thou me so? Hag, out of my
ground! [*Beats her.*]

Saw. Dost strike me slave, curmudgeon? May
thy bones ache,
Thy joints, cramp, and convulsions stretch and
crack
Thy sinews!

Banks. Cursing, thou hag? take that, and that.
[*Beats her and exit.*]

Saw. Strike! do, and withered may that hand
and arm,
Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten
trunk!

Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name? where, and by what art learn'd?
What spells, what charm or invocations,
May the thing call'd familiar be purchas'd?

Then enters Cuddy Banks, and a roaring, shouting, and hooting rabble at his heels, all abusing and tormenting the wretched old woman, till rage does, in good truth, convert her into something very witch-like. There cannot be a better written recipe for making a witch—and we could almost believe that it would succeed even in our own days.

Saw. Still vex'd? still tortur'd? That curmudgeon Banks
Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness; I made a corn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of deformations in the shape of mice,
Rats, tenet, weasels, and I wot not what.
That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, the
blood!

But by what means they came acquainted with
them,
I am now ignorant. 'Would some pow'r, good or
bad,

Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this churl, I'd go out or myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age;
Abjure all goodness, be t' hate with prayer;
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
Or any thing that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
To be a witch, as to be counted one.

Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

Enter a Spirit in the shape of a black Dog
Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? Now thou
art

Mine own.
Saw. Thine? what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often
Importun'd to appear to thee, the devil.

Saw. Bless me! the devil?

Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too
well

To hurt or fright thee. If I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have round
Thy love unrequit'd; have seen and pil'd
Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Saw. May I believe thee?

Dog. To confirm't, command:
Do any mischief unto man or beast,
And I'll effect it, on condition
That uncompeit'd thou make a deed of gift
Of soul and body to me.

Saw. Out, alas!

My soul and body?

Dog. And I that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Saw. I know not where to seek relief, but
shall I,

After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me?

Dog. Ha, ha! silly woman!

The devil is no liar to such as he loves.
Did'st ever know or hear the devil a liar
To such as he affects?

Saw. Then I am thine; at least so much of me,
As I can call mine own.

Dog. Equivocations?
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear—

Saw. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood.

[He sucks her arm.—Thunder and lightning.]
See, now I dare call thee mine!

For proof, command me; instantly I'll run,

To any mischief; goodness can I none.

Saw. And I desire as little. There's an old churl,
One thanks—

Dog. That wronged thee: he lam'd thee, call'd
thee witch.

Saw. The devil first upon him I'll be reveng'd.

Dog. Thou shalt: Do but name how!

Saw. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Saw. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!

Dog. I wonnot.

Saw. I cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!

Saw. Dost laugh?

Why wilt not kill him?

Dog. Fool! because I cannot.

Thou' he have power, know, 'tis circumstanc'd,
And tied in limits: tho' he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himself he's loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor. Now men, that,
As he, love goodness, tho' in smallest measure,
Live without compass of our reach. His cattle
And corn I'll kill and mildew; but his life,
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing), I have no pow'r to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.

The witch of Edmonton shall see his fall,

If she at least put credit in my power,

And in mine only: make orisons to me,

And none but me.

This is quite a scene to excite laugh-
ter or horror, according to the mind

that peruses it. There is no doubt
that the dog appeared on the stage,
and that he was looked on, by all who
saw him, as a personification, and a
fearful personification too, of the evil
spirit. His appearance probably, ex-
cited as deep a feeling, in its kind, as
the ghost of Hamlet himself—and our
ancestors had little inclination, we
dare say, to laugh at the dog of hell.
People had too much imagination in
those days to laugh at any thing except
jokes—and nothing was less ludicrous
to them than exhibitions of human
passion. Now-a-days—an audience
will laugh, when all sitting together
compactly in the pit, at what would
make the hair to stand on end, were
each individual by himself—and many
people go to the theatre, on the night of
a new tragedy, for the purpose of
laughing. One fool in the pit can
damn a tragedy. The scene we have
now quoted will, we think, inspire, amid
all its grotesqueness, a feeling of hor-
ror, even now-a-days, in those who
have studied the history of human
nature. Indeed, there is a power in
superstition which might yet be
brought to be of mighty avail in poetry.
The ground-work on which all super-
stition rests, endures for ever—and
though the common belief respecting
its objects be changed, our poetical
belief is unchangeable. It is as open
now as ever to a man of genius
to work on our minds by supernatural
or preternatural terror; shadows are
not exiled from the realms of imagina-
tion; and the powers of fear, death,
and the grave, are yet ready to obey
the commands of the magician. This
the author of *Waverley* will one day
shew.

Frank Thorney, meanwhile, has
married the innocent and unfortunate
Susannah Carter; and on their first
appearance, we see in him the troubled
countenance, voice, and demeanour of
conscious guilt.

Sus. Why change you your face, sweetheart?

Frank. Who, I? For nothing.

Sus. Dear, say not so: a spirit of your constancy
Cannot endure this change for nothing. I've ob-
served

Strange variations in you.

Frank. In me?

Sus. In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep

You utter sudden and distracted accents,

Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving hus-
band,

If I may dare to challenge any interest

In you, give me thee fully: you may trust

My breast as safely as your own.

Frank. With what?

Sus. You half amaze me; prythee—

Frank. Come, you shall not,

*Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking
The least dislike that grieves you. I'm all your's.
Frank. And I ah! thine.*

*Sus. You are not, if you keep
The least grief from me: but I find the cause,
It grew from me.*

Frank. From you?

*Sus. From some distaste
In me or my behaviour: you're not kind
In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,
Silly and plain; more strange to those contents
A wife should offer. Say but in what I fail,
I'll study satisfaction.*

Frank. Come; in nothing.

*Sus. I know I do: knew I as well in what,
You should not long be sullen? Prythee, love,
If I have been immodest or too bold,
Speak't in a frown; if peevishly too nice,
Shew't in a smile. Thy liking is a glass
By which I'll habit my behaviour.*

*Frank. Wherefore
Dost weep now?*

*Sus. You, sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an April-day.
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red.
You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.*

There is much beautiful writing in all that passes between them; and the sweet, simple, and innocent and affectionate character of Susannah is drawn with the most delicate touches. The wretched villain, having received her dowry, resolves to abandon her, and to fly with Winnifrede, who, in boy's clothes, has followed him to his father's, and is shocked at the confession of his guilt. We feel for both of these miserable creatures—the one, though once frail and erring, yet his chosen and wedded wife, loving him and loved by him—the other, basely deluded and about to be deserted in her ruin. One hears of such things in real life, when the worthless, the ignorant, the mean, the cowardly, and the cruel, become objects of infatuated affection to the pure and virtuous, and drag them down into sin, and shame, and remorse, and death. It has often appeared to us, that no murders are so terrible as those we read of in the Newspapers. The following one is complete in its horrors.

*Frank. Why would you delay? we have no
other business*

*Now but to part.
Sus. And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long
time?*

*Metinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.*

*Frank. Fie, fie! why look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you. Farewell.*

*[Kisses her.]
Sus. Ah, 'las! I'm not half perfect in it yet.
I must have it read o'er an hundred times.*

*Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.
Frank. What a thorn this rose grows on! Part-
ing were sweet;*

*But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!—
Come, again and again, farewell. [Kisses her.] Yet
will return?*

*All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And revivitation, fully I have answered all.
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.*

*Sus. And that nothing's more hard than any
thing,*

*Then all the every things. This request—
Frank. What is't?*

*Sus. That I may bring you thro' one pasture
more*

*Up to yon knot of trees: amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you; they shall teach me how.*

Frank. Why 'tis granted: come, walk then.

Sus. Nay, not too fast:

*They say, slow things have best perfection;
The gentle show'r wets to fertility,
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty;
The baser beasts take strength even from the womb;
But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another Field, with a clump of Trees.

Enter the Dog.

*Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden:
The mind's about it now. One touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.*

Enter Frank and Susan.

Frank. Your request

Is out: yet will you leave me?

Sus. What? so churlishly?

You'll make me stay for ever,

Rather than part with such a sound from you.

*Frank. Why, you almost anger me.—[Pray you
be gone.]*

You have no company, and 'tis very early;

Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Sus. Tush! I fear none:

*To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:
Besides, I expect your father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to stir when I came after you:
I know they'll not be long.*

Frank. So, I shall have more trouble.

*[The Dog runs against him.]
Thank you for that. Then, I'll ease all at once.*

*'Tis done now: what I ne'er thought on.—[You
shall not go back.]*

*Sus. Why? shall I go along with thee? Sweet
music!*

Frank. No, to a better place.

Sus. Any place I:

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

*Frank. At home? I'll leave you in your last
lodging.*

I must kill you.

Sus. Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.

Frank. You see I had no purpose: I'm unarm'd.

'Tis thus minute's decree, and it must be.

Look, this will serve your turn. [Draws a knife.]

Sus. I'll not turn from it.

Frank. Because you are a whore.

Sus. There's one deep wound already: a whore?

'Twas ever farther from me than the thought

Of this black hour. A whore?

Frank. Yes, I will prove it.

And you shall confess it. You are my whore,

No wife of mine. The word admits no second:

I was before wedded to another; have her still.

I do not lay the sin unto your charge,

'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft;

For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it;

I did not purpose to have added murder;

The devil did not prompt me: till this minute

You might have safe returned; now you cannot.

You have dogg'd your own death. [Stabs her.]

Sus. And I deserve it.

I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:

*'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die! oh, 'twas
time!*

How many years might I have slept in sin,

Sin of my most hated too, adultery!

*Frank. Nay, sure 'twas likely that the most was
past,*

For I meant never to return to you

After this parting.

Sus. Why then I thank you more;

You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,

That you would thus bestow me on another.

Thou art my husband, Death! I embrace thee

With all the love I have. Forget the stain

Of my unwitting sin; and then I come

A crystal virgin to thee. My soul's purity

Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of mercy;

For innocence is ever her companion.

Frank. 'Tis yet mortal! I would not linger you.

Or leave you a tongue to blab. [Stabs her again.]

*Sus. Nive heaven reward you ne'er the worse for
me!*

I did not think that death had been so sweet

Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better

Had I stay'd forty years for preparation:

For I'm in charity with all the world.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven;
Do to this man as I, him free forgive,
And may he better die, and sweeter live. [Dies.]

The murderer then wounds himself with the knife, and (with the assistance of the dog) binds himself to a tree. His own father, and the father of the murdered girl, are drawn to the spot by his cries, and he accuses two unsuccessful suitors of Susanna (Somerton and Warbreck) of the murder. The grief of old Carter for the death of his daughter is very beautifully described,—

I have not wept these twenty years before,
And that I guess was ere that girl was born:
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

We now lose sight of the murderer for a while, and old mother Sawyer is again brought forward. We could almost have wished that the wickedness and witchcraft of this hag had been connected with the crime of Frank Thorney, and not confined entirely to the inferior characters of the drama, and to the underplot. As it is, there are two distinct objects in the play, which do not reflect power on each other. Had the hag worked on the mind of the murderer, the unity of the action would certainly have been more impressive; but the drama was founded on a real story, and the writers of it, in drawing a picture of the old witch, who had actually been executed, did not wish to paint her blacker than she was, lest in her enormity had been forgotten the cruelty of putting her to death:—and certainly, as the play stands, pity is mingled with our horror, when the old crone is at last dragged to execution. She is at present before a bench of Justices:

Saw. A witch? who is it not?
Hold not that universal name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in princes courts,
Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires
To burn mens souls in sensual hot desires;
Uj on whose naked paps, a lecher's thought
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought?

Just. But those work not as you do.
Saw. No, but far worse.
These by enchantments, can whole lordships change
To trunks of rich attire; turn ploughs and teams
To Flanders mares and coaches; and huge trains
Of servants, to a French butterfly.
Have you not city-witches, who can turn
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of
wares,
To sumptuous tables, gardens of stol'n sin,
In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?
Are not these witches?

Just. Yes, yes; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.

Saw. Why then on me,
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age: now an old woman,
Ill-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,
Must be call'd hawd or witch. Such, so abus'd,
Are the coarse witches: 't'other are the fine,
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

Sir Ar. And so is thine.

Saw. She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on rocks, and fighting waves,
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draws,
(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him,
From his own hive, to work the wax in his;
He is no witch, not he!

Sir Ar. But these men-witches
Are not in trading with hell's merchandise.
Like such as you are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle.

Saw. Tell them, sir, that do so.
Am I accus'd for such a one?

Sir Ar. Yes; 'twill be sworn.

Saw. Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honour! and being lost,
To pay not a denier for't. Same slaves have done
it.

Men-witches can, without the fangs of law,
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit

Away for true gold.

Sir Ar. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the fury.

Just. Let's then away.

Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.
[Exeunt Sir Arthur and Justice.]

Saw. For his confusion

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy, welcome.
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs
Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee.
Comfort me: thou shalt have the treat anon.
Dog. Bow, wow: I'll have it now.

Saw. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness; and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? Let's
tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?
Dog. Yes;

And nipp'd the sucking child.

Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little pearl! No lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning butter nine
hours;

But it shall not come.

Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the clowns I th' morris.

Saw. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my curl-pate,
That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,
Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck, and almost had lam'd it! did not I charge
thee

To pinch that quean to the heart?

Dog. How, wow, wow: look here else.

Enter Ann Ratcliffe mad.

The unfortunate Ann Ratcliffe comes now howling across the stage,—a madwoman,—driven into insanity by the fear of Mother Sawyer's curses. Her husband follows her; and the crowd at last gathers round, and hurries her off in the tumult. In all this horrid uproar Mother Sawyer grins and glares, and seems like a veritable witch indeed; and the rage of the rabble is as fierce and foolish, as ever tore a real witch to pieces,—or hanged her when she would not drown,—or drowned her when she would not hang. As she is hurried off, her canine familiar appears—"bow, wow,"—as if marking out Cuddy Banks,

the clown, for perdition; but Mother Sawyer cries to Black I'om—

Saw. Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying.

Run at a farther game: that foul-mouth'd knight, Scourvy sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy, And pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there's a dog already biting—his conscience.

Saw. That's a sure blood-hound. Come, let's home and play.

Our black work ended, we'll make holiday.

(*Exeunt.*)

But now comes the terrible catastrophe of this homely tragedy. The murderer, not yet suspected of the deed, is lying in bed, in the house of his wretched father-in-law, while Katherine, the sister of his murdered wife, is affectionately watching by his side. The situation is terrible, and there is, we think, great suppressed power in the following dialogue.

SCENE II.—A room in Carter's house.

Frank lying on a bed sleeping.

Enter Katherine.

Kath. Brother, brother!—so sound asleep! that's well.

Frank. No, not I, sister: He that's wounded here;

As I am (all my other hurts are blings Of a poor flea,) but he that here unbleeds, is maim'd incurably.

Kath. My good! sweet brother; For now my sister must grow up in you, Tho' her loss at ikes you thro', and that I feel 'I he blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel To kill me too, by seeing you cast away In your own helpless sorrow. (Good love, sit up: And if you can give physic to yourself, I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kath. Thank you.

What do you look about you for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing;

But I was thinking, sister—

Kath. Dear heart, what?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a bed.

Having this room to walk in?

Kath. Why do you talk so?

Would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no; I'm not idle;

But here's my meaning: being robb'd as I am, Why should I my soul, which married was to her's, Live in divorce, and not try after her?

Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,

To find my love out?

Kath. That were well, indeed, Your time being come: when death is sent to call you.

No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I

Go without calling?

Kath. Yes brother, so you might, Were there no place to go to when you're gone, But only this.

Frank. 'Tis so, sister, thou say'st true;

For when a man has been an hundred years

Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,

He's not the thousandth part upon his way.

All life is but a wand'ring to find home:

When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,

Could here his voyage end; he should not then

Answer, how well or ill he star'd his soul,

By heav'n's or by hell's compass; how he put in

(Losing bless'd goodness shew'd) at such a sin;

Nor how far he might provision he has spent:

Beyond commission. 'Tis were a fine reign,

To do ill, and not to hear of it again.

Yet then were man more wretched than a beast:

For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

Kath. 'Tis so, the best or worst: and I wish

Heaven

To say (and so I know it will) that traitor,

That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye Once as an angel) home to his deservings. What villain but himse'f, once loving me, With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell, To be reveng'd on my poor sister!

Frank. Slaves!

A pair of merciless slaves! I speak no more of them.

Kath. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure.

I pay for't everywhere.

Kath. I have done then.

Eat if you cannot sleep: you have these two days

Not tasted any food!—Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Katherine, who is offering him something to eat, searches in his clothes for a knife.

Enter the Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and Dances.

Frank. Sister, O sister,

I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

Kath. In very deed you shall. The want of food

Makes you so faint. Ha! here's none in your pocket.

(*Finds the bloody knife in his pocket.*)

I will go fetch a knife.

Frank. Will you? 'Tis well, all's well.

(*Exit Katherine*)

The Dog runs off.—Frank lies down.—The Spirit of Susan comes to the bed's side; he turns to the other, but the spirit is there.—In the meanwhile enter Winnifrede as a page, and stands at the foot of the bed.—Frank sits up in the bed, and the spirit vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost creature.

Frank. So am I too.—Win

A! my she-page!

Win. For your sake I put on

A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart

True to you as your own.

Frank. 'Would mine and thine

Were fellows in one house.—Kneel by me here:

On this side now? How dar'st thou come to meet

me

On both sides of my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But just now:

Outface me; stare upon me with strange postures;

Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn

A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,

To pluck me into a winding-sheet!

Win. Believe it,

I came no nearer to you than your place,

At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,

(calling myself your horse-boy, in to come

And visit my sick master.

Frank. Then 'twas my fine

Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. 'Would I might never sleep so you could

rest!

But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,

Whose noise cannot cease suddenly; why should you

Dance at the wedding of a second wife,

When scarce the music which you heard at mine

Had but a farewell of you? O, this was ill!

And they who thus can give both hands away,

In the end shall want their best limbs.

Frank. Winnifrede,

The chamber door's fast?

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;

And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears:

Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,

Bring to write a story of us two,

Instead of ink, dippl'd my sad pen in blood.

When of thee I took leave, I went abroad

(nil for pillage, as a tree-boter,

What gold so'er I got, to make it thine.

To please a father, I have Heaven displac'd,

Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,

Thro' my bad workmanship I now have none,

I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead:

But you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand

Murdered; and so I loose thee too.

Win. Be quiet, for thou my evilest art,

Jury and judge: sit quiet and I'll tell all.

(*They whisper*)

The murder is now out ; and old Carter brings the body of Susan in a coffin, and forces the murderer to look upon it. The officers of justice enter, and he is taken to prison.

Meanwhile, Mother Sawyer is in jeopardy, and calls on her familiar. Her character seems to acquire a tinge of sublimity, as her despair deepens, and the hour of her death is at hand.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The inside of the Witch's Hut.*

Enter Mother Sawyer.

Saw. Still wrong'd by ev'ry slave ? and not a dog
Bark in his dame's defence ? I am call'd witch,
Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.
Hate I giv'd up myself to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd ? not see me in three days ?
I'm lost without my Tomalin : pr'ythee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life ;
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me. Oh, my best love !
I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my
darling,
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me
In some dark cloud ; and as I oft have seen
Dragons and serpents in the elements,
Appar thou now so to me. Art thou 't the sea ?
Muster up all the monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them. So that my bulch
Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from hell, I care not : could I run
Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to find out thee,
Tho' I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come !
I must then fall to my old prayer.

The dog enters *white*, and by that sign the witch knows that her familiar has deserted her, and that she is doomed to death and to hell. The rabble rush upon her, and she is

borne off to prison—but not before the dog gives some good advice to the spectators.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee : thou never art so
di tant
From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths,
Curses, and bla-phemes, pull him to thine elbow ;
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,
As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, envenoming, cheating,
He's then within thee ; thou play'st, he bets upon
thy part ;
Although thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

In the last scene, Mother Sawyer passes on a hurdle to execution, and also Frank Thorney. The first is furious and foaming, yet not without an upbraiding indignation at the cruelty of her persecutors and murderers ; the latter is remorseful and penitent, and bids an affecting farewell to Winnifrede, his own father, and the father of Susanna. We feel ourselves standing in the crowd around the gallows—and every thing is sad, shocking, and ignominious. As in real life, the souls of the spectators turn away from their own agonies—and the two old men, the fathers of the murderer and the murdered, walk together from the dreadful scene—and tell us that they must again mix with the bitter busy world to which they belong, and sustain, in its few remaining comforts, the sorrow which they can never overcome. And so passes away this dark shadow of life !

SACOTALA ; OR, THE FATAL RING.

WILL our readers turn from those fierce, wild, and turbulent passions, breathed out from the constantly agitated bosom of European life, as they have been exhibited to them in the English and German drama, and, going back with us “ into a long recess of years,” wander for a while among the still and sacred groves of India, and indulge in the fantastic but splendid visions of her allegoric mythology ? One flight of the imagination, and we find ourselves almost on another earth, living in the spirit of that deep religion, and surrounded with its symbols, its priests, its fanes, and its forms of worship. We breathe, as it were, the fresh, bright, and beaming beauty of the youthful creation—in the drama that there moves before us, the chief agents are either set apart and sanctified from the world—or they are half-human, half-di-

vine, the offspring of mortals beloved by the gods—or the gods themselves descending from their holy mountains upon an earth scarcely less beautiful than their own celestial abodes. From the strife and tumult of our own energetic existence, it is delightful to sink away into those old green and noiseless sanctuaries, to look on the Brahmins as they pass their whole lives in silent and reverential adoration,—Virgins playing with the antelopes and bright-plumaged birds among those gorgeous woods—and, as the scene shifts, to find ourselves amid the old magnificence of oriental cities, or wafted on the chariot of some deity up to the palaces of the sky.

Dramatic poetry, Sir William Jones remarks, must have been immemorably ancient in the Indian empire. The Indians have a wild story, that the first regular play was composed by

Harumat or Pavan, who commanded an army of satyrs, or mountaineers, in the famous expedition of Rama against Lanca—that he engraved it on a smooth rock, which, being dissatisfied with his composition, he hurled into the sea, and that many years after, a learned prince ordered expert divers to take impressions of the poem in wax, by which the drama was in a great measure restored—and Sir William Jones' Pandit assured him that he was in possession of it. The Indian drama however, it is certain, was carried to very high perfection during the reign of Vicramaditya, who flourished in the first century before Christ—and who, at the time when Britain was a country of savages, gave encouragement at his court to poets and philosophers. Of the nine men of genius, called the nine gems, whom he splendidly patronized, Calidas, the author of *Sacontala*, or, the *Fatal Ring*, was the brightest. Sir William Jones has ventured to call him the Shakspeare of India—not perhaps a very philosophical opinion, for neither the human mind nor human life did ever so exist in India, as to create such kind of faculties as those of Shakspeare, or to furnish field for their inspiration. Yet, perhaps our readers, on perusing the following production of Calidas, may think that he possessed, at least, the delicate sensibilities—the gentle fancy—and the simple heart of our own divine poet, as they are shewn to us in *Cymbeline* and the *Tempest*.

Our great Orientalist observes, the play of *Sacontala* must have been very popular when it was first represented, for the Indian empire was then in full vigour, and the national vanity must have been highly flattered by the magnificent introduction of those kings and heroes in which the Hindus gloried—the scenery must have been splendid and beautiful, and there is good reason to believe that the court at Avanti was equal in brilliancy, during the reign of Vicramaditya, to that of any monarch of any country. Dushmanta, the hero of the piece, was supposed to have flourished in the twenty-first generation after the flood—and *Puru*, his most celebrated ancestor, was fifth in descent from Buddha, or Mercury, who married the daughter of the pious king whom Vishnu preserved in an ark from the universal deluge. With respect to the

machinery of this drama, all that is necessary to say of it in our present analysis, is, that Casyapa, who seems to be a personification of infinite space, comprehending innumerable worlds, is the offspring of Marichi, or Light, the first production of Brahma—that his consort, Aditi, is Active Power—and his children, Indra, or the Visible Firmament, and the twelve Adityas or Suns presiding over so many months. The representation of such a drama must indeed have been something glorious during the time of India's glory; and we see no reason why *Sacontala* might not yet be introduced on the stage of the East. Enough yet remains of inspiration, both in the spirit and practice of her old faith, to give the natives a deep delight in such representations of the sanctities of antiquity—and surely Europeans have not so long inhabited that land without being, many of them, imbued with the character of its mythology, and capable, amid the pursuits of avarice and cupidity, of sympathising with the manifold and high associations indelibly connected with its union of falsehood and truth. If got up with suitable dresses, manners, and scenery, nothing could be imagined more beautiful and magnificent.

The very prologue, seeming at once so different from our common-places, makes us feel in the heart of ancient India. In it a Brahmin enters, and pronounces a benediction,—implores Isa, the god of Nature, as apparent in the form of water, fire, the two lights, ether, earth, and air, to bless and sustain the audience; then the manager enters, and observing that there is no occasion for a long speech, calls on the principal actress, if her decorations are completed, to come forward:—she advances, and is informed by the manager that the piece to be performed before King Vicramaditya,—the patron of every delightful art,—is a new production of Calidas, '*Sacontala*, or the *Fatal Ring*.' She expresses herself delighted with the beauty of the drama, and is retiring, when the manager says, "What better can you do, since you are now on the stage, than exhilarate the souls and gratify the senses of our auditory by a song?" She does so,—and the manager exclaims, "A charming strain!" The whole company sparkles as it were with admiration;—and the

musical mode to which the words are adapted has filled their souls with rapture." The manager is so entranced in the music and song, that the actress has to remind him that he has announced the Fatal Ring for representation, and he replies, "How could I forget it? In that moment I was lulled to distraction by the melody of thy voice, which allured my heart as the King Dushmanta is now allured by the swift antelope." At that moment we may suppose the stage to be suddenly exhibited to the audience in all its grandeur,—the scene a forest, and Dushmanta in a car pursuing an antelope, with a bow and quiver, attended by his charioteer. Dushmanta says to his attendant,—

Dush. "The fleet animal has given us a long chase. Oh! these he runs, with his neck bent gracefully, looking back from time to time at the car which follows him. Now through fear of a descending shaft, he contracts his forehead and extends his flexible haunches, and now through fatigue he pauses to nibble the grass in his path, with his mouth half open. See how he springs and bounds with long steps, lightly skimming the ground, and rises high in air! and now so rapid is his flight, that he is scarcely discernible."

Just as the king is fixing an arrow in his bow-string, a voice behind the scenes exclaims, that the antelope must not be slain, for that he has an asylum in that forest; and two Brahmins advance, who have been collecting wood for a solemn sacrifice. They invite the monarch to enter a neighbouring grove, where resides the irreproachable Sacontala, the sacred depositee of her holy Preceptor Canna, who is then gone to Sonatirt'ha, in hopes, of deprecating some calamity with which her destiny is threatened. The hermits go to prepare his reception, and Dushmanta having laid aside his regal ornaments, as too vain for groves devoted to religion, is about to follow, when he hears in the flowery thicket a voice exclaiming, "Come hither, my beloved companion! oh! come hither!" Then enters Sacontala, with her virgin attendants, Anusuya and Prijamvada.

Anu. O my Sacontala, it is in thy society that the trees of my father Canna seem to me delightful! it well becomes thee, who are soft as the fresh olive mallica, to fill with water the canals which have been dug round these tender shrubs.

Sac. It is not only in obedience to my father that I thus employ myself, though that were a sufficient motive, but I really

feel the affection of a sister for these young plants. (*Watering them.*)

Pri. My beloved friends, the shrubs which you have watered flower in summer, which is now begun: let us give water to those which have passed their flowering time; for our virtue will be the greater that it is wholly disinterested.

Sac. Excellent advice. (*Watering other plants.*)

During this scene of simple, and innocent, and beautiful enjoyment, Dushmanta, as may well be supposed, is gazing all the while on Sacontala, and drinking deep draughts of love. His fate is sealed by the following unintentional but irresistible charm:—

Sac. My friend Prijamvada has tied this mantle of bark so closely over my bosom, that it gives me pain. Anusuya, I request you to untie it. (*Anusuya unties the mantle.*)

Pri. (*laughing.*) Well, my sweet friend, enjoy while you may that youthful serenity, which gives your bosom so beautiful a swell.

Love, as is right and natural, is the theme of these damsels' talk; and nothing can be more innocently or beautifully voluptuous.

Anu. See, my Sacontala! how yon fresh mallica, which you have surnamed Ranadosini, or delight of the grove, has chosen the sweet Amra for her bridegroom.

Sac. (*approaching and looking at it with pleasure.*) How charming is the scene when the nuptials even of plants are thus publicly celebrated! (*she stands admiring it.*)

Pri. (*smiling.*) Do you know, my Anusuya, why Sacontala gazes on the plants with such rapture?

Anu. No, indeed—I was trying to guess—pray tell me.

Pri. 'As the grove's delight is united to a suitable tree, then I, too, hope for a bridegroom to my mind—that is her private thought at this moment.

Sac. Such are the flights of your imagination.

While thus watering the flowers, Sacontala is annoyed by a bee that keeps fluttering round her head—and the amorous monarch seizes on this excuse for coming forth from his concealment, and is received by the nymphs with the joy and kindness of innocence. When Sacontala speaks to him, Dushmanta, who is of Othello's opinion, that a low and gentle voice is an excellent thing in women, replies, "holy maid! the gentleness of thy speech does me sufficient honour," and they all sit down together on a bank, spread with the leaves of the Septaperna, when Sacontala whispers, with much simplicity, to one of her friends, "at the sight of this youth

I feel an emotion scarce consistent with a grove devoted to piety."—Dushmanta tells them that he is a student of the Veda, and, in the discharge of religious and moral duties, has come thither to behold the sanctity of virtue. In return, he learns, from one of her attendants, that Sacontala, though the adopted child of the Brahmen Canna, is the daughter of Menaca, one of the nymphs of the lower heavens, by Causica, the sage and monarch. Every moment Dushmanta and Sacontala are becoming more desperately enamoured of each other—but, at last, a voice from behind the scenes cries out, that a wild elephant, alarmed at the appearance of the Stranger's car, is laying waste the forest, and threatening destruction to its inmates. This gives Sacontala the opportunity of a very beautiful and fascinating fright—and she hurries away, impeded partly by the entangling stalks of flowers, and partly by her own languid emotions, while Dushmanta remains behind.

Dush. My body moves onward, but my restless heart runs back to her; like a light flag born in a staff against the wind, and fluttering in an opposite direction!

This first scene is throughout, and without the exception of one single word or thought, exquisitely natural and beautiful—and has all over it, more than almost any thing we ever read, the air of an adventure. Sacontala and Dushmanta love in a moment—and in a moment we love them—while a single hint dropped by one of the attendant virgins awakens, in the midst of so much happiness, a faint fear of some evil impending over the incomparable daughter of the celestial nymph. Indeed this act is a very beautiful little poem in itself.

The second act opens with a soliloquy of Madhavya, the buffoon of the monarch, who has accompanied him on this hunting—and who, by the way, is a very amusing and not uninteresting personage. Sir William Jones expresses some little dissatisfaction with poor Madhavya, and is for curtailling his colloquies with the monarch. To our minds he throws a cheerful air over the forest, like Touchstone in *As You Like It*, or Wamba in *Ivanhoe*—and his absurd talk with Dushmanta, perhaps prevents the egotism of that prince's love

from becoming rather wearisome. We have not room, however, for more of honest Madhavya's wisdom than the opening soliloquy of this act.

"Strange recreation this! Ah me! I am wearied to death, my royal friend has an unaccountable taste. What can I think of a king so passionately fond of spearing unprofitable quadrupeds! "Here runs an antelope, there goes a boar!" Such is our only conversation. Even at noon, in excessive heat, when not a tree in the forest has a shadow under it, we must be skipping and prancing about, like the beasts whom we follow. Are we thirsty? we have nothing to drink but the waters of mountain torrents, which taste of burnt stones and maulish leaves. Are we hungry? we must greedily devour lean venison, and that commonly roasted to a stick. Have I a moment's repose at night? my chamber is disturbed with the din of horses and elephants, or by the sons of slave girls blubbering out, "more venison, more venison!" Then comes a cry that pierces my ear—"away to the forest! away"—nor are these my only grievances; fresh pain is now added to the smart of my first wounds; for while we were separated from our king, who was chasing a foolish deer, he entered, I find, yon lonely place, and, there, to my infinite grief, saw a certain girl called Sacontala, the daughter of a hermit. From that moment not a word of returning to the City. These distressing thoughts have kept my eyes open the whole night—alas! when shall we return! I cannot set eyes on my beloved friend Dushmanta, since he set his heart on taking another wife. (*Stepping aside, and looking.*)

Dushmanta cannot, it is plain, leave the forest in which so beautiful an antelope dwells—and he is thrown into some distress by a message from his queen-mother in the city, to return thither to attend an annual solemnity kept on his own account. He has been waited upon by a deputation of two Brahmins, informing him that the forest is haunted by demons, and earnestly entreating him to remain for their protection till the return of their master Canna. The king deliberates with himself which course to pursue; and at last resolves to despatch that egregious Brahmin Madhavya to the city, in room of himself, and to guard the holy men from the demons. The buffoon is not so blind as not to attribute this decision rather to Sacontala than to the demons; and the act, which is a short one—and very lively, ends with Dushmanta and the buffoon endeavouring to outwit each other with respect to the secret of the mo-

narch's love, in which contest it would be unreasonable to blame his majesty for coming off second-best.

In the third act, which opens in the hermitage in the holy grove, we find Dushmanta irrecoverably lost in love—and poor Sacontala, who is, or says she is, ignorant of the nature of her malady, emaciated to a shadow, and just about to pass away from the earth. At last she expresses her feverish and burning passion to her attendants, and they, desirous of giving to her the only relief that nature allows to her sufferings, the love of Dushmanta—conceive a very happy scheme for calling in the aid of that skilful physician.

Pri. I have a thought Anusuya, let us write a love-letter which I will conceal in a flower, and under the pretext of making a respectful offering, deliver it myself into the king's hand.

Anu. An excellent contrivance, it pleases me highly. But what says our beloved Sacontala.

Sac. I must consider, my friend, the possible consequences of such a step.

Pri. Think also of a verse or two which may suit your passion, and be consistent with the character of a lovely girl born in an exalted family.

Sac. I will think of them in due time, but my heart flutters with the apprehension of being rejected.

Dushmanta rushes forward—and their mutual passion is avowed. The attendant maidens very humanely leave the lovers together on this important crisis—and we quote the whole of the scene which succeeds, as one that seems to us to exhibit very skilfully that union of tenderness, silliness, and passion, which constitutes love among young people in Europe and Asia, and even Africa—though we should suspect, scarcely in America.

Sac. How could my companions both leave me?

Dush. Sweet maid, give yourself no concern. Am not I, who humbly solicit your favour, present in the room of them? (*Aside.*) I must declare my passion.—(*Aloud.*) Why should not I, like them, wave this fan of lotos leaves, to raise cool breezes and dissipate your uneasiness? Why should not I, like them, lay softly in my lap those feet, red as water-lilies, and press them, O my charmer, to relieve your pain?

Sac. I should offend against myself, by receiving homage from a person entitled to my respect.—(*She rises and walks slowly, through weakness.*)

Dush. The noon my love, is not yet

passed; and your sweet limbs are weak. Having left that couch where fresh flowers covered your bosom, you can ill sustain this intense heat with so languid a frame.

(*He gently draws her back.*)

Sac. Leave me, Oh, leave me—I am not indeed my own mistress, or—the two damsels were only appointed to attend me. What can I do at present?

Dush. (*Aside.*) Fear of displeasing her makes me bashful.

Sac. (*Overhearing him.*) The king cannot give offence. It is my unhappy fate only that I accuse.

Dush. Why should you accuse so favourable a destiny?

Sac. How rather can I help blaming it, since it has permitted my heart to be affected by amiable qualities, without having left me at my own disposal?

Dush. (*Aside.*) One would imagine that the charming sex, instead of being like us, tormented with love, kept love himself within their hearts, to torment him with delay. (*Sacontala going out.*)

Dush. How! must I then fail of attaining felicity? (*Following her, and catching the skirt of her mantle.*)

Sac. (*Turning back.*) Son of Puru, preserve thy reason; Oh! preserve it.—The hermits are busy on all sides of the grove.

Dush. My charmer, your fear of them is vain. Canna himself, who is deeply versed in the science of law, will be no obstacle to our union. Many daughters of the noblest men have been married by the ceremony called G'and-harva, as it is practised by Indra's band, and even their fathers have approved them. (*Looking round.*) What say you? Are you still inflexible? Alas! I must then depart. (*Going from her a few paces then looking back.*)

Sac. (*Moving also a few steps, and then turning back her face.*) Though I have refused compliance, and have only allowed you to converse with me for a moment, yet, oh, Son of Puru, let not Sacontala be wholly forgotten.

Dush. Enchanting girl, should you be removed to the ends of the world, you will be fixed in this heart, as the shade of a lofty tree remains with it even when the day is departed.

Sac. (*Going out, aside.*) Since I have heard his protestations, my feet move, indeed, but without advancing. I will conceal myself behind those flowering Curuvacos, and thence I shall see the result of his passion. (*She hides herself behind the shrubs.*)

Dush. (*Aside.*) Can you leave me, beloved Sacontala; me who am all affection? Could you not have tarried a single moment? Soft is your beautiful frame, and indicates a benevolent soul, yet your heart is obdurate, as the tender Srishsa hangs on a hard stalk.

Sac. (*Aside.*) I really have now lost the power of departing.

Dush. (Aside.) What can I do in this retreat, since my darling has left it? (*Musing, and looking round.*) Ah! my departure is happily delayed. Here lies her bracelet of flowers, exquisitely perfumed by the root of Uśica, which had been spread on her bosom; it has fallen from her delicate wrist, and is become a new chain for my heart. (*Taking up the bracelet with reverence.*)

Sac. (Aside, looking at her hand.) Ah, me! such was my languor, that the filaments of lotos stalks, which bound my arm, dropped, I on the ground unperceived by me.

Dush. (Aside, placing it in his bosom.) Oh! how delightful to the touch! From this ornament of your lovely arm, O! my darling, though it be inanimate and senseless, your unhappy lover has regained confidence—a bliss which you refused to transfer.

Sac. (Aside.) I can stay here no longer. By this pretext I may return.

(*Going slowly towards him.*)

Dush. [With rapture.] Ah! the empress of my soul again blesses these eyes. After all my misery, I was destined to be favoured by indulgent heaven. The bird, Chatac, whose throat was parched with thirst, supplicated for a drop of water, and suddenly a coral stream poured into his bill from the bounty of a fresh cloud.

Sac. Mighty king, when I had gone halfway to the cottage, I perceived that my bracelet of thin stalks had fallen from my wrist; and I return because my heart is almost convinced that you must have seen and taken it. Restore it, I humbly entreat, lest you expose both yourself and me to the censure of the hermits.

Dush. Yes; on one condition I will return it.

Sac. On what condition? Speak—

Dush. That I may replace it on the wrist to which it belongs.

Sac. (Aside.) I have no alternative, (*Approaching him.*)

Dush. But, in order to replace it, we must both be seated on that smooth rock. (*Both sit down.*)

Dush. (Taking her hand.) O exquisite softness! This hand has regained its native strength and beauty, like a young shoot, Cāmalatā; or it resembles rather the god of love himself, when, having been consumed by the fire of Hara's wrath, he was restored to life by a shower of nectar, sprinkled by the immortals.

Sac. (Pressing his hand.) Let the son of my lord make haste to tie on the bracelet.

Dush. (Aside, with rapture.) Now I am truly blessed—that phrase, the son of my lord, is applied only to a husband. (*Aloud.*) My charmer, the clasp of this bracelet is not easily loosened: It must be made to fit you better.

Sac. (Smiling.) As you please.

Dush. (Quitting her hand.) Look, my darling, this is the new moon which left the

firmament in honour of superior beauty, and, having descended on your enchanting wrist, has joined both its horns round it in the shape of a bracelet.

Sac. I really see nothing like a moon; the breeze, I suppose, has shaken some dust from the lotos flower, behind my ears, and that has obscured my sight.

Dush. (Smiling.) If you permit me, I will blow the fragrant dust from your eye.

Sac. It would be a kindness; but I cannot trust you.

Dush. Oh! fear not, fear not. A new servant never transgresses the command of his mistress.

Sac. But a servant, over assiduous, deserves no confidence.

Dush. (Aside.) I will not slip this charming occasion. (*Attempting to raise her head, Sacontala faintly repels him, but sits still.*)

O! damsel, with an antelope's eyes, be not apprehensive of my indiscretion. (*Sacontala looks up for a moment, and then bashfully drops her head.*) That lip, the softness of which is imagined, not proved, seems to pronounce, with a delightful tremour, its permission for me to allay my thirst.

Sac. The son of my lord seems inclined to break his promise.

Dush. Beloved, I was deceived by the proximity of the lotos to that eye which equals it in brightness. (*He blows gently on her eye.*) *Sac.* Well, now I see a prince who keeps his word, as it becomes his imperial character. Yet I am really ashamed that no interest of mine entitles me to the kind service of my lord's son.

Dush. What reward can I desire, except that which I consider as the greatest, the fragrance of your delicious lip?

Sac. Will that content you?

Dush. The bee is contented with the mere odour of the water-lily.

Sac. If he were not, he would get no remedy.

Dush. Yes, this, and this— (*Kissing her eagerly.*)

(*Behind the scenes.*) Hark! the Chaccavāca is calling her mate on the bank of the Mālini; the night is beginning to spread her shades.

Sac. (Listening, alarmed.) O, son of my lord, the matron Gautami approaches to enquire after my health. Hide yourself, I entreat, behind yon trees.

Dush. I yield to necessity. (*He retires.*)

The loves of Dushmanta and Sacontala are too deep and violent to be denied indulgence—so, even during the absence of her holy protector Cauna, his adopted child is married, according to the rites of Gandharvas, to the monarch, and in his bosom is restored to health, and life, and joy. In the fourth act, we find that Sacontala, who is already pregnant, is lying in her widowed bower, thinking of

Dushmanta, who has returned to his capital, to make arrangements, we shall suppose, for the reception of his adorable bride. Unfortunately, at this moment, the choleric Brahmin, Durvāsa, comes to the hermitage, and, not having been heard by Sacotala, is enraged at her seeming inhospitality, and thus pours out his imprecations: "He, on whom thou art meditating, on whom alone thy heart is now fixed, while thou neglectest a pure gem of devotion who demands hospitality, shall forget thee when thou seest him next—as a man restored to sobriety forgets the words which he uttered in a state of intoxication." The terrified girls overhear this fearful curse of the enraged sage, and one of them goes forth to pacify him—but all she can obtain from him are these words: "The spell which I have raised cannot be recalled, but it shall be wholly removed when her lord shall see this ring." They have not courage to tell Sacotala of the curse of Durvāsa; but, meanwhile, Canna has returned, and certain sacrifices of the Brahmins having appeared auspicious, it is determined to send Sacotala to the city, unto the palace of her lord, who would seem already to have forgotten her. Soon as this resolution is made, the wood-nymphs, at other times invisible, appear at the order of the venerable sage, "bring fresh flowers for Sacotala from the most beautiful trees;" and while some of them weave a lower mantle, bright as the moon, presage of her felicity—others press the juice of Laska to stain her feet exquisitely red, and the rest eagerly shower over her all other gayest ornaments. The old Brahmin, Canna, then exclaims:

"Hear, all ye trees of this hallowed forest, ye trees, in which the sylvan goddesses have their abode—hear and proclaim that Sacotala is going to the palace of her wedded lord; she who drank not though thirsty, before you were watered; she who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she, whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are spangled with flowers.—*Chorus of invisible Wood-nymphs.*

"May her way be attended with prosperity! may propitious breezes sprinkle for her delight the odoriferous dust of rich blossoms! may pools of clear water, green with the leaves of the lotos, refresh her as she

walks! and may shady branches be her defence from the scorching sunbeams."

The parting of Sacotala from her friends and that delightful retirement is every where full of nature—and almost reminds us of Milton's description of Eve bidding farewell to the flowers in paradise. We therefore quote it entire.

Sac. (Aside to Priyamvadi.) Delighted as I am, O Priyamvadi, with the thought of seeing again the son of my lord, yet, on leaving this grove, my early asylum, I am scarce able to walk.

Pri. You lament not alone.—Mark the affliction of the forest itself when the time of your departure approaches!—The female antelope browses no more on the collected Cusa-grass; and the peacen ceases to dance on the lawn: the very plants of the grove, whose pale leaves fall on the ground, lose their strength and their beauty.

Sac. Venerable father, suffer me to address this Madhavi creeper, whose red blossoms inflame the grove.

Can. My child, I know thy affection for it.

Sac. (Embracing the plant.) O most radiant and twining plant, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms; from this day, though removed to a fatal distance, I shall for ever be thine. O beloved father, consider this creeper as myself.

Can. My darling, thy amiable qualities have gained thee a husband equal to thyself; such an event has been long, for thy sake, the chief object of my heart; and now, since my solicitude for thy marriage is at an end, I will marry thy favourite plant to the bridegroom, Amra, who sheds fragrance near her. Proceed, my child, on thy journey.

Sac. (Approaching the two damsels.) Sweet friends, let this Madhavi creeper be a precious deposit in your hands.

Anu. & Pri. Alas! in whose care shall we be left? *(They both weep.)*

Can. Tears are vain, Anusayā; our Sacotala ought rather to be supported by your firmness, than weakened by your weeping.

(All advance.)

Sac. Father! when yon female antelope, who now moves slowly from the weight of the young ones with which she is pregnant, shall be delivered of them, send me, I beg, a kind message, with tidings of her safety—do not forget.

Can. My beloved, I will not forget it.

Sac. (Advancing, then stopping.) Ah! what is it that clings to the skirts of my robe and detains me?

Can. It is thy adopted child, the little fawn, whose mouth, when the sharp points of Cusa-grass had wounded it, has been so often smeared by thy hand, with the healing oil of Ingudé; who has been so often fed by thee with a handful of Syānāka

grains, and now will not leave the footsteps of his protectress.

Sac. Why dost thou weep, tender fawn, for me, who must leave our common dwelling-place?—As thou wast rear'd by me when thou hadst lost thy mother, who died soon after thy birth, so will thy foster-father attend thee, when we are separated, with anxious care. Return, poor thing, return—we must part. *(She bursts into tears.)*

Can. Thy tears, my child, ill suit the occasion; we shall all meet again; be firm; see the direct road before thee, and follow it. When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eye-lashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself. In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom distinguished, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal, but virtue will press thee right onward.

Sarn. It is a sacred rule, holy sage, that a benevolent man should accompany a traveller till he meet with abundance of water, and that rule you have carefully observed; we are now near the brink of a large pool—give us therefore your commands, and return.

Can. Let us rest a while under the shade of this vata tree.—*(They all go to the shade.)* What message can I send with propriety to the noble Dushmanta? *(He meditates.)*

Anu. *(Aside to Sacontala.)* My beloved friend, every heart in our asylum is fixed on you alone, and all are afflicted by your departure.—Look; the bird Chacravaca, called by his mate, who is almost hidden by water-lilies, gives her no answer; but having dropped from his bill the fibres of lotus stalks which he had plucked, gazes on you with inexpressible tenderness.

Can. My son Samgarava, remember when thou shalt present Sacontala to the king, to address him thus, in my name: “Considering us hermits as virtuous, indeed, but rich only in devotion; and considering also thy own exalted birth, retain thy love for this girl, which arose in thy bosom, without any interference of her kindred; and look on her among thy wives, with the same kindness which they experience: much more than that cannot be demanded, since particular affection must depend on the will of heaven.”

Sarn. Your message, venerable man, is deeply rooted in my remembrance.

Can. *(Looking tenderly at Sacontala.)* Now my darling, thou too must be gently admonished.—We who are humble foresters, are yet acquainted with the world which we have forsaken.

Sarn. Nothing can be unknown to the wise.

Can. Hear, my daughter—&c. Come, my beloved girl, give a parting embrace to me and to thy tender companions.

Sac. Must Anusuya and Priyamvada return to the hermitage?

Can. They too, my child, must be suitably

married; and it would not be proper for them to visit the city; but Gautami will accompany thee.

Sac. *(Embracing him.)* Removed from the bosom of my father, like a young sandal tree, rent from the hills of Malaya, how shall I exist in a strange soil?

Can. Be not so anxious. When thou shalt be mistress of a family, and consort of a king, thou mayest, indeed, be occasionally perplexed by the intricate affairs which arise from exuberance of wealth; but with them think lightly of this transient affliction—especially when thou shalt have a son, (and a son thou wilt have) bright as the rising day-star.—Know also with certainty, that the body must necessarily, at the appointed moment, be separated from the soul: who, then, can be immoderately afflicted, when the weaker bonds of extrinsic relations are loosened or even broken.

Sac. *(Falling at his feet.)* My father, I thus humbly declare my veneration for you.

Can. Excellent girl, may my effort for thy happiness prove successful.

Sac. *(Approaching her two companions.)* Come, then, my beloved friends, embrace me together. *(They embrace her.)*

Anu. My friend, if the virtuous monarch should not at once recollect you, only shew him the ring on which his own name is engraved.

Sac. *(Starting.)* My heart flutters at the bare apprehension which you have raised.

Pri. Fear not, sweet Sacontala; love always raises ideas of misery, which are seldom or never realized.

Sarn. Holy sage, the sun has arisen to a considerable height! let the queen hasten her departure.

Sac. *(Again embracing Cana.)* When, my father, oh! when again shall I behold this asylum of virtue?

Can. Daughter, when thou shalt long have been wedded, like this fruitful earth, to the pious monarch, and shalt have borne him a son, whose car shall be matchless in battle, thy lord shall transfer to him the burden of empire, and thou, with thy Dushmanta, shalt again seek tranquillity, before thy final departure, in this loved and consecrated grove.

Gaut. My child, the proper time for our journey passes away rapidly: suffer thy father to return.—Go venerable man, go back to thy mansion, from which she is doomed to be so long absent.

Can. Sweet child, this delay interrupts my religious duties.

Sac. You, my father, will perform them long without sorrow; but I, alas! am destined to bear affliction.

Can. Oh! my daughter, compel me not to neglect my daily devotions.—*(Sighing.)* No, my sorrow will not be diminished.—Can it cease, my beloved, when the plants which rise luxuriantly from the hallowed grains which thy hand has sown before my

cottage, are continually in my sight.—Go ; may thy journey prosper. (Sacontala goes out with Gautomi, and the two damsels. (Looking after Sacontala with anguish.) Alas ! alas ! our beloved is hidden by the thick trees.

Meanwhile, the curse of Dusrvas has taken effect, and Dushmanta, in his royal palace, has forgotten his beautiful bride, the delight of the grove. He is involved in deep melancholy—and insensible to the charms of his once-beloved Hansumati, the queen—who in vain strives to rekindle his passion. While she is heard singing behind the scenes a complaining amatory song, Dushmanta exclaims, as if he had some dim remembrance of the happy dream in the forest.

“ Ah ! what makes me so melancholy on hearing a mere song on absence, when I am not in heart separated from any real object of my affection ? Perhaps the sadness of men otherwise happy, or seeing beautiful forms, and listening to sweet melody, arises from some faint remembrance of past joys, and the traces of connections in a former state of existence ! ”

While the king is in this state of mind, the hermits from the snowy mountains lead in before him, Sacontala covered with her mantle, and seeming among those sages, “ like a fresh green bud among faded and yellow leaves.” Alas ! Dushmanta knows her not—and all endeavours of herself and the holy hermits to recall her to his remembrance are in vain—she then thinks to have recourse to the ring, but it is gone—it has fallen from her finger into the pool, near Sacraratara, as she took up water to pour on her head—and Sacontala, suspected of being an impostor, is given up to the care of a priest, till she be delivered of her child ; which, if the child of Dushmanta, will, according to the report of wise astrologers, “ in lands and feet, bear the marks of extensive sovereignty.” During this distressing interview, Sacontala behaves with much gentleness and dignity—and as she is led away, says,

“ O earth, mild goddess, give me a place within thy bosom.”

Dushmanta stands meditating on the beauty of Sacontala, but the imprecation still clouds his memory. No sooner is the rejected mourner removed, than a body of light, in a female shape, descends, and having caught her hastily in her bosom, disappears—leaving the king and the court in doubt whether Sacontala be

a sorceress, or a being beloved by the Immortals. Dushmanta at last says—

“ I cannot with all my efforts recollect my nuptials with the daughter of the hermit, yet so agitated is my heart, that it almost induces me to believe her story.”

In the sixth act a poor fisherman is brought in, in custody of the officers of police, the king's ring having been found in his possession, and with it Dushmanta immediately recovers his memory. Struck with horror of his conduct to Sacontala, he clothes himself in penitential weeds, and buries himself in the solitude of the gardens of the palace. There he is attended only by his faithful Madhavya—the of the monarch preventing him, suppose, from exhibiting his sorrows to any other eyes than those of his affectionate fool. He sends for a picture of his beloved Sacontala, and weeps over it—but being displeased with the execution, he sends it back to the artist, with orders to have it immediately returned as follows. Dushmanta seems to have had a very pretty dilettanti taste in the fine arts.

“ In the landscape, my friend—I wish to see represented the river Málini, with some amorous Flamingoes on its green margin ; farther back must appear some hills near the mountain Himalaya, surrounded with heads of chamois ; and in the foreground a dark spreading tree, with some mantles of woven bark suspended on its branches to be dried by the sunbeams, while a pair of black antelopes couch in its shade, and the female gently rubs her beautiful forehead on the horn of the male.”

Dushmanta's grief is at its full—when he thinks of his being childless and the last of all his race, he pathetically exclaims,

“ Ah me ! the departed souls of my ancestors, who claim a share in the funeral cake, which I have no son to offer, are apprehensive of losing their due honour, when Dushmanta shall be no more on earth—who then, alas ! will perform those obsequies which the veda prescribes ? my forefathers must drink, instead of a pure libation, this flood of tears, the only offering which a man who dies childless can make them.”

During these lamentations of Dushmanta in the garden of his palace, there is constantly near him—walking among the arbours—or hovering in the air—but unseen by him—Misracési, a nymph of the lower heavens, and a friend of Menaca, the celestial mother of Sacontala. This beautiful creature has been sent by Menaca to know the state of the king's heart,

and having fully ascertained it, she expands her filmy wings, rises aloft, and disappears.

The king, now left alone, is alarmed by loud shrieks from poor Madhavya,—and the chamberlain, running breathless in, informs Dushmanta that an evil being, invisible to mortal eyes, has descended from “the summit of that wall, the pinnacle of which is hardly attainable even by the blue-necked pigeons,” and carried off that luckless Brahmin. The monarch calls for his bow and arrows—and rushes to the terrace from which the shrieks proceed, and there he starts with holy astonishment, to behold Matali, the driver of Indra’s car, who had, it appears, been playing off, immediately on his descent to earth, some practical joke or other on the buffoon, the butt of gods and men. Matali tells the king, that he has been directed by the ruler of the Firmament to request the aid of the invincible Dushmanta in subduing a race of Danavos, the children of Cálánéma—and bids him instantly mount the car of Indra.—Matali says to him.

“Perceiving that for some reason or another, you were grievously afflicted, I was desirous to rouse your spirits by provoking you to wrath. The fire blazes when wood is thrown on it—the infant when provoked, darts his head against the assailant—and a man capable of acquiring glory, exerts himself when his courage is excited.”

Dushmanta, seemingly restored to his former self, by the prospect of the glory set before him, ascends the car of Indra, and it mounts in the sunshine.

At the opening of the last act, we behold Dushmanta and Matali in the car of Indra—supposed to be above the clouds—and driving along in triumphant progress, after the overthrow of the evil children of Danu’s race. The god of thunder had, before dismissing Dushmanta, made him sit on half his throne, exalting him before all the inhabitants of the Empyreum; and smiling to see his own son Juyanta, who stood near, ambitious of the same honour, perfumed the bosom of the mortal king with essence of heavenly sandal wood, and threw over his neck a garland of flowers blown in paradise. As they drive along above the clouds, Matala tells him that the delighted genii have been collecting among the trees of life those crimson and azure dyes with which the

celestial damsels tinge their beautiful feet, and that they are now writing his actions in verses worthy of divine melody. Dushmanta now asks the chariotcer in what path of the winds they are journeying?

Mat. This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven’s brightest ornament, and causes yon luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams. It is the cause of a gentle breeze which supports the floating forms of the gods, and this path was the second step of Vishnu, when he confounded the proud Váli.

Dush. My internal soul, which acts by exterior organs, is filled by the sight with a charming complacency; (*looking at the wheels*) we are now passing, I guess, through the region of the clouds.

Mat. Whence do you form that conjecture?

Dush. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers; for the circumference of its wheels disperses pellucid water; the horses of Indra sparkle with lightning, and I now see the warbling chatacas descend from their nests on the summits of mountains.

Mat. It is even so; and in another moment you will be in the country which you govern.

Dush. (*Looking down.*) Through the rapid, yet imperceptible descent of the heavenly steeds, I now perceive the allotted states of man. Astonishing prospect! It is yet so distant from us that the low lands are often confounded with the high mountain-tops; the trees erect their branchy shoulders, but seem leafless; the rivers look like bright lines, but their waters vanish, and at this instant the globe of earth seems thrown upwards by some stupendous power.

Mat. (*Looking with reverence on the earth.*) How delightful is the abode of mankind! O king, you saw distinctly!

Dush. Say, Matali, what mountain is that which like an evening cloud pours exilating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas.

Mat. That, O king, is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Hemacata—the universe contains not a more excellent place, for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Marichi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides, with his consort Aditi, blessed in constant retirement.

Dush. (*Devotly.*) This occasion of obtaining good fortune must not be neglected. May I approach the divine pair, and do them complete homage?

Mat. By all means, it is an excellent idea. We are now descended on earth.

Dush. (*With wonder.*) Our chariot wheels yield no sound—no dust arises from them, and the descent of the car gave us no shock.

Mat. Such is the difference, O king! between thy car and that of Indra.

Dush. Where is the holy retreat of Marichi?

Mat. (Pointing.) A little beyond that shore where you see a pious Yogee motionless as a Pollard, holding his thick bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb. Mark! his body is half-covered with the white arts edifice made of raised clay—the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread—and part of it girds his loins. A number of knotty plants encircle round his neck, and sundry birds nests almost conceal his shadow.

Dush. I bow to a man of his austere devotion.

Mat. (Checking the reins.) Thus far and enough. We now enter the sanctuary of Him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial courses.

Dush. This asylum is more delightful than Paradise itself. I could fancy myself bathing in a pool of nectar.

Mat. Let the king descend.

Dush. (Joyfully descends.) How canst thou leave the car.

Mat. On such an occasion it will remain fixed; we may both leave it. This way, victorious hero, this way. Behold the retreat of the truly pious.

Dush. I see with equal amazement both the pious and the awful retreat. It becomes indeed pure spirits to feed on balmy air, in a forest blooming with trees of life, to bathe in rills died yellow with the golden dust of the lotos, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath—to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems—and to restrain their passions even when nymph of exquisite beauty frolic around them. In this grove also is attained the summit of true piety—to which other hermits in vain aspire.

This, we humbly think, is no whit inferior either to the Ettrick Shepherd's air-voyage, in the Pilgrims of the Sun, or to any thing from the pen of that distinguished acronaut, Mr Sadler, junior. Matali now leaves the king to wait on Casyapa, the father of gods, telling him to rest under the shade of an asoca tree, while he announces his arrival to that ancient recluse. No sooner is the charioteer gone, than Dushmanta hears an angry sound; and, looking forward, with surprise he beholds a child, but with no childish countenance or strength, whom two female anchorites, are endeavouring to keep in order; while he forcibly pulls towards him, in rough play, a lion's whelp with a torn mane, who seems just dragged from the half-sucked nipple of the lioness.

Boy. Open thy mouth, lion's whelp, that I may count thy teeth.

Attend. Intractable child! why dost thou

torment the wild animals of this forest, whom we cherish as if they were our own offspring? Thou seemest even to sport in anger. Aptly have the hermits named thee Servademana, since thou tormentest all creatures.

Dush. Ah! what means it, that my heart inclines to this boy as if he were my own son? Alas! I have no son—and the reflection makes me once more soft-hearted.

2d Attend. The lioness will tear thee to pieces if thou release not her whelp.

Boy. (Smiling.) Oh! I am greatly afraid of her to be sure! (He bites his lip, as if in defiance of her.)

Dush. (Aside, amazed.) The child exhibits the rudiments of heroic valour, and looks like fire which blazes from the addition of dry fuel.

1st Attend. My beloved child, set at liberty this young prince of wild beasts, and I will give thee a prettier play-thing.

Boy. Give it first. What is it? (Stretching out his hand.)

Dush. (Aside, gazing on the child's palm.) What! the very palm of his hand bears the mark of Empire; and whilst he thus eagerly extends it, shews its lines of exquisite net-work, and glows like a lotos expanded at early dawn, when the ruddy splendour of its petals hides all other tints in obscurity.

2d Attend. Mere words, my Sarvitra, will not pacify him. Go, I pray, to my cottage, where thou wilt find a play-thing, made for the hermit's child, Sancara; it is a peacock of earthen-ware, painted with rich colours.

1st Attend. I will bring it speedily. (She goes out.)

Boy. In the meantime I will play with the young lion.

2d Attend. (Looking at him with a smile.) Let him go, I entreat thee.

Dush. (Aside.) I feel the tenderest affection for this unmanageable child. (sighing.) How sweet must be the delight of virtuous fathers, when they soil their bosoms with dust by lifting up their playful children, who charm them with inarticulate prattle, and shew the white blossoms of their teeth, while they laugh innocently at every trifling occurrence.

2d Attend. (Raising her finger.) What! dost thou show no attention to me? (Looking round.) Are any of the hermits near? (Seeing Dushmanta.) Oh! let me request you, gentle stranger, to release the lion's whelp, who cannot disengage himself from the grasp of this robust child.

Dush. I will endeavour. (Approaching the boy, and smiling.) O! thou who art the son of a pious anchorite, how can thou dishonour thy father, whom thy virtues would make happy, by violating the rules of this forest? It becomes a black serpent only to infest the boughs of a fragrant sandal-tree. (The boy releases the lion.)

2d Attend. I thank thee, courteous guest ; but he is not the son of an anchorite.

Dush. (Taking the boy by the hand.) Oh ! since it gives me such delight to touch merely the hand of this child, who is the hopeful scion of a family unconnected with mine, what rapture must be felt by the fortunate man from whom he sprang ?

2d Attend. (Gazing on them alternately.) Oh ! wonderful !

Dush. What has raised your wonder ?

2d Attend. The untimely resemblance between the child and you, gentle stranger, to whom he bears no relation. It surprised me also to see, that although he has childish humours, and had no former acquaintance with you, yet your words have restored him to his natural good temper.

Dush. (Raising the boy to his bosom.) Holy matron, if he be not the son of a hermit, what then is the name of his family ?

2d Attend. He is descended from Puru.

All circumstances combine to awaken in the heart of Dushmanta hopes that this heroic child is his own and Sacontala's. "This conversation," says he, "resembles the fallacious appearance of water in a desert, which ends in bitter disappointment to the stag parched with thirst." While the child has been playing with the lion's whelp, his amulet has dropped off his wrist, and his attendants cry out in terror to Dushmanta, to beware of lifting up the terrible gem. It is already in his hands,—and harmless. The attendants with joy inform him, that this divine amulet was given to the child by the son of Marichi, as soon as the sacred rites had been performed after his birth, and that whenever it fell on the ground, no human being but the father or mother of the boy could have touched it unhurt. If a stranger had taken it, it would have become a serpent, and wounded him. On hearing that her child's amulet had proved its divine power, and hoping that the event predicted by Misraceci had happened, Sacontala advances to the scene in mourning apparel, with her long hair twisted in a single braid, and flowing down her back. Instantly Dushmanta recognises the delight of the sacred grove. The recognition is extremely beautiful:—

Dush. (with a mixture of joy and sorrow.) Ah ! do I see the incomparable Sacontala clad in sordid weeds ? Her form is emaciated by the performance of austere duties—One twisted lock floats on her shoulders ; and with a mind perfectly pure she supports the long absence of her husband, whose unkindness exceeds all bounds.

Sac. (seeing him, yet doubting.) Is that the

form of my lord, grown pale with penitence and affliction ? If not, who is it that sullies with his breath the hand of my child, whose amulet should have protected him from such indignity ?

Boy. (Going hastily to Sacontala.) Mother, here is a stranger who calls me son.

Dush. O my best beloved, I have treated thee cruelly ; but my cruelty is succeeded by the warmest affection, and I implore your remembrance and forgiveness.

Sac. (*Aside.*) Be confident, O my heart ! (*Aloud.*) I shall be most happy when the king's anger has passed away. (*Aside.*) This must be the son of my lord.

Dush. Oh the kindness of Heaven ! O loveliest of thy sex ! thou standest again before me, whose memory was obscured by the gloom of fascination ; as the star Rohini at the end of an eclipse, rejoins her beloved moon.

Sac. May the king be— (*Bursts into tears.*)

Dush. My darling ! though the word "victorious" be suppressed by thy weeping, yet I must have victory, since I see thee again, though with pale lips and a body undorned.

Boy. What man is this, mother ?

Sac. Sweet child ! ask the Divinity who presides over the fortunes of us both. (*She weeps.*)

Dush. O my only beloved ! cast from thy mind my cruel desertion of thee. A violent phrenzy overpowered my soul, and then the darkness of illusion prevails on the actions of the best-intentioned. As a blind man, when a friend binds his head with a wreath of flowers, mistakes it for a twining snake, and foolishly rejects it. (*Falls at her feet.*)

Sac. Rise, my husband ! oh ! rise. My happiness has been long interrupted, but joy now succeeds to affliction, seeing the son of my lord still loves me. (*He rises.*) How was the remembrance of this unfortunate woman restored to the mind of my lord's son ?

Dush. When the dart of misery shall be wholly extracted from my bosom, I will tell you all ; but since the anguish of my soul has in part ceased, let me first wipe off that tear which trickles from thy delicate eyelash, and then efface the memory of all the tears which my delirium has made thee shed. (*Wiping off her tears.*)

Sac. (Seeing the ring on his finger.) Ah ! is that the fatal ring ?

Dush. By the surprising recovery of it my memory was restored.

Sac. Its influence indeed has been felt, seeing it has brought back the lost confidence of my husband.

Dush. Take it then, as a beautiful plant receives a flower from the retiring season of joy.

Sac. I cannot again trust it—Let it be worn by the son of my lord.

Dushmanta and Sacontala are now

led by Matali into the presence of Casyapa and Aditi, the parents of Indra, who sit conversing together upon their thrones.

Cas. (*Pointing to the King.*) That, O daughter of Dacsha, is the hero who led the squadrons of thy son to the front of battle, a sovereign of the earth,—Dushmanta;—by the means of whose bow, the thunder-bolt of Indra (all its works being accomplished,) is now a mere ornament of his heavenly palace.

Adi. He bears in his form all the marks of exalted majesty.

Mut. (*To Dushmanta.*) The parents of the twelve Adityas, O king, are gazing on thee, as on their own offspring, with eyes of affection.—Approach them, illustrious prince.

Dush. Are these, O Matali, the divine pair, sprung from Marichi and Dacsha?—Are these the grand-children of Brahma, to whom the self-existent gave birth in the beginning; whom inspired mortals pronounce the fountain of glory apparent in the form of twelve suns; they who produced my benefactor, the lord of a hundred sacrifices, and ruler of three worlds?

Mut. Even they. (*Prostrating himself with Dushmanta.*) Great beings! the king Dushmanta, who has executed the commands of your son Vasava, falls humbly before your throne.

Cas. Continue long to rule the world.

Adi. Long be a warrior with a car unshattered in combat. (*Sacotala and her son prostrate themselves.*)

Cas. Daughter, may thy husband be like Indra! May thy son resemble Jayanta! And mayst thou (whom no benediction could better suit) be equal in prosperity to the daughter of Puloman!

Adi. Preserve, my child, a constant unity with thy lord; and may this boy, for a great length of years, be the ornament and joy of you both! Now be seated near us. (*They all sit down.*)

Cas. (*Looking at them by turns.*) Sacotala is the model of excellent wives; her son is dutiful; and thou, O king, hast three rare advantages, true piety, abundant wealth, and active virtue.

Dush. O divine being, having obtained the former object of my most ardent wishes, I now have reached the summit of earthly happiness through thy favour, and thy benison will ensure its permanence.—First appears the flower, the fruit, first clouds are collected, then the shower falls; such is the regular course of causes and effects; and thus, when thy indulgence preceded, felicity generally followed.

Mut. Great indeed, O king, has been the kindness of the primeval Brahmins.

Dushmanta now finds, that the nymph Menaca had led Sacotala from the palace when the desertion of her had afflicted her soul, and brought her to the abode of Aditi, and that in its

sacred retirement she had brought forth the Tamer of Lions. Casyapa himself says, “Know that his heroic virtue will raise him to a dominion extended from sea to sea—before he has passed the ocean of mortal life, he shall rule, unequalled in combat, the earth, with seven peninsulas; and as he is now called Servademana, because he tames even in childhood the fiercest animals, so, in his riper years, he shall acquire the name of Bhereta, because he shall sustain and nourish the world.”—Casyapa then bids Golarā to hasten through the light air, and inform Canana that his beloved Sacotala is the queen of Dushmanta, and the mother of the Tamer of Lions. The ancient deity then prays that the God of the atmosphere may bless the realms of Dushmanta, and that he may, with frequent sacrifices, maintain the thunderer’s friendship—so that “benefits may be reciprocally conferred on the inhabitants of the two worlds.”—And the drama ends with these words of Dushmanta, “Let every king apply himself to the attainment of happiness for his people; let Swereswate, the goddess of the liberal arts, be adored by all the readers of the Veda—and may Śiva, with an azure neck and red locks, eternally potent and self-existing, avert from me the pain of another birth in this perishable world, the seat of crimes and punishment.”

There is no need to say any thing about the peculiar character of this work of Calidas—of which most of our readers may have been familiar with the name—though probably but few have read the drama itself. No one can be insensible to the perfect beauty of the picture of youth, innocence, and happiness, in the early scenes of the holy forest, where all the affections of human nature seem to flow as purely along as the fountains in which those fairest damsels bathe their tresses—and are strengthened in that raised serenity for the duties of after life, whose prospect comes with gentle glimpses, exhilarating and not disturbing the contentment of the calm. The sudden fascination of the kingly hunter, by the equally fascinated Sacotala, is what the heart feels unavoidable in those silent woods—and the quiet progress of their mutual passion, is accordant with the luxuriance, and the languor, and the voluptuousness of all things

around—the flowers covering, even composing, the earth—the birds so loving in their beaming beauty—the antelopes with their eyes charged with tenderness and affection—the sultry stillness of the meridian of those cloudless oriental skies—the panting gales—and the sighing sobbing airs of evening among the blossoms of the delicious arbours, and the green concealment of those unviolated groves. The strange and yet blameless desertion of Sacotala, changes at once the face of nature—whose beauty somewhat sadly revives when she is bidding farewell to it, before she goes to seek her forgetful lord in the far-off city. And at the conclusion of the drama, the heart is again carried back to the blissful scene where first their love began—and we once more see the devout Canna and his Brahmins in

their peaceful hermitage. The behaviour of Sacotala is, throughout, very Eastern—her heart overflows with passion, gentleness, humility, and devotion. Her complaints never rise beyond what we feel to be the settled calm of her soul—her final joy seems “not of the noisy world, but silent and divine”—and when standing with her husband before the throne of the deities, Casyapa and Aditi, she utters not a word, but is known to be present there, only by the delight which the very immortals express of her beauty and devotion. A high mythological character is over all the drama; but we are running into criticism—so we leave Sacotala to the pleasure of our readers, who have now had an opportunity of seeing, side by side, a German, an English, and an Indian drama.

UPON THE RELATION OF MUSIC TO THE DRAMA.

LETTER I.

MR EDITOR,

YOUR pages were some time ago diversified with controversial letters upon music, which I read with interest, although it appeared to me that the dispute was a very idle and unnecessary one;—the unfitness of national and popular tunes to serve as the highest models for scientific composers being already determined by universal consent, or rather being clearly perceived by every one who has attentively considered the nature of music. In another point of view, these discussions, as inquiries into the connexion between music and emotion, were more to be commended, but still could not be of any practical avail. It therefore appeared to me, that the pages of a periodical work would have been better employed in discussing the practical uses and applications of music as connected with public amusements; for it is a question of general taste and of public interest, how an art so touching should be disposed of.

That the musical drama should be so generally looked upon as frivolous, and as necessarily a slight species of composition, in comparison with the best tragedies of the Shakspearean sort, seems rather owing to accidental causes, than to any essential inferiority in its

own nature. The popular notion, that there is something revolting to verisimilitude, in dramatic passions being expressed in recitation and singing, is, of course, a local prejudice, since the drama was entirely musical at its birth, and continued so for hundreds of years. The truth is, that the scenes and passions which occur most frequently in the English drama, are not of a kind that has much relation to music; and hence, the difficulty which an English audience feels in conceiving, that a speech, expressing the grave and profound affections of the mind, should be well declaimed to music. Pride, ambition, the defiance of opposed force, and the struggle of the individual's courage and resolution against circumstances, are not sources of emotion naturally allied to music. It is remarkable, that the English drama hinges almost always upon those passions which engage the individual to resist and contend against external objects, instead of drawing emotion from yielding to their influence; and hence the harsh and bitter tone of emotion, which is so prevalent in Shakspeare, and the want of that flowing and enthusiastic tenderness, which has the greatest propensity to become lyrical. In English plays, there is a frequent introduction

of scenes of public formal business, in which it would be impossible to conceive kings, politicians, or commanders of armies, uttering their notions in a chant. Soliloquies, or other scenes unconnected with artificial life, and in which individuals abandon themselves to the movements of the heart, are better calculated to be poured forth in music. And even in comic representations, music would sort ill with scenes, the object of which was to exhibit an exact copy of artificial manners. The subjects of most modern comedies would be found utterly untractable to music; for, notwithstanding their frequent attempts at pathos, it seldom happens that lyrical and prolonged emotions are generated from any of the situations.

Those specimens of the musical drama that are to be found upon our stage, are by no means calculated to give a favourable impression with regard to the capabilities of that species of composition. They are either slight comic pieces in prose, interspersed with songs, or they are vapid translations from Italian operas, in which, although the recitative is continued throughout, the beauties of the original language are entirely lost; and these pieces, besides, are founded upon subjects remote and disjointed from the popular feelings of this country, and unrecommended to the audience by their connexion with national associations. Such translations, therefore, are lightly thought of when viewed in comparison with the originals, and with indifference, because they are in a different strain from our own style of poetry: for the best pieces of Metastasio must appear both shallow in point of thought, and weak in interest, when placed beside dramas of the English school. Still, however, it does not follow from this, that the profounder vein of poetry peculiar to this country, must altogether vanish and forsake us if we were to compose pieces where the language was better adapted for musical purposes, and where there was a more continued flow of lyrical emotions throughout. At any rate, whatever was lost in point of stern and gloomy energy of sentiment, would be gained in point of grace, which is certainly the quality in which our poetry is most deficient, whether it be, that the national temperament is but sparingly endowed

with the perception of grace, or that the feeling of the beautiful has not yet been sufficiently awakened. But it is probable, that if the art of music were to be applied to subjects at once national and popular, and at the same time poetical, the charm of lyrical sweetness would immediately be felt, and the obtuse and iron minds of the people would submit to the progress of civilization.

As the contempt which exists among us for the musical drama, results, probably for the most part, from the want of poetical merit and dignity in the pieces to which music has been united, so the condemnation of that species of composition may be said to result from its capabilities being overlooked and unthought of. It would appear, that it is only by striking into some such new track that dramatic writers can hope to escape from the old exhausted sphere of associations connected with the pieces belonging to the age of Elizabeth; for it is a certain truth, that the same thing can never have been done successfully at two different eras in the same country. The associations produced by what was formerly accomplished are such, as to confound and mislead those who are inclined to make new attempts in a similar line; and such endeavours thrive no better than a young tree would do if planted under the branches of a full grown one. There may be persons who think that the dramatic literature of the country is already complete and perfect, and that it is unnecessary to have more or different. But it does not appear that the active intellectual spirit of the present times is likely to acquiesce in such a conclusion.

These considerations are stated without any reference to the practical difficulties that would be experienced in attempting to bring forward upon the stage any piece materially different from those which are at present in request. For practical difficulties should not be allowed prematurely to hang their weight upon the wings of speculation. Therefore, Mr Editor, I have not hesitated to express these imperfect notions, such as they are, meaning afterwards to prosecute the subject farther, if encouraged to do so by your approbation. I am, &c.

A LAY OF FAIRY LAND,

(From a Volume of POEMS by JOHN WILSON, now in the Press.)

It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun,
That to Glenmore's black forest side a Shepherdess hath gone,
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her Widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so sweet,
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft parting feet;
And thought, "while thou art praising God amid the hills so calm,
Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morning psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid,
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland Maid;
In heaven the stars are all bedim'd, but in its dewy mirth
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

—In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun;
The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the green,
Yet the shadow of her Shepherdess is no where to be seen.

Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear—
"Oh! why so late!" a footstep—and she knows her child is near;
So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round Mhairi's hair;
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes,
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dyes.

These flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,
These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of snow,
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign land.

"The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-stone,
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?
And where's got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see?
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree."

"Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell"—
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wonderous chaplet fell;
It seem'd as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beam'd of yore.

"The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell
On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell;
Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,
And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

"And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his blessed side,
An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er and o'er,
In Abernethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore.

"Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that wavered o'er my head,
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead:

"I looked up from my Bible—and lo! before me stood,
In her green graveful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
Silent she was and motionless, but when her eyes met mine,
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

"She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter's hair,
And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom fair ;
And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy-Land and was the Fairy-Queen."

Then started Mhairi's mother at that wild word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless year ;
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
But many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the savage Shape that on the mountain dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-bells,
And others said the River red had caught her in her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen Sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother only knows,
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds repose ;
By day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en her child,
At night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the wild.

And then her Country's legends lend all their lovely faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play
With those fair Elves that wafted her from her own world away.

"Look not so mournful mother ! 'tis not a Tale of woe—
The Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss upon my brow,
And faster than mine own two doves e'er stoop'd unto my hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we dropt on Fairy-Land.

"Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro' a wood,
We walked, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving solitude ;
And there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
Sat crested birds whose plumage seem'd to burn with harmless fire.

"No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute—
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding foot,
Till we came to a Waterfall, and mid the Rainbows there,
The Mermaids and the Fairies played in Water and in Air.

"And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did breathe
From all the Woods and Waters, and from the Caves beneath,
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely Queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne'er had been,—

"And hovering in the Rainbow, and floating on the Wave,
Each little head so beautiful some shew of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten'd in its dew,
Seemed as the Sun ten thousand rays against the Water threw.

"Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o'ertook us now and then, on some small breath of wind ;
Our guide into that brightning bliss was aye that brightning stream,
Till lo ! a Palace silently unfolded like a dream.

"Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,
That my dead sister used to sing at evening on the Hill,
When I was but a little child too young to watch the sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

"Tales of the silent people, and their green silent Land !
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

"Round her in happy heavings flowed that bright glistening crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,
And o'er their plumed and flowery heads there sang a whispering breeze,
When—as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their knees.

"Then," said the queen, "seven years to-day since mine own infant's birth—
And we must send her nourice this evening back to earth ;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home than this—
So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

"Luhana ! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's brow,
That she on earth may shew the flowers that in our gardens grow."
And from the heavenly odours breathed o'er my head I knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue !

"Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laughter sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white-twinkling feet,
While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sun-beam glide.

"But who came then into the Hall ? One long since mourned as dead !
Oh ! never had the mould been strewn o'er such a star-like head !
On me alone she poured her voice, on me alone her eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloudless skies.

"Well knew I my fair sister ! and her unforgotten face !
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place !
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

"When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years,
You well may think another shower straight-way began to fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly Hall !

"I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal nourice left that Fairy in despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,
As soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

"While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,
And I and my sweet sister stood by the Great Burial-stone,
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent sky."

The Child hath long been speaking to one who may not hear,
For a deadly Joy came suddenly upon a deadly Fear,
And though the Mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi's breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the Elder-shade in that long mortal swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the gentle Moon ;
And when her senses are restored, whom sees she at her side,
But her believed in childhood to have wandered off and died !

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water from the spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an angel's wing,
And to her Mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on her hoary head.

She stirs not in her Child's embrace, but yields her old grey hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of prayers—
No voice hath she to bless her child, till that strong fit go by,
But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon the sky.

The Sabbath-morn was beautiful—and the long Sabbath-day—
The Evening-star rose beautiful when day-light died away ;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed over with delight,
But the fulness of all mortal Joy hath blessed the Sabbath-night.

ON THE CHURCH OF KRISUVIK IN ICELAND.

"There was nothing so sacred in the appearance of this Church, as to make us hesitate to use the altar as our dining-table."

Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland, page 114.

THOUGH gilded domes, and splendid fanes,
And costly robes, and choral strains,
And altars richly drest,
And sculptur'd saints, and sparkling gems,
And mitred heads, and diadems,
Inspire with awe the breast;

The soul enlarged—devout—sincere,
With equal piety draws near
The holy House of God,
That rudely rears its rustic head,
Scarce higher than the peasant's shed,
By peasant only trod.

'Tis not the pageantry of show,
That can impart devotion's glôw,
Nor sanctify a pray'r:
Then why th' Icelandic Church disdain,
Or why its sacred walls profane,
As though God dwelt not there?

The contrite heart—the pious mind—
The Christian—to that spot confin'd,
Before its altar kneels!
There breathes his hopes—there plights his
vows—
And there, with low submission bows,
And to his God appeals.

In realms that touch the northern pole,
Where streams of burning lava roll
Their desolating course;
Sulphureous mountains raging boil,
Blasting th' already sterile soil,
With wild volcanic force;

Where cold, and snow, and frost conspire,
With livid subterranean fire,
To curse the barren lands,
Where deep morasses faithless smile
In transient verdure to beguile,
This humble Fabric stands.

Oh! scorn it not because 'tis poor,
Nor turn thee from its sacred door,
With contumelious pride;
But entering in—that Power adore!
Who gave thee, on a milder shore,
In safety to reside,

Where Zephyr breathes in temper'd gales
Thro' wood-crown'd hills, and gentle vales,
And gentle rivers flow;
And herbs, and fruits, and fragrant flowers,
And flocks, and herds, and shady bowers,
Their varied gifts bestow.

Let no presumptuous thoughts arise,
That thou art dearer in his eyes,
Than poor Icelandic swain;
Who bravely meets the northern wind,
With brow serene—and soul resign'd
To penury and pain.

Where much is given—more is requir'd;
Where little—less is still desir'd;
Enjoy thy happier lot
With trembling awe, and chasten'd fear;
Krisuvik's Church to God is dear,
And will not be forgot.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Manchester, Dec. 9, 1819.

MR EDITOR,

THE character of Sir Thomas Browne, by Mr Coleridge, inserted in your last Number, induces me to trouble you with a few observations on the works of this highly entertaining and original, but now neglected, writer.

It is remarkable enough, that, amongst the number of books which the recent republications have contributed to arrest in their journey to oblivion, no reprint has yet been made of the Works of Brown, which perhaps contain more of the force of genius and fervour of imagination, more glowing sentences, and greater and nobler flights of fancy, than can be produced in the writings of any of his contemporary prose authors, not excepting, I

VOL. IV.

may almost venture to say, Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, and Milton.

One reason of this may be, that the works of Browne are not scarce, but though this may be the case, still, as many passages in them are frequently obscure, from the recondite allusions and peculiar manner of the author, and many utterly unintelligible from the blunders of the printer, a new edition, with sensible notes, would confer no small obligation upon the lovers of our old and excellent writers.

Browne's first work was his *Religio Medici*, a work written in the full vigour of his faculties, when his fancy was at the highest, which, rendered still more eccentric by his original way of thinking, imbrowned by learning, and deepened by enthusiasm,

communicated to every subject which it touched upon, all the attractions of paradoxical subtlety, and fantastic and often highly impressive sublimity.

The style of this book, it is observable, is much more easy and unembarrassed, less perplexed and abrupt, than that of his late productions, the phraseology less latinized and exotic, breathing all the vivacity of conversation, without losing any of the dignity of composition; and indeed, I hardly know any work till the end of the seventeenth century which can be compared to it, for the purity of the language, the swell and flow of the diction, the boldness of the expression, and the harmony of the cadences.

Perhaps no line is better remembered in the *Bride of Abydos*, than that in the description of Zuleika:

“The mind, the music breathing from her face.”

To vindicate which bold expression, the noble author subjoins a note, appealing to the feelings of his readers. But the same thought had long before occurred to Sir Thomas Browne, as will appear from the following beautiful passage. “It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and sure there is music even in beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is music in whatever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and, thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres: For those well ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound to the ear, yet to the understanding, they strike a note more full of harmony.” *Rel. Med. edit.* 12mo. 1736. page 180; which is a remarkable coincidence, to call it no more, between these two eminent writers. And I may observe by the way, that had Dr. Ferriar, in his illustrations of *Sterne*, been equally diligent in examining the works of Browne, he would have found out more of the plagiarisms of that universal pillager, than he has detected from *Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The next work of Browne, his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Vulgar Errors*, is, I believe, better known than any of his writings. The variety of the learning, the novelty of the design, the acuteness of the observations, and

the peculiarity of disquisition which it displays, have contributed to make it one of the most entertaining philosophical productions of which our literature has to boast. It, however, experienced the fate of many other works; and its celebrity, if not destroyed, was at last diminished by the downfall of the system of Descartes, to which Browne was a firm adherent.

It is in this book chiefly that his fondness for exotic phraseology appears; and the following extract from the preface will shew what were then his ideas of perfection in language: “If elegancy still proceedeth, and English pens maintain that stream we have of late observed to flow from many, we shall, within a few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either.” To which desirable end, it must be confessed, Browne has, in this work, used his best endeavours.

But the productions which principally develope his singular turn of mind are his *Hydriotaphia*, or *Urnburial*, and *Letter to a friend on the death of an intimate friend*.* The dissolution of the soul and body was to him a favourite topic; and he delighted to dwell, not entirely with the joyful expectation of one who, trusting in the hope of future bliss, looked to death as the end of his labours, and the commencement of his felicity, but with the scrutinizing anxiety of an inquirer, who loved to illumine the dark, to pierce through the obscure, and to gaze on dread and fearful objects, till his mental vision was bewitched by a species of fascination. Like the female magician, in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, he loved to leave the habitations of the living, and take his repast amid the charnel houses of the dead. To him tombs and sepulchres, urns and ossuaries, obelisks and monuments, were the necessary food of his imagination, and acted like charms to call forth the wild and sombre reveries of his fancy, with all their fervid effervescences of awful solemnity and gloomy magnificence. The light of his genius illuminated the dark and dismal subjects on which it expatiated with a sickly splendour, and arose from the superincumbent mass of mortality, like the shining vapours which are said to

hover over the putrescency of the grave.

What can be more striking and thrilling than the beginning of the last chapter of his *Urnburial*. "Now that these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of the Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above them, and quietly rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests, what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, and might not gladly say,

"*Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.*"

Another singular sport of his mind is his *Garden of Cyrus*, or *Quincunx*; but of this, the character of Dr. Johnson is so comprehensive and exact, as to leave nothing to be said by another. The following passage from it is admirably characteristic of Browne's style of writing. "Light which makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by admiration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the Cherubims shadowing the mercy seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living; all things fall under this name, the sun itself is but a dark simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God."—*Quincunx* in his works, page 47.

His other works, if we except his

Bibliotheca Abscondita,* and *Christian Morals*, have little in them worth noticing. The latter of these works was composed when he was advanced in years, and when he had lost much of that mental fire and vigour which, in his younger days, he so abundantly possessed, and when his fondness for originality, which before he loved to pursue through every difficulty, was in a great measure subsided and extinct. But though from these causes it is inferior to his former productions, though the language is frequently pompous and tumid, and the thoughts trite and unproportioned, yet still there are many passages equal to any he ever produced, and there is one essay† so excellent from its sterling weight and matter, and so interesting from its being the practical results of the experience of the author himself, that it alone deserves to rescue the other parts of the book from oblivion, were they even much worse than they are.

Such are the works of Browne, a never-failing treasury; to which the divine may resort for passages of fervent piety, the philosopher for deep inquiry into nature, and the poet for flights of sublimity and grandeur.—That they have lost their former popularity, is a loss they suffer in common with many other compositions which deserve an immortality of fame; but an ardent love for their excellencies, and conviction of their merits, induces me to hope that, in the present avidity for reprinting, his works will not be forgotten, who was most assuredly an ornament to the age that he lived in, and an honour to the country that produced him. I am, &c. your obedient servant. J. C.

LIVING TOADS FOUND IN STONES AND PRODUCTIONS OF THE FORMER WORLD, BY THE RECTOR OF PABSDORF.

THE occurrence of living toads in stones, is one of the most remarkable facts in natural history. Amongst many examples of this sort, we shall mention a few which put the matter beyond all doubt. A living toad was found in a large stone, at Newark on Trent, in England. It was of a white colour, measured three and a

half inches, but appeared incapable any more of bearing the light. For all its motions argued an incompatible state, and an hour afterwards it died. But in this time it was seen by several hundred people.

In a stone quarry, near Cassel, the workmen discovered three living toads lying together in a stone four feet

* In his *Miscellaneous Tracts*.
† Part 3d, Sect. 22 of *Christian Morals*.

long, three feet broad, and as many high, on the outside of which, before it was broken, not the slightest trace of an aperture was to be discovered. It was with difficulty that these animals could be brought from the spot they lay in, and as soon as they were taken out, they hopped in again. They appeared at first to be quite lively in the grass; but they died in half an hour.

The fact cannot, therefore, be disputed, and I could, were it necessary to prove the truth of these appearances, quote many instances of this sort, which have been recorded. Some time since a living toad was found in slate, at Rothenberg on the Saale. We shall not, therefore, detain ourselves longer on this point, but endeavour rather to explain the matter. Every thinking reader, who has not heard of this phenomenon, will consider such as wonderful, and many even unaccountable. It appears also at first sight to be impossible, for a creature to be enclosed in a stone, such a length of time, without dying of hunger, or being suffocated.

Naturalists have endeavoured, to be sure, to shew, how this is possible; but no one has, if I remember, explained in what manner and when these animals came into the stones.

In order to solve the first problem, it is said, the stone in which the toads existed, was probably a porous sandstone, which imbibed moisture from rain, which the animal inspired by means of its pores, or its sucking warts. For these animals can be kept long alive on wet blotting paper, which is moistened from time to time. It is also known that toads and frogs are very tenacious of life, and can fast a long time.

An English naturalist made a trial, how long he could keep a toad without nourishment; he placed it in a pot, and buried it in the ground, closing it carefully. He forgot by chance to dig up the pot, until two or three years were elapsed. He found his toad still living, and buried it a-fresh. We have to wait the issue.

But this explanation does not appear quite satisfactory to us. Such a creature can be preserved living by means of moisture or water, for a certain time. But many thousand years, how would that be possible? For we cannot admit of a shorter period, since

which our rocks, even slate, lime, and sandstone, and who knows, even if it were a porous sandstone in which the toads lived.

We can more easily explain how such an animal can exist and be preserved in a tree. For a living toad has been found in the cavity of a tree, which, according to its rings, must have been more than eighty years old. It probably had crept into a hole of one of its boughs, and had not been able to come out again; and the opening had in the course of time completely closed. Here it could easier subsist, than in hard stone, but the sequel will show, that the preservation of these animals does not depend upon nourishment, but upon another circumstance, and quite other causes. We come now to the second question, how and when the toads came into the stones. In order to render this clear to ourselves, we must remember, that besides our own present world, in which we exist, one has already preceded it, which contained, as ours, terrestrial and marine animals. Yet there was a time, when the whole continent was but an immeasurable ocean; as the secondary mountains, with their petrified beds of muscles, fishes, and sea productions prove. After some unknown great catastrophe, which our earth suffered, the sea at length disappeared, and from a *world of waters* arose, if I may be allowed the expression, a *world of land*. There, where at present the plough turns up the soil, and countless corn fields shine with their golden harvests, where immense forests spread forth their luxuriant trees, amongst which numerous wild animals sport, where hills and mountains raise their varied summits, where herds of cattle graze, where rivulets and rapid streams wind through the vallies, and where cities and villages are now situated, there formerly raged the waves of this ocean—there swarmed hosts of animals, of numberless forms, and magnitudes.

At the command of the Almighty the waters disappeared, and with them the then existing world of marine animals and of plants, which were thus placed upon the dry land.

The bowels of the earth have preserved to our times the remains of such only as have withstood decay, and have become petrified. And the

bottom of the sea became dry land, and the slime and mud it had left behind was hardened into stone. But another terrestrial world, besides the one of water above mentioned, must have existed, before the present one was formed. This can be seen from the numerous remains of terrestrial animals and productions which we find in different countries, and which do not belong to the present period of the earth. There are as many and as large forests under the earth as there are above it, which have been buried thousands of years ago, and have been transformed into coal. There were formerly as many, perhaps more, large and small animals on the earth than there are at present. We must, therefore, suppose that the sea and dry land have been continually changing places with each other on the surface of our earth, and that after each change of this description a new creation of animals and plants took place on it. For this reason we find, that wood in a state of coal, and the bones of quadrupeds, occur intermixed with marine productions in the same bed; nay, even under the bottom of the sea we discover river muscles, and the beds of former great rivers. It may be conjectured, that at a future transformation of the earth new intermixtures will arise, and the productions of our present world will be united to those of a former one, and rest with them in one common grave, in order to make place for a new and better world. It is impossible to determine the time when the last great transformation took place, which caused the former world to make place for this. But every one who knows how much time is necessary to produce a new creation of plants and animals out of the bosom of the earth, according to the laws of nature, must easily discern that many centuries must have passed away since that great catastrophe happened.

The living toads already mentioned must have been inclosed in their stony prisons during this last revolution of the globe. For on the present period of the earth having commenced, and the productions of the former world being buried in mud and slime by the overflowing of the sea, the whole surface of the earth became turned into solid strata by some unknown process of nature, and out of

the sand-banks and coral reefs of the sea, arose the secondary limestone and sand stone mountains. The toads of the former world met with the same fate as its fish and other animals; they were covered and buried with mud. They would have perished like their fellow creatures, in water or in mud, had not their peculiar organization prevented this. These animals possess the property of sleeping and remaining in a state of torpor during the winter, without having occasion for any nourishment during the whole period. Frogs are often to be found, in winter, in ice, and on its thawing, they are again revived. And it is well known, that frogs and toads, when the weather is warmer than usual in the spring, come forth from their holes in the earth, and commence a new life. During the great revolution of our globe, just mentioned, when the whole animal and vegetable creation was buried under mud and earth; these toads met with a similar fate, and were inclosed in their stony prisons until they were released from them by accident. They were obliged to repose in them some thousand years in a state of sleep, having no other means in their power, otherwise they would have had a like fate with millions of fishes and terrestrial animals, which perished and became petrified.

But it may be said, that these toads might have been inclosed in stone at a later period, as these animals are fond of creeping into holes and cavities of the earth in order to sleep the winter. Even the toads which were found inclosed alive in a tree must have come there in this manner. It is also known, that in limestone quarries, new rocks, as calc-tuff, &c., are formed during a comparatively short period of time, and that these animals might, perhaps, have been inclosed through these means. But if insects of a former world could be preserved in amber, and mammoths in their full flesh in ice, a toad of the primeval world could well exist alive in stone, until the present world, as it is very tenacious of life, and has the advantage of being able to pass a long time without nourishment, in a state of torpor or sleep. The fact is still a problem which naturalists or zoologists will alone be capable of solving; and which would be effected by, anatomising one of those fossil toads with the view of ascertaining

if it is an animal of the present or of the former world. The white colour, which the English toad had, leads us to suppose it as probable that it did not belong to our world, provided the length of time and the want of air and nourishment had not changed its natural colour and bleached its body.—In the mean time, if such an animal can exist for years in an old tree, or even in a stone, it is also capable of being preserved in a stony prison thousands of years, because, being asleep and in so confined a situation, no exhalation takes place from it, and, therefore, there is no occasion to replace the lost animal juices by various nourishment. Wonderful phenomenon! The toad, this ugly and much despised animal, was of all others the only one capable of undergoing this experiment of nature, and, thereby, of viewing a second time the light of the world. All others, the most noble and beautiful creatures, even man himself, had it not in his power to live to see such a blessing. Man, with his fellow creatures, could only pass into the new world in a petrified state, the insects of a former world could only be preserved from complete ruin in amber, and the mammoth be partially preserved in ice, but the toad was capable, on account of its tenacious powers of life, and its peculiar nature, to pass from the old world into the new one in a living state, and by these means to be snatched from destruction. It has seen two worlds, having been an inhabitant of the old as well as the new one. It has twice trodden the theatre of the world!

How many useful considerations does the discovery not give rise to! How many weighty truths may not be traced from it!

These toads, therefore, furnish us with a fresh proof of a former world. For, if they do not belong to our world, but are different from the present animals of the same species, which, however, must be more decisively proved than at present, it is clear that there have been formerly other animals in the world than our own. Should they prove to be a new species, we shall have discovered a new race of animals of a former world, and thus add one more to those already known. It were only necessary that Cuvier should discover or examine such a toad found in stone.

and perhaps one more would be immediately added to the number of primeval animals discovered by him.

But the circumstance gives rise to other considerations; if the philosopher takes pleasure in endeavouring to penetrate the depths of futurity, and in exploring the future fate of our world, and of his fellow-creatures: it cannot be less agreeable and instructive to him to investigate the past, and to read the former fate of our present earthly inhabitants by the remains of a former world. Such an inquiry makes us acquainted with numerous interesting facts, and we shall now present our readers with a few of these.

We fancy ourselves standing in the subterraneous caverns of a great limestone mine, and admiring the immense masses of rock, with its different layers and strata. On nearer inspection, we find that these masses of limestone teem with millions of shell-fish, and other remains of a former world, which must have ceased to exist thousands of years ago; that we are even standing on a former bottom of the ocean, and are surrounded by millions of marine animals, and other productions of the sea. On searching, we soon find a cornu ammonis, whose species is now extinct in the world; then a nautilus, now a gryphite, or a turbinite, or a pectinite, &c. &c. In these we discover beings which have a similitude to our present inhabitants of the ocean, but are differently constructed. Here we discover a petrified fucus, and remark in it the branch of a former marine plant. There we notice the remains of an encrinite, or lily stone, and discover them to have been formerly marine animals of a remarkable nature. Here, we even find a tooth, and recognise it to have belonged to an unknown animal of the former world, or of a fish whose race has been destroyed in a great revolution of the earth. There we discover a thigh-bone lying under the ruins of the former world, and immediately pronounce it to be part of a palæotherium. We cannot help expressing the most earnest wish to be better acquainted with this world of plants and animals for ever past away. We often, in imagination, fancy to ourselves the delight we would experience could we have seen the former world, with its various productions, in their natural and living state, in order to compare them with their present terrestrial cre-

ation! but this is a wish which cannot be gratified. We are only capable of judging, from the scanty remain, of the numerous productions of that early period, of their existence and properties. If the earth is to be again inundated with water, and its inhabitants destroyed and again re-peopled, the inhabitants of the new world will form nearly the same conception of the animals and vegetables of the present world as we form of those of the world which has preceded the present. But the ideas thus formed will be very imperfect. But do not let us make too hasty conclusions! On finding a piece of amber, we discover in it an insect of the former world, in all its natural beauty and form, as it has lived and breathed. At another time, in break-

ing a rock in pieces, in order to examine its correspondent parts, and to ascertain if it contains any marine organic remains—and behold! our wish of beholding animals of the former world alive in their natural form, is now accomplished. A living creature of the former period of the earth, a toad, which has withstood the decay of thousands of years, springs out of its prison, in which it has been secured against every injury. It awakes from its slumber, on beholding the renewed light which beams around it, and of whose beneficial influence it has been so long deprived, in order to convince us of the reality of a former world, and then, after a short second existence, falls into an eternal sleep.

Such are the geological speculations of J. G. J. Ballenstedt, rector of Pabstorf, in the duchy of Brunswick. They are infinitely more amusing than the mineralogical visions offered to the imaginations of philosophers, by our Geological Societies and Mineralogical Travellers.—EDITOR.

ELEMENTS OF A PLAN FOR THE LIQUIDATION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT, &c.
BY RICHARD HEATHFIELD.*

THE extent of the public debt of Great Britain, and the impossibility of discharging it, have long since become proverbial—"One might as well talk of paying off the national debt," is a common expression to denote the visionary character of any scheme. Nevertheless, any plausible plan for its liquidation ought to be examined with a degree of attention and deliberation corresponding, in some measure, to the magnitude and importance of the object which it is intended to accomplish. The rapid accumulation of the public debt, and the little prospect of its ever being discharged by any of the means which have, as yet, been resorted to for that purpose, is matter of serious reflection, and has engaged the attention of politicians and financiers, at different periods in the progress of the accumulation. Although ultimate ruin has frequently been predicted from its progressive increase and the principle on which it was contracted, no attempt has been made to pay it off by any other means than economy

in time of peace, and the tardy, if effective, operation of the sinking fund. Reason might have predicted, and experience has shewn, that when a state is reduced to the necessity of borrowing to carry on a war, or still more, if reduced to the necessity of funding, a very few years must accumulate a debt which the greatest frugality during a long period of peace will be inadequate to discharge. The recent history of Great Britain furnishes the most convincing proofs of the truth of this remark. In the year 1722, the national debt amounted to something more than 55 millions. In 1739 it was reduced below 47 millions, being a decrease of 8 millions during seventeen years of profound peace. In 1739 the Spanish war commenced, and it lasted till 1748, by which time the debt had increased to £78,293,312, being an increase of upwards of 31 millions in nine years. It thus appears, that a war of nine years added about four times as much to the national debt as a continued space of 17

years took from it. At the commencement of the American war in 1776, the national debt of Great Britain amounted to £135,943,051; and at the conclusion of the same war in 1783, the debt amounted to £238,484,870, being an *increase*, during these seven years, of £102,541,819. The peace of *ten* years which followed, only caused a reduction of £1,751,261. At the commencement of the revolutionary war in 1793, the public debt of this country was £233,733,609, and before the peace of 1801, it had much more than doubled, being £561,203,274. The short peace, instead of diminishing the public debt, added upwards of 40 millions to it; and the increase during the late war was so great, that on the 1st February. 1813, the funded and unfunded debt of Great Britain amounted to £943,195,951, of which £236,801,742, had been redeemed, and transferred to the national commissioners. Since that period the debt has been still farther increased; for in the course of the very next year two loans were negotiated for the services of 1813 and 1814, amounting together to the almost incredible sum of £64,755,700. It is obvious, therefore, that no length of peace which we can expect to enjoy, will enable us to reduce, in any considerable degree, the enormous sum of our national debt, if no more effective means are resorted to for that purpose than the operations of the sinking fund, and the savings that may be effected within the year.

It is not intended at present to examine into the effects, good or bad, likely to result from the discharge of the national debt, should such a measure be accomplished. Opposite opinions on that subject have been entertained by persons of great political wisdom. On the one hand it has been contended, that although it might have been better not to have contracted the debt, yet the extinction of it now, by any means, would be productive of real evil. That the debt attaches to the government, in times of danger, a great proportion of the monied interest of the country,—that the public funds are a secure and convenient place of deposit for the capital of individuals who do not wish to embark in trade or speculation of any kind,—that the money borrowed by government does

not remove capital from the kingdom, while the regular circulation of dividends is beneficial to the state,—that if the nation were freed from debt, ministers would be less economical, and less averse to enter into war, and would in all probability involve the nation in a new debt. On the other hand, it has been contended with much reason, that debt is as injurious to the state as to an individual, or more so,—that it is the cause of increased taxation, which necessarily diminishes the profits of stock,—that by getting rid of the debt, the people would not only be relieved of the taxes necessary to pay the interest of that debt, but also of the great expense incurred in collecting them; and that the increase in the profits of stock, and diminution in the expense of living, would stimulate commerce and agriculture.

Mr Heathfield, influenced by the latter of those opinions, has published a pamphlet, pointing out the advantages which would result from the liquidation of the national debt, and proposing what he conceives to be a “practicable and safe” plan for accomplishing that object. The plan by which Mr Heathfield proposes to liquidate or pay off the national debt, is by a contribution of 15 per cent. on the value of all private property within Great Britain and Ireland, with the exception of the property belonging to non-resident foreigners, vested in the British funds. The effect of applying this contribution to the payment of the national creditors would be, according to Mr Heathfield’s calculations, to reduce the national debt from £1161,803,292 : 4 : 3, to £350,000,000, and to reduce the annual charges on account of that debt from £17,859,987 : 15 : 11, to £13,000,000. This result would be brought about as follows:—“The national debt at present, converting the sum annually applied to the operations of the sinking fund into a capital, is, as above, £1161,803,292 : 4 : 3, but if the debt was paid off, the sinking fund would cease, and the amount of the funded debt, after deducting the sum vested in the government commissioners, is £797,401,119 : 0 : 10½, whereof Mr Heathfield estimates as held by foreigners, perhaps too small a sum, viz. £15,000,000, leaving of property belonging to

British subjects vested in government security £782,401,119:0:10 $\frac{1}{4}$; the unfunded debt is £51,992,095:14:2 $\frac{3}{4}$; the rest of the private property in Great Britain and Ireland is stated by Mr Heathfield, upon the authority of Dr Colquhoun's estimate, at £2,500,000,000, making in all a property of £3,334,393,214:15:1 liable to the proposed contribution of 15 per cent, which contribution would amount to £500,158,982:4:2, and when deducted from the funded and unfunded debt, amounting together to £349,393,214:15:1, would leave of the national debt unpaid £349,234,232:10:11, or in round numbers, £350,000,000. This balance Mr Heathfield proposes to pay off, in the meantime, by contracting a new debt on more advantageous terms, which he thinks might easily be done; and the new debt might eventually be paid off from various sources, such as a contribution from the property in the British colonies,—the surplus of certain taxes,—a new tax upon net income, after deduction of expenditure, &c.

In regard to the levying of the 15 per cent on all capital, he divides the community into two classes;—The 1st class comprehends the proprietors of lands, dwelling-houses, mines, and canals;—The 2d class comprehends manufacturers, ship-owners, merchants, traders, farmers, and others. It is proposed, that the term of ten years to pay the principal sum should be allowed to such of the 1st class as might not find it convenient to pay immediately; interest to be payable in the mean time on the principal unpaid, at the rate of 5 per cent—and if not paid at the end of ten years, the rate of interest to be increased to 6 per cent.—The assessment on the 2d class is to be levied by half-yearly instalments, and to bear interest at 5 per cent till paid—the whole to be levied in five years.

Such is the outline of the plan now proposed by Mr Heathfield for paying off the national debt, and which, from the importance of the subject, and the distinct and able manner in which it is treated by him, has ex-

cited considerable interest.—There is nothing invidious, however, in remarking, that the plan which Mr Heathfield has the merit of now urging on the attention of the public, is by no means new—but is substantially the same as was proposed in the year 1717. At that time the public debt amounted to about \$0 millions, which was looked upon as an overwhelming load, not likely ever to be discharged.—But Mr Hutchison,* a gentleman deeply skilled in political arithmetic, proposed several financial measures for the relief of the state, and in one of his treatises he says—“The public debts may be then speedily paid off by applying thereto so much as shall be sufficient of the estates real and personal, of all the inhabitants of Great Britain, in the most equal and just proportions that can be come at.” Mr Hutchison points out the beneficial consequences which would follow from the measure, and which may be thus abridged, 1st, The revenues of the crown would be disencumbered, and the people freed from the land and malt tax. 2d, The new impositions of customs and excise would cease, “which would greatly improve trade, and thereby the wealth of the nation, and enable the people to live at least 20 per cent cheaper than they at present do.” 3d, The nation would be freed from the expense of supporting “an army of tax-gatherers,” a class of people of whom Mr Hutchison talks in terms of no great respect. “This kind of gentry do at present, like locusts, overspread our land, and eat up a great deal of the good and fatness thereof.” 4th, The rate of interest would fall, and trade and agriculture improve. 5th, Foreigners, fundholders, would be paid off, and cease to drain the country of the dividends.—6th, The nation would be so formidable an enemy, that foreign states would be anxious to be at amity with her.

Mr Hutchison's suggestion of paying off the public debt, by applying to that purpose so much of the property within the kingdom as should be ne-

* Archibald Hutchison of the Middle Temple, Esq. member of Parliament for Hastings, and author of several learned treatises on the subject of the national debt and funds, and also on the subject of the South Sea stock and scheme.

cessary, was not acted upon.—The government was at that time in an unsettled state, and the public mind considerably agitated by the pretensions of the representative of the house of Stuart. It was, therefore, not likely that any such proposal, as a general contribution of capital, would meet with a dispassionate examination; and we ought not to condemn the measure as impracticable or unsafe, merely because it was not then adopted. Mr Heathfield has revived the plan, as applicable to the present state of things, and it is in relation to existing circumstances that it should now be considered.

Notwithstanding the ability with which Mr Heathfield has urged the safety and practicability of his plan, several difficulties and doubts occur on perusing his pamphlet, which a more attentive examination of the principle of the plan, and the most careful consideration of his arguments, in support of it are not calculated to remove. It is possible that these may be ill founded, and that Mr Heathfield could, by a more full exposition of his plan, solve the doubts and remove the difficulties. For that very reason we think it proper to state them. A subject of so much national importance should be fully discussed and canvassed in all its bearings, and not silently rejected, perhaps, on account of the prevalence of a popular error, which the author could have corrected had he been aware of its existence. With these impressions we proceed to state our objections to Mr Heathfield's plan—some of which relate to the expediency and justice of the principle upon which the capital sum to be applied towards the extinction of the debt is proposed to be raised and applied—others relate to the detail of levying the assessment.

The first objection which occurs is in regard to the manner in which the proposed assessment would affect the holders of land and other immoveable property. Comparatively few of the proprietors of land have any floating capital, and a very great proportion of the properties are mortgaged, or burdened to a considerable extent. To enable such persons to contribute 15 per cent of their capital, it would be necessary for them to dispose of part of their land, by bringing it into the

market, for it would not answer the purpose to assign a part of the land itself to government, as government could not keep the land, but would be obliged to bring it into the market. The necessary consequence, therefore, would be, that the market would be overstocked with land, and the value would consequently decline. It may be said, and in fact has been said, by Mr Ricardo, in answer to this objection, that a like quantity of money would be brought into the market, and that those who are now stock-holders would become purchasers of land. But that is not a satisfactory answer to the objection. The payment of the national creditors would not increase the quantity of money in the country, and the stock-holder would not be put in a condition to buy until he was paid by government, and he would not be paid by government until the land-holder sent in his contribution, which he could not do until he sold his land. The relief, therefore, would not come until too late; but independent of that consideration, it is plain that the land would be brought to a disadvantageous market, for that must always be the case when the land-holder is forced to sell. He must convert his land into money, but the money-holder would be under no necessity to convert his money into land—he might employ it in trade, or in various ways, or he might remove it to another country—and by even holding off for a time, the land-holder who could not remove his subject to a foreign market, would be under the necessity of selling at whatever price he could get, to avoid the ruinous consequences of paying five or six per cent interest to government, when, according to Mr Heathfield's theory, the current value of money would be much lower. The disadvantages under which the landholder would thus be placed, would be still further increased by the circumstance, that persons of large capital would not be inclined to purchase the small detached pieces of land which would be forced into the market to pay the contributions of the landed proprietors, while that class of persons, and it is a numerous class, who hold government security for small sums, on the interest of which they depend for their subsistence, could not afford to invest their capital

in land. The same remarks apply, in a great measure, to the proprietors of various other kinds of property. A man, who receives £5000 in discharge of his claim against the nation, will not be inclined to go forthwith and purchase a ship or a steam-engine—things in which he has no skill—yet the proprietor of those articles is under the necessity of selling, and while that necessity exists, and purchasers are not simultaneously reared up, but rather destroyed, by taking 15 per cent. from the capital of those persons who would otherwise have been able and willing to purchase, he must sell at a disadvantage.

But if Mr Heathfield's plan is objectionable, because it would bring an unfair pressure on the landholder, it is equally objectionable in respect it creates that pressure for the purpose of giving a great advantage to the fundholder. By adopting the proposed plan, the fundholder might not be contributing 15 per cent out of his present capital, but might have that capital entire, nay increased. Persons, for instance, who have bought into the funds at 70, would be paid off at £100, deducting 15 per cent for their contribution, that is, they would receive from the nation 85. They would, therefore, be gainers to the amount of upwards of 15 per cent, instead of contributors to that amount. Mr Heathfield is aware of this objection, and he says that it applies to the principle on which the debt was created, not to the plan for paying it off. But if the system of contribution of capital be gone into at all, there seems to be no injustice in paying off the fundholders at the price at which they purchased. No man, at present holding property in the funds, purchased in the belief that government would ever pay him or his heirs £100 sterling for his £100 stock. He invested his money in the funds as a place of temporary deposit, to draw the interest in the mean time, and sell out again when convenient. Parliament frequently compels individuals to surrender their property for the public good, upon receiving a fair compensation, and there is no reason why the fundholder should be exempted from the rule. As to any supposed impropriety in the nation purchasing up the claims against itself at a lower price than its obligation

to pay, it may be answered, that this is daily done, if the sinking fund does any thing—for the object of that fund is to purchase up, at the market-price, for behoof of the nation, the claims of the national creditors. In short, there is an inequality in the effects to be produced from Mr Heathfield's plan—the advantage of which is all on the side of the fundholders.

The justice of the principle of taxing capital for the purpose of paying off the whole of the national debt, appears to be, in every point of view, extremely questionable. That debt has been contracted in defence of the rights and liberties of all classes of the community. It cannot be pretended that the capitalists alone are liable in the payment of the interest of that debt, nor in practice have they alone been assessed for the payment of the interest—it is paid by all classes. But a very large proportion of the community is composed of individuals who are not capitalists—all persons of professional income—annuitants—holders of public offices—incumbents of benefices—clerks paid by salary—servants, and all persons in like circumstances, who are consumers of taxed commodities—these persons form an immense proportion of the community, and they annually pay their share of the interest of the debt; yet they have no capital or property of any kind. Is it just that the capitalists alone should be compelled to pay off the whole debt, to relieve the other classes of the community from the burden of paying the interest of it?—In the year 1812, the income of persons holding offices of state and revenue, exclusive of royalty, was estimated, by Dr Colquhoun, at £8,830,000—the army, £14,000,000—the navy, £9,299,680—the half-pay, £856,600—pensioners, £1,050,000—clergy, £1,580,000—law, £7,600,000—physic, £5,400,000—fine arts, £1,100,000—universities and schools, 7,664,400. These incomes are not drawn from any property or capital belonging to the persons who enjoy them; and a great many other classes of the community are in the same situation, for instance, clerks, overseers, ship-masters, sailors, farm-servants, colliers, &c. Yet all these persons are bound to contribute to the payment of the interest of the debt, which it is now required of the

capitalists to purchase up at their own expense. Such a measure would be evidently unjust.

Another evil to be dreaded from Mr Heathfield's plan, is the embarrassment which would, in the first instance, result to trade, from causing merchants and traders to cede so great a proportion of their trading capital. When the mutual reliance of merchants, even those living under different governments, upon the engagements of each other is considered, it must appear scarcely possible by any arrangement to prevent serious embarrassments from following the sudden diminution of trading capital. A great number of persons, too, depend for employment on the extent of the capital embarked by others in trade; and when that capital is taken away, or suddenly diverted from its natural course, the consequence must be, that a vast number of persons will be thrown idle. No doubt the capital would only be placed in other hands, but still it would, in the first instance, be diverted from its natural course, and the new capitalists would not be inclined immediately to enter into trade, and the less so from seeing the existing embarrassments.

Another serious obstacle to the accomplishment of Mr Heathfield's plan presents itself, in the quantity of circulating medium which would be required. The arrangements of trade and commerce may be conducted without any great quantity of circulating medium, for barter, facilitated by the temporary intervention of bills and promissory notes, is substantially the nature of all great commercial dealings. Neither was the national debt contracted by one great operation of money advanced to the government. Its growth was gradual, and the money advanced, was soon reissued, and formed, in the hands of other persons, the capital for a new loan. But where it is proposed to levy £500,000,000 for the purpose of paying off the public creditors, it is obvious, that a great quantity of money or circulating medium would be necessary for carrying the operation into effect. Government must levy from the holders of property, and then it

must pay the public creditors. That operation cannot be performed otherwise than by a medium of exchange. Government cannot take a conveyance to a piece of land, and wait until, in the course of paying off its creditors, some one appears who is willing to take a conveyance to that piece of land in lieu of his money. The expense, difficulty, and inconvenience of such a process, render it impracticable. When the creditors of the nation come forward to receive sums, varying from one hundred pounds to hundreds of thousands of pounds, government must be prepared with circulating medium to pay them, otherwise the debts cannot be completely and finally discharged. Now it appears from the report of the secret committee, * that the average amount of the notes of the bank of England in circulation, at any period during the three months preceding March 1819, was £25,794,460. The notes in circulation belonging to country banks, amounted to about 20 millions. The amount of specie in circulation before the late war, appears to have been variously estimated by different persons, but it seems to have been generally agreed, that it was about 30 millions. The greater part, however, of that sum was exported; for Mr Colquhoun estimates the whole specie in Great Britain and Ireland, in circulation and hoarded in 1813, at only 15 millions, and by the evidence laid before the secret committee in 1819, it appeared that scarcely any part of the specie which was in circulation before the bank restriction act then remained in the country. The new issue has been very limited, and the whole circulating medium of the nation, including the notes of country banks, cannot be estimated at more than 55 millions. But if £500,000,000 is required for the purpose of paying off and discharging the national creditors, by what medium is it to be passed from the contributors into the hands of government, and from thence into the pockets of the public creditors? No doubt the operation is intended to last for five or six years, and the amount levied and paid to creditors, the first year would find its way into circula-

* 2d Report of the secret committee on the expediency of the bank resuming cash payments, dated 6th May, 1819.

tion again; but to what extent that might happen is uncertain, as much of the specie might be removed to other countries, and at all events, it would require some time to pass the money issued by the government through the proper channels into the pockets of the contributors, who would pay it back to government. Even though all that complicated circulation should go on regularly, still the sum required by government within five or six years amounts, independent of the sum to be contributed by the fundholders, to about seven times the circulating medium of the whole nation, including the notes of country banks. So that every atom of circulating medium in the kingdom would require to pass through the hands of government twice in each year and a half, a thing impossible in itself, and which, if possible, would leave no circulating medium to be applied to other purposes, which of themselves do at present require so great a sum. It is plain, therefore, that the great increase of transactions which would suddenly be occasioned by the plan in question, would most materially affect the state of the currency. A small part of the difficulty here pointed out would be obviated by the fundholder becoming the purchaser of property sold, to pay the proprietor's assessment, and giving him, instead of money, an order on government; but it has been already shewn, that this sort of traffic is not likely to take place to any considerable extent.

Mr Heathfield proposes that the property held by ex-resident foreigners in British funds, should be exempted from the assessment. But would not the result of that exemption be, that a great proportion of the national debt would be transferred to foreigners, or at least to the name of foreigners, on the agitation of the question? He also proposes to allow manufacturers, ship-owners, merchants, traders, &c. from five to ten years, to pay up their assessments. The property held by that class of persons is very great; in 1813, the value of the manufactured goods in Great Britain, in progress to maturity, was 140 millions—the value of foreign merchandize belonging to Britain, deposited in warehouses, &c. was 40 millions—and the value of the shipping employed in trade was 27 millions. But although all that property

should be assessed, yet the greater part, or rather the whole of it, would be exported, or consumed, or transferred, long before the expiry of ten years, and what security can government have for the solvency of the original holders, or their remaining with their capital within the kingdom? The alienation of British capital, and the concealment of funds under the cover of foreign names and the like devices, seem inevitable consequences of the mere agitation of the measure, or at least of any serious proposal for carrying it into effect.

But after all, Mr Heathfield's plan is but a sort of half measure. The difficulties we have pointed out, are to be encountered without the prospect of getting rid of the public debt. Mr Heathfield tells us, that even supposing all the assessment to be regularly and punctually paid, still 350 millions of debt would remain undischarged. Granting that even a partial discharge of the public debt would be a great relief, still it is very doubtful whether it ought to be attempted at the risk of so much inconvenience, so much evil, so much ruin, to many individuals, as must accompany the undertaking. The risk, or sacrifice, which it might be proper to incur for the complete and final accomplishment of an important purpose, ought not to be incurred for a mere partial attainment of it. To pay off the balance of £350,000,000, it would be necessary to keep up the sinking fund, and to maintain the same establishment of tax-gatherers, &c. to collect the means for paying the annual interest of the debt; so that the relief promised is by no means adequate to the great sacrifice which the holders of property are asked to make; and the still greater risk which they and the nation at large are called upon to run. Mr Heathfield indeed proposes to pay off this balance of £350,000,000, but how does he propose to accomplish that object? By borrowing, or in other words, incurring a new debt to the same amount. The benefit to result from such a proceeding, we do not perceive. Mr Heathfield to be sure says, that the nation would borrow at the rate of three *per cent.* interest, or in other words, the nation would borrow from A £100 at the rate of £3 *per annum*, to pay B a like sum, for which he only receives from the nation £3 *per annum*.

It is plain, that the nation would not benefit by such a transaction. It is very true, that B only paid, perhaps, £60 for the right to draw the £3 *per annum*, but if the nation cannot pay him off under £100, (which is Mr Heathfield's idea) it is all one whether he draws the £3 *per annum*, or A draws it—the national debt remains the same—the nation is in either case pledged to pay £3 *per annum*, until it pays up a principal sum of L.100; and if A now advances the L.100 to pay off B who only advanced L.60, still as B is entitled to draw a full L.100, that is, L.40 besides his own original L.60, Government will only retain in its hands L.60 for the £3 *per annum* which it will be obliged to pay to A.

But further—Upon what principle does Mr Heathfield hold, that government could borrow at three *per cent*. We confess, we cannot see any good reason for that opinion. We should rather be inclined to think, that as a considerable part of the money, or capital of the country, would be employed in the payment of ex-resident foreigners, who are at present stockholders—as a considerable demand for money would be created by the holders of property borrowing to pay their assessments—as in the anticipated

event of the profits of stock being increased, the demand for capital would also be increased, there would be no chance of the rate of interest falling so low as to enable Government to borrow at three *per cent*.

These considerations have impressed us with the opinion, that Mr Heathfield's plan, however plausible and ingenious, is neither *practicable* nor *safe*, and therefore, possesses neither of the two requisites which he has himself laid down as necessary to recommend any plan for the liquidation of the public debt. Whether the national debt is ever to be paid off, or what is likely to be the consequence of permitting it to remain undischarged, are questions of great magnitude and importance, but on which we cannot at present enter. The task to which we have limited ourselves is to point out what appear to us to be the chief defects of the plan proposed, and if our remarks tend, in any degree, to assist the author in framing a better plan, the circumstance will afford us sincere pleasure; if, on the other hand, our objections are founded on an erroneous view of the plan we have been considering, we shall be glad to be corrected.

THE WARDER.

No IV.

"THE RIGHTEOUS IS DELIVERED OUT OF TROUBLE, AND THE WICKED COMETH IN HIS STEAD."
PROVERBS, XI. 8.
 "HE THAT ANSWERETH A MATTER BEFORE HE HEARETH IT, IT IS FOLLY AND SHAM UNTO HIM."
PROVERBS, XVIII. 13.

It is natural that the enemies of administration should be vigilant in detecting its errors, and exposing its abuses; and when we consider the splendid prize which rewards success in this career of vigilance and exposure, we must pardon a little exaggeration to the frailty of ambition. But with all this tolerance, it is still difficult to account for, and impossible to justify the *spirit* in which the opposition to the government of this country has for many years been conducted. Clearing, by ~~one~~ ^{one} frantic bound, the limits of moderation, the opponents of ministers have ventured to explore the darkest regions of theory, and some of them have even made their lodg-

ment in the very confines of sedition. Whether it be, that disappointment, continued beyond the endurance of human pride, has soured their tempers, or that their organized hostility to the actual occupants of power has betrayed them into an unscrupulous alliance with the profligacy which aims, not at its correction, but its destruction—it may be difficult to determine; but no one, who has cast even a casual glance over the history of this country for the last twenty-five years, can have failed to observe, that the opposition directed against the measures of the English administration has, during that period, assumed a character essentially novel in the an-

nals of England,—a character which presents an ominous approach to the worst spirit of republican faction.

It would be unjust to include the whole members of the opposition party in one sweeping sentence of condemnation. But of many; and those not obscure individuals, who flourished during the troubled period of the late war, it is but impartial justice to assert, that they acted from the apparent impulse of any thing but the old Whig spirit,—that they did not scruple to avow their conversion to a system of fantastic reform, the very mention of which was a reproach upon the institutions of their country,—that from the beginning they volunteered, with questionable enthusiasm, in the support of a revolution in a neighbouring country, of which they must have been aware the example could not be without weighty influence upon the character or the destinies of their own,—that in all things they became the advocates of innovation; and with perpetual sneers, directed against the imbecility of the British system, demanded for it the renovation which could be imparted only by the maxims of a more vigorous and enlightened age. Those who recollect any thing of the conduct of the Whigs, at the commencement, and during the progress of the war against revolutionary France, cannot require to be informed, that the constitution of this country suffered deeply in their comparison of it with the brighter creation of an age of reason, and that its disgrace was stamped by that imputed flexibility which rendered it a resistless instrument in the hands of the Legislature in subduing the advocates of a wild system of reform, upon whose liberal endeavours the genius of Whiggism cast for a time an approving smile.

The sympathy thus unhappily excited in the minds of the English Whigs, as they styled themselves, with the domestic transactions of France, and the fleeting forms of liberty which rose and descended in such rapid succession, brought with it a new and very questionable bias as to the whole affairs of French policy. The British government, acting with the all but unanimous approbation of the people, felt it to be its incumbent duty to remonstrate against the alarming novelties of international law, avowed by the early revolutionists of

France, and to repress that infectious enthusiasm at home, which recognized the glories of the French revolution, not merely as an object of distant worship, but a model for practical imitation. A war was the consequence, not courted nor provoked on the part of England, but strenuously urged by the untained fervour of the new occupants of revolutionary power. Although the insolence of their pretensions, no less than the danger of their example, had been recognised by all but those indulgent spirits, who could pardon every thing to the new-born ardour of freedom, there yet arose a party among us, invincible by its zeal and activity, who looked upon the great struggle that ensued, with a jealous eye, and a heart divided betwixt the claims of patriotism, and the yet holier claims of liberty. The triumphs of their country were beheld with a neutrality of feeling which, if it did not prove that they had become insensible to its prosperity and fame, shewed at all events their conviction, that these objects were to be secured in any other way rather than by success in that contest, which she was waging with her ancient rival, purified and exalted as she had now been by the fires of revolution.

Such unhappy divisions of opinion must distract a free state, in a greater or less degree, in the course of all its wars; but that which was maintained with revolutionary France, having a deeper foundation in irreconcilable principle—presenting more numerous vicissitudes in its progress—and having reached an unexampled duration before the career of strife was finally arrested by victory—than any of the other wars in which this country has been engaged, the domestic resistance to it had more time to acquire consistency, and to leave a profound impression upon the national mind. The enemies of the war, who were also the avowed admirers of that revolution, by the audacious movements of which Britain had been plunged into the calamity, were furious and unremitting in their declamations against the *principle* upon which it had been waged, and the leading men by whom it was supported, and endeavoured upon all occasions to inculcate the belief, that this mighty contest had been undertaken by the envious spirit of despotism, to extinguish the liberties of mankind.

The people of England had it incessantly rung in their ears, that the dawn of French freedom had startled the dull vision of tyranny throughout Europe, and that in its impetuosity to quench the offensive stream of light, it had not scrupled to decree the sacrifice of millions of human beings, and the desolation of the world. The extensive combination of Power which a common sense of danger created in the outset, although it could not preserve it amidst disaster and defeat, was invidiously represented as an odious phalanx of despotism, formed to crush the hopes of the species; and when in British government, assailed by a novel and appalling danger from abroad, endeavoured, by successive efforts of policy, to reconstruct the shattered alliance which false terror alone had dissolved, it was absurdly charged with abetting the cause of oppression, and rendered responsible for the errors and abuses of the old governments of the Continent, as if they had been its dependents, not its allies. The unremitting efforts of faction thus endeavoured, and in part succeeded, in stamping upon the late war—the most just and the most necessary ever undertaken by a free state,—a character utterly odious and detestable; and those who unhappily were made converts to this doctrine, were left to brood in sorrow and anger over a picture the most revolting to the heart,—the unparalleled sacrifice of human life, and of national resources, to the devouring and insatiable spirit of despotism.

The real character of the enemy, and of the contest, gradually developed itself, indeed, in a form too palpable and terrific for the sophistry of Opposition any longer to contend with it. But they had still a resource left,—a resource of which they did not scruple to avail themselves in their extremity, and which was well calculated to sustain that deep dissatisfaction with the measures of government which they had long been insinuating among the people. It was the war, they said, which had created the tyranny that rose out of the overthrow of freedom; it was the haughty and frantic resistance made to the infant liberties of the French people,—the insulting interference in their domestic arrangements: It was the thunder hurled against it by the banded ty-

rants of Christendom, which had blasted the precious sapling of their liberty, and filled them with frenzy at the sight. Some of the more intrepid of the party, faithful to the maxims which had prompted their early execration of the anti-revolutionary war, disdained to acknowledge any change of opinion even amidst the progress of events—and saw, in the despotism of Buonaparte himself, only the consummation of the sacred principle which acknowledges as legitimate that sceptre alone that is snatched out of the wreck of revolutions. His title to the character of a legitimate Prince, was established in their opinion by the fact of his triumphant progress through anarchy and blood—and the popular voice calling him to the throne, was audible to his English admirers in the groans of the people upon whom he cruelly trampled, or intelligible in the silence which the sanguinary terrors of his name had inspired. Whatever were the crimes which he committed, they had an apology in readiness to extenuate his guilt,—the subtle varnish of the pseudo-whiggism of England was ever copiously applied to the rude surface of imperial despotism. And even in the last stages of the conflict, when towering ambition thought it might dispense with the mask of moderation, or, exasperated by interminable resistance, abandoned itself to headlong fury and defiance—when the supremacy of France, the annihilation of England, the servitude of Europe, was ostentatiously decreed,—when tyranny had lost its cunning, and taking its stand on the precipice of power alone, was hastening to destruction, its English advocates were still labouring in its vindication;—and in their injurious comparisons of the government of their own country with that of its mortal and maddened foe, could find no other distinction but that which marks the imbecility and the energy of despotism.

The doctrines thus promulgated by a part, at least, of the English Whigs, for a long course of years, with an impassioned zeal rising in proportion to the number of disappointments which their ambition was fated to sustain, could not be wholly without effect upon the national mind. The seed thus abundantly sown, was too well adapted to the light soil of vulgar prejudice not to produce, in due season, a cor-

responding harvest. It was not unnatural, indeed, that the war, which was not founded upon any base principle of national cupidity, and promised no gratification to the spirit of territorial aggrandizement,—a war, supported on the sacred principle of conversation alone, and undertaken to save the world from horrors, of which, as it had never suffered from the sad experience, so it could not be expected to form the most impartial estimate,—should be misrepresented, denounced and reviled. The expenditure required was immense,—the exertion demanded was palpable to the most vulgar calculation; but the *object*, which was of a high moral character, was less perceptible, or, at all events, less impressive upon a common mind. In the career of declamation, therefore, the opponents of the war had a striking advantage over its supporters,—and while the latter made an appeal to higher principles, of which the justice was conspicuously developed only after anarchy had become frantic in the intoxication of success, those who opposed hostilities at every step, from their necessary commencement to their splendid termination, had ever at hand some vulgar topic of clamour and triumphant theme of vituperation, and could easily, in the near pressure of a decaying trade, or the intense exactions of finance, drown the still small voice of reason, demanding, at every hazard, the salvation of the country from an abyss, which had opened to absorb, not its wealth only, but its independence and honour,—to sweep away all that is sacred to the proudest recollections, and indissolubly bound up with the highest hopes of the British people.

The events which occurred in the progress of the contest, gave occasional countenance to the malignant theory of its being a war of oppression against freedom, so well adapted to exasperate the discontents of the unreflecting classes of society. England had to seek her allies indifferently among the continental governments, regardless of their domestic economy, provided they could infuse strength into the great system of defensive combination. Some of the States, which it was her clear and imperative policy to put in motion for the general defence, had but imperfectly awoke from the sleep of barbarism, and presented, in their internal structure, a fantastic

combination of the wreck of the feudal system with the fragments of priestly domination. Such an exhibition must ever have appeared hideous to a British government, to which it stands in palatable contrast; but the English ministers justly remembered, that their office, at that critical moment, was to combine the different powers in a system *externally* vigorous, not to renovate their internal economy,—that the danger which was imminent to England, and which, therefore, it was *their* duty to avert, arose not from the tranquil impotence of old despotisms, but the turbulent energy of a new power, threatening all nations with one common ruin. They were aware also, that even the most abject of the old tyrannies formed an integral part of the European system, and must, at no remote period, share in that gradual process of renovation which was going forward throughout the world, and which, as it was indissolubly associated with the temperate triumphs of reason, could in no way be so surely arrested, as by that spirit of anarchy which it was their object to quell. *Theirs* was essentially a system of conversation; that of their enemy a course of destruction.* While the British government, therefore, was compelled by the urgency of the crisis to preserve, rather than to correct, and to abstain from altering what it could not but condemn, its impetuous enemies stood in a far different situation. Every thing actually established, formed an obstacle to *their* course of unsparing revolution; the good and the evil were equally blended by them in impartial destruction; and while the Imperial despot, in whom all that remained of the energy of the new system, was finally concentrated, waged war upon all nations, and desolated the entire face of Europe, he could easily afford to the spirit of freedom the abolition of Polish servitude, or to the spirit of humanity the overthrow of the Inquisition in Spain, the more especially as the destruction of all intermediate power, whether liberal or oppressive, was in the very spirit of his despotism, which could suffer nothing to exist that might interrupt its descending frown, or break in upon the amplitude and integrity of its domination. It was at small cost therefore to the execution of his own mighty projects, that he threw out to

his English admirers such treacherous boons, which however afforded them an inexhaustible theme of reproach upon the firm policy of their own government, which in the face of such cheap and petty concessions, had to maintain the arduous struggle for the common safety.

The character of a conspiracy of power against freedom, which the Opposition endeavoured to fix upon the late war, could not fail, so long as their tongues and pens had any influence in the country, to infuse a deep spirit of discontent among a portion of the people. This discontent, indeed, was for a time suppressed amidst the crowd of events which occurred; it was subdued alternately by the terror of subjugation by a foreign enemy, and by the animation and the pride of a contest with the ancient rival of England, now exalted to a pinnacle of menacing greatness, which no sophistry could reconcile with the independence or the safety of this country. The visible presence of foreign despotism, girt with the trophies of Europe, and frowning from the opposite shore, could not but perplex the mind of every man in whom the old English spirit had not been extinguished, and confound the calculations of those who could identify the triumphs of revolutionary France with the progress of knowledge and of freedom. Every diffident feeling was invigorated, and every suspicion quelled for a time by the ardent emotions created in the progress of the collision; the errors of the imagination were corrected by the burning impulses of the heart; the last fateful struggles of the conflict were watched with a breathless anxiety by all men; and the final shout of victory was deep, universal, and enthusiastic.

But the poison which had been diffused still lurked in the recesses of the popular mind. The excitement produced by the vicissitudes of war, and the transports which signalized the hour of victory alike subsided; and the people, regardless of what they had saved, but intensely sensitive to the sacrifices which had purchased their deliverance, began in a moody temper to review the long course of public policy. It was *then* that they remembered the maddening doctrines which had long been expounded to them, and which a chosen remnant of preachers were still zealous in enforce-

ing,—it was then that, in a sour and sullen spirit, they began once more to cast the character of the late war, and to bring into familiar use the whole vocabulary of vituperative epithets with which it had been branded. The exploded pantomime of the war of tyrants upon freedom was again got up with more than original freshness,—the soiled and shattered weapons with which the spirit of faction had so long contended against the genius of England, were once more drawn from their obscure repose. The indignant temper which the Whigs had, at the outset, and during the progress of the war, strained every nerve to create, was at last roused upon its termination,—and the alienation of the people from the government, which their own politics had done so much to realize, at last began to develop itself in a shape that confounded and appalled even its creators. Fearfully retentive of the lessons which they had received, the distracted people began to avow their distrust and contempt of a government, which had so long maintained a war of unexampled waste and profusion without any motive—as they had been told—which the spirit of liberty could approve—nay, with a design hardly disguised to chain down the energy of the species, and to ensure the perpetuity of oppression. They recurred with unceasing and bitter reproaches to the enormous magnitude of taxation under which the country was described as panting for existence,—and in the true spirit, even in the borrowed language of Whiggism, they pointed with indignation to the national debt as an impressive monument, erected by the profligacy of administration, to their fatal triumph over the genius of reform.

Reform; therefore, deep and radical, became the watch-word of the disaffected,—and it must be owned, that to this terrible expedient, they had been conducted by the sentiments long avowed by the Opposition, no less upon the internal constitution and economy, than upon the foreign politics of the country. At an early period, after the distractions begun in France, some of the more distinguished members of Opposition became converts to notions of reform abhorrent to the spirit of the British constitution, and madly approved in their speeches and publications of many of the wild projects then

current among our neighbours. A *salvo* was occasionally thrown in, to be sure, that these bright discoveries were not altogether adapted to the mediocrity of English understandings, or practicable against the sturdy resistance of English habits. But the qualification was an obvious mockery in the circumstances in which it was introduced,—for the system of France, which obtained their sanction, professed the recovery not of the *variable*, but of the *imprescriptible* rights of man; and to talk of physical or moral limits to the progress of such a system, was an insult and a contradiction.—What then shall be said of the wisdom of that distinguished party leader, who avowed “his admiration of the new constitution of France, as the most stupendous and glorious fabric which human integrity had erected to human happiness in any time or country?” or to the judgment of that notable author, and yet living statesman, who, under auspices of the same renowned chief, composed a goodly volume of unshrinking defence, and unqualified panegyric, upon this miracle of legislation? It was really impossible that such things should be, and yet have no visible result,—impossible, that such opinions could be so countenanced and defended, without shaking in some degree the stability of public opinion, and scattering abroad the seeds of disorder.

The respect professed by the English Whigs for novel and extravagant theories of legislation, together with their unceasing opposition to a government which so long excluded them from power, betrayed them into habitual exaggerations, and produced in them an unseemly contempt for, and a habit of degrading, upon all occasions, the institutions of their country. In this laudable undertaking they have been more or less busily employed for the last thirty years, and have been liberally insinuating into the extended audience which their talents, but far more their zeal, secured for them, distrust and suspicion of all the measures of government, without one solitary exception made to the spirit of candour. It may be said, that this is the settled practice, and, in the ordinary latitude of party morals, the bounden duty of all oppositions; and that the Whigs have done no more for the development of that detested spirit,

which all now lament, than any other body of public men, suffering as they have done reiterated irritation. But it has happened, that their influence in exciting discontent has far transcended the power of doing mischief possessed by any former Opposition,—that the questions upon which they have been at variance with the actual government, and the ancient spirit of England, have been of a profounder and more vital description than usually divide the parties of this country,—that the constitutional differences which have arisen have been unhappily interwoven with the events of foreign policy, and that the varying fortune of faction within has often exhibited a marked coincidence with the vicissitudes of the war raging without. It cannot be surprising that some vestige should remain of storms of party warfare thus dark and terrible,—and that while its ordinary lightnings leave no trace of their vivid play, the earthquake should have left a chasm at the very base of society, which it may be difficult to close.

The spirit, indeed, with which the Opposition has long been animated, can be a secret to no one who has cast even a casual glance over the domestic history of this island. The invidious comparison of our most revered institutions with the hasty products of an empirical legislation,—the advantages almost invariably allowed in their speeches and writings to the maxims of a strange policy over the system congenial to the habits and usages of their native land,—the contempt expressed by them for every establishment consecrated by antiquity, but of which the long experience appeared to them not the motive to commendation, but the incitement to reproach—the audacity with which they have traversed the hallowed circle of British wisdom, and, regardless of the majestic spirits that frowned upon their course, have endeavoured to burst at all points the consecrated round,—the temerity with which they have attempted to lay open the fabric of the constitution, and to let in upon it the sifting breeze of reform, while there was no motive to the rude experiment, and could be no justification of the ultra-philosophic undertaking—all these things are profoundly treasured up in public remembrance, and must insure for the Whigs no small portion of the

honour or the shame which belongs to the real authors of the present agitations.

It may be true, that they had but a subordinate, and not very alarming object in view when they employed this formidable machinery in their attacks upon the existing government, and that their bitter complaints may have been extorted by the pangs felt in their laborious ascent towards the high places of trust and power. But there were many not initiated into such mysteries, who took them at their word, and unhappily confounded the sentiments thus uttered, in the turbulence of party disputes, with the quiet and settled conviction of the understanding. There were some also, among the leaders of mischief, who willingly fell into error, and who were glad to have the sanction of such men as the leading Whigs of England for the frantic opinions, which it was their determination, at all events, to propagate. The cause of radical reform has now accordingly been taken out of the hands of the Whigs altogether, and transferred to the protection of leaders of a different description. The abuse of all governments, and, in particular, of the government of their own country, has been taken up in earnest by a class of men, under whose vulgar auspices the Whigs appear amazed to see how well their system has thriven. They start back with dismay when they discover their own principles fully developed in the sturdy insolence, and straight-forward daring of their new expounders. They cannot endure this rude but natural interference, and would fain annihilate by their frowns, the hideous form of discontent which meets and appeals them wherever they turn. For while they were yet busy in finishing this image of terror, in bestowing upon it the last touches, and tricking it out with the last fantastic decorations,—while they gazed with delight upon the formidable, but lifeless figure, the fierce current of Plebeian animation rushed in, the pageant became impregnated with living and ruthless energy, and the startled inventors recoiled from it in amazement.

But deep as the regret of the Opposition must be presumed to be, for the part which they have hitherto acted, now that the consequences have become apparent, it is melancholy to

observe the pertinacity with which they still cling to many of their old opinions, and appear, even in the midst of the most imminent peril to the state, to look upon the embarrassment of administration as the foremost duty of a constitutional Opposition. Even at the present critical moment, when the very being of the constitution is threatened—when armed ruffians are proposing to seek imaginary freedom through the guilt of assassination, and when the stability of the government is menaced with the array of rebellion—when the mass of mischief prepared for instant explosion, formidable as it is, is yet insignificant compared with that which is still in a process of formation, and in the development of which so many base and busy hands are strenuously employed—when the foul current of disaffection is fed and fostered by a thousand tributary rills of intense pollution, in the various shapes of speech and writing, and when the only choice left is betwixt exemplary vigour or the most degrading abandonment—even at this moment, so inviting to patriotic exertion, so imperative in its calls upon every good citizen, what has been the conduct of the Whigs? In Parliament they have raised scruples—affected a chilling scepticism—accumulated copies of irritation—reiterated charges of misgovernment, which, even if true, were lamentably out of season—and industriously traced to this imaginary source the prevailing spirit of disaffection. They have deprecated coercion, and demanded inquiry—and at the very moment when all was anxiety and trepidation throughout the land, have endeavoured, instead of that system which was required to re-assure the spirit of the country, and perhaps to save the state, to substitute a course of feeble and faltering policy, which, from whatever motives it may have been proposed, could not have failed to stagger the confidence of the loyal, and to lift up the hopes of the disaffected.

In aid of this system the Edinburgh Review has boldly stepped forward. It contains in the last number two articles connected with the present state of the country, calculated, beyond almost any thing that has yet issued from the press, to exasperate the prevailing distractions, and to fill the

popular mind with distrust and indignation. Both the articles referred to are full of the most palpable misconceptions, and breathe a spirit which, in the actual posture of public affairs, may well excite sorrow and surprise in every mind not perverted by the virulence of Opposition politics, and intent rather upon the welfare of the country than the triumph of a faction.

The paper on the "State of the Country" begins by announcing the existence of divisions which neither time nor returning prosperity can be expected to cure, and to impute them to a "separation of the upper and middle classes of society from the lower," of which it is the chief object of the remainder of the discourse, to impute the blame to the higher classes, and above all to the corruption and folly of government.

The first question which must occur to every one, on perusing these strange lucubrations is, whether, even if the Reviewer's opinion had been supported by the fact, it was wise or patriotic, at such a moment, to have given publicity to such doctrines? If this lamentable alienation of the lower from the higher orders had existed, would it have been prudent to have confirmed the estrangement, and rendered the breach irreparable, just when disaffection was ripening into revolt? A rational patriot would, at such a crisis, have held a very different language, and anxiously suppressing every cause of distrust, and every topic of irritation, would have occupied himself in soothing the spirit of the lower orders, and arresting them in that career of delusion and of crime, which, whether they have been hitherto treated with tenderness or neglect, cannot fail to lead *them* to destruction, and to endanger the very being of the state.

But is there any justice in the picture thus presented of the state of public feeling—any evidence of that conspiracy said to exist among the rich for the oppression of the poor? In what corner of the island can that man have lived, who has discovered a systematic design on the part of the higher and middle classes, to treat their humbler brethren with contempt and aversion? Can any man look upon the smooth and gentle elevations of British society, and listen to the deep breathings of the spirit of humanity

with which it is animated throughout, and then proceed to utter such a reproach upon his country? Never in any age or country was there so firm an alliance betwixt the higher and lower orders as there existed in Great Britain, until it was fatally disturbed of late years by that which could have alone broken in upon it—the spirit of turbulence and faction; and even now, when the cord has been snapped by the revolt of the labouring classes from their natural protectors and best friends, we yet perceive among the latter an unwearied and assiduous spirit, labouring for the *real* benefit of their inferiors, by the most liberal sacrifices, both of time and resources—by the formation and execution of arrangements calculated to develop the industry of the labouring classes, and to secure for them its produce—and wisely adapted at once to increase their comforts and to elevate their characters. Yet this is the country in which the neglect and oppression of the rich have long been alienating the poor, and driving them on to the madness of insurrection! It is true there is not much of wordiness and ostentation in that philanthropic spirit which pervades the more opulent classes of our native land; *they* do not, like some of their rivals for the affections of the poor, make a mere empty parade of *conciliation*; but while the rhetorical humanity of their opponents evaporates upon the heated field of party warfare, and expires with the glowing sparks of contention, *their* benevolence takes its quiet course through the dark recesses of suffering and sorrow, and winds its way in humble purity to the emaciated countenance and the breaking heart.

It is true there has been, and now unhappily exists, an alienation of the lower from the higher classes—but how has it been brought about? Let the Reviewer and his friends ponder this question well; let them remember all that they have said and done for the last twenty years, to persuade the people that they have been ruled by the basest and most profligate government on earth—that the higher and a large portion of the middle classes have been in league with this oligarchy of corruption, and have supported it in all its most scandalous undertakings. Let the Reviewer remember, how this very book, which now gives currency to his own speculations,

has conducted itself towards the country almost since its commencement—with what mockery it has assailed all that Britons have been accustomed to hold in reverence, and with what cruel revilings it has persecuted the characters of the living and the memory even of the illustrious dead, whose fame was interwoven with the goodly fabric of the British system—let him reflect on all that this celebrated journal has done to mislead, to unhinge, to inflame, and let him repress his wonder at the present state of the country. What! was the labour of twenty years to go for nothing—Were “all the talents” of the country to be vigorously put forth for so long a period without one testimonial to their efficacy—Were the Whigs of England to labour so long in calumniating the government of their country, without one popular movement to attest their success? Can they be surprised that the doctrine of the infinite degeneracy and corruption of the government, which they have so long and so zealously preached, should have come at last to be believed in certain quarters, even by mere dint of repetition, or that, once believed, it should have moved the stern and sturdy ignorance to which it was addressed to the characteristic experiment of *force* for its overthrow? It is vain for the Reviewer to go about theorising upon the generation and the growth of the leaders of radical reform, or to explain how the candidates, as they rose successively above the horizon of anarchy, transcended each his predecessor by some new attribute of absurdity, and fastened another and another patch upon the harlequin garment of reform, to render it more intensely attractive of the stupid gaze of the multitude. However various and motley the additions that have been made, every man must recognise the original tissue for the handy-work of the busy and reckless genius of Opposition.

The Reviewer admits, that the elective franchise must be regulated by property; and he is an enemy, of course, to those who would declare it to be “common and personal,” although such was once the opinion of the party to which he attaches himself. But where does he go in quest of evidence to prove that contempt of the poor by the rich upon which his whole speculations hinge? Why, to the public meetings, at which the

elective franchise is exercised, and where he *assumes* that those who do not possess it are spoken of and treated with contempt. He next *assumes* that the government is in league with these privileged contemners of the poor, and remarks, that “the example is not to be found in history of any government securing to itself a quiet existence by leaguings with a considerable part of the people against the bulk of them who see their neighbours in the possession of rights denied to them, and are held in subjection, not by kindness and influence, but by *main force*.” He who ventured to assert so boldly the harshness of the higher classes, might surely have been expected to be ready with some substantial proofs of so serious an averment. But what does the Reviewer give us? A mere imagination, a dream of his own. At what “city or county meetings” have the poor been treated in the manner he alleges? The public prints have long been filled with accounts of meetings held to relieve them; but where have the meetings been held to insult them? It may have happened, indeed, *at some county meetings*, that the voice of a few pragmatical men, who have acquired an unsubstantial qualification alone to enable them to harangue, and to protest, and to embarrass the proceedings, have not been listened to with the deference paid to the great landholders having a deep stake in the country, and more solicitous of the public welfare than attentive to the struggles of party; but the neglect shewn here, if indeed it was shewn, was not surely neglect of “the poor”—“of the labouring classes”—“of the lower orders”—of those whose power may be made irresistible, and pointed to the destruction of the public peace by an ill-judged disregard of their rights.” No! no, it must have been neglect of a very different class of men, for whom it is possible, that the Reviewer has a yet deeper feeling of regard.

It is not worth while to notice the general instructions which the Reviewer condescends to give the government for the regulation of its conduct at the present crisis; because so long as the discussion is confined to mere general propositions, no progress can be made, and it would lead to mere quibbling to pursue it in this track. But this author takes it upon him, contrary to the opinions of the most

enlightened statesmen, to charge the troubles of the country upon the distress of the labouring classes, although it has been ascertained and announced, again and again, that those who are really distressed are, generally speaking, not to be found in the ranks of insurrection. But in what sort of spirit could that passage have been penned, where the Reviewer pretends to give an enumeration of the *grievances* which have produced the disaffection, and which he asserts the government has it in its power to remove? In what spirit could that passage have been composed, where, after some common-place reprobation of the profusion of expenditure, and the pressure of taxation, without casting one glance upon the public necessities demanding this expenditure, the author proceeds to charge the government with enmity "to the cause of liberty at home and abroad"—with employing its retainers "to apologize for tyranny, and vilify the friends of improvement," as if we did not know *who* those friends of improvement are, and could have forgotten them in their character of the parents of radical reform? In what spirit could this author have proceeded to denounce the corn-laws, which he must know were, with the approbation of the most enlightened political economists of the age, enacted to save a perishing agriculture—or the sinking fund, in the integrity of which the ablest statesmen, of all parties, have sought the stability of our finances—as the harsh and unrelenting expedients of "a Parliament of Landholders and Stockholders," consulting their own sordid interests with remorseless disregard of the public suffering? How could this author think it wise, in the present ferment, or becoming at any time, to state the recent appointment of the Duke of York among the incentives to disaffection? How could he talk of the "contemptuous pertinacity" with which all attempts to amend the laws have been resisted, at the very time that a Parliamentary committee, whose appointment was countenanced by government, had minutely and laboriously reported upon the criminal law of the country; and, above all, upon what principle has he ventured to reckon among the grievances of the British people—among the causes of the immediate sufferings of the lower

orders—among the natural incitements to disaffection—the prudent neutrality which government has maintained betwixt the despotism of Old Spain on the one hand, and the atrocity of her revolted provinces on the other? Was the spirit of party ever more conspicuous than when it thus traverses the ocean in quest of aliment, and establishes an endless line of peevish operations, stretching from the clamorous demagogues of Spa-fields to the dusky assassins of Chili?

This writer has further declared, "that it is the continued and undisturbed existence of remediable abuses, and curable ills, that gives them, (the leaders of the radical reformers,) the power to do mischief;" and he goes on to impute to the alarmists, as he calls them—that is, to persons who see danger to the state in the wide diffusion of the doctrines of radical reform—a disposition to be easily persuaded "that it is right to cut the throats of those who differ from them in practical politics." It were superfluous to say any thing more of such "remediable abuses" as he has enumerated—of the *abuse*, for example, of guarding the sinking fund, and preserving faith with the public creditor—of the abuse of defending the agriculture of the country from a competition which must have laid it in ruins—of the *abuse* of maintaining the faith of treaties, even with a despotic government, inviolate, and abstaining from a new and sanguinary war in which the nation could have but little interest, just after the mighty contest had been closed by which the destiny of England and of Europe was determined—of the intolerable abuse of withholding from the insurgents of South America that countenance which could not have been given without a breach of faith, and which it would therefore have been abhorrent to the spirit of this great nation to afford. Of such abuses, or of the Reviewer's newly invented charge of contempt poured upon the people "at city and county meetings," it were vain to say any thing more. Sorely must that author have been pressed, whose peevish ingenuity could imagine nothing more plausible; and strongly fortified must that government be in its own good sense and moderation, against which so resolute an adversary could discov-

er none but such topics of reproach. But, when he comes to talk of *cutting throats*, it is necessary to remind him, that "the friends of social order," upon whom himself and his associates have long since expended their stock of wit and ridicule, and whom he now charges with this sanguinary disposition, have not hitherto given any indications of such a temperament—that within the remembrance of us all, a part of Europe has presented many sad and sickening scenes of blood, in which the Reviewers must know well *who* were the perpetrators, and *who* the victims—that murder and proscription have not *yet* been adopted among the resources of the friends of "social order," but have been very familiarly exemplified by a class of "practical politicians," on whose meritorious exertions the Whig party of England once beamed approbation—that there exist many striking points of resemblance betwixt the radical reformers of England and the anarchists of another country;—and, finally, that those politicians, be they great or small, over whose alarm the Reviewer exults so much, may stand justified even upon the score of humanity, in demanding that early and vigorous manifestation of power, which, by its preventive efficacy, may avert the horrors of an actual and sanguinary collision.

"The suffering and ignorant persons who are now attending reform meetings," the Reviewer says, "are not advised and determined revolutionists," nor ought they to be treated as such. What is meant by this? Does this gentleman intend to say, that the disciples of radical reform—the sticklers for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, are not revolutionists; that their projects do not point to a thorough, unsparring, merciless revolution in the state? *Are they not in earnest? How does he know this? How can he venture to assert it in the face of their menacing declarations, and of their stubborn perseverance in the project—in the face, even, of their rebellious preparations for its execution? They are not not revolutionists.* But how, in any system of enactments which the crisis may render necessary, are you to distinguish among the individuals of a mighty mass, which appears to be animated with one soul, and which,

in all that is overt and external, presents an unbroken uniformity of aspect? Has this Reviewer penetrated their secret intentions, and sounded the depths of their hearts?

But what will the good sense of the country say to that extravagant passage, where it is more than insinuated that the government is "without a desire to conciliate," that it represses the complaints of the people "with insults and menaces"—that it takes no step "to redress even their real and undeniable grievances"—that it shews "no compassion for their sufferings"—in short, that it is at once the most obdurate and the most profligate government that can be imagined; where this description of the alleged conduct of government is followed up by a terrific picture of the calamities which it is fast bringing upon the country,—by the studied representation of a civil war, of a character far more atrocious and deplorable than was ever known in this land—*a war of the rich against the poor—of the government against the body of the people—of the soldiers against the great bulk of the labouring classes*—the horrors of which this author paints in the truest and most vivid colours? And after having thus excited the feelings of his readers—many of them of a very uneducated and inflammable cast of character—to the utmost pitch of consternation, this sage politician drops down of a sudden into the following homely and prosaic observation: *we do not actually believe*, that there is any hazard of such desperate councils being acted upon in the present emergency." So there was really no danger after all this gaping alarm; the whole was merely an air-built vision of terror constructed in the imagination of an Edinburgh Reviewer. Must not this writer have known, that his terrible picture of oppression, and consequent civil war, was calculated to strike and to inflame the imaginations of many upon whom his reluctant scepticism will leave no impression whatever? Does he believe, then, that there exists real and undeniable grievances of the people, which the government is unwilling to redress; or that the higher classes are without compassion for the sufferings of the lower orders? Where is the proof of this? Is the indifference or obstinacy of the government to be inferred from its

resistance to the projects of the radical reformers? Is its *profligacy* established by the fact of its having countenanced, upon a recent motion by a Whig member, the disfranchisement of those burghs whose corruption shall have been proved? Is its determination to avoid plunging into the ocean of general or radical reform, of which the depths have nowhere been fathomed but through suffering and shame, a proof of its contempt of the just rights of the people? Will he name the encroachment which, under the existing administration, has been made upon the privileges of the lower orders, whom he, for obvious reasons, chooses to consider as the *people*? Has their personal liberty been invaded, or have the lawful gains of their industry been rendered less secure by any act of ministers, or any measure of the legislature?—Where then is their grievance? Is it a hardship upon them, that their government cannot regulate the course of the seasons, or command the eternal servitude, in matters of commerce, of foreign nations? Where, we ask him, is the indication of this imaginary war of the rich upon the poor, with the surmise of which he has ventured to defame the humanity of his country? Is it to be found in the countless institutions, of which benevolence towards the labouring classes is the spring and the principle? Where is the proof of this controversy which government is charged with maintaining against the body of the people? Is it in the resolution and success with which, aided by the great majority of the *people*, in the only legitimate sense of the term, it has kept down the arrogance of a haughty and aristocratical party, who, when their services were, in a moment of uninquiring trepidation, sought for the salvation of the state, paused in the very threshold, and refused to come to the public assistance until they had secured, by the humiliation of their prince, the power of trampling at will upon his people? Where, in fine, is the evidence of the approaching war betwixt the soldiers and the great bulk of the labouring classes? Did the writer allude to the unhappy transactions at Manchester? Let him be told that his friends, who have been so active in generating the present ferment, and who have succeeded in transforming the hitherto peaceful and constitutional meetings of

Englishmen into a fierce array of banditti, are themselves responsible for the use of a species of force, which only the novelty of the danger could have demanded. It is *they* who have altered the character of Englishmen as *subjects*, and who have rendered it imperative upon those intrusted with the public peace, to make for the present a corresponding change in the means of governing them. It is *they*, moreover, who, since the occurrence of those unfortunate transactions, have endeavoured, by every possible expedient, to destroy the character of that constitutional magistracy so congenial to the spirit of the English laws; and who, by industriously creating so mighty a gap in the ancient and revered ramparts of British freedom, must be prepared to fill it up either by some rash invention of reform, or by the simple, stern, and accustomed energy of military rule.

Can any language be better calculated to exasperate the popular mind than the following sentences, which, in an evil hour, have dropped from the pen of the Reviewer: "The most unfeeling demeanour," says he, "towards the people has been upon all occasions exhibited; and the most harsh, offensive, and insolent language studiously employed. Even were the distresses of the country less grievous, it would be altogether intolerable to witness the contempt, and even antipathy, which, in many quarters, is ostentatiously displayed at every mention of popular rights; while all expressions of popular feeling are treated with the most haughty disdain." This is misrepresentation throughout. It would not be candid or decorous at any time; at the present moment it is full of peril and mischief. Let the reader remark to *what quarter* the Reviewer goes for his *proofs*, for the evidence of that charge which he has brought in general terms against the ministry, and all the higher classes of Great Britain—a charge, too, calculated to excite against them the deepest resentment of those who are already filled with jealousies and distrust. It is to the most vulgar portion of the *ministerial press*, for the imputed abuses of which, not the ministers alone but all the upper ranks of the country, are by this ingenious gentleman made responsible. Who but himself ever thought of rating the stupid slanders upon the people—if such there be—

coming from a quarter at once contemptible and condemned by every one, among their serious and substantial grievances, stimulating and almost justifying the prevailing spirit of disaffection? We have all heard of the internal commotions of the commonwealth of Grub Street; but that its hitherto powerless hosts should of a sudden have become so formidable, as to disturb the tranquillity of a mighty empire, must seem incredible to any one but an Edinburgh Reviewer. *He*, indeed, has had the satisfaction of witnessing his own partial triumphs among a rash and uninstructed population; and perhaps when he surveys the scenes now acting throughout the land, he may be prepared to believe in any wonders wrought by the spell of his mysterious vocation. But let him not mistake the matter; the miracles which are familiar to him are impossible to others; the gross phraseology of contempt and derision which he has quoted from the ministerial press, seldom drops upon the ear of radical reform, or offends its dignity; the literary pursuits of reform take a far other direction, and, ignorant of the libels said to be poured forth upon the people by one nameless class of writers, have full scope in devouring the yet more dangerous flatteries emanating from another. The libels, with their full stupidity upon them, are inert and quiescent by their very nature—the scorn which they can provoke, even in the first instance, is something fixed and unmoving; but there is real animation in the flattery—there is a principle of activity in the stimulant applied—there is the spring of immortal hate put in motion by the very imagination of ruthless oppression—and the spirit of revenge is evolved with all its terrors by such a picture as the Reviewer loves to draw of the wrongs and the might of an insulted people.

This author observes, that “the patrons of these men (the ministerial libellers of the people) adopt a language generally, but not always more measured.” And how, again, does he exemplify this imputation? For, in dealing with this writer, it is to his facts alone we must look, not to the pictures hastily sketched by the erring facility of his pencil, and illuminated by the fantastic colours of his imagination. “They habitually impute,”

he says, “to the whole people the errors or crimes of a few;” they revile “the whole people” for any act of violence done by a mob; they execute “the whole populace” for the deeds of “a few lawless individuals.” To what scenes or occurrences does this writer allude? To the numerous and illegal meetings held in the metropolis, and the manufacturing districts, at which, if the seditious and revolutionary resolve proceeded in the first instance from the impure lips of some more conspicuous incendiary, it was ever hailed with unmingled enthusiasm by all present, and where a dissentient whisper has never been heard to justify the distinction which the Reviewer would make betwixt the “lawless individuals” and the applauding multitude? Was not the mere attendance at such meetings sufficient proof of the sentiments and disposition of the audience? Are the character, objects, and proceedings of such assemblies still a secret to the people, that they may innocently attend them, with the hope that they will prove rational or loyal? Is the character of Hunt and his associates yet so imperfectly developed, that any man can speculate upon its probable honesty and patriotism, when he goes to listen to the orator’s harangues, and swell his ignoble triumph? No, no; it is mere quibbling to make distinctions here; and the thousands and tens of thousands who take part in such scenes are all confounded in undistinguishable guilt with “the lawless individuals” whom they actively abet,

But the ministers confound the people with the radical reformers. Of all the charges that have been made against administration, this is the most absurd that ever proceeded from a Whig author. The ministers confound the radical reformers with the people! It is the ministers who are ever careful to draw the distinction, and who, claiming for the government that support which it can expect only from the confidence of the people, in the legitimate sense of the term, is ever forward to proclaim their soundness, and to rouse them in defence of the laws. It is the Opposition who libel the people, by insinuating their general and incurable disaffection, and numbering them with the madmen who seek the overthrow of all government. It is they who misrepresent

the present distractions as a natural movement against oppression, and who have injuriously confounded the constitutional assertion of popular rights with the prevalence of eternal and im placable discontents. For the odium brought upon the people—if indeed such odium exist—*they alone* are responsible, by the flagrant abuse of language in which, for obvious purposes, they have indulged; and it is really whimsical to hear the very men who have so long been declaring that the government is hated and opposed by *the people*, complain of ministers for asserting—what however they never have asserted—that the people are at this moment filled with disaffection.

The Reviewer is compelled however to admit, “that a wicked and contemptible set of public writers have of late mingled in the political discussions of the times, outraging all decency in their attacks upon the law and religion of their country;” and much sad and sober truth there is, as we all know, in the admission. Have there been no attacks, however, upon the law and religion of the country, not perhaps quite so *indecent*, but not much less envenomed? Have no cold and clear streams from the fountain of modern philosophy been let out upon the land, in which the poison, now diluted by the turbid medium through which it is administered, was held in a state of deadly concentration? The *indecent* of the attack made by the lowest class of assailants is scandalous and utterly detestable; but it was unhappily preceded throughout Europe by a malignant *vigour* of assault on the part of higher and more intelligent adversaries, to which it had been well if the genius of literary criticism had been more constantly awake. But what could have led the Reviewer to assert, that “to check such enormities, the law of the land would always have been found sufficient, if it had not too frequently been *perverted to the purposes of party, by ministers bent upon the preservation of their own power, and regardless of the best interests of the community*?” Where, again, is the evidence of this heavy charge? Is it to be found in the acquittals of Hone and Wooler? It is possible that the spirit of party may have operated in these cases; and if so, the Reviewer can have no difficulty in telling to which side it inclined. But in what instances have the

ministers invaded the sanctity of the law, and “perverted it to the purposes of party—to the preservation of their own power, regardless of the best interests of the community?” This is a serious charge—it goes deep into the peace of society, touching, as it does, a matter so sacred as the purity of judicial proceedings; and a man possessing the intelligence of the Reviewer, must have felt, had he taken a moment’s time for reflection, that it ought not to have been lightly made. Is it possible that this can be an arrow shot at random at so delicate and vital a part, in a season too like the present, when all is uneasiness and distrust? This would scarcely have been credible, but that the spirit of party, which accounts for many strange things even in gifted minds, glares conspicuously forth in the sequel, where the author vents his unsparing vituperation upon the supporters of the war of 1803—a war which asserted the independence, and consummated the glory of the country; and afterwards proceeds to mete out, with faltering and niggard hand, the praises of a revered sovereign, who, even if his virtues had not been too numerous for the management of this precise reckoner, presents all the touching solemnity of affliction, to awe into silence the babbling computation.

To the paper on the “State of the Nation,” the other article, evidently by a far inferior hand, asserting the necessity of a parliamentary inquiry into the transactions at Manchester, forms a sort of appendix. There is little in this last paper deserving regard, except for the spirit in which it is written, and the ostentatious parade of constitutional learning, which is turned to no account, however, in the hands of the author. There is much labour, but no production; a long array of truisms which lead to no useful or satisfactory conclusion.

After no very measured censure of the respectable individuals, the titles of whose pamphlets are prefixed to the article, and who have had the misfortune to differ with the writer upon the Manchester question, and the unpardonable boldness to publish their opinions, this ingenious person proceeds to unfold his own doctrine upon the subject. He begins by remarking, that even upon the assumption, “that the courts are all accessible—the gates

of justice opened wide, both for granting compensation to the injured, and bestowing punishment upon the guilty; still the jurisdiction of parliament—the great national inquest is not ousted; and the safety—the expediency—the necessity of its interposition is clear upon every constitutional principle.” In support of this general proposition, he tell us,—what nobody ever disputed—that it is the province of parliament “to put the ordinary administration of justice in motion,” when it has already, of course, been at rest—that upon important occasions, it will even accelerate the motion already going on, in proof of which, he rather awkwardly refers to prosecutions for *breach of privilege*, and impeachments of *state delinquents*; and becoming suddenly conscious that *these* cases are not at all to the purpose, because the Manchester question, if there be a question at all, is one of injury done to *private individuals*, who can prosecute for themselves, if they choose, he recurs to the case of the riots in 1780, when both Houses addressed the Throne to bring the offenders to trial. But, is there any resemblance betwixt the interference of either branch of the legislature, *in support of the public peace*, and a similar interference, for assisting individuals in obtaining that redress for alleged injuries, which they have the same facilities in the Manchester, as in all other cases to obtain?—But they may be poor, says the author, or they may be intimidated by their oppressors. Is there any case of private injury in which the same thing may not be *alleged*: and is it intended to claim the interposition of Parliament in every such case which it may suit the views of a party to obtrude upon its notice? Of all the injured persons in the land, one should imagine, that in the present temper of men’s minds, the Manchester sufferers will run the smallest risk of being disabled by their own poverty, or the want of high and active co-operation, from boldly meeting their alleged oppressors in a court of justice, if they shall have any thing like a well-founded complaint to entitle them to enter it.

But Parliament, it is said, inquires into all matters affecting the public welfare—having a different and a higher object in view, than that to which the courts of justice are limited in their

inquiries; it endeavours by such investigations, to ascertain the necessity of new enactments, either for the protection of public liberty, or for the security of the state; and thus it has often inquired into the existence of plots and conspiracies, the individuals charged with which, have afterwards been sent to the tribunals to be dealt with according to the existing laws.—Nothing more true; but what bearing has it upon the question at issue? In the example referred to by the laborious author,—that of the committees of 1794—there existed a strong case for the interposition of parliament in the actual knowledge and inward conviction of almost all its members, that the most atrocious designs were going forward against the state. And here, again, it was not the life or property of any individual, or number of individuals, that was in question, but the public security, and the very being of law and government.

In the same manner, when parliament interposes upon the *third* and last ground stated by the reviewer, viz. “in cases of discretionary power abused, or unwisely, or inexpediently exercised, where the mischief is of sufficient magnitude to call for such high interference,” there must ever be a *prima facie* case of abuse made out to warrant so *extraordinary* a proceeding, or the legislature must be degraded, and its efficiency destroyed by a constant interference in every question of a judicial nature. The loss of a single life—one solitary murder—can never, indeed, be an unimportant question in one sense of the word; but still, unless the entire character of our institutions is to be confounded and destroyed, it is not a matter fit to be entertained by the legislature. The whole argument of the reviewer, who gives himself many unsuitable airs of triumph, is trite, lame, and inapplicable to the question at issue, the very notion of any extraordinary interference of parliament being indissolubly connected in the mind of every man who understands the constitution, with the previous establishment on the part of those demanding it, of an extraordinary case, which the common process of law cannot reach or extricate.

Does the case of the Manchester magistrates stand in this suspected and odious predicament? So it may have appeared, while it was yet overhung

with a cloud of calumny, dense, as was ever formed by the pestilent breath of disaffection; but the sky has happily cleared up, and we are enabled to take a calm and steady view of the scene.—The facts are, in substance, that a tumultuous and illegal meeting was dispersed by the magistracy after resistance—that wounds were inflicted defensively by the military employed—that some lives were unhappily lost by the impetuous movements of the multitude itself. Is the dispersion of a riotous assembly by magistrates acting under the authority of the laws, a ground for extraordinary inquiry, and for the suspicion which it implies? Who would hold the useful and painful office of magistracy upon such a tenure?—The magistrates could violate the laws only by *injury done to individuals*. And are not the tribunals open to these individuals, or their relatives? has there not been unexampled alacrity shewn to aid them, both with the means of prosecuting, and with the countenance, if any were wanted, to enable them to maintain their cause?—But the bills against the yeomanry have been thrown out by the grand jury. Can this circumstance be stated as a proof of any thing but that *the law has not been violated*, without a gross libel upon honourable men, and a deep insult upon the most sacred branch of the judicial establishments of the land?—No bills have been presented against the magistrates; and why, but because it was felt that no charge could be established? *Is the mere fact of the dispersion of a riotous meeting by force enough of itself to demand*, as this Reviewer insinuates, the interference of parliament for the purpose either of amending the laws by some new enactment, or of censuring the presumed abuse of discretionary power? Does not the law of England contemplate the forcible dispersion of such a meeting, as an event of no improbable necessity; an event which may happen without implying any abuse of power by the magistracy? *Was there a single individual among the Opposition leaders in Parliament, who ventured, during the late discussions, to give an opinion, that the Manchester was a legal meeting?* What then would the Reviewer and his party have? Would they have the law changed, and such meetings declared legal in future? If

this be not the drift of his argument, it has no meaning or purpose whatever. If wrong has been done, if wounds have been wantonly inflicted, if murder has been committed, for Heaven's sake, let justice be executed, and the law be avenged of its violators. But let not the Manchester, or any other magistrates, be overwhelmed by a torrent of calumny—let not the functions of the legislature be prostituted, or the laws of the land be wrested to their prejudice; and, above all, let not intelligent and ingenious men, at such a crisis as the present, lend their aid, in the mere wantonness of party spirit, to fan the flame of disaffection, to the progress of which they have too long contributed, but which, should it ever gain head, will, as it glides over the devoted pile of the constitution, surely suck them into destruction.

Of all the transactions upon which the catiffs who minister to the passions of the multitude have fixed of late years, the unhappy affair at Manchester is that which has evoked their impure spirit in its most perfect and undisguised malignity. Who can have forgotten the torrent of falsehood and slander which, through the channel of a degraded press, was so lately rolled over the land—the organized mendacity which sought, in the fable of the Manchester massacre, at once the ruin of individual character, and the destruction of public order. Who has forgotten the picture drawn by the unfaltering hand of the libeller and anarchist of premeditated official murders—the story of a suffering but peaceful and petitioning assemblage, while entrenched behind the sanctity of the laws, assaulted, sabred, and trampled upon—the frightful composition with which the horrid drama was said to have been premeditated—the sharpening of the sabres—the previous evacuation of the hospitals for the reception of the victims of this infernal ebullition of tyranny—the savage deliberation—the unshrinking execution, the prepared atrocity of the whole scene? Never was tale of horror got up with so much effrontery of self-contradiction—with so bold a defiance of all truth, probability, and common decency; never was the invention of the abandoned libeller so liberally tasked, or put into such free and fantastic operation. The same stroke, we were told, which had annihilated the liberties of

England, had drenched the land with the blood of her children—the first step of tyranny in its now undisguised march, had been made over the mangled bodies of freemen—the carnage which had signalized its descent was an omen of the long futurity of suffering reserved for a prostrate and undone race, who could expect deliverance only from the energy of despair. With what inward joy must every traitorous spirit in the land have brooded over the pregnant mass of delusion which appeared for a time to have overwhelmed the national mind ! It was in the case of Manchester that radical reform appeared for a moment covered with the touching emblems of martyrdom—that it acquired a *moral* vigour from its reputed wrongs wholly alien to its nature—that amid the foul clamour about violated laws, it was presented to the imagination of a credulous people in equal and persecuted majesty, with that constitution of which it had vowed the overthrow. And now that the people have been rescued from this delusion, and that

the light of truth has chased back their betrayers to their hiding-places—now that they find how they have been offering incense to the violators, and heaping insult upon the guardians, of the law ; when it has become palpable to the meanest intellect, that the tale of massacre, with all its revolting episodes, is the veriest and vilest fabrication to be found in the annals of faction, and that the energy displayed at Manchester was the triumph, not the violation of the laws—when the tardy justice rendered to the magistracy of the land must be bound up with the bitter scorn of those by whose malignant agency it has been so long denied—it is to be hoped that the people may learn a lesson of wisdom from the past, and carry it forward with them into futurity,—and that, mindful of the inexorable insult which has been offered to their judgment by the panders to rebellion, they may learn for ever to distrust those whom they cannot in their hearts but despise.

Notices to Correspondents.

WE have much to say to you, gentle Correspondents ; but we must devise a new mode of address, now that our Brother-Editor of Baldwin's London Magazine has adopted our ancient style. Indeed, his Miscellany so resembles our own in form and pressure, that common eyes may, at first sight, mistake it for its elder brother. It is, however, a promising young Publication ; and should any part of the reading public be of opinion that it is, in any respect, an improvement upon ours, we must, in like manner, proceed forthwith to exhibit an improvement upon it, till the world will at last have assurance of a Magazine. Meanwhile, we have room for one Sonnet only.

Sonnet, by the Ettrick Shepherd ;

(Addressed to CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq. on receiving the last Number of this Magazine, by the hands of JOHN DOW, Esq. W. S.)

HOW SWEET WHEN WINTER, O'ER THE YARROW ROCKS,
HANGS HIS PALE BANNER, AND THE SPEARY WOOD
GROANS TO THE BLAST, AS IF IN MUSTERING MOOD—
AND ON THE FAR BARE HILLS PINE THE SAD FLOCKS—
WHEN THE UNSEEN ICE-QUEEN ALL THE TORRENTS LOCKS,
AND WITH FANTASTIC SPRAY-WORK PLAYS HER PRANKS
ALONG SAINT MARY'S LAKE AND ELTRIVE'S BANKS,
AND, WITH COLD GLITTERING BUDS AND LEAFLETS, MOCKS
THE WARM AND LOVELY SUMMER—OH ! HOW SWEET—
(NOW ONE MOON MORE HATH WANED LIKE A DREAM,
AND MAN IS HALF-FORGOTTEN)—COME THE FEET
OF THY KIND MESSENGER !—THY WIZARD GLEAM
FLASHES THE WORLD ON THE LONE BARD'S RETREAT,
AND LIFE IS IN MY EARS LIKE A LOUD STREAM.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Conveyance of Sound.—The following curious and highly important fact connected with the physiology of the ear, has lately been published by Mr Swan of Lincoln. When the ears are stopped, and a watch is brought in contact with any part of the head, face, teeth, or neck; or if a stick, water, &c. be interposed between any of these parts and the watch, the sound will be heard as well as when the ears are open.

That this provision of nature has been useful to deaf people, the following case, which may be found in Haller's *Prælectiones Academicae*, will prove:—"Musicus fuit in aula, ex morbo factus surdaster, prehendebat vestibulum mordicus, et tum omnino chelyn exarte, pulsabat."

It is extremely probable that this ingenious suggestion, if attended to by the faculty, and aided by proper instruments to increase the effect of sound, would be found of considerable importance to those suffering under temporary deafness; but it must be observed, that where the disease is in the nerve, no good can be derived from it.

Cambridge.—On Monday, November 29, the Graduates of this university, according to a notice that had been issued, held their second public meeting, with a view to form a *Society for Philosophical Communication*; when the Rev. W. Farish, B. D. Jacksonian Professor, being called to the chair, Dr E. D. Clarke brought up the report of the committee appointed to construct the regulations of the society. These regulations were then severally moved by the Chairman and passed. It was resolved that the society bear the name of the *Cambridge Philosophical Society*: and that it be instituted for the purpose of promoting scientific inquiries, and of facilitating the communication of facts connected with the advancement of philosophy. This society is to consist of a Patron, a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, two Secretaries, Ordinary and Honorary Members. A council is also appointed, consisting of the above-mentioned officers, and seven ordinary members. Immediately after the institution of the society, upwards of one hundred Graduates of the university were admitted as members; and the officers and council for the present year were elected.

His Royal Highness the Chancellor of the University has accepted the office of Patron of the above society, and has presented the institution with a munificent testimony of his approbation.

The two Representatives in Parliament

for the university have also become Life Members of the society.

The following gentlemen were elected officers of the Cambridge Philosophical Society;—*President*, Rev. W. Farish, Magd. Coll. Jacksonian Professor.—*Vice-president*, J. Haviland, M.D. St John's, Regius Prof. of Physic.—*Secretaries*, Rev. A. Sedgwick, M. A. Trin. Woodwardian Prof.; Rev. S. Lee, M. A. Queen's Coll. Professor of Arabic.—*Treasurer*, Rev. B. Bridge, B. D. Fellow of Pet. Coll.

Gehlenite, Needle-stone, and Datolite.—Dr. E. D. Clarke has lately detected potass in this stone. The property of forming a jelly in acids belongs to but few minerals, and the Doctor had long suspected that it was owing to the presence either of an *alkali* or an *alkaline earth* in stones containing silica. There seems to be no exception, but where *zinc* or *lime* is present with the silica. In the instances of *Needle-stone* and *Datolite*, which both yield a transparent jelly when acted on by acids, and both contain lime. He has also detected *Soda*.

Poisons.—A correspondent suggests, that a complete work on poisons, especially those frequently met with, with their proper specifics, when such are known, is a desideratum in the healing art, to which medical authors should turn their attention. The experiments of Dr Orphila in Paris, promise much valuable information. It is now ascertained, that sugar taken in lumps is a certain antidote for verdigris; that vinegar counteracts the dangerous effects of alkaline substances; and that raw albumen (white of eggs) if administered in time, is a remedy for mercury sublimate.

GERMANY.

Illumination by means of Electric Light.—Professor Meinacke of Halle has just succeeded in producing a brilliant illumination by means of electric light, and with the aid of an artificial air enclosed in glass tubes. As the electric sparks propagate themselves to infinity, the Professor thinks it will be possible to light up a whole city with a single electrifying machine, and at a very trifling expense, by the adoption and probable improvement of the apparatus he has already invented.

GREECE.

Additional Patronage of Literature.—The reigning prince of Wallachia, Alexander Soutzos, who is a Greek by birth, desirous of distinguishing his patriotism by

actions, and especially by promoting of letters and civilization, has determined to send to the most eminent schools of Europe several young Greeks, who may there finish their studies at his expense; and then return home to give their native country the advantage of the knowledge they have acquired.

A plan is also in forwardness for the establishment of a grand college at Adrianople. It has been patronized with zeal by Baron George Sakellarios, one of the richest Greek merchants settled in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria. The Baron is a native

of Adrianople, and having opened the list by a liberal subscription, he has excited the emulation of his compatriots, to whom he has written in strong terms on the subject. The Archbishop of Adrianople, M. Proios, native of Chios, a man of great learning, and who long resided at Paris, has employed all his patriotic eloquence in behalf of this college: and a person unknown has bequeathed a landed estate valued at £1000. By such means, in the first instance, the Greeks are endeavouring to deliver themselves from that state of degradation in which they had been so long enthralled.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A new edition of the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*; with a Biographical and Critical Preface. In 2 vols royal 8vo. Embellished with twenty engravings; by Mr C. Heath; from a series of designs, by T. Stothard, Esq. R. A.

The M.S. remains of the late Mr Spencer, are in the hands of Mr Singer, who is about to publish them, with additions and notes.

The *Mother's Medical Assistant*, or a *Treatise on the Diseases of Infants and Children*; by Sir Arthur Clarke.

The *Annual Biography, and Obituary for 1820*. With Silhouette portraits.

The *Travels of M. G. Mollien*, to the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia, performed in 1818, by order of the French government, are preparing for publication; by Mr Bowdick.

The *Parlour Portfolio*, or *Post-Chaise Companion*; being a selection of amusing anecdotes from the *Magazines, Reviews, &c.* from the year 1724 to the present time. In 2 vols 8vo.

The *Huntington Peerage*, comprising a Genealogical and Biographical History of the Illustrious House of Hastings, with portraits; by H. N. Bell, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

The Correspondence of David Hume, with the Countess de Boufflers, the Marchioness de Barbentane, J. J. Rousseau, &c. &c. with Biographical particulars respecting the writers.

Nine *Discourses on Prayer*; by the Rev. John Townsend of Bermondsey.

Three volumes of *Sermons*; by the Hon. and Rev. John Turnour, A.M.

A Translation of the *Mabinogion*, or Ancient Welsh Tales; by Mr W. O. Pughe.

Preparing for publication, a Biographical work, containing interesting facts, and authentic details; relative to two or three thousand living public men, in every walk of

life, and in every country of the civilized world. In three volumes, of the size of Delrett's *Peerage and Baronetage*.

The *Poetical Decameron*, or *Conversations on English Poets and Poetry*, particularly of the rights of Elizabeth and James; by Mr J. P. Collier, of the Middle Temple.

Mr O'Meara will shortly publish a second M.S. from St Helena; containing an authentic history of the events which occurred in France, from the period of Napoleon's return in 1815, until the battle of Waterloo.

An *Account of the Fishes found in the River Ganges*; by Dr Francis Hamilton.

History of the several Italian Schools of Painting, with observations on the present state of the art; by T. T. James, M.A. author of *Travels in Germany*.

A *Treatise on the Adulterations of Food and Culinary Poisons*; by Mr Accum. 1 vol 12mo.

Remarks on Scrophula; by Mr Farr.

Memoirs of Dr Walton, Editor of the *London Polyglott Bible*; by the Rev. H. J. Todd.

An English Edition of General Lacroix's *History of the Revolution of St Domingo*; with Notes.

A *Concise History of the Variolous Epidemic which occurred in Norwich*, in the year 1819.

The *Unknown Director*; by Sarah Renou. *Sermons on the Principal Festivals of the Church of England*; by the Rev. Dr Povah.

The *Hermit in London*. Vols. 4 and 5.

The *Travels of Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany*, through a large part of England, in the reign of Charles II. faithfully translated from the original Italian M.S. in the Laurentian Library at Florence. With numerous engravings of towns, buildings, &c. as they existed at that period.

A Series of Portraits of Celebrated Political and Literary Characters, Impostors and Enthusiasts; alluded to by Butler in his Hudibras. Engraved by Mr Cooper, from authentic originals; to be completed in ten parts.

The First Part of the Second Tour of the True and Original Dr Syntax, in Search of the Picturesque; a Poem, in eight monthly numbers; written by the same author, with designs by the same artist, T. Rowlandson.

Religion, a Poem; a Satire, on the Ill-Use and Abuse of Religion.

Lectures on General and Medical Botany; by A. T. Thomson, F.L.S.

An Introduction to Solid Geometry and Crystallography; by Mr Larkin.

An Account of General Gardanne's Embassy to Persia in 1807.

A New English Dictionary; by David Booth. 2 vols 4to.

A New System of Hydro-Agriculture, and Mechanical Spade Cultivation; by Mr Doncaster.

The Canadian Settler; or, a Series of Letters from Lower and Upper Canada, in June, July, and August, 1819; by T. Carr.

Mr Bayley's History of the Tower of London, with Biographical Anecdotes of Royal and Distinguished Persons, &c. will shortly appear.

A volume of Beauties of the Modern Living Poets.

A Translation of O. Von Kotzebue's Voyage round the World, in the years 1816, 17, 18, 19. 3 vols 8vo, with maps, and plates.

A Tour in France, in search of the Grotesque; by Dr Syntax.

Institutes of Medical Jurisprudence; by Dr Weatherhead.

Tottenham: a poem; descriptive of the Antiquities and localities thereof, as associated with the name of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland; by J. A. Herard.

Every Man his own Stock-broker, by Mr G. G. Carey.

Leigh's new Picture of England and Wales; and a new and correct pocket Atlas of the Counties.

Medical Botany, illustrated by 72 coloured engravings. Vol. I.

The tenth part of Mr Ormerod's History of Cheshire, which concludes the Work.

A new Satirical work, entitled, "Edinburgh;" by the Author of London; or a Month at Stevens's.

On the first of February 1820 will be published a Treatise on Trolling, by T. F. Salter, Author of the Angler's Guide.

Posthumous Sermons; by John Owen, D.D. 8vo.

EDINBURGH.

Early in May will be Published, Splendidly printed by Ballantyne, in One Volume Quarto. Metrical Tracts, Originally Printed at Edinburgh; by Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar, in the year 1508. The Book of which this is intended to be an Exact Fac-simile, is the earliest specimen of Scottish printing now known to exist; and is indeed coeval with the first introduction of that art into Scotland, under an exclusive patent, to Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar. The only copy of the Work which now exists, is preserved in the Advocate's Library, from which some imperfect and inaccurate extracts have lately appeared in different compilations of Scottish poetry. The following are the principal contents of this invaluable and interesting volume.—The Knightly Tale of Golo-gras and Gawane.—Syr Eglamour of Artois.—The Goldyn Targe, written by William Dunbar.—The Mayng or Disport of Chaucer.—The Adventure of the three Wanton Wyffs, by Dunbar, and his Lament for the Deth of the Makars.—A Gest of Robyn Hode.—Such Gentlemen as wish to become Subscribers, will please forward their names to the Publishers without de-

lay, as the price will be advanced to Non-Subscribers on the day of publication.

A Sermon on regular attendance on Divine Worship, in Connexion with the Spirit of the Times; by the Rev. John Richmond, Southdean.

Correspondence between the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig, and the Rev. Edward Craig, on the Subject of an Accusation in the Bishop's late Charge to his Clergy.

Mr Alexander Leith Ross, of Aberdeen, is preparing for the press, a translation from the German of "the History of Spanish Literature;" by Professor Bouterwek of Göttingen.

Speedily to be published, Part I. of Sacred Harmony, for the use of St George's Church Edinburgh, or a Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, suited to Congregational Singing, and adapted to the various Metres of our National Church Psalmody. Besides many of the admired productions of Handel, Arne, Croft, Wainwright, Knapp, Harrison, &c. this collection will contain above twenty original tunes, and about the same number of airs that are not generally known. Great care has been taken to procure the best harmonies: And,

for the convenience of those who play on the organ or piano forte, the whole of the music is set for these instruments. It is intended to add some Doxologies and Dismissions, and a few simple and beautiful Anthems. The work will amount to about 200 pages, of a 12mo size. The price will be Six Shillings.

The Poetical Decameron, or Conversations on English Poets and Poetry, particularly of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.; by J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple. 2 vols post 8vo.

In the course of publication, A new and improved Edition of the Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, with an account of his Life and Writings—and a Critical Essay on English Contemporaneous Poetry.

Geological Travels through Scotland, the

Shetland, Orkney, and Western Islands; by Robert Jameson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols 8vo, with Maps, Plates, and Sections.

Principles of Geology; by William Knight, LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the institution of Belfast. 1 vol. 8vo.

Speedily will be published, Winter Evening Tales; collected among the Cottagers in the South of Scotland; by James Hogg, Author of the Queen's Wake, &c. 2 vols 12mo. 12s.

Tales of the Sempstresses. 2 vols post 8vo.

An account of the fishes found in the River Ganges and its Branches; with Engravings of each, executed in the best manner from original Drawings; by Francis Hamilton, M.D.F.R.S.L. and E. in 4to.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

THE Farmer's Memorandum Book for 1819—20; or Journal of Country Business 4to. 10s 6d.

A Treatise on the Management of Hedge- and Hedge Row Timber; by Francis Blake, Steward to T. W. Coke, Esq. 12mo. 2s.

ANTIQUITIES.

Dudgdale's Monasticou, Part XVIII. £2 2

ARCHITECTURE.

Architectura Ecclesiastica Londini, or Graphical Scenery of the Cathedral, Collegiate, and Parochial Churches in London, Southwark, Westminster, and the adjoining Parishes, with 122 plates, by Charles Clarke, Esq. T. S. C. Elephant, 4to. £9, royal folio, £12, 12s; India paper proofs, £25, 4s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of the best works on Natural History, in all languages, arranged in classes, according to the Linnean system; by William Wood. 1s. 6d.

A Catalogue of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books; by Richard Beechley.

A Catalogue of scarce and curious Books; by E. Mason. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Mr John Tobin, author of the Honey Moon; by Miss Benger. 8vo. 12s.

Account of the Life, Death, and principles of Thomas Paine, by J. S. Harford, Esq.

Biographia Curiosa; or Memoirs of Re-

markable Characters of the reign of George III, with their portraits, by George Smeton. 8vo. No. 1. 2s. 6d.

Athenæ Oxonienses; or, the History of the Writers and Bishops who have been educated at Oxford; by Anthony A. Wood; a new edition by Philip Bliss, Fellow of St John's College Oxford; 4 vols. royal, 4to. L:15, 15s.

The Life of the Rev. David Brainerd, late Missionary to the Indians, by Jonathan Edwards, M.A. President of the College of New Jersey, a new edition; 8vo. 12s.

Franklin's Memoirs; by W. T. Franklin, 8vo. Vols 5 and 6. 28s.

Biographical Magazine, No XXIII. 2s. 6d.

COMMERCE.

The London Commercial Dictionary and Support Gazetteer; by William Anderson. 8vo. £1. 7s.

Robson's Improved London Directory for 1820. 7s. 6d.

The London Tradesman; a familiar treatise on the rationale of Trade and Commerce, as carried on in the Metropolis; by several Tradesmen. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Who killed Cock Robin? a satirical Tragedy. 1s.

A critical examination of the respective performances of Mr Kean, and Mr Macready, in the historical play of King Richard III. 2s.

La Mogigati, Comedia por Moratin, Con Notas Criticas. 4s.

EDUCATION.

Hints on the Sources of Happiness : addressed to her Children ; by a Mother. 2 vols 12mo. 12s.

A Companion to the Italian Grammar, being a selection from the most approved novels, comedies, &c. in the Italian Language, with Notes ; by Mr Guazzaroni. 12mo.

Les Jeunes Femmes, par In. Bouilly, with 16 Engravings. 2 vols 12mo. 16s.

A Dictionary of the Peculiarities of the Italian language ; by M. Santagnello. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Eskdale Herd-boy ; by Mrs Blackford. 12mo. 5s.

A Sequel to York House, being advice to young ladies : by Anna Kent. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Vina ; an Icelandic tale. 2s.

Humorous Recitations in verse, for the use of schools ; by James Rondeau. 12mo. 5s.

Geography for Youth ; by Rev. John Hartley, 3d edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Stories selected from Grecian History ; by Miss Lawrence. 3s. 6d.

Stories from Modern History. 3 vols 18mo. 7s. 6d.

Friendship, a moral tale ; by Miss Sandham. 12mo. 5s.

Grammatical Studies in the Latin and English languages ; by James Ross, L.L.D. 3s. 6d.

Martinelli's Italian-French and French-Italian Dictionary. 2 vols royal 16mo. 12s.

First Lessons in Latin ; by Reverend J. Evans. 2s.

Sententia Chronologica ; or, a complete System of Ancient and Modern Chronology for schools : by Mrs John Slater. 12s.

A Compendious History of the Jews, for young persons ; by John Bigland. 4s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Annals of the Fine Arts, No XV. 5s.

Boydell's Picturesque Scenery of Norway, No VIII. £3, 3s.

Delineations of Pompeii, Part II. imperial folio. £4, 4s.

Views in Greece, from Original Drawings ; by E. Dodwell, Esq. F.S.A. Part IV. Imperial folio.

Peak Scenery, by E. Rhodes, with Engravings, by G. Cooke, 4to. £1, 1s.

Ackermann's Tour of the Rhine, Part II. 4to. £1, 4s.

Views at Hastings and its vicinity, from splendid drawings ; by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Part I. super-royal folio. £3.

Neale's Views of noblemen's and gentlemen's seats. No XXII. royal 8vo. 4s.

HISTORY.

Stockdale's New Annual Register for 1818, 8vo. £1, 1s.

Historical and Biographical Tracts, with 18 portraits, No 12. 15s.

The Exile ; a Historical Memoir, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Historical Sketch of the progress of knowledge in England, from the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign ; by J. G. Barlace, 4to. £1, 1s. (250 printed)

M'Dermot's History of Ireland, No IX. 1s.

HORTICULTURE.

Practical Hints on Domestic Rural Economy, relating particularly to the management of Kitchen and Fruit Gardens, and Orchards, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LAW.

Criticisms on the Bar ; by Amicus Curiae, 12mo. 6s.

An Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, for the use of Students ; by John Gifford, 8vo. 15s.

Law of Descents ; by Mr Watkins, 8vo. 12s.

Proceedings of the Coroner's Inquest on the body of John Lees ; including the legal arguments and various decisions of the Coroner ; with a plan, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Report of the Action, Wright v. Clement, for certain libels published in Cobbett's Political Register. 2s.

LITHOGRAPHY.

A Manual of Lithography ; by C. Hullmandel, 8vo. 6s.

A Lithographic work for beginners, called First Lessons in Landscape, drawn on stone ; by G. Harley, No. 1, 2, 3. 2s. 6d. each.

MEDICINE.

Letters on the Disorders of the Chest, &c. 3s.

General Indications which relate to the laws of Organic Life ; by Dan. Pring, 8vo. 12s.

Just published, a new edition in 8vo. being the third, of Elements of Physiology ; by A. Richerand, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, translated from the French by G. J. M. De Lys, M.D. member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London.

MISCELLANIES.

The Literary Pocket-Book ; or, Companion for the Lovers of Nature and Art, for 1820. 5s.

Anecdotes of Books and Men ; by the Rev. Joseph Spence. crown 8vo. 9s. 6d.

A new Dictionary of Classical Quotations, with Translations ; by F. W. Blagdon. f. c. 8vo. 9s.

Memorabilia ; or, Recollections, historical, biographical, and antiquarian ; by Saml. Savage. No I. 1s.

The Traveller's Fireside ; a Series of Papers on Switzerland, the Alps ; &c. ; by S. M. Waring. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Spanish Judith; or, Cornelia Boroquia, being the History of a Female burnt to death by the Inquisition. In Spanish.

A correct and complete Representation of all the Provincial Copper Coins, Tokens, &c. circulated between the years 1787 and 1801; engraved by Charles Pye of Birmingham.

Vindiciæ Hibernicæ; or, Ireland Vindicated; by M. Carey. 8vo. 16s.

Gold's London Magazine, No I. 2s. 6d.

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Extracts from a Supplementary Letter from the Illinois: by Morrice Birkbeck. 1s. 6d.

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Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. III. New series. 8vo. 15s.

Quarterly Journal of Science and the Arts. No 16. 7s. 6d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—January 1820.

Sugar. The demand for Sugar continues limited, and the market dull. Prices may be stated as without variation. The stock on hand is very considerable, as the consumpt for the internal trade during last year has materially decreased. The exports to the Continent are also much curtailed, from the influx of Sugars from Cuba, Brazil, and the East Indies. The general opinion, however, seems to be, that Sugar has seen the lowest point in the scale. The crops in the Windward and Leeward Islands have certainly been very materially injured from excessive dry weather during the months of August and September, and from subsequent hurricanes. The consumpt for this year, both in this country and on the Continent, will, in all probability, greatly exceed what this has been during the last year, as it is scarcely possible that business of any kind can remain long in the state of stagnation it has so long done.—*Coffee.* The market for Coffee continues tolerably good. The fluctuations are, however, considerable; and its value depends altogether upon the advices from the Continent, where the chief consumpt is. It is the only article of commerce which has, during the terrible pressure upon the mercantile world, maintained any thing like a proper value. It is likely to continue to do so; and we cannot see any probability of any great rise taking place in the value of this article.—*Cotton.* The market for Cotton continues much in the same state as at the date of our last Report. The general appearance, however, is rather favourable to an advance. The imports are considerably less than for the preceding year, while the consumpt is increased, owing to the great quantities of the coarser kinds of Cotton Twists, which have been exported to the Continent. The quantity of American Cotton on hand is not reckoned large, and there is the appearance of an advance upon that description. The stock of East India Cotton on hand, at all the ports, is still very considerable, and will tend to keep the markets more depressed.

It is unnecessary to make a single observation on any other article of trade. We refer our readers to our quotations to be their guide. Every thing remains in a most languid and depressed state. Grain continues to decline, and the agricultural interests will now begin to feel severely the tremendous pressure which has so long weighed down the commercial world.

We cannot, with the commencement of the new year, congratulate our readers upon any revival of trade. The accounts from foreign markets still continue unfavourable, but we are certain, that these disastrous accounts which we have so long had the painful duty to relate, both regarding our internal and external trade, are now near, very near, a close. The tide of affairs is about to turn, and commercial matters about to wear a more cheerful appearance than these have long done. We are not, however, to expect any great immediate amendment. It must be slow, but it will be sure and progressive; and it is to be hoped, that those fatal errors which have occasioned so much embarrassment and distress, will in future be carefully avoided and guarded against. The revenues of the country, notwithstanding all the pressure that has been on the commercial world, continue in a prosperous state. The deficiency from the previous year is comparatively trifling, and the future holds out a better prospect of peace and prosperity. The firmness of government, and the good sense of the country, has come forward to stem those demoralizing doctrines and principles which threatened this nation with destruction; and we fondly hope those delusive theories and frantic schemes, with which factious men have so long agitated and alarmed this country, will be heard of no more. But we are nevertheless sensible, that it will require our rulers to keep a watchful eye over the future proceedings of the factious men with which this country abounds, in order to save the country from further trouble and mischief.

In our next we hope to be able to give the chief imports of this country.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th Dec. 1819

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	—	213 12½	—	213	½
3 per cent. reduced,	67½ 6½	66½ 6	66½ 5½	66½	½
3 per cent. consols,	68 7½	shut.	shut.	shut.	shut.
3½ per cent. consols,	75½ ¾	71½ ¾	71½	74½ ¾	¾
4 per cent. consols,	84½ ¾	83½ 3	83½ ¾	83½	¾
5 per cent. navy ann.	104½ ¾	shut.	shut.	shut.	shut.
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	65½ ¾	61½ ¾	64½ ¾	64½ ¾	¾
India stock,	208½ 9	shut.	shut.	shut.	shut.
— bonds,	5 4 pr.	1 2 dis.	3 2 dis.	2 4 dis.	4 dis.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	2 4 dis.	6 8 dis.	9 7 dis.	7 9 dis.	9 dis.
Consols for acc.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, Jan. 14.—Amsterdam, 11: 19. Antwerp, 12: 1. Ex. Hamburg, 36: 1. Frankfort, 151 Ex. Paris, 25: 0. Bourdeaux, 25: 30. Madrid, 34½ effect. Cadiz, 34½ effect. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 41½. Malta, 46. Naples, 38½. Palermo, 116 per oz. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 57. Dublin, 11½ per cent. Cork, 11½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £3: 17: 10½. Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½. New doubloons, £3: 15: 6. New dollars, 5s. 0d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 2d.

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	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.	60 to 65	54 to 59	54 to 60	56 to 59
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	76 85	60 78	61 78	60 76
Mid. good, and fine mid.	84 96	— —	84 88	80 84
Fine and very fine.	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Refined Doub. Leaves.	108 112	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto.	103 112	— —	105 108	— —
Single ditto.	92 98	— —	104 110	— —
Small Lump.	92 96	— —	92 98	— —
Large ditto.	48 60	— —	48 52	— —
Crushed Lump.	30 31	30 30 6	52 —	28s 0d
MOJASSES, British, cwt.	— —	— —	— —	— —
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.	98 110	— —	112 120	100 125
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112 122	— —	122 134	136 155
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85 96	— —	90 110	— —
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	102 112	— —	115 124	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112 137	— —	125 140	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	95 105	— —	120 124	— —
St Domingo.	7 8	7½ 8½	7½ 8	— —
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	— —	— —	— —	— —
SPIRITS.	3s 3d	2s 11d 2s 0d	2 10 3 1	2s 6d 4s 0d
Jam. Rum, 16 O.P. gal.	4 9 5 3	— —	— —	5 4 4 6
Brandy.	3 0 3 2	— —	— —	2 10 5 0
Geneva.	6 10 7 2	— —	— —	— —
Aqua.	— —	— —	— —	— —
WINES.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65 0
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	44 54	— —	— —	52 58 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Spanish White, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	60 70	— —	— —	40 50 0
Madeira.	— —	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	47 —	5 10 5 15	6 5 6 10	6 6 10 0
Honduras.	8 —	5 15 6 0	7 0 7 10	6 6 10 0
Campeachy.	8 —	6 10 7 0	7 10 8 0	8 0 9 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica.	7 —	7 10 8 0	7 10 8 0	— —
Cuba.	9 11	9 10 10 0	9 15 10 10	10s 0d 10s 6d
INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 0 8 9	— —
TIMBER, Amer. Fine, foot.	1 6 1 9	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak.	3 2 3 6	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 —	1 2 1 8	1 2 1 4	— —
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 4 3 0	1 5½ 2 0	— —
St Domingo, ditto	— —	— —	16 0 17 0	20 6
TAR, American, brl.	16 20	— —	— —	21 0
Archangel.	18 20	— —	— —	— —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	8 —	— —	— —	52 0
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	53 54	55 56	— —	— —
Home Melted.	55 —	— —	— —	£49 0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50 51	— —	45 46	44 10
Petersburgh Clean.	45 44	— —	— —	— —
FLAX.	— —	— —	— —	70 0 72
Riga Thies. & Druj. Hak.	55 57	— —	— —	70 80
Dutch.	58 112	— —	— —	— —
Irish.	45 48	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	90 92	— —	— —	£4 15
BRISTLES.	— —	— —	— —	— —
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	14 —	— —	— —	38
ASHES, Peters. Pearl.	33 34	— —	39 6 40	43 44
Montreal ditto.	40 41	40 41	38 0 —	36 40
Pot.	32 35	33 34	— —	30 —
OIL, Whale, tun.	35 —	32 —	— —	32
Cod.	84 (p. brl.)	— —	— —	— —
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	0 9 0 9½	0 9 0 9½	0 6½ 0 8	0 7d 0 9
Middling.	0 8 0 8½	0 7 0 8	0 4½ 0 6½	0 4 0 5
Inferior.	0 7 0 8	0 4 0 5	0 3½ 0 4	— —
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	1 1 1 2½	1 1 1 2½	1 0½ 1 2	1 1 1 2
Sea Island, fine.	2 6 2 9	2 6 2 9	2 2 2 4	2 0 2 8
Good.	2 4 2 5	2 4 2 5	1 10 2 1	— —
Middling.	2 1 2 2	2 1 2 2	1 2 1 9	— —
Demerara and Berbice.	1 4 1 7	1 4 1 7	1 2 1 6	1 5 1 6
West India.	1 1 1 2	1 1 1 2	1 0½ 1 1½	1 5 1 6½
Pernambuco.	1 7 1 8	1 7 1 8	1 5 1 6	1 5 1 6½
Maranham.	1 5 1 6	1 5 1 6	1 3½ 1 5	1 5 1 6½

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of November and the 23d of December, 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Abbot, T. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper
 Aylat, A. Church-street, Lambeth, victualler
 Barnett, C. Barlow-mews, Berkeley-square, horse-dealer
 Bulpin, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, hop-merchant
 Bulmer, E. Henry-street, milliner
 Baker, B. Tideswell, Derby, grocer
 Barlow, F. F. White Lion-court, merchant
 Booth, W. & J. Brandon, King's Head-court, Beech-street, fishmonger
 Bradley, J. Jewin-street, silk manufacturer
 Bates, J. Henley, Staffordshire, millwright
 Bruce, A. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant
 Barker, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, timber-merchant
 Burge, T. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, carrier
 Bartlett, J. Exeter, merchant
 Bewley, W. Manchester, tailor
 Brockdale, M. & J. late of Taunton, Somersetshire, bankers
 Bennett, J. Greenfairfield, Derbyshire, cattle-dealer
 Crew, W. Palace-row, Tottenham-court-road, plumber
 Cox, P. Dartford, Gloucestershire, machine-maker
 Carnmeal, W. Halifax, innkeeper
 Crossley, W. Doncaster, carpenter
 Cane, E. Battle, Sussex, saddler
 Carter, J. S. & R. Cornforth, Liverpool, merchants
 Collins, T. Drury-lane, grocer
 Cox, D. High-street, Southwark, stationer
 Cullen, B. Birmingham, tarpawling-maker
 Cullen, R. Russia-row, Milk-street, factor
 Cronin, W. Snows-fields, Bermondsey, coal-dealer
 Croft, W. P. M. late of East Sheen, Surrey, builder
 Dudley, T. H. Birmingham, cheese-factor
 Dobson, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, chemist
 Dixie, P. senior, and P. Dixie, senior, J. Dixie and B. Dixie, Falcon-square, smiths
 Davenport, S. and R. Fale, Manchester, engravers
 Dixon, E. Lamb's Conduit-street, haberdasher
 Evans, A. Brimscombe Port, Stroud, Gloucestershire, broad-cloth manufacturer
 Elworthy, J. E. Plymouth Dock, money-scrivener
 Elton, J. Preston, Lancashire, coach-maker
 Fletcher, J. Ripley, Derbyshire, dealer
 Fellowes, N. G. Foundling Terrace, Gray's-Inn-road, painter and glazier
 Finney, F. Darcey Lever, Bolton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
 Farmer, J. Ashborne, Derbyshire, grocer
 Grocott, J. T. Salford, Lancaster, liquor-merchant
 Grant, J. late surgeon of the Thomas Coutts East India ship, dealer
 Goggs, H. Docking, Norfolk, grocer
 Goodier, J. Knutsford, Cheshire, victualler
 Grimwood, S. Bares, Suffolk, merchant
 Green, I. Totness, Devon, publican
 Hutchinson, J. P. Kingston-upon-Hull, whitesmith
 Hudson, J. Burchin-lane, merchant
 Harrison, J. Portsmouth, tavern-keeper
 Holroyd, R. Halifax, jeweller
 Hawthorn, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brass-founder
 Hughes, M. Love-lane, wool-merchant
 Hancock, E. Y. & J. Sawyer, Basinghall-street, Blackwellhall-factors
 Hirst, J. Tower-street, cotton-broker
 Hubbard, T. junior, Coventry, silkman
 Hodge, W. Great Hermitage-street, ship-owner
 Holmes, R. Northampton, grocer
 Hancock, J. Poplar, mast-maker
 Hartley, J. Manchester, warehouseman
 Horne, W. & J. Stackhouse, Liverpool, merchants
 Heming, J. & E. Hornblow, Bishopsgate street, jewellers
 Hart, J. Leampit-hill, Kent, builder
 Hill, T. Tedbury, Herefordshire, surgeon
 Holland, D. of Bungay, St Mary, Suffolk, grocer
 Haddon, J. late of Toll-square, Northumberland, ship-owner
 Hunt, C. Mark-lane, wine-merchant
 Johnson, Waldron, Sussex, tanner
 Josling, M. Bexley Heath, Kent, innkeeper
 Janney, J. Liverpool, jeweller
 Jamieson, W. York, money-scrivener
 Kelsall, J. Bagnley, Chester, corn-dealer
 King, J. Portsea, Southampton, builder
 Knight, J. Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, non-founder
 Lee, J. King-street, Cheap-side, warehouse man
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 Lewin, J. Holloway, carpenter
 Langdon, J. Plymouth-dock, victualler
 Lees, D. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
 Lincoln, R. St James's-street, hatter
 Lettsom, S. F. Cannon-street, tin-plate manufacturer
 Manners, J. Leeds, grocer
 Mortimer, J. senior, J. Mortimer, junior, and J. Mortimer, Halifax, worsted-spinners
 Myers, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper
 Moore, T. Paddington, flour-factor
 Merry, R. Birmingham, grocer
 Mitchell, T. Commercial-road, oilman
 March, M. & J. Shute, Gosport, merchants
 Nuttall, J. Manchester, bookseller
 Nield, J. Midge-hill, Yorkshire, clothier
 Noon, T. Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset, sail-cloth manufacturer
 Nedby, W. Lamb's Conduit-street, cabinet-maker
 Parker, G. New Shoreham, Sussex, tailor
 Pulleyn, G. York, linen-draper
 Perkins, S. Midford, Somerset, dealer
 Peagam, W. junior, Plymouth, Devon, tailor
 Pavitt, W. Codicote, Herts, miller
 Pitt, R. junior, Hallow, Worcester, farmer
 Panning, T. Charlotte-street, St Pancras, cabinet-maker
 Quisic, W. Arundel, Sussex, innkeeper
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 Reeder, W. R. Stratford-green, Essex, victualler
 Rattray, T. Lower Thames-street, wine-merchant
 Reel, E. Bristol, butcher
 Richards, Birmingham, chemist
 Richardson, J. Leeds, common brewer
 Rutter, T. late of Atterham, Cheshire, fellingmonger
 Shaw, A. Lower East Smithfield, victualler
 Styth, J. St George, Gloucestershire, shop keeper
 Story, T. Hunworth, Norfolk, miller
 Stephens, J. Well street, Oxford-road, boot and shoe manufacturer
 Suffield, W. Birmingham, printer
 Sutton, G. Lamb's Conduit-street, silk-mercer
 Sanderson, J. Sutton, and T. Masters, Bedford, corn-factor
 Falterthwaite, Liverpool, merchant
 Smith, D. Wavertree, near Liverpool, saddler
 Smith, W. New Road, Pancras, builder
 Taplin, E. Overton, Southampton, shopkeeper
 Trueman, W. Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-manufacturer
 Tabman, W. Fendrayton, Cambridge, butcher
 Thompson, T. Lancaster, ironmonger
 Viner, J. Bath, builder
 Wheatley, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
 Wootton, W. Tyer's gateway, Bermondsey, tanner
 Windle, J. & C. Northcote, George-street, Trinity-square, ship-agents
 Walker, S. Birmingham, and A. & J. Walker, Philadelphia, North America, merchants
 Woodroof, J. Gun-street, Old Artillery Ground, turner
 Winstanley, T. Manchester, woollen-draper
 Whitechurch, J. Houndsditch, coach-master
 Wells, G. Badleigh, Suffolk, dealer
 Weldon, J. Friday-street, Manchester, warehouseman
 Wilkinson, W. of Norton Hammet, Derbyshire, file-smith
 Wilcock, J. and N. Hodges, Manchester, woollen-cord manufacturers

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st December 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Baird, Alexander, merchant, Inverkeithing
 Bell, William, manufacturer, Anderson
 Buchanan, James, bleacher and dyer, Lancel near Glasgow
 Campbell, Archibald, wright, Glasgow
 Fleming & Alexander, merchants, Glasgow
 Gordon, William, merchant, Kelso
 Graham, Donald, merchant, Oban
 Macintosh & Sonnerville, distillers at Gailybanks, Perthshire
 McLellan, Robert, & Co. merchants, Glasgow, and Robert McLellan as an individual

Murray, John, merchant, grocer, and innkeeper, Thurso
 Nicol, William, bleather, Gateside
 Penman, Andrew, bookseller and stationer, Glasgow
 Robertson, James, flax-dresser and manufacturer, Dysart
 Robley, George, merchant, Anstruther
 Sym & Langmuir, corn-merchant, and spirit-dealers, Glasgow, as a company, and as individuals
 Stewart, Charles, & Co. merchants and manufacturers, Glasgow, and Charles Stewart and James Forbes, the individual partners
 Stiven, Alexander, flour-merchant at Newmills, near Dalkeith, and lime-merchant at Burdhouse-innans, near Edinburgh
 Tassie, James, leather-dresser, Pollockshaws
 Wilson, Thomas, mason and builder, Glasgow

Young, David, wright, Calton of Glasgow
 Young, Thomas, wood-merchant and ship-owner, Irvine

DIVIDENDS.

Baird, Thomas, merchant, Glasgow; a final dividend, Jan. 14.
 Crawford, John, & Co. carrying on business under that firm at Port-Glasgow—at Newfoundland, under the firm of Crawford & Co.—and at Lisbon, under the firm of J. T. Crawford & Co.; a dividend on 1st February
 McGrouthers & Coats, merchants, Greenock; a dividend on 5th January
 Garthwe Mill, near Balfour; a final dividend on 7th February
 Oughterson & Co. late merchants, Greenock; a dividend on 9th January
 Saunders and Mellis, merchants, Aberdeen; a dividend on 27th January

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 3.

Wheat, red, new	56 to 60	Boilers	44 to 50
Fine ditto	60 to 63	New	— to —
Superfine ditto	64 to 66	Small Beans	40 to 42
White	56 to 60	Peck	50 to 57
Fine ditto	62 to 66	Foreign	56 to 58
Superfine	68 to 70	Feed Oats	18 to 20
Old ditto	75 to 78	Fine	20 to 22
Rye	50 to 52	Poland do.	21 to 23
Barley	26 to 30	Fine	24 to 26
Fine	30 to 32	Potato do.	23 to 25
Superfine	34 to 35	Fine	26 to 28
Malt	50 to 60	Flour, p. sack	55 to 60
Fine	63 to 70	Seconds	50 to 55
Hog Pease	40 to 42	North Country	45 to 50
Maple	42 to 44	Pollard	20 to 28
White pease	42 to 45	Bran	8 to 9

Seeds, &c.—Nov. 5.

Must. Brown	15 to 20	Hempseed	— to —
—White	6 to 11	Lusseed, crush.	— to —
Turnip	0 to 0	New, for Seed	— to —
—New	0 to 0	Ryegrass	15 to 40
—Yellow	0 to 0	Clover, Red	60 to 98
Carraway	48 to 50	— White	60 to 100
Canary	80 to 100	Coriander	10 to 12
		Trefoil	50 to 65

New Rapeseed, 34 to £36.

Liverpool, Jan. 4.

Wheat, p. 70 lbs.	s. d. s. d.	Pease, grey	s. d. s. d.
English, new	9 6 to 10 6	— White	42 0 to 46 0
American	8 6 to 8 9	Flour, Eng.	50 0 to 56 0
Danish	9 3 to 10 0	Pine	46 0 to 48 0
Dutch Red	9 0 to 9 3	Irish	44 0 to 46 0
Riga	8 3 to 8 6	Amer. p.	106 lb.
Archangel	8 0 to 8 4	Sweet, U.S.	35 0 to 40 0
Canada	8 6 to 8 10	Sour	55 0 to 54 0
Scotch	9 0 to 9 6	Oatmeal, per	210 lb.
Irish, new	8 10 to 9 4	English	51 0 to 53 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Scotch	28 0 to 31 0
English	5 0 to 5 9	Irish	26 0 to 31 0
Scotch	4 6 to 5 0	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 1 to 1 2
Irish	4 0 to 4 9		
Foreign	4 0 to 4 9		
Oats, per 45 lb.			
English pota.	3 3 to 3 7		
Irish do.	3 3 to 3 5		
Scotch do.	3 4 to 3 5		
Rye, per qr.	58 0 to 40 0		
Malt, p. b. line	10 3 to 10 9		
Middling	8 3 to 8 9		
Beans, pr qr.			
English	50 0 to 55 0		
Irish	44 0 to 46 0		
Rapeseed	£30 to £32		

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, per cwt.	s. d.
Belfast	85 to 85
Newry	82 to 85
Waterford	76 to 77
Cork, pick.	77 to 77
3d day	68 to 70
Beef, p. t. case	108 to 110
Tongue, p. h. k.	50 to 54
Pork, p. b. l.	64 to 65
Bacon, per cwt.	
Short middles	57 to 58
Hams, dry	55 to 56

Average Prices of Corn in England, and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 25th Dec. 1819.

Wheat, 64s. 11d.—Rye, 42s. 0d.—Barley, 56s. 5d.—Oats, 25s. 0d.—Beans, 48s. 1d.—Pease, 50s. 0d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 26s. 2d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs: Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avowdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Dec. 1819.

Wheat, 54s. 6d.—Rye, 37s. 0d.—Barley, 29s. 6d.—Oats, 21s. 11d.—Beans, 35s. 3d.—Pease, 35s. 2d.—Beer or Big, 25s. 3d.—Oatmeal, 15s. 0d.

EDINBURGH.—JAN. 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....33s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 6d.
3d,.....26s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.	3d,.....15s. 6d.	3d,.....15s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 3d.

Tuesday, January 4.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quarter Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Vcal	0s. 8d. to 0s. 10d.	Salt ditto	1s. 0d. to 1s. 1d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	9s. 0d. to 9s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—JAN. 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. Od.	1st,.....21s. Od.	1st,.....18s. Od.	1st,.....16s. Od.	1st,.....16s. Od.
2d,.....30s. Od.	2d,.....18s. Od.	2d,.....16s. Od.	2d,.....14s. Od.	2d,.....14s. Od.
3d,.....28s. Od.	3d,.....16s. Od.	3d,.....14s. Od.	3d,.....12s. Od.	3d,.....12s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, 41 : 9 : 9 : 8-12ths.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

DURING the first week of December the Thermometer never sunk to the freezing point. On the night of the 8th it stood at $24\frac{1}{2}$; on the 9th at $23\frac{1}{2}$; and on the 10th at $9\frac{1}{2}$. Between the 10th and 16th the frost was more moderate, though uninterrupted; but on that day the weather became open, and continued so till the 21st. On that night the thermometer stood at 29, and the frost continued till the end of the month. During this period the greatest depression of temperature took place on the 26th and 30th, the former being $16\frac{1}{2}$, and the latter $14\frac{1}{2}$. The consequence of this continued frost is, a considerable depression in the mean temperature of the month, which is about six degrees lower than December last year. The mean height of the Barometer is about a tenth below the annual average, and the mean daily range a little greater. The greatest depression of the mercury took place during the fresh weather about the middle of the month, accompanied by a fall of rain amounting to one inch. On the 10th the ground was covered with snow to the depth of 6 inches. A second fall took place on the 26th, amounting to 3 inches, and a third on the evening of the 29th. The Hydrometer frequently indicated complete saturation; and the hoar frost was at times very heavy. The mean of the extreme temperatures is again lower than that of 10 and 10. The greatest depression of temperature generally took place about 8 in the evening.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE; extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude $56^{\circ} 25'$, Elevation 185 feet.

DECEMBER 1819.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
Mean of greatest daily heat,	Degrees.	Maximum, 19th day,	Degrees.
..... cold,	37.0	Minimum, 10th	51.5
..... temperature, 10 A.M.	37.4	Lowest maximum, 26th	9.5
..... 10 P.M.	35.6	Highest minimum, 19th	27.0
..... of daily extremes,	31.9	Highest, 10 A.M.	39.5
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	32.2	Lowest ditto, 20th	47.0
..... 4 daily observations,	32.8	Highest, 10 P.M.	25.0
Whole range of thermometer,	32.5	Lowest ditto, 10th	50.0
Mean daily ditto,	296.5	Greatest range in 24 hours, 10th	18.5
..... temperature of spring water,	5.6	Least ditto, 17th	19.0
	40.5		2.0
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 40)	Inches.	Highest, 10 A.M.	Inches.
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 40)	29.566	Lowest ditto, 18th	30.295
..... both, (temp. of mer. 40)	29.583	Highest, 10 P.M.	28.840
Whole range of barometer,	29.574	Lowest ditto, 6th	30.230
Mean ditto, during the day,	7.585	Lowest ditto, 17th	29.075
..... night,	.122	Greatest range in 24 hours, 4th	.005
..... in 24 hours,	.122	Least ditto, 25th	.010
	.244		
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
Ram in inches,	Degrees.	Leslie. Highest, 10 A.M. 15th	Degrees.
Evaporation in ditto,	1.651 Lowest ditto, 30th	17.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.665 Highest, 10 P.M. 7th	0.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A.M.	.021 Lowest ditto, 30th	16.0
..... 10 P.M.	5.4	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 20th	0.0
..... both,	5.3 Lowest ditto, 11th	46.4
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	24. Highest, 10 P.M. 19th	19.6
..... 10 P.M.	28. Lowest ditto, 10th	47.4
..... both,	28. Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 30th	18.8
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	87. Least ditto, 15th	100.0
..... 10 P.M.	88. Greatest, 10 P.M. 30th	62.0
..... both,	87.8 Least ditto, 11th	67.0
..... Grs. 100 cub. in. air, 10 A.M.	.127 Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 20th	.217
..... 10 P.M.	.121 Least ditto, 11th	.089
..... both,	.142 Greatest, 10 P.M. 19th	.225
	 Least ditto, 10th	.086

Fair days, 18; rainy days, 15. Wind west of meridian, 19; east of meridian, 12.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Dec. 1	M.36 A.44	29.340 .436	M.45 A.41	S.W.	Mild, frost evening.	Dec. 17	M.21½ A.34	28.909 .689	M.29 A.34	S.W.	Heavy rain.
2	M.32½ A.45	.364 .508	M.42 A.45	S.W.	Fair, cold, & rain even.	18	M.25 A.45	29.112 .241	M.38 A.42	Cble.	Dull, showery.
3	M.32 A.39	.497 .668	M.42 A.40	Cble.	Fair, rain & sleet even.	19	M.37 A.48	.241 28.997	M.42 A.48	E.	Rain & sleet.
4	M.31 A.37	.306 .740	M.40 A.40	E.	Dull, rain even.	20	M.43 A.49	.999 29.106	M.48 A.46	S.W.	Rain fore. & fair aftern.
5	M.35 A.39	.999 .904	M.40 A.39	E.	Showery.	21	M.38 A.36	.580 .543	M.41 A.36	N.W.	Frost mori-fair day.
6	M.32 A.36	.998 .999	M.38 A.37	S. E.	Mild, sleet & rain even.	22	M.26 A.31	.356 .273	M.37 A.36	N.W.	Mild torn. frost aftern.
7	M.30 A.37	.999 .997	M.37 A.38	S. E.	Dull, shra. of sleet.	23	M.25 A.31	28.988 .958	M.34 A.32	N.W.	Frost, small hail.
8	M.29½ A.33	.998 30.120	M.36 A.35	S. E.	Dr. shra. silt. snow night.	24	M.21 A.28	.997 29.106	M.31 A.34	Cble.	Keen frost. snow on gr.
9	M.20 A.27	29.840 .821	M.32 A.31	N.W.	Snow night.	25	M.26 A.31	.159 .148	M.34 A.31	N.W.	Ditto.
10	M.12 A.21	.686 .583	M.30 A.30	Cble.	Frost, snow on ground.	26	M.30 A.26	.148 .148	M.29 A.29	N.W.	Ditto.
11	M.25 A.33	.564 .590	M.27 A.30	Cble.	Ditto.	27	M.19 A.28	.278 .445	M.29 A.29	Cble.	Keen frost. mild aftern.
12	M.25 A.33	.541 .563	M.31 A.30	N.W.	Ditto.	28	M.21 A.33	.506 .546	M.31 A.30	Cble.	Hail & snow, with frost.
13	M.24½ A.33	.583 .189	M.32 A.32	N.W.	Ditto.	29	M.20 A.26	.458 .156	M.28 A.29	Cble.	Keen frost, snow night.
14	M.24 A.33	28.999 .918	M.35 A.33	S. W.	Keen frost, dull day.	30	M.22 A.31	.120 .120	M.31 A.30	Cble.	Snow on grd. rather fresh.
15	M.21 A.26	.995 29.231	M.31 A.31	N. W.	Lightning & snow night.	31	M.17 A.24	28.995 .999	M.28 A.28	Cble.	Fair all day, snow on grd.
16	M.21½ A.27	.545 28.985	M.31 A.33	N. W.	Keen frost.	Average of Rain, 2.951 inches.					

The Meteorological Abstract for last year will be given in our next.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has been pleased, in the name and on behalf of his Majesty, to appoint Dr William Pultney Allison, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Medical Police in the University of Edinburgh, in the room of Andrew Duncan, junior, Esq. resigned.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has also been pleased, to appoint Robert Graham, Esq. M.D. to be Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Dr Rutherford.

II. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Captains.	Superannuated Commanders.	Richard Beaumont
William Sargent	William Brett	Thomas Woods
Henry Shaffer	Thomas Eyre Hinton	William Crichton
Commanders.	Lieutenants.	John Wainwright
William Henry Higgs	Hon. Grauville D. Ryder	Hon. William Keith
George C. Blake	Charles Madden	Francis D. Hastings
Alexander A. Sandilands	Henry Richmond	Surgeon.
Roger Hall	Frederick Aug. Wilkinson	Robert Malcolm
James Burton	John Grant	Assistant Surgeon.
	William Lowry	John Jervis
	Caleb E. Tozer	Purser. —Wm. Henry Boud

Appointments.

Rear-Admiral, Robert Lambert, Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Captains.		Wm. Aug. Montagu	Phæton
William Shephard	Brazen	Ather Stowe	Tamar
W. N. Glascock	Carnation	Thomas Brown	Vigo
Roger Hall	Drake	Lieutenants.	
Alexander A. Sandilands	Morgiana	Charles S. Jackson	Bann

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
G. W. C. Courtney	Beaver	<i>Masters.</i>	
H. E. Atkinson	Brazen	George Dujardine	Alban
G. H. Jenkin	Ditto	William Sidney	Blossom
Henry Ilire	Ditto	J. J. H. Lingard	Brazen
J. D. Hastings	Carnation	Thomas Mantor	Chucker
William Martin	Clinker	James Pearce	Cygnat
William Critchill	Confiance	Rich. Hains	Dotterell
James N. Jarvis	Cygnat	Ant. Demayne	Kangaroo
William St. A. St. John	Dover	David Goalen	Pelter
N. G. Corbett	Ditto	John Allen	Phæton
Joseph Cammilleri	Ditto	James Martin	Raleigh
Henry King	Iphigenia	David Gossman	Tribune
Thomas Woods	Ditto	<i>Surgeons.</i>	
William Sandgum	Laffey	James M ^r Ternan	Brazen
George Spong	Liverpool	John Hatley	Conqueror
Henry Richmond	Nautilus	William Colvin	Dover
Henry Jellicoe	Pandora	James M ^r Beath	Raleigh
William Minechin	Pelter	Robert Malcolm	Redpoll
C. H. Hutchinson	Phæton	Charles Mitchell	Vigo
Charles P. Yorke	Ditto	William M ^r Donald	Wye
Henry F. Belson	Ditto	<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>	
William Blight	Queen Charlotte	Robert Marshall	Brazen
William F. Lapidge	Raleigh	Joseph Gay	Clinker
Charles M. Chapman	Redpoll	Joseph Steret	Conqueror
W. W. Eytton	Ditto	John Gächrist	Ditto
C. H. Fremantle	Rochfort	Henry Marshall	Dover
Thomas Gahan	Sapphire	M. M ^r Ennally	Iphigenia
Fred. Aug. Wilkinson	Sappho	John Thomson	Leveret
John M. Laws	Spartan	D. M ^r Nicholl	Pelter
George Young	Spencer	James Barnhill	Phæton
H. W. Hall	Tamar	Samuel Mackey	Raleigh
James S. Hore	Ditto	William Aikin	Ramillies
William Finlaison	Tartar	James Low	Rossario
Henry W. Bishopp	Tribune	William Aitchison	Sappho
Arch. M ^r Lean	Vigo	John Buchanan	Ditto
George Welsh	Ditto	Alexander Gilfillan	Sophie
Robert L. Baynes	Ditto	Rhod. Kent	Starling
George Thomas Gooch	Ditto	James M ^r Allaster	Swan
H. R. Moorsom	Ditto	William Barr	Sybilie
F. James Lewis	Ditto	Thomas Robertson	Tees
Charles Madden	Wasp	John Henderson	Vigo
Robert Shebbeare	Wye	James Lawrence	Ditto
J. L. Beckford, F. L.	Ditto	John Summers	Weymouth
<i>Royal Marines.</i>		<i>Purcers.</i>	
Capt. Robert Clarke	Vigo	Robert Chapman	Albion
1st Lt. N. Philips	Alert	William H. Bond	Bann
W. S. Knapman	Favourite	John Curtis	Beaver
Charles Cupples	Impregnable	James C. Cumming	Brazen
Thomas Stevens	Phæton	H. S. Man	Pandora
John M. Pulcher	Vigo	W. B. H. Long	Serapis
George O'Neil	Wye	George Maber	Tamar
2d Lts. James K. Wilson	Brazen	Stephen Street	Vigo
G. A. Campbell	Dover	<i>Chaplains.</i>	
Thomas Sullock	Spartan	J. E. Surridge	Albion
R. G. Atkinson	Topaze	R. Bickell	Iphigenia

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

September 26. At Gouyave, in the island of Granada, the lady of Dr. Henry Palmer, a daughter.

November 24. At Trinity Cottage, the lady of Lieut. John Mitchell, R.N., a daughter.

27. At London, the lady of Henry Brougham, Esq. of Brougham, M. P., a daughter.

28. At Sandwick-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Miller of Glenelc, a son.

29. At Wellshot, the lady of Captain William Stirling, a son.

December 1. In Heriot-row, Edinburgh, the lady of Edward Douglas, Esq., a son.

— At Bologne, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel MacLachlan, a son.

2. At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, a daughter.

3. In George's-square, Edinburgh, Mrs W. Mitchell, a daughter.

— The lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, a son and heir.

4. At Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Blackwood, a son.

5. The lady of M. A. Fletcher, Esq. advocate, a son.

11. At Edinburgh Castle, the lady of Captain Cargill, 74th regiment, a daughter.

— Mrs Abercromby, 19, York-place, a daughter.

— 12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Laing Meason of Lindertis, a son.

— At Clifford, Essex, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Allan, a daughter.

13. At Balbegno Castle, the lady of Captain Ramsay, a daughter.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs W. Anderson, No 12, Brown's-square, a daughter.

15. Mrs James Campbell, Northumberland-street Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Dunsman, the lady of J. M. Nairne, Esq., a daughter.

— At Leith, Mrs Smith, Water-lane, a son.

16. Mrs Waugh, Minto-street, Newington, a son.

17. At the Mount, near Harrow, the lady of Archibald Campbell, Esq., a son.

19. At Merchiston Castle, Mrs Fordyce of Ayton, a son.

20. Mrs Colonel Munro, George's-square, Edinburgh, a son.

— Mrs Ivory, Prince's-street, Edinburgh, a son.

21. In Great Russell street, London, the lady of James Loch, Esq., a son.

25. Lady Mackenzie of Coul, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Hagart of Bantaskine, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 20. At Madras, Peter Cleghorn, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Isabella, daughter of the late Thomas Allan, Esq. merchant in Leith.

Nov. 26. At Edinburgh, Mr. James Winks, Pitt-street, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. John Brodie, farmer, Coathill, Berwickshire.

29. At Glasgow, Mr. J. Gilchrist, surgeon, to Eliza, only child of the late William Rymmer of Tortola.

30. At Springfield, Captain Robert Scott, Hon. East India Company's service, to Mrs. Rolland of Auchmithie.

— At Glasgow, Mr. John M'K. Wardrop, merchant, to Jane, daughter of the late Adam Lightbody, Esq. of Hurler.

Dec. 6. At Gosport, Lieutenant W. C. Clarke, of the rifle-brigade, to Mary Gavin, fourth daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel M'Lean.

14. At Greenock, Mr. John M'Kinlay, writer, Stirling, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. William Baird, shipmaster.

16. At Glasgow, Major M'Gregor, of the 56th regiment, to Miss Stuart, daughter of Robert Collier, Esq. Barrack-master of Glasgow.

— At Glasgow, Captain D. Campbell, of the late 94th regiment, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late A. Pollock, of Whitehall, Esq.

17. In St. Paul's Chapel, York-place, Colonel Farquhaison, to Rebecca, fourth daughter of the late Sir George Colquhoun of Tillycolquhoun, Bart.

— At Meadow-place, near James Scott, tobacconist, Hawick, to Margaret, daughter of Mr. James Oliver, merchant, there.

19. At Senwick, near Kirkcubright, the house of Sir John Gordon, Bart. Major-General Riall, governor of Grenada, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late James Scarlett, Esq. junior, of Peru, in the island of Jamaica.

23. At Bellwood, Andrew Forbes Ramsay, Esq. surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, to Isabella, fourth daughter of the late John Young, Esq. of Bellwood. *Latly*, at Lauriston-place, Edinburgh, William Gordon, Esq. of Ivie, to Miss Christina, daughter of Mr. George Murray, merchant.

DEATHS.

April 16. In Calcutta, James Wade, Esq.
June 11. At Calcutta, Col. Charles Trotter, commanding at Palamcottah, and the district of Tinnevely, aged 51 years.

September 21. At Kingston, Jamaica, Major Ferrier, 92d regiment.

Oct. 11. Near Three Rivers, Canada, John Campbell, Esq. late of Auchinwillin.

25. Of a fever, at Gibsonport, on the Mississippi, Mr. Simon Fraser, son of the late Alexander Fraser, Esq. sheriff-clerk of Haddingtonshire.

Nov. 11. At Ruthill, Mrs. Maclean, wife of Hugh Maclean, Esq. younger of Coll.

14. At West Bendoehy, Perthshire, George Playfair, Esq. of Galry.

— At Aberdeen, Henry, fifth son, and on the 23d, Alexander, fourth son of Alexander Foulerton, Esq.

21. At Barrochan, Malcolm Fleming, Esq. of Barrochan.

24. At Kidderminster, John Steed, Esq. Leith Walk.

— At Lower, Patrick Carnegie, Esq. of Lower.

— James Thomson, Esq. of Parkhouse, near Falkirk.

25. At Falkirk, aged 74, Mr. James Bathgate, son of the late Rev. James Bathgate, minister of Dalgetty.

27. At Preston, Linnithgowshire, Archibald Seaton, third son of Dr. Seaton, aged nine years.

— At Greenock, Mr. Peter Christie, sen. late of the Excise, Anstruther, in the 82d year of his age.

28. At Edinburgh, Miss Ann Watson, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Watson, Principal of the United College of St. Andrews.

— At his house, Heriot Hill, Alexander Kinnear, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— At Kelso, Mrs. Margaret Robertson, relict of Andrew Robertson, Esq. of Calcutta.

29. At Leith, Agnes Paterson, wife of Mr. Robert Strong, jun. merchant.

— At Dundee, Mr. W. C. Pitearin, merchant.

— Mary, and on the 7th December, John and Isabella, children of Mrs. Kinnmont, at Cotton of Redcastle, Inverkeilor, all of the scarlet fever.

— At the Manse of Latheron, the Rev. Robert Gum, minister of that parish, in the 70th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Cowan, senior, widow of Charles Cowan, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

December 1. At Manley, Devonshire, Henry Manley, Esq. of Manley.

6. At Aberdeen, Peter Gordon, Esq. of Aberdein, aged 68.

7. At Montrose, Alexander Craigie, seaman, in the 93d year of his age.

9. At Bath, James Ker of Blackshells, Esq.

11. At Ayr, after a short illness, Captain David L. Cargill, of the Romulus.

— At Acton House, Middlesex, John Dalzell Douglas, youngest son of Henry Alexander Douglas, Esq.

13. At No 1, Great King-street, Edinburgh, Mr. William Pringle, assistant-surgeon, royal navy, only son of Mr. T. Pringle, builder.

— At Dundee, John Guild, Esq. in the 77th year of his age, late Provost of that burgh.

— At Dumfries, William Hemon, Esq. of Dun Cow.

14. At Kelso, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Stephen Bromfield, Esq. of Hassington Mans, and sister of Colonel Bromfield.

15. At Kinsale, at an advanced age, Lady Kinsale.

— At Bath, aged 90, Mrs. Cradock, relict of Dr. Cradock, late Archbishop of Dublin, and another of Lord Howden.

16. At Spoutwells, James Buchan, Esq. late of Huntingtower.

— At his house, 118, Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Robert Fullerton, Esq.

17. At his house, 14, Hart-street, Edinburgh, James Stuart, Esq. late of the island of Grenada.

— At Edinburgh, Mr. John Black, writer, late rector of the Fortrose Academy.

18. At Edinburgh, Miss Christian Ruthford, youngest daughter of the deceased Dr. John Ruthford, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh.

19. At Wigton, David Tweeddale, aged 17, son of James Tweeddale, Collector of the Customs.

— At St. Andrews, the Rev. Principal Hill.

20. At his house, Lauriston-place, Mr. John Martin, of the Chancery Office, Edinburgh.

21. At Lauriston-place, in the 7th year of his age, Alexander John, only son of John Cameron, hat-manufacturer in Edinburgh.

22. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Alice Plenderleath, relict of the late James Grant, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

— At her seat, Charlton House, near Malmsbury, aged 82, the Countess of Suffolk.

— At Crail, William Macdonald Fowler, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Montrose, Miss Margaret Choplin, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Choplin of Kennel.

— At her house in Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Mure, widow of the late William Mure, Esq. of Caldwell, one of the Barons of his Majesty's Exchequer in Scotland.

— At Chichester, Vice-Admiral Thomas Surridge, aged 72.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XXXV.

FEBRUARY 1820.

VOL. VI.

Contents.

Horæ Hispanicæ.—No I. <i>The Moorish</i>	
<i>Ballads</i>	481
Don Raymon of Butrago.....	484
The Death of Queen Blanche	485
Andalla's Bridal	487
Zara's Ear-rings	ib.
Ganzul's Bullfight.....	488
The Lamentation for Celin	490
The Flight from Canada.....	491
Second Letter from a Liberal Whig.....	492
Particulars of the Death of Messieurs	
Cinq-Mars and De Thou, at Lyons—	
Friday 14th September, 1612. <i>By</i>	
<i>a Citizen of Lyons.</i>	494
Leslie <i>versus</i> Hebrew	501
A Recollection.....	504
To Thomas Campbell, Esq.....	ib.
Abstract of Meteorological Observations	
for 1819	505
Barlow on Magnetic Attractions.....	507
Recollections.—No II. <i>Mark Macra-</i>	
<i>bin, the Cameronian</i>	513
Musings	522
Sabbath Noon.....	523
The Aurora Borealis.— <i>A Sonnet.</i>	524
Greece.— <i>A Sonnet.</i>	524
Horæ Germanicæ.—No IV.—The Cy-	
press Crown; a Tale. <i>By the Baroness</i>	
<i>Caroline de la Motte Fouqué</i>	525
Hodgskin's Travels in Germany.....	536
There is Death in the Pot.—Accum's	
Treatise on the Adulteration of Food,	
&c.	542
On the Writings of Charles Brockden	
Brown and Washington Irving.....	554
On the Proposed Monument for Lord	
Melville	562
Horæ Scoticæ.—No I. <i>The Bondsman</i>	
<i>of Closeburn and Lochmaben</i>	568
THE LATE KING.....	574
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	
INTELLIGENCE	579
WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.....	584
MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICA-	
TIONS	586
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Commercial Report	549
Meteorological Report	603
Appointments, Promotions, &c.....	605
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	606

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Vol. VI.

POEÆ HISPANICÆ.

No I.

The Moorish Ballads.

OF the language of Spain, as it existed under the reign of the Visigoth kings, we possess no monuments.—The laws and the chronicles of the period were equally written in Latin—and although both, in all probability, must have been frequently rendered into more vulgar dialects for the use of those whose business it was to understand them, no traces of any such versions have survived the many storms and struggles of religious and political dissention of which this interesting region has since been made the scene. To what exact extent, therefore, the language and literature of the peninsula felt the influence of that great revolution which subjected the far greater part of her territory to the sway of a mussulman sceptre—and how much or how little of what we at this hour admire or condemn in the poetry of Portugal, Arragon, Castille, is really not of Spanish but of Moorish origin—these are matters which have divided all the great writers of literary history, and which we, in truth, have little chance of ever seeing accurately or completely decided.—No one, however, who considers of what elements the Christian population of Spain was originally composed—and in what shapes the mind of nations, every way kindred to that population, was expressed during the middle ages—can have any doubt that some influence, and that no inconsi-

derable one neither, *was* exerted over the whole world of Spanish thought and feeling—and, therefore, over the whole world of Spanish language and poetry—by the influx of those oriental tribes that occupied, for seven long centuries, the fairest provinces of the peninsula.

Spain, although of all the provinces which owned the authority of the Caliphs she was the most remote from the seat of their empire, appears to have been the first in point of civilization; her governors having, for at least two centuries, emulated one another in affording every species of encouragement and protection to all those liberal arts and sciences which first flourished at Bagdad under the sway of Haroon Alraschid, and his less celebrated, but, perhaps, still more enlightened son Al-mamoun.—Beneath the wise and munificent patronage of these rulers, the cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of king Roderick, had been everywhere penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Granada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner—where the most exact and the

most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova: Ben-Zaid and Aboul-Mander wrote histories of their nation at Valencia;—Abdel-Maluk set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing by which Moreri and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves; and an Arabian Encyclopædia was compiled under the direction of the great Mohammed-Aba-Abdallah at Grenada. Ibn-el-Beithier went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for every thing that might enable him to perfect his favourite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain, to excite the admiration of all that are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates—while chemistry, and other branches of medical science, almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developments from Al-Rasi and Avicenna. Rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied—and, in a word—it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively or usefully or gracefully exerted,—than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigour which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tariffa.

Although the difference of religion prevented the Moors and their Spanish subjects from ever being completely melted into one people, yet it appears that nothing could, on the whole, be more mild than the conduct of the Moorish government towards the Christian population of the country during this their splendid period of undisturbed dominion. Their learning and their arts they liberally communicated to all who desired such participation, and the Christian youth studied freely and honourably at the feet of Jewish physicians and Mahomedan philosophers. Communion of studies and acquirements continued through such a space of years could not have failed to break down, on both sides, many of the barriers of religious prejudice, and to nourish a spirit of kindness and charity among the more cultivated portions of either people.

The intellect of the Christian Spaniards could not be ungrateful for the rich gifts it was every day receiving from their misbelieving masters; while the benevolence with which instructors ever regard willing disciples must have tempered in the minds of the Arabs the sentiments of haughty superiority natural to the breasts of conquerors. By degrees, however, the scattered remnants of unsubdued Visigoths, who had sought and found refuge among the mountains of Asturias and Galicia, began to gather the strength of numbers and of combination, and the Mussulmen saw different portions of their empire successively wrested from their hands by leaders whose descendants assumed the titles of kings in Oviedo and Navarre—and counts in Castille—Soprarabia—Arragon—and Barcellona. From the time when these governments were established, till all their strength was united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, a perpetual war may be said to have subsisted between the professors of the two religions—and the natural jealousy of Moorish governors must have gradually, but effectually diminished the comfort of the Christians who yet lived under their authority. Were we to seek our ideas of the period only from the events recorded in its chronicles, we should be led to believe that nothing could be more deep and fervid than the spirit of mutual hostility which prevailed among all the adherents of the opposite faiths: but external events are sometimes not the surest guides to the spirit either of peoples or of ages—and the ancient popular poetry of Spain may be referred to for proofs, which cannot be considered as either of dubious or of trivial value, that the rage of hostility had not sunk quite so far as might have been imagined into the minds and hearts of those engaged in the conflict.

There is, indeed, nothing more natural, at first sight, than to reason in some measure from a nation as it is in our own day, back to what it was a few centuries ago: but we believe nothing could tend to the production of greater mistakes than such a mode of judging applied to the case of Spain. In the erect and high-spirited peasantry of that country we still see the genuine and uncorrupted descendants of their manly forefathers—but in every other part of the population, the progress of corruption appears to have

been no less powerful than rapid, and the higher we ascend in the scale of society, the more distinct and mortifying is the spectacle of moral not less than of physical deterioration. This unusual falling off of men may be traced very easily to an universal falling off—an universal destruction of principle—in regard to every point of faith and feeling most essential to the formation and preservation of a national character. We see the modern Spaniards the most bigotted and enslaved and ignorant of Europeans; but we must not forget that the Spaniards of three centuries back were, in all respects, a very different set of beings. Spain, in the first regulation of her constitution, was as free as any nation needs to be for all the purposes of social security and individual happiness. Her kings were her captains and her judges—the chiefs and the models of a gallant nobility, and the protectors of a manly and independent peasantry: But the authority with which they were invested was guarded by the most accurate limitations—nay, in case they should exceed the boundary of their legal power—the statute-book of the realm contained exact rules for the conduct of a constitutional insurrection to recal them to their duty, or to punish them for its desertion. Every order of society had its representatives in the national council, and every Spaniard, of whatever degree, was penetrated with a sense of his own dignity as a freeman—his own nobility as a descendant of the Visigoths. And it is well remarked by the elegant Italian historian of our own day,* that, even to this hour, the influence of this happy order of things still continues to be felt in Spain—where manners and language and literature have all received indelibly a stamp of courts, and aristocracy, and proud feeling—which affords a striking contrast to what may be observed in modern Italy, where the only freedom that ever existed had its origin and residence among citizens and merchants.

The civil liberty of the old Spaniards could scarcely have existed, so long as it did, in the presence of any feeling so black and noisome as the bigotry of modern Spain; but this

was never tried, for down to the time of Charles V. no man has any right to say that the Spaniards were a bigotted people. One of the worst features of their modern bigotry—their extreme and servile subjection to the authority of the Pope, was entirely wanting in the picture of their ancient spirit.—In the 12th century, the kings of Arragon were the protectors of the Albigenses; and Pedro II. himself died in 1213, fighting bravely against the red cross, for the cause of toleranee. In 1268, two brothers of the king of Castille left the banners of the Infidels, beneath which they were serving at Tunis, with 800 Castillian gentlemen, for the purpose of coming to Italy and assisting the Neapolitans in their resistance to the tyranny of the Pope and Charles of Anjou. In the great schism of the west, as it is called (1378,) Pedro IV. embraced the party which the Catholic church regards as schismatic. That feud was not allayed for more than a hundred years, and Alphonso V. was well paid for consenting to lay it aside; while down to the time of Charles V., the whole of the Neapolitan princes of the house of Arragon may be said to have lived in a state of open enmity against the papal see—sometimes excommunicated for generations together—seldom apparently—never cordially reconciled. When Ferdinand the Catholic, finally, wished to introduce the Inquisition into his kingdom, the whole nation took up arms to resist him.—The Grand Inquisitor was killed, and every one of his creatures was compelled to leave the yet free soil of Arragon.

But the truest and best proof of the liberality of the old Spaniards is, as we have already said, to be found in their beautiful ballads. Throughout the far greater part of these compositions, many of which must be, at least, as old as the 10th century, there breathes a charming sentiment of charity and humanity towards those Moorish enemies with whom the combats of the national heroes are represented. The Spaniards and the Moors lived together in their villages beneath the calmest of skies, and surrounded with the most lovely of landscapes. In spite of their adverse faiths—in spite of their adverse interests—they had much in common—loves, and sports,

and recreations—nay, sometimes their haughtiest recollections were in common, and even their heroes were the same. Bernard de Carpio, Alphonse VI., the Cid himself—every one of the favourite heroes of the Spanish nation had, at some period or other of his life, fought beneath the standard of the crescent, and the minstrels of either nation might, therefore, in regard to some instances at least, have equal pride in the celebration of their prowess. The praises which the Arab poets granted to them in their *Monwachchah*, or *girdle ver-*

ses were repeated by liberal encomiums on Moorish valour and generosity in Castillian and Arragonese *Redondilleras*. Even in the ballads most exclusively devoted to the celebration of some feat of Spanish heroism, it is quite common to find some redeeming compliment to the Moors mixed with the strain of exultation. Take, for example, the famous ballad on Don Raymon of Butrago—translated in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1816, just published. The version, it will be seen, is by the same hand as those which follow.

Your horse is faint, my king, my lord, your gallant horse is sick,
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick ;
Mount, mount on mine, oh mount apace, I pray thee mount and fly,
Or in my arms I'll lift your grace—their trampling hoofs are nigh.

My king, my king, you're wounded sore, the blood runs from your feet,
But only lay your hand before, and I'll lift ye to your seat ;
Mount, Juan, mount—the Moors are near, I hear them Arab cry,
Oh mount and fly for jeopardy, I'll save ye though I die.

Stand noble steed this hour of need, be gentle as a lamb,
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, thy master dear I am ;
— Mount, Juan, ride, what'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side—Bavieca save my king.

* * * * *

King Juan's horse fell lifeless—Don Raymon's horse stood by,
Nor king nor lord would mount him, they both prepare to die ;
'Gainst the same tree their backs they placed—they hacked the king in twain,
Don Raymon's arms the corpse embraced, and so they both were slain.—

*But when the Moor Almazor beheld what had been done,
He oped Lord Raymon's visor, while down his tears did run ;
He oped his visor, stooping then he kissed the forehead cold,
God grant may ne'er to Christian men this Moorish shame be told.*

Even in the more remote and ideal chivalries celebrated in the Castillian ballads, the parts of glory and greatness were just as frequently attributed to Moors as to Christians ;—Calaynos was a name as familiar as Guyferos. At somewhat a later period, when the conquest of Grenada had mingled the Spaniards still more effectually with the persons and manners of the Moors, we find the Spanish poets still fonder of celebrating the heroic achievements of Moors ; and, without doubt, this their liberality towards the “ Knights of Grenada, Gentlemen, albeit Moors,”

Caballeros Grenadinos

Aunque Moros hijos d'algo,
must have been very gratifying to the former subjects of king Chico. It must have counteracted the bigotry of Confessors and Mollahs, and tended

to inspire both nations with sentiments of kindness and mutual esteem. Bernard de Carpio, above all the rest, was the common property and pride of both peoples. Of his all romantic life, the most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself when he rose up to demand vengeance from king Alphonso for the murder of his father. It was with Moorish brethren in arms that he marched to fight against Charlemagne for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a Moorish host that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valour and magic,
“ When Roland brave and Oliver,
And many a Paladin and Peer
At Roncesvalles fell.—”
All the picturesque details, in fine, of

that splendid, and not unfrequently, perhaps, fabulous career, were sung with equal transport to the shepherd's lute on the hills of Leon, and the courtly guitars of the Algeneraliffe, or the Alhamra. Surely these beautiful verses were written by any one rather than a bigot—they breathe all the meek and noble gallantry of knighthood.

Bernardo qui vio del Moro
Aquel pecho tan gallardo
Le dixo : Bernardo soy
Y el que nunca ha recusado
Batallo con ningun hombre
Que ocasion me huviesse dado.

Muca le abraça, y le dize
Casi de plazer llorando :
Has de saber que yo soy
El que mas ha procurado
De tenerte por amigo
Aunque en las leyes contrarios !

Y pues el cielo lo quiere,
Abraçame, amigo caro,
Y de mi quiero te sirvas
Como del menor criado
Y si desto en algun tempo
Me hallares en algun falto
Quiero que el cielc me fallê
Y quanto Dios ha criado.

But as the fine series of ballads in which the history of Bernardo is told, may probably furnish us with the sub-

ject of a separate article, we shall not at present enter deeper into any of their beauties. They form probably the oldest series extant in the language, and next to those of the Cid, the most extensive as well as the most beautiful.

The history of the children of Lara is another series from which many rich illustrations of our proposition might be borrowed, but we decline entering upon it at present for similar reasons—and as to the ballads of the Campeador himself, our readers may refer to the best of them translated, as never ballads nor any other compositions that we are acquainted with were translated, by Mr Frere.* The dark and bloody annals of Pedro the cruel, are narrated in another long and exquisite series—and in these too we might find much to our purpose. As a specimen of the style in which they are written, will our readers accept, by the way, the following specimen? It contains the narrative of the tyrant's murder of Blanche of Bourbon, his young and innocent queen, whom he sacrificed very shortly after his marriage to the jealous hatred of his Jewish mistress, Maria de Pedilla. The version is quite literal.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

MARIA DE PEDILLA be not thus of dismal mood,
For if I twice have wedded me it all was for thy good,
But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should show,
For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go,
The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood the ground ;
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be found.
Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,
He said, now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone.
Then answer made Don Ynigo, such gift I ne'er will bring,
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the king.
Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning red,
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.
The bowman to Medina passed, when the queen beheld him near,
Alas ! she said, my maidens, he brings my death I fear.
Then said the archer, bending low, the king's commandment take,
And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it make,
For lo ! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may there be—
Then gently spoke the Lady Blanche, my friend I pardon thee ;
Do what thou wilt, so be the king hath his commandment given,
Deny me not confession—if so, forgive ye heaven.
Much grieved the bowman for her tears' and for her beauty's sake,
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint did make ;—
Oh France ! my noble country—oh blood of high Bourbon,
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.

* At the end of Mr Southey's *History of the Cid*.

The king hath never known me. A virgin true I die.
 What'er I've done, to proud Castille no treason e'er did I.
 The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
 God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies.
 These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the bowman's blow—
 Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood did flow.

After this series, in all the collections we have seen, the greater part of the ballads are altogether Moorish in their subjects, and of these we shall now proceed to give a few specimens. They are every way interesting—but, above all, as monuments, for such we unquestionably consider them to be, of the manners and customs of a noble nation, of whose race no relics now remain on the soil they so long ennobled. Composed originally by a Moor or a Spaniard, (it is often very difficult to determine by which of the two), they were sung in the village greens of Andalusia in either language, but to the same tunes, and listened to with equal pleasure by man, woman, and child—mussulman and christian. In these strains, whatever other merits or demerits they may possess, we are, at least, presented with a lively picture of the life of the Arabian Spaniard. We see him as he was in reality, “like steel among weapons, like wax among women.”

Fuerte qual azeto entre armas,
 Y qual cera entre las damas.

There came, indeed, a time when the fondness of the Spaniards for their Moorish ballads was made matter of reproach—but this was not till long after the period when Spanish bravery had won back the last fragments of the peninsula from Moorish hands.—It was thus that a Spanish poet of the after day expressed himself.

Vayase con Dios Ganzul !
 Lleve el diablo à Celindaxa !
 Y buelvan estas marlotas
 A quien se las dió prestadas.
 Qué quiere Dona Maria
 Ver baylar a Dona Juana,
 Una gallarda espanola,
 Que no ay dança mas gallarda :
 Y Don Pedro y Don Rodrigo
 Vestir otras mas galanas
 Ver quien son estos danzantes
 Y conocer estas damas.
 Y el señor Alcayde quiere
 Saber quien es Abenamar.
 Estos Zegrís y Aliatares
 Aduces, Zaydes, y Andallas.

Y de que repartimoento
 Son Celinda y Guadalaria,
 Estos Moras y Estas Moras.
 Que en todas las bodas danzan.
 Y por hablarlo mas claro
 Assi tenguan buena pascua,
 Ha venido à su noticia
 Que ay Christianos en Espana.

But these complaints were not without their answer; for says another poem in the *Romancero general*—

Si es espanol Don Rodrigo
 Espanol fue el fuerte Andalla
 Y sepa el señor Alcayde
 Que tambien lo es Guadalaria.

But the best argument follows.

No es culpa si de los Moros
 Les valientes hechos cantan,
 Pues tanto mas resplandecen
 Nuestras celebras hazanas.

The greater part of these ballads refer to the period immediately preceding the downfall of the throne of Granada—the amours of that splendid court—the bull-feasts and other spectacles in which its lords and ladies delighted no less than those of the Christian courts of Spain—the bloody feuds of the two great Moorish families of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages which contributed so largely to the ruin of the Moorish cause—and the incidents of that last war itself, in which the power of the mussulman was entirely overthrown by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. But the specimens we give will speak for themselves. To some of our readers it may, perhaps, occur that the part ascribed to Moorish females in these ballads is not always exactly in the oriental taste; but the pictures still extant on the walls of the Alhambra contain abundant proofs how unfair it would be to judge from the manners of any mussulman nation of our day, to those of the refined and elegant Spanish Moors. As a single example of what we mean, in one of those pictures, engraved in the splendid work of Mr Murphy, a Moorish lady is represented, unveiled, bestowing the prize, after a tourney, on a kneeling Moorish knight.

ANDALLA'S BRIDAL.

I.

Rise up—rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town,
 From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
 And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
 And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
 And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air ;
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down ;
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

II.

Arise, arise, Xarifa, I see Andalla's face,
 He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace,
 'Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquivir
 Rode forth Bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
 Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mixed with white,
 I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night ;
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down,—
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

III.

"What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thine eyes look down ?
 Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the Town ?
 I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
 Andalla rides without a Peer, among all Granada's youth.
 Without a Peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
 Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow ;
 Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa—lay the golden cushion down,
 Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the Town."

IV.

The Zegri Lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
 Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the Town ;—
 But tho' her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
 And tho' her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove ;
 One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh—
 That bonny bud a tear effaced slow dropping from her eye.
 "No—no," she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
 "To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing Town."

V.

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down ?
 Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing Town ?
 Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry,—
 He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh why ?"
 "At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate ; in him shall I discover
 The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover ?
 I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
 To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing Town."

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

I.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they've dropt into the well,
 And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot, tell—
 'Twas thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez's daughter,
 The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water—
 To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
 And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

II.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget,
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale—
When he comes back and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot, tell.

III.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

IV.

He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way—
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say—
He'll think some other lovers hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed—
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

V.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same—
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! oh ! luckless, luckless well,
For what to say to Muça, alas ! I cannot tell.

VI.

I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve—
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone,
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

THE BULLFIGHT OF GANZUL.

I.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish Lords, from the hills and plains around ;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

II.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,*
And they have closed, the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate ;
In gowns of black with silver laced within the tented ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the king.

III.

Eight Moorish Lords of valour tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide come trooping furious through ;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust,
Yet ere high in heaven appears the Sun, they all have bit the dust.

* The day of the Baptist is a festival among the Mussulmans as well as among Christians.

IV.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour,
Make room, make room for Ganzul—throw wide, throw wide the door ;—
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum,
The Alcayde of Agalva to fight the bull doth come.

V.

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the Infantas all a-rowe ;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

VI.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Ganzul ta'en his stand ;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

VII.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon ;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

VIII.

' Turn, Ganzul, turn,' the people cry—the third comes up behind,
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind ;—
The mountaineers that lead the steers, without stand whispering low,
“ Now thinks this proud Alcayde to stun Harpado so ? ”

IX.

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill ;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

X.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow ;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

XI.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull, like daggers they appear ;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the mouster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

XII.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might ;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

XIII.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet, and thrice give !
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun—
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one !

XIV.

Once more, once more ;—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel—
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee stagger,
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger !

XV.

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.
Now stoop thee lady from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
Upon Ganzul of Agalva, that hath laid Harpado low.

THE LAMENTATION OF GRANADA FOR THE DEATH OF CELIN.

I.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight at the Vega gate there is a trampling heard ;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of wo.
What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing ?
A tower is fallen, a star is set. Alas ! alas for Celin.

II.

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors they throw .
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go ;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch ;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery. Alas ! alas for Celin.

III.

Him yesterday a Moor did slay of Bencerraje's blood,
'Twas at the solemn jousting, around the nobles stood ;
The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share ;
But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing,
For he was Granada's darling knight. Alas ! alas for Celin.

IV.

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread most pitiful to view ;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambours dismal strokes take up their doleful tale ;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry—alas ! alas for Celin.

V.

Oh lovely lies he on the bier above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all ;
His dark dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail,
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—alas ! alas for Celin.

VI.

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the Moor stands at his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore—
Down to the dust men bow their heads and ashes black they strew,
Upon their brodered garments of crimson, green, and blue—
Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the loud bewailing
From door and lattice, high and low—alas ! alas for Celin.

VII.

AN old old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry ;
 Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye.
 'Twas she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed him long ago ;
 She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know.
 —With one deep shriek she through doth break, when her ears receive their
 wailing,
 " Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—alas ! alas for Celin."

The last specimen we shall give for the present is one of the many ballads on the subject of the capture of Granada. It is, perhaps, the most striking of the whole of those composed in celebration of that signal catastrophe.

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA.

THERE was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,
 Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun ;
 Here passed away the Koran, there in the Cross was borne,
 And here was heard the Christidan bell, and there the Moorish horn ;
 'Tc Dcum Laudamus was up the Alcala sung ;
 Down from th' Alhamra's minarets were all the crescents flung ;
 The arms thercon of Arragon and Castille they display ;
 One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away.
 Thus cried the weeper while his hands his old white beard did tear,
 Farewell, farewell, Granada, thou city without peer ;
 Wo, wo, thou pride of Heathendom ; seven hundred years and more
 Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore.
 Thou wert the happy mother of an high renowned race ;
 Within thee dwelt a noble line that now go from their place ;
 Within thee fearless knights did dwell who fought with meikie glee
 The enemies of proud Castille, the bane of Christientee.
 The mother of fair dames wert thou of truth and beauty rare,
 Into whose arms did noble knights for solace sweet repair—
 For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display
 Of might in joust and battle on many a bloody day :
 Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,
 Or for the Prophet's honour—and pride of Soldanry.
 In thee did valour flourish, and deeds of warlike might
 Ennobled lordly palaces, in which we had delight.
 The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
 Wo, wo, I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers.—
 No reverence can he claim the king that such a land hath lost,
 On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host—
 But in some dark and dismal place where none his face may see,
 There, weeping and lamenting, alone that king should be.—
 Thus spake Granada's king as he was riding to the sea,
 About to cross Gibraltar's strait away to Barbary—
 Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his queen did cry—
 (He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms, for together did they fly,
 Filling with groans and piercing shrieks the black and trembling sky)—
 Unhappy king ! whose craven soul can brook (did she reply),
 To leave behind Granada, and hast not heart to die,
 Now for the love I bore thy youth thee gladly could I slay,
 For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away !

We cannot conclude this brief sketch without directing more particularly the attention of our readers to MURPHY'S magnificent Engravings* of the remains of Moorish taste and magnificence in Spain. After looking over those superb pages, every one will feel and understand more concerning this most interesting people, than we have at present either the power or the leisure to convey to them.

* The Arabian Antiquities of Spain ; by J. C. Murphy, Architect. One hundred Engravings, with descriptions. Large folio. T. Cadell and W. Davies, London, 1816.

SECOND LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG.

Lincoln's Inn, January, 25th.

MR NORTH,

ENCOURAGED by the flattering reception you have given to my late rambling comments upon the fashionable vice of exaggeration, I shall venture to throw together the substance of some further reflections in the same strain, without more of method or connection than they may assume, in passing through my mind as I utter them; premising, however, that though you appear to distrust my pretensions to the character of a whig in politics, I do not the less maintain my right to the honours of that illustrious, though often abused, and now generally stigmatized, appellation. What is it, indeed, but the prevalence of that very vice, against which these strictures are directed, that has unhappily fixed upon a name, associated by our ancestors with every thing sacred and venerable in our free constitution, the mark of opprobrium by which those in all other respects of the most opposite and adverse principles alone agree in distinguishing it? Do not suppose, that, forgetting already the duties of the censorial character which I have thus boldly assumed, I am now thinking to screen my friends from the share of blame which belongs to them. My Thesis is the vice of exaggeration; and my belief is, that all classes and all descriptions of men are alike, and almost in the same degree, infected by it. It is by exaggeration, that the whigs themselves have lost, (and have almost deserved to lose) the confidence of the nation—but it is by a yet grosser exaggeration that they are represented on one side, as more dangerous to order and good government, than the most factious Democrats; and on the other, as more hostile to liberty than the most sordid of the whole train of placemen and pensioners. Yet, in one or other of these absurd strains of language must every man speak, who designs to find favour with the great majority of his audience, howsoever composed; while he who merely regrets the eccentricities and aberrations of those, whom, with all their faults, he cannot but still consider as having, amidst the conflict of parties, kept nearest to the standard which he venerates, and who therefore

cannot consent to abandon them, even at the moment when he least approves their conduct, must make up his mind contentedly to bear the reproach of neutrality. I well know, Mr North, how terrible is the reproach affixed in all times of public violence and convulsion, to this unoffending, yet universally obnoxious condition of neutral. I have even read, with enthusiasm, the prince of party-poets, and have trembled at his sublime denunciation against

Quel cattivo choro

Degli Angeli, che non furon ribelli,
Ne fur Fedeli a Dio; ma per se foro :

Nor my assumed moderation of that timid or affected character, such as not to permit acknowledging that there may be a crisis of public affairs at which no honest citizen can persist in neutrality, but the Falkland and the Hampden of the day must alike draw the unwilling sword of tardy defiance—not the less resolutely for having so long delayed making the final appeal. That day is not yet arrived among us—and long may it be before our eyes are doomed to witness its terrible dawning! But it is only by the moderation and forbearance of the few who yet retain the power of exercising these cheap and ill-esteemed virtues, that we may yet hope to retard its appearance; and to those few, I address myself in the character which you have been pleased to assign to me, (and of which I should be proud to think myself deserving) of a liberal whig—of one who views with an habitually watchful and jealous eye, every proceeding of men in power—not because he hates or distrusts them individually, or is unable to discern in them good motives and intentions, or refuses them the homage of respect which is due to their virtues or their talents, or wishes to impede the regular and constitutional course of government, or to magnify every misfortune and every fault, for the purpose of deriving from it some undue advantage, or enjoying in consequence of it some ungenerous triumph—but because he is impressed with the conviction, founded on his knowledge of human nature, that the possession of power is accompanied by an invariable and almost ir-

resistible tendency to the abuse of it ; because he judges, from the examples of history, that no advance is ever made in a free state towards despotism, and afterwards retracted ; because he feels how great is the temptation to apply to a pressing evil, even though it be merely temporary, the easiest and most obvious remedy, at the expense of future and permanent strength and security ; and because he understands the vital principle of liberty to reside in the well-poised balance of the constitution, himself being a component part of the weight by which it is adjusted. He is averse from war, not merely because it is in itself an evil, but because the increase of patronage and influence which attends it weighs down the scale of government, and facilitates the encroachments of arbitrary power ; but, when war is unavoidable, he not the less zealously bends his thoughts and wishes towards the attainment of a favourable issue. He deprecates interference with the domestic concerns of foreign states as sincerely as he would vigorously resist the interference of foreign states with our own ; yet is neither a worshipper of Napoleon, nor a traducer of the Britons who bled for their country at Waterloo. He is fearful of monarchical innovations, and feels some jealous doubts as to the design and tendency of Christian leagues and Holy Alliances ; but this without being actuated by a superstitious dread, or affected abhorrence, of legitimacy, which he reverences as a constitutional principle, while he reprobates the use of it on either side as a watch-word of party. He clings with the most devoted attachment to the rights of the people ; never forgetting, however, that their preservation is full as much endangered by popular excess, as by court intrigue or aristocratic ambition ; that the enjoyment is not only distinct from, but absolutely incompatible with the abuse of them ; that (for instance) that sacred privilege, (of which we have lately heard a great deal more than is good)—the right of petitioning—is of absolute necessity, restricted within certain bounds, which are prescribed, in every case, and under every possible variety of circumstances, by the paramount right of public security—a principle which, if admitted, and pursued to its just consequences, would not only render un-

necessary, but be found utterly to prohibit any legislative interference with that which is already subject to the control of the executive power ; since the same mode of exercising the right in question which would at one time be attended with the most imminent danger to the public peace, might, at another, be beneficially adopted and safely permitted ; and every restraint upon it is unconstitutional, which is not demanded by the exigency of the occasion. At least, Mr North, this is the view which I have myself taken of the most interesting and important of the various subjects of late political discussion ; and under that view alone, it seems to me that the principle of the measures proposed by Government, and now passed into a law, could in any shape be resisted. My friends, (the Whigs) thought otherwise ; and, by pursuing the contrary course of argument, have opened the flood gates to an irresistible and overwhelming torrent of legislation, which threatens to sweep away all our remaining liberties. For it will very soon be discovered that these new enactments are inadequate to the purpose of checking the evil which they are intended to meet. New and more binding laws must be devised to arrest the still growing mischief, and, by degrees, every other consideration will give way to the purpose of immediate necessity. The guardians of our freedom—(permit me still to use the language in which I first addressed you)—those to whose interference alone we can turn for refuge in time of ministerial oppression and popular insolence, have taken a position which they cannot maintain, and have compromised themselves and their country in the fruitless attempt to defend it. Yet, even in the midst of this their imputed error, they have asserted the rights and liberties of their countrymen, with a voice the sound of which is still sufficient to deter from any gross and wanton infringement of them, and to suspend at least, if not to avert, the hour of their dissolution.

I have trespassed as much on the design with which I commenced this letter, as I fear I have done on your patience and forbearance. Indeed, I feel that some apology is requisite for my addressing you at all in a language which (at least in some respects) I must conclude, is very foreign from

your own political sentiments. But, to say one word more on the subject of exaggeration, I trust you will agree with me, that one of the most objectionable modes in which that vice displays itself, is the refusal to admit even of a parley with those whose opi-

nions chance to differ from our own. By the insertion of my former letter, you have proved your own exemption from this narrow species of prejudice, and you will allow me to claim a similar merit in thus addressing you. I am Sir, &c. METRODORUS.

[We have said heretofore, and we now say again, that while our own political opinions differ in many respects from those of Metrodorus, nothing gives us greater pleasure than to open our pages to him—or to any gentleman who thinks and writes in the manly manner of our accomplished Correspondent. EDITOR.]

PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF MESSIEURS CINQ-MARS AND DE THOU, AT
LYONS—Friday 14th September, 1642.

By a Citizen of Lyons.

THE Marquis D'Esfiat de Cinq-Mars had been introduced at an early age to the favour of Louis 13th, by the Cardinal de Richelieu, in the hope that he might always have a creature of his own near the monarch's person. This young man, having been early preferred to the post of master of the horse, was desirous of becoming also a member of the council; but the Cardinal having opposed it, Cinq-mars became his implacable enemy, and was the more encouraged to form plots against him, from having often heard the king, in hours of familiar and unreserved conversation, complain with great acrimony of de Richelieu's pride and ostentation. Having however also to endure the capricious humours of the monarch himself, who would frequently, from the pinnacle of favour, banish him from his presence, &c. the high spirited Cinq-Mars soon felt equally disgusted with the monarch and the minister, and succeeded in establishing a correspondence with the Duke de Bouillon, who had before, (from hatred to Richelieu,) conspired against his sovereign, and been forgiven, and with Gaston Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, who from the same cause was always ready to take a part in any conspiracy which had for its object the removal of that powerful minister. In the name of this Duke of Orleans, a treaty was concluded with the Spanish Count-Duke D'Olivarez, which in its consequences, would have proved fatal to the existing monarchy of France; but the Cardinal, always sagacious in discovering plots against himself or the state, succeeded in procuring a copy of the treaty, which he

immediately laid before the king. The Duke of Orleans got out of the scrape, as he had repeatedly done before, under similar circumstances, by accusing his accomplices. Monsieur de Cinq-mars underwent the same punishment, was beheaded, and Monsieur de Thou, merely for having known of the conspiracy, and not revealing it. The Duke de Bouillon preserved his life by giving up the fortress of Sedan, which was of importance to the state, as in times of insurrection it frequently afforded a retreat to its disaffected and rebellious subjects.

We have this week been spectators of the last act of a mournful tragedy, in which two persons suffered an ignominious death, whose lives might have been longer preserved with honour, had not their crime precipitated them into inevitable destruction.—We saw the favourite of the greatest and most just of kings lose his head on a scaffold, at the age of twenty-two, with a degree of fortitude which can scarcely find its parallel in any of our histories:—we also beheld a counsellor of state die like a saint, after the commission of a crime which men cannot justly pardon. All who knew of their conspiracy against the state, must have thought them deserving of death, but there were few who were acquainted with their rank in life, and the fine qualities with which nature had endowed them, who did not sincerely pity their misfortune. The following is an undisguised and faithful narrative of their last words and actions, as related by those who saw and heard them, of many of which I was myself a near and ocular witness—we may

without offence to justice, applaud their penitence, while we detest their crime.

On Friday, 12th September, 1642—the chancellor entered the presidial court at Lyons, about seven in the morning, accompanied by the commissioners, deputed by the king, (in number fourteen,) for the trial of Messieurs de Cinq-Mars and de Thou. When they had entered the council chamber, the commander of the patrol was sent with his company to the Chateau de Pierre-Cize, to bring up Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, who was conveyed to the court about eight o'clock in a hired carriage. On his entrance, he said, “whether have you brought me?” and being told, he asked no further question, but ascended the stairs with a good deal of resolution. He was then called into the council chamber before the judges, where he remained about an hour and quarter; and on coming out, shewed some agitation of mind, while he looked around him, saluting all whom he met on his way. He walked two or three times from the great hall of audience, to the chamber opposite to it, which looks out upon the river. The lieutenant of the Guards du Corps, who had charge of his person, having desired him not to go out of the great hall, he answered, “well then, here I will remain,” and he continued to walk up and down with quick steps, sighing sometimes, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

About nine o'clock, the chancellor sent the captain of the patrol to convey Monsieur de Thou in like manner from the Chateau de Pierre Cize, in the same hired coach—in the meantime, Monsieur le Grand, being a second time called to appear before his judges, said, on entering, “will these examinations never be over?” but when he came out, he shewed much greater firmness of mind than before. Some time after, Monsieur de Thou being arrived, desired to have some wine brought to him, and then entered into the chamber.—’Tis said, that on his being interrogated whether he knew of the conspiracy of Monsieur Desfiat, he answered as follows: “Gentlemen, I might absolutely deny having known of it, and it is not in your power to convict me of falsehood, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars alone being able to give any information on

this subject, as I have, never either spoken or written concerning it to any other man in the world; now Monsieur de Cinq-Mars being accused as an accomplice, cannot have it in his power as a witness to convict me, since by our laws, two irreproachable witnesses must be found to affect my condemnation—you must therefore be sensible that my life or death, my conviction or acquittal, depend solely upon myself; nevertheless, gentlemen, I have resolved for two reasons to confess that I knew of this conspiracy, and that I am therefore guilty:—my first reason is, that during the three months of my imprisonment, I have studied the nature of death, and have closely considered the possible advantages of life, and am clearly convinced, that whatever might be my future term of mortal existence, it must necessarily be unhappy. Death appears to me much more desirable, and under this conviction, which I embrace as a proof of my predestination to glory, and a token of the divine favour, I should perhaps hereafter regret the having lost so favourable an opportunity of effecting my salvation. The second reason which leads me to condemn myself, is, that if my crime be considered under a certain point of view, it will neither be found so black or so enormous as it at first appears to be—it is true, I knew of this conspiracy, but I did my utmost to prevent it, by dissuading Monsieur de Cinq-Mars from carrying it into execution. He thought me his faithful and perhaps his *only* friend, and as such, having trusted all to me, I would not betray him—for this I deserve death, and meet it self-condemned.”

Monsieur le Grand was then called in to be confronted with Monsieur de Thou, and they remained in the chamber more than an hour; after which, Monsieur de Laubardemont, councillor of state, and Monsieur Robert de St Germain, counsellor of the parliament of Grenoble, were sent to prepare the prisoners to receive their sentence, and they found them firm and resolute, acknowledging their guilt, and the justice of their condemnation. Monsieur de Thou, turning to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, said with a smile, “according to the common judgment of mankind, I might, Sir, complain of you; you have accused me, and are the cause of my death, but God is witness

to the sincerity of my attachment to you—let us die with firmness, and enter together on the joys of Paradise!”—They afterwards thanked the commissioners, assuring them that they felt no regret in dying, as they hoped that death would prove to them the commencement of eternal happiness.—The *Greffier criminal* being then called to pronounce their sentence, Monsieur de Thou exclaimed, “*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!*” and then falling on their knees, with their heads uncovered, they heard their sentence, by which it was declared, “that the said Desfiat Cinq-Mars and de Thou, having been attainted and convicted of the crime of leze majesté, Desfiat for conspiracies, enterprizes, leagues, and treaties made by him with foreign powers against the state; and de Thou for having known and taken part in the said conspiracies, enterprizes, &c.; they are condemned to lose their estates, honours, and dignities, and to be beheaded on a scaffold erected for that purpose on the place des Terreaux in the city of Lyons; their effects, wherever situated, or of whatever kind, are confiscated to the king, and those which were held from the Crown are to revert it, after a deduction of 60,000 livres to be applied to pious purposes; and moreover, Desfiat, before his execution, is condemned to the torture ordinary and extraordinary, in order to compel him to discover his accomplices, &c.—After having heard the sentence, Monsieur de Thou returned thanks to God with much fervour and energy; but Monsieur Cinq-Mars having arisen, said, “though death does not alarm me, I own that the infamy of the torture, to which I am condemned, presses powerfully on my mind. Surely, gentlemen, torture is a most extraordinary sentence to a man of my age and condition, and according to my belief, the law would exempt me from it.—Death, I repeat, does not alarm me, but I cannot digest this bitter ingredient of it.” Having each of them demanded a confessor, Father Malavallette, a jesuit, was sent to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, and Father Manbrun, also a jesuit, to Monsieur de Thou; they were then delivered to the charge of the Sieur Thomé Prevôt des Mareschaux de Lyonnais, those who had hitherto held them in custody having

taken leave of them with tears in their eyes, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars thanking them, and saying, “my friends, do not weep for me, tears are useless—let me have your prayers, and be assured that I shall meet death without fear.”

Father Malavallette being arrived, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars embraced him and said—“my father, they have condemned me to the torture, and I find great difficulty in bringing my mind to submit to it”—the good father consoled and strengthened his sinking spirit as much as he could in this emergency, so that when Monsieur de Laubardemont and the *Greffier* came to take him to the torture chamber, he was sufficiently collected to follow them without apparent reluctance, and in passing near Monsieur de Thou, he said to him calmly—“we are both condemned to die, but my lot is much more severe than yours, as besides death, I am to endure the torture.”—He was then led to the place of torture, and passing through the common prison, he said, “Good God, where are you leading me,” and complained of the offensive snell. He remained in the chamber about half an hour, and then left it without having been subjected to actual suffering, as according to the *retention* of the sentence, he was merely to be brought to the torture.

On his return, Monsieur de Thou met and embraced him; they remained together about a quarter of an hour mutually exchanging forgiveness, and exhorting each other to die with firmness and trust in the mercies of God. These, and other demonstrations of the most perfect friendship, were concluded by Monsieur de Cinq-Mars observing, that as time was hastening to its close with respect to them, the little that remained should be employed in preparing for eternity.—Then quitting Monsieur de Thou, he retired to a private chamber with his confessor, and made a general confession of his past sins, testifying the sincerest repentance, with deep contrition of heart for the offences committed against his heavenly Father, also requesting his confessor to inform the king and the cardinal, how truly he lamented those for which he was now about to suffer, and how humbly he implored their pardon.

His confession lasted about an hour,

when, observing that he had taken no nourishment for 24 hours, the good father sent for some fresh eggs and wine, but he took merely a small morsel of bread, and a little wine mixed with water, with which he washed his mouth—he told the father that nothing had surprised him so much, as the finding himself abandoned by all his friends, which before he never could have imagined, and he added, that since he had been honoured by the king's favours, he had always endeavoured to make friends, and had hitherto flattered himself with having succeeded; but he was now convinced that court friendships were mere dissimulation—this, the confessor replied, had always been the way of the world, and there was nothing in it to excite astonishment—Ovid, in ancient times, had said—

*Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

These lines appeared to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars so applicable to his own circumstances, that he requested him to repeat them till he had got them by heart. He then asked for pens and ink to write to his mother (Madame la Mareschalle), which he did, requesting her to pay some debts, of which he sent her a list; but the principal purport of his letter was to desire that she would order a certain number of masses to be said for the repose of his soul, and he concluded it by observing, that a few steps more would lead him through death to eternal life!—

In the meantime, Monsieur de Thou was in the hall of audience with his confessor, in a frame of mind difficult to describe. On their first meeting he ran to embrace the reverend father with these words, “We are condemned to die, and you come to lead me to heaven.—Before my sentence was pronounced, I could not but feel some anxiety and solicitude as to the result, but as suspense is now at an end, I feel tranquil and easy—I think no longer on the things of this world, but endeavour to prepare myself for death, and for the enjoyment of eternal happiness in a better state of existence—I feel no bitterness or ill-will towards any one—My judges have acted uprightly, and according to the laws—God has appointed them to be the instruments of his mercy in leading me to heaven, and that at a time when,

through the divine favour, I believe myself to be better prepared for death than at any former period.—I am conscious of my own weakness—I can do nothing of myself—the little fortitude and courage I possess are the gift of the Almighty.”

It should here be observed, that during his three months imprisonment he had disposed his mind to meet the possible result of his trial by frequent communion of the holy sacrament, by prayer, meditation, reading in books of devotion, and communication with his spiritual fathers. Bellarmin's book on the Psalms, and his “*De Arte bene moriendi*,” were his favourite studies.

From this time he continued in prayer with his confessor, frequently reciting passages from the holy Scriptures, particularly the Psalms, till the arrival of Monsieur Laubardemont, whom he hastened to meet, thanking him with so much tenderness and cordiality, for the equitable manner in which he had conducted his trial, that he drew tears, not only from his guards and assistants, but from Monsieur de Laubardemont himself, who wept much as he embraced him. A man sent by his sister, Madame de Pontac, then came with a message, expressing her love and regret, and accompanied with her last farewell! Monsieur de Thou, thinking it was the executioner, ran to him, and embraced him as his deliverer from the evils of this mortal life; but being apprised of his mistake, he said to him, “My friend, it is so long since I saw you that I did not recollect you. Pray tell my sister, that I desire her to continue her devotions as she has hitherto done—that I am now more than ever convinced of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its pursuits,—and that I die well pleased, and as a good Christian.—Let her pray to God for me, and not grieve at our separation, since in my death I hope to find my salvation.” The messenger withdrew full of sorrow, and unable to speak a single word. He felt so great a degree of strength and courage at this period, that he appeared to distrust himself, and asked his confessor whether vanity might not bear a part in it, adding this ejaculation, “O my God! I acknowledge with all humility that I am in myself weak and powerless, and that all my strength is derived from thy goodness and mercy:

—If thou withdrawest thy supporting hand, I must inevitably fall!" He then again proceeded to confession, and continued his divine aspirations till the arrival of the Father Jean Terrasse, superior of the convent del Francois de Terascon, who had attended and consoled him during his imprisonment in that place. He came to remind him of a vow he had then made, that, in case of his deliverance, he would found a chapel, endowing it with 300 livres per annum, in the church of the Cordeliers, in the said town of Terascon. Monsieur de Thou immediately gave orders for its foundation, wishing to perform his vow, "since God," he said, "had not only delivered him from the prison of stone, but was about to free him also from the prison of his mortal body." He then asked for a pen and ink, and wrote this inscription, which he wished to have placed in the chapel:—

Christo Liberatori,
Votum in carcere pro libertate
conceptum,
Franc. August. Thuanus.
Carcere vite jam jam liberandus
merito solvit
XII Sept. M.DC.XIII.
Confitebor tibi Domine quoniam
Exaudisti me, et factus es mihi in
Salutem.

All who consider this inscription must admire the presence of mind and clearness of idea of the person who, under such circumstances, could write it, and acknowledge that approaching death had no power to disturb the calm tenour of his thoughts. He desired Monsieur Thomé to present his respects to Monsieur le Cardinal de Lyon, and inform him, that if it had pleased God to prolong his life, it had been his intention to quit the world, and devote himself wholly to his service.

He wrote two letters, which were carried unsealed to the chancellor, and from him sent closed to his confessor, to be delivered according to their directions:—He then said, "I have now done with this world; let us talk of that which is to come;"—and resuming his devotions, he again entered on his confession; after which, he asked whether the hour of execution was not arrived, when he expected to be bound and led ignominiously to punishment.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon

4 companies of the citizens of Lyons, making about 11 or 1200 men, were ranged in the middle of the Place des Terreaux, so as to enclose a square of about 80 paces, into which they suffered none to enter except the necessary assistants. In the midst of this space they had erected a scaffold seven feet high and nine square, with an elevation in the middle, on which they had placed a block about half a foot in height. All the houses in the Place des Terreaux, all the windows, walls, roofs, and eminences, within view of the Place, however distant, were thronged with persons of each sex, and of all ages and conditions.

At five in the evening the officers requested father Malavalette to inform them that it was time to set out, and Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, seeing one of them whisper to his confessor, guessed at his intention, and said, "they come to hasten us—let us depart." he then went to Monsieur de Thou in the hall of audience, saying, "Come, sir, it is time." Monsieur de Thou exclaimed, "Iactatus sum in his quædicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus." They then embraced each other, and left the hall.

Monsieur de Cinq-Mars walked the first, leaning on father Malavalette till he reached the landing-place, where he saluted the people with so much gentleness and grace, that he drew tears from many eyes, remaining himself quite firm and unmoved. He preserved the same firmness of mind all the way, till, seeing his confessor partaking in the general sympathy, he said, "What does this mean, my father? you feel more for me than I do for myself."

Monsieur Thomé, provost of Lyons, with archers, &c. &c. had orders to conduct them to the place of execution. On the steps of the great hall, Monsieur de Thou, seeing a coach waiting for them, said to Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, "See, sir, they take us in a coach—is this to be our conveyance to heaven? I expected to be bound and drawn on a sledge: These gentlemen treat us with much civility in not binding us."

Monsieur de Cinq-Mars was handsomely dressed in a suit of fine dark-brown Dutch cloth, covered with wide gold lace—a hat turned up in the Spanish fashion, with green silk stockings, over which were drawn a pair of

white stockings trimmed with lace, and also a scarlet cloak.

Monsieur de Thou was dressed in a suit of mourning, made of Dutch or Spanish cloth, and a short cloak.

The executioner followed on foot. He was a porter, advanced in years, deformed, and dressed like a mason's assistant:—he had never before acted in his present capacity, except in administering the torture; but they could get no other, the executioner of Lyons having broken his leg. In the coach they prayed with their confessors, and performed many acts of contrition, with expressions of entire submission to the divine will. From time to time they observed the crowds of people which surrounded them, and saluted them as they passed. After again interchanging assurances of mutual forgiveness, Monsieur de Thou said to Monsieur Cinq-Mars—"You, sir, must naturally regret life more than I do:—you are younger, of higher rank in the world—you had greater hopes—you were the favourite of a powerful king; but I consider *your* death, as well as *mine*, as an infallible proof of our predestination, for which we ought to bless God a thousand times more than if he had given us all the riches and honours of the world." These words affected Monsieur Cinq-Mars almost to tears.

When they drew near the Place des Terreaux, Father Manbrun reminded Monsieur de Thou, that when on the scaffold he should remember to secure a plenary indulgence, by the means of a medal which he had given him, saying the word Jesus three times. When Monsieur de Cinq-Mars heard this, he said to Monsieur de Thou, "Sir, since I am to die the first, let me add your medal to mine, that I may first have the benefit of them, after which they shall be kept for you." A contest now ensued, which of them should first undergo the sentence of the law, Monsieur de Cinq-Mars saying it was *his* right, as being the most guilty, adding, that he should die two deaths if his friend suffered before him. Monsieur de Thou claimed it as the privilege of his seniority. Father Malavallette decided the dispute, by saying to Monsieur de Thou, "It is true, sir, that you are the oldest, and therefore you ought to be the most generous;" which Monsieur de Cinq-Mars having confirmed, Monsieur de Thou

turned towards him, and said, "Well, sir, you will then be my forerunner in the path of glory."—"Ah!" said Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, "I have indeed led you to the brink of the precipice; but let us now boldly plunge into the gulph of death, that we may rise together into eternal life."

The coach being arrived at the place of execution, and the provost having informed Monsieur de Cinq-Mars that he must now mount the scaffold, he took leave of Monsieur de Thou in the most affectionate manner, rejoicing that they should speedily meet in heaven. He then left the coach with a smiling countenance; when an archer belonging to the provost attempting to take from him his cloak, which he said was *his* due, his confessor prevented it, and asked the provost whether his archers had really any right to it; and being answered, No—the father desired Monsieur de Cinq-Mars to give it to whom he chose, on which he presented it to the Jesuit, who accompanied his confessor, requesting him in return to pray for him.

After the trumpet had, as usual, sounded three times, the Greffier Criminel de Lyon, being on horseback near the scaffold, read their sentence aloud, to which neither of them paid any attention; and the window-blind nearest the scaffold was put down, that Monsieur de Thou might not see what was passing from the coach, where he remained with the confessor and his assistant. Monsieur de Cinq-Mars having bowed to those who were near the scaffold, was mounting the ladder with a steady step, when another archer belonging to the provost came behind him and pulled off his hat—when, quickly turning, he said, "Pray, leave me my hat;" which the provost having heard, he was offended with the archer, who immediately restored it. Being arrived on the scaffold, he walked round it with good grace as if on a theatre, saluting those around him with a smiling countenance; and having embraced his confessor, who had followed him, he leant on his arm, frequently lifting his eyes to heaven—while, with a low voice, the reverend father uttered his prayers and exhortations. He then kissed the crucifix with ardour, and, kneeling down, received the last absolution; after which he walked to the block, and, falling on his knees,

laid his head upon it, as if to try which was the best posture. Being told that he must take off his doublet, he desired his confessor to assist him in unbuttoning it, which, by the help of his assistant, was immediately done. His gloves remained on his hands till the executioner took them off after his death. Again going to the block, the executioner approached him with a pair of scissars, which he perceiving, took them from his hands, not choosing that he should touch him; and presenting them to his confessor, intreated *him* to perform this last service, by cutting off his hair; which being done, and the collar of his shirt being also cut to lay his neck entirely bare, he again kneeled down, and with much fervour pronounced the following prayer:—"Oh, my heavenly Father, to thee I entirely and unfeignedly devote myself. If my life had been prolonged, it would I trust have been very different from what it has been; but since it is thy pleasure that I should die, I cheerfully offer thee the sacrifice of an ignominious death in expiation of my offences!" At these words, the crucifix being presented to him, he again kissed it, and asking the confessor's assistant for his medals, he thrice repeated the name of Jesus, and then returned them to the priest. Then looking round with firmness on the executioner, who was standing behind him, and had not yet taken the axe from the bag which contained it—"What are you about?" said he; "what are you waiting for?" Then desiring his confessor to assist him with his prayers, they knelt together, and he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven with the most fervent devotion. The executioner now drew from the bag his axe, which was in form like a butcher's cleaver, but thicker and more square; and then, after ejaculating "My God, have mercy upon me! into thy hands do I commit my spirit!" he placed his head on the block, without having his eyes bound, and with incredible firmness, waiting for the blow, he shut his eyes and mouth, while the executioner, who was standing on his left, holding the axe with both his hands, gave a slow and heavy stroke. On receiving it, he uttered a loud but momentary cry, which was immediately stifled in his blood; he raised ~~his~~ ^{his} head from the block as if to get

up, and then fell back into the same position;—the head not being entirely separated from the body, the executioner gave another stroke, after which he threw the head on the scaffold, where it rebounded to the ground, and appeared with the eyes open and palpitating for some time. His body remained before the block, which was strongly grasped in his arms, but the executioner, having stripped it, covered it with a cloth, and threw his cloak over it. The head, having been brought back to the scaffold, was placed with the body under the same covering.

Monsieur de Cinq-Mars being dead, Monsieur de Thou left the coach with a cheerful countenance, and having civilly saluted those who were near him, ascended the scaffold with much alacrity, holding his cloak folded over his right arm; but seeing the executioner, he threw it from him, and ran to embrace him, saying, "Ah! my friend, how great are my obligations to thee! this day thou wilt bring me to the happiness of heaven!" Then walking to the front of the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and threw his hat behind him, which fell on the feet of Monsieur Cinq-Mars. Then, having held some discourse in a low voice with his confessor, he received absolution; and taking off his doublet, kneeled down and repeated the 115th Psalm in Latin, which he paraphrased in French with a loud voice and energetic gesture, his countenance animated with a holy joy.—Then rising, the executioner approached to cut off his hair, to which he readily submitted; but as the man was awkward and clumsy, the reverend father took the scissars from him, and his assistant performed this friendly office. This being done, he knelt down on the block, and offered himself to God with much fervour and devotion. Then having earnestly requested a pater and ave-maria from the bystanders, after having kissed the crucifix, he demanded his medals in order to procure the indulgence, and then inquired whether a bandage was to be placed on his eyes? On being told by his confessor that this was entirely at his own option, he replied, "Yes, father, let it be done." Then, with a smile, addressing those around him, he said, "Gentlemen, I own I am a coward. When

I think of death, I tremble and shudder; therefore if you observe any thing like firmness in my conduct, attribute it to the right cause, to the mercy of God, who effects a miracle in my behalf. I have, in truth, no resolution, but God strengthen me with his powerful support." He then put his hand in his pocket to take out a handkerchief to bind over his eyes; but having drawn it out half way, he put it up again, so that none observed it but those that were with him on the scaffold. He then very gracefully advanced, and requested those below to throw him one, and immediately two or three being thrown up to him, he took one of them, and expressed his thanks, adding, that he would pray for his benefactors in heaven, not having time left him to do it on earth. The executioner then came to bind on the handkerchief, but did it very awkwardly, so that the corners of it hung down before his mouth, but he turned them up himself, and fastened it more commodiously. Having done this, he laid his head on the block (which one of the attendant Jesuits had wiped with his handkerchief, it being wet with blood), and asked whether he lay in the right posture?—when being desired to put his head a little farther forward, he did so. At the same time, the executioner, perceiving that the strings of his shirt were not loosened, began to untie them, which, having felt, he asked whether his shirt must be taken off also? and on being told "No, it is only necessary to un-

tie the strings," he assisted in drawing down his shirt so as to uncover his neck and shoulders, and then again replaced his head on the block, and pronounced his last words, which were, "Maria mater gratiæ, mater misericordiæ, tu nos ab hoste protege, et hora mortis suscipe;" and then, "in manus tuas," &c. &c. His arms appeared to tremble while he was expecting the stroke, which was given on the highest part of the neck, too near to the head, which being only half severed, the body fell on its back on the left side of the block, the face upwards, and the legs and hands feebly moving. The executioner attempted to turn it round, so as to finish what he had begun, but frightened by the cries and exclamations of those around him, he gave three or four hasty blows on the throat, and thus cut off the head, which remained on the scaffold.

The executioner, having stripped the body, carried it, covered with a cloth, into the coach which had brought them. With it he also placed that of Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, with their heads (the eyes of both being still open), particularly that of Monsieur de Thou, which appeared as if living. From thence they were carried to the Fueilans, where Monsieur de Cinq-Mars was interred before the high altar. The body of Monsieur de Thou was embalmed and placed in a lead coffin, to be conveyed to the burying-place of his family.

LESLIE *versus* HEBREW.

Dublin, Jan 20, 1820.

MR EDITOR,

IN a trifling composition I sent you some time ago*, it was asserted that Professor Leslie had thought proper to pass a heavy censure on the Hebrew language, in his *Philosophy of Arithmetic*, though, as I added, it could be proved from his own writings, nay, from the very passage that contained the charge, that he is ignorant even of the alphabet of the language on which he thus presumed to offer an animadver-

sion. The professorial dictum alluded to is this: "The oriental nations appear generally to have represented the numbers as far as one thousand, by dividing their alphabet into three distinct classes;—but the Hebrew, the *rudest and poorest of all written languages*, having only twenty-two letters, could advance no farther than 400, and to exhibit 500, 600, 700, 800, and 900, it had recourse to the clumsy expedient of addition, by joining 400

* Our correspondent alludes to a beautiful Latin version of the first fytte of Chevy-Chace, See No. XXXII.

and 100, 400 and 200, 400 and 300, 400 and 400, and 400 with 400 and 100.' *Philosophy of Arithmetic*, p. 218.

The rudest and poorest of all written languages! By my troth, Mr John Leslie, these be bitter words! but the latter part of the sentence, by displaying the utter ignorance of the Professor, happily renders the railing of the former perfectly innocent. Indeed, so much ignorance and impertinence combined, will hardly be found, in so short a compass, in the works of any other writer of the smallest literary character. The inerst smatterer in Hebrew—any one who had read the first page of a grammar—could have informed Mr Leslie, that the Hebrews had *not* recourse to the clumsy expedient of which he accuses them, and that their alphabet supplied them with characters sufficient for expressing numbers as far as a thousand.* It is clear that the Professor was totally unacquainted with the letters of the language he was criticising, or he would have known that the five finals (technically called *Cannephatsz) are used to express the five last hundreds; and therefore, that the glory of inventing the expedient, which he describes with such imposing minuteness of detail, is due entirely to himself. So much for his qualifications to decide on the merits of Hebrew.

But it appears to me that he has a peculiar pique against the language,—that his censure arises as much from spleen as ignorance;—for the Roman method of notation is still more clumsy than this fancied Hebrew system—not only their hundreds but their tens, and even their units, being formed by repeated and often very cumbrous additions; and yet Mr Leslie does not pour forth the vials of his wrath on the language of Latium, may he even finds, in this unwieldy notation, “a sample of a philosophic language,” (p. 210.) Nor is he angry with the Greeks (whose system he highly panegyricizes, p. 11, &c.) although he knows that their alphabet is as insufficient for the purposes of notation as he supposed Hebrew to be, and that they are, in consequence, obliged to borrow three

letters to supply the defect. I am pretty sure he does not know the source from which they were borrowed; and he may perhaps be somewhat astonished that these three letters were lent to the rich Greeks by the poor Hebrews; Bau, (6), Koppa, (90), and Sanpi, (900), being only Vau, †Koph, and Tzaddi. It may be also new to him, that the two mathematical words of eastern origin, Sepher (p. 112.) and Karatha, (p. 133.)—the only two oriental words of any consequence, I believe, which he quotes—are Hebrew—סֵפֶר *numcravit*, and כָּרַת *secutit*.

They may be Arabic also; but to enter into the controversy respecting the comparative superiority of Hebrew and Arabic, for the edification of Professor Leslie, would be as profitable as to set about demonstrating the seventeenth proposition of Euclid's twelfth book to a person who did not know a right line from a curve, much less a polyhedron from a sphere.

I do not well know how to account for this pique. The only reason the learned Professor seems to assign, is the smallness of the alphabet; certainly a very characteristic objection for an arithmetician, who values every thing by number. But though this principle may look very well in the golden regulations of the rule of three, I am inclined to think it does not succeed altogether in languages; for thus the dialect of Homer could be calculated to be far inferior to the Romaic, and the tongue of his Majesty, the emperor of all the Russias, would take lead of the other languages of Europe by a considerable majority. We must look, therefore, for some other reason; and perhaps we may find it in the unhappy circumstances in which Hebrew is placed—it is the language of the *Old Testament*;—the language, as a philosopher like Mr Hume, or a partizan of Mr Hume's, would say, dedicated to superstition, and is therefore, like every thing else connected with such a cause, to be attacked by that tolerant and equitable sect *per fas et nefas*. But in doing so, I may be permitted to remark, there should be some little

* י, 500; ס, 600; ק, 700; ת, 800; ע, 900.

† Koph is 100; but as the Greeks borrowed Tzaddi final for 900, they were compelled to use some letter different from Tzaddi for 90, and they took the next to it, ק.

knowledge of the ground displayed. It is not good generalship to intrust even the details of a siege to a blundering gunner or a rash volunteer. And I must consider the Professor as a most unfortunate, though perhaps a courageous *enfant perdu*, after this specimen of his skill, although he may be enlightened enough, in other respects, to be entitled to sneer at the credulity of Luther, the dreams of the Christian fathers, and the "fancies" of Saint John, (p. 230.)

Professor Leslie's *mistake*, it may be said, is a mere trifle, not worth the paper employed in exposing it. It is true, indeed, that as no man is actually bound to know Hebrew, there is no great disgrace in making an erroneous assertion concerning this language; but I assert, that no man has a right to pass a dogmatical and insolent judgment on any branch of knowledge whatever, of which he is so wretchedly ignorant as not to know its first elements. Mr Leslie would look, with deserved contempt, on him who should venture to call Euclid a poor mathematician, if the very sentence which conveyed the charge furnished also a proof that that critic was ignorant of the definitions of geometry; and how are we to look on the professor himself? He may believe me when I tell him, that in the eyes of those who know any thing on the subject, he makes as awkward a figure as the most deficient digit he ever* "caused modify." He may also assure himself that the rule, *ne sutor ultra crepidan*, is truly a golden one. He is, perhaps, a mighty respectable third or fourth rate mathematician, a refrigerator of any rate he pleases—and an arithmetician scarcely second to Cocker himself; but when on the strength of these qualifications he thinks fit to step into philosophy, or to invade the province of critics and scholars, nothing can be more pitiful. And yet (p. 232.) he blames Joseph Scaliger (whose name as a man of learning is rather higher than Mr Leslie's as a mathematician,) for

quitting his usual studies to meddle with mathematics. So easy is it to perceive the "presumptive dogmatism" of another, and to overlook our own!

You perceive I have not said a word in defence of the Hebrew language; I thought it would be ridiculous to offer any against such an assailant—I shall, however, add, that those who are acquainted with it know, that for simplicity of construction, regularity of derivation, conciseness, perspicuity, and force, it is not *equalled* by any language in the world;—but on this occasion I need not appeal to Hebrew scholars. He who reads the Bible in his vernacular tongue will agree with me, that the man who attributes the extreme of rudeness and poverty to the language of the sublime lyric effusions of Isaiah, the energetic drama of Job, the unrivalled pastoral of Ruth, not to mention other splendid passages of Scripture which instantly crowd on the memory, must be satisfied to lie under the imputation of pitiable ignorance, or still more pitiable prejudice.

Apologizing for the length of this letter, which has grown to a much greater size than I intended, I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

* * Your printer has made me break Priscian's head sorely in the translation of Chevy Chase, by printing *me* hic occursum ire, for *mi* hic occursum ire. (Chevy Chase, verse 9.) I should not mention such a trifle, but that I wish to say that my translation was not intended to be quite Augustan. There are many rough passages in it, which are given as imitations of the rusticity of the old ballad. In a word, I thought that a poem, in a dialect almost as remote from the idiom of modern England as Mr Kirkman Finlay's, would be most accurately translated in a style somewhat resembling the un-latinity of the *Musæ Edinenses*; but I was afraid to venture quite so far as they have done.

* An elegant phrase of Mr L.'s. "To transform the ordinary characters, (says he, p. 117.) therefore, into deficient digits, I have *caused modify* their shape thus;" and a very wise and pretty modification it is. For the puzzle it occasions you need only look into the work.

A RECOLLECTION.

LET me for once describe her—once,—for she
 (Julia) hath passed into my memory
 As 'twere some angel image, and there clings
 Like music round the harp's Æolian strings :
 A word—a breath—revives her, and she stands
 As beautiful, and young, and free from care
 As when upon the Tyber's yellow sands
 She loosen'd to the winds her yellow hair,
 In almost childhood, and in pastime run,
 Like young Aurora from the morning sun.
 Oh ! never was a form so delicate
 Fashion'd in dream or story, to create
 Wonder or love in man. I cannot tell
 Half of the charms I saw—I see—but well
 Each one becomes her. She was very fair
 And young, I said ; and her thick tresses were
 Of the bright colour of the light of day :
 Her eyes were like the dove's—like Hebe's—or
 The maiden-moon, or star-light seen afar,
 Or like—some eyes I know, but may not say.
 Never were kisses gather'd from such lips,
 And not the honey which the wild bee sips
 From flowers that on the thymy mountains grow
 Hard by Ilissus, half so rich :—her brow
 Was darker than her hair, and arch'd, and fine ;
 And sunny smiles would often, often shine
 Over a mouth, from which came sounds more sweet
 Than dying winds, or waters when they meet
 Gently, and seem telling and talking o'er
 The silence they so long had kept before. C. I..

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

An Expostulatory Epistle occasioned by the following passage in his Specimens of English Poetry.

“ Stevens celebrated hard drinking, because it was the fashion—and his songs are now seldom vociferated, because that fashion is gone by.” *Specimens*, Vol. VI. p. 437.

SIR, in your last work you the logic display
 Of Aldrich* or Burgerdick, Crousaz or Hamel,
 But I think that you err very much when you say,
 That the fashion of drinking is past, Mr Campbell.

If fashion rejects jolly toppers, 'tis plain,
 That fashion's an ignorant sort of a strammel ; †
 And a fashion so senseless, so dull, will remain
 But a short time in vigour, I think, Mr Campbell.

In Ireland, I'm sure, many ages must roll
 Before with such rules our free spirits we trammel,
 Before the bright lights of the bottle and bowl
 Will cease o'er our tables to shine, Mr Campbell.

* Four logicians. The first as honest a fellow as ever filled a pipe ; the other three were inane and figure men.

† It is not worth while to print after the etymon of this word ; in Ireland it signifies a sluttish awkward woman ; it is synonymous with the short word for female dog.

Come over among us, sweet bard, and I swear,
That when home you return with a nose red as stammel, *
You will never again be so prompt to declare,
That the sons of gay Bacchus are dead, Mr Campbell.

Then oh ! by that face which in prospect I view,
All glowing and grand with its purple enamel,
Retract your rash statement. So, Thomas, adieu,
For my punch is just out and I'm t'rd, Mr Campbell.

Cork, Jan. 24, 1820. Half-past one o'clock in the morning. †P. T. T.

* Reddish cloth, used by B. Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Sir W. Davcnant, &c.

† Tired, according to Cobbett in one of his "years residences in America," is a quaker word to express drunk. How true this is I know not; but I supplicate the gentle reader to take it here in its more usual sense.

‡ i. e. Post ten tumblers.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR 1819.

MR EDITOR,

THE following abstract of my meteorological observations for 1819 will be found I hope, not altogether uninteresting. I am aware, indeed, that of its intrinsic value, your readers and I may probably entertain very different opinions. To some it may appear a very dry morsel amidst the more exquisite and delicious viands which your monthly bill of fare contains, while my own eye will be running over the dense columns of figures with all the pride of a successful theorist, contemplating the experimental proofs of his favourite speculations. But whatever importance may attach to the subject itself, I can assure your readers that they may depend on the accuracy of the facts stated below.

The titles of the different columns, under the heads Thermometer and Barometer, are abundantly obvious. Those under the Hygrometer may, perhaps, require some explanation, particularly the three results deduced from Mr Anderson's principles of hygrometry. The first of these is the point of deposition, or that temperature at which the air, if cooled down, would begin to deposit its humidity. The second is the absolute quantity of moisture contained in a hundred cubic inches of air, expressed in decimals of a grain, Troy. And the third is the relative humidity of the atmosphere, supposing absolute dryness to be denoted by 0, and saturated by 100; or, in other words, the quantity of moisture expressed in hundredths of what would produce complete saturation. For a farther explanation, I refer to your twenty-second Number, page 472.

Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

1819.	THERMOMETER.								BAROMETER.						
Months.	Mean of greatest heat.	Mean of greatest cold.	Mean temp. 10 M.	Mean temp. 10 E.	Mean of Extremes.	Mean of 10 and 10.	Mean range in 24 hours.	Mean temp. Spring wet.	Mean. 10M.	Mean 10E.	Mean of both	Mean range in the Day.	Mean range in the Night.	Mean range in 24 Hours.	
									Temp.	Pressure.	Temp.	Pressure.	Temp.	Pressure.	
Jan.	42.5	33.3	38.2	36.8	37.9	37.5	9.2	41.1	44	29.422	44	29.390	44	29.406	.191 .197 .388
Feb.	41.7	31.9	36.9	35.6	36.8	36.2	9.8	39.3	43	29.363	43	29.371	43	29.367	.173 .171 .344
Mar.	48.3	36.7	43.8	40.7	42.5	42.2	11.6	40.9	47	29.669	47	29.689	47	29.679	.123 .121 .244
Apr.	51.0	37.9	46.5	42.3	44.5	44.4	13.1	44.3	50	29.666	50	29.657	50	29.661	.084 .073 .157
May	57.4	43.3	52.4	46.6	50.3	49.5	14.1	48.0	54	29.787	54	29.787	54	29.787	.082 .047 .129
June	62.6	45.8	57.4	50.3	54.2	53.9	16.8	51.7	59	29.662	59	29.675	59	29.668	.095 .088 .182
July	67.0	51.9	61.7	55.5	59.4	58.6	15.1	56.4	63	29.867	63	29.890	63	29.879	.077 .070 .147
Aug.	69.9	55.4	64.6	59.2	62.6	61.9	14.5	60.7	67	29.911	67	29.899	67	29.905	.070 .058 .128
Sept.	60.2	47.6	55.8	52.5	53.9	54.1	12.6	56.9	59	29.753	59	29.775	59	29.764	.110 .079 .189
Oct.	51.9	40.5	47.6	45.2	46.2	46.4	11.4	52.2	53	29.704	53	29.739	53	29.721	.093 .105 .198
Nov.	41.9	31.6	37.3	35.6	36.8	36.5	10.3	43.0	44	29.594	44	29.594	44	29.594	.144 .157 .301
Dec.	37.0	27.4	33.6	31.9	32.2	32.8	9.6	40.3	40	29.566	40	29.583	40	29.574	.122 .122 .244
Avr.	52.6	40.3	48.0	44.3	46.4	46.2	12.3	47.9	52	29.664	52	29.671	52	29.667	.113 .108 .221

1819.	HYGROMETER.														
Months.	Amount of Rain.	Amount of Evaporation.	Leslie.			Anderson.									
			Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.	Point of Deposition.			Mois. in 100 cub. in.			Relative Humidity.			
						Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.	Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.	Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.	
Jan.	3.372	.975	6.8	6.5	6.7	33.8	32.7	33.3	.146	.139	.142	86.4	87.1	86.7	
Feb.	2.191	.750	7.5	7.2	7.4	31.7	30.4	31.1	.136	.130	.133	84.5	84.1	84.3	
Mar.	.758	1.800	15.9	11.5	13.7	34.3	33.4	33.8	.149	.144	.146	73.7	78.7	76.2	
April	4.175	1.840	19.2	10.8	15.0	36.0	35.7	35.9	.156	.155	.156	72.0	81.2	76.6	
May	1.238	2.650	25.7	11.3	18.5	39.3	40.7	40.0	.180	.182	.181	67.6	82.9	75.3	
June	2.617	2.800	28.4	13.1	20.8	45.8	44.3	45.0	.216	.204	.210	69.9	82.6	76.3	
July	1.256	2.735	28.0	13.4	20.7	51.9	50.2	51.1	.264	.248	.256	74.0	84.6	79.3	
Aug.	1.308	2.365	24.3	11.2	17.8	57.3	55.4	56.4	.310	.292	.301	79.8	88.5	84.1	
Sept.	1.523	1.950	21.5	13.1	17.3	46.9	46.6	46.8	.224	.224	.224	75.9	82.9	79.4	
Oct.	4.015	1.430	14.2	11.3	12.7	39.5	38.4	38.9	.187	.180	.183	77.7	80.2	78.9	
Nov.	1.518	.825	9.3	6.7	8.0	30.9	30.8	30.9	.132	.132	.132	81.3	85.5	83.4	
Dec.	1.654	.865	5.4	5.2	5.3	29.5	28.2	28.9	.127	.121	.124	87.2	88.3	87.8	
Avr.	25.625	20.785	17.2	10.1	13.6	39.7	38.9	39.3	.186	.179	.182	77.5	83.9	80.7	

Monthly Extremes during 1819.

Months.	THERMOMETER.				BAROMETER.				HYGROMETER.							
	Highest.	Lowest.	Greatest range in 24 hours.	Least range in 24 hours.	Highest.	Lowest.	Greatest range in 24 hours.	Least range in 24 hours.	Leslie.		Point of Deposit.		Moisture in 100 C. L.		Relative Humidity.	
									Highest.	Lowest.	Hight.	Lowest.	Great.	Least.	Great.	Least.
Jan.	52.0	21.0	17.0	4.0	30.360	28.690	1.100	.050	17	0	44.6	22.4	.204	.097	100.0	72.6
Feb.	49.5	21.0	16.5	5.0	29.900	28.770	.748	.030	22	0	42.4	21.0	.191	.082	100.0	52.0
Mar.	55.0	26.0	18.0	5.0	30.144	28.892	1.133	.030	29	1	44.6	12.0	.204	.068	98.0	41.0
April	58.0	31.0	21.0	5.5	30.150	28.935	.453	.005	38	0	45.6	22.4	.211	.097	100.0	48.0
May	63.0	30.0	25.0	5.5	30.060	29.415	.365	.005	47	3	53.0	7.0	.268	.057	96.0	27.0
June	68.0	41.5	23.0	10.0	30.190	29.175	.630	.020	55	5	54.8	31.4	.284	.132	94.0	42.0
July	74.0	42.5	22.5	8.5	30.235	29.170	.353	.025	50	5	64.0	38.4	.381	.167	95.0	54.0
Aug.	79.0	47.0	19.0	8.0	30.335	28.740	.375	.015	51	3	64.6	43.0	.386	.194	97.0	53.4
Sept.	67.5	38.0	23.0	4.5	30.420	29.020	.540	.010	40	2	59.4	32.4	.328	.137	98.0	52.4
Oct.	63.0	26.5	22.5	3.0	30.230	29.225	.460	.030	27	1	57.6	15.4	.309	.076	99.0	47.0
Nov.	50.0	20.5	19.5	5.5	30.165	28.980	.685	.110	26	0	43.4	19.0	.197	.087	100.0	51.0
Dec.	51.5	9.5	19.0	2.0	30.295	28.840	.705	.010	17	0	47.4	18.6	.225	.086	100.0	62.0

It appears from the above tables, that the mean temperature of 1819 is about seven-tenths of a degree lower than that of 1818; the mean height of the Barometer .014 higher; the quantity of rain 1.772 less; and the mean of Leslie's Hygrometer .2 higher. The mean daily range of the Thermometer and Barometer is almost exactly the same for both years. The quantity of evaporation exceeds that of 1818 by .729 of an inch. The mean point of deposition, at 10 a. m. is about half a degree lower than the mean minimum temperature, but the coincidence is sufficiently exact to demonstrate the accuracy of Mr Anderson's principles.

Another observation which has been often alluded to in the pages of your Magazine, and which I think an important one, is amply confirmed by the preceding abstract. I allude to the coincidence between the mean of the daily extreme temperatures, and the mean of the temperatures at 10 morning and evening. The difference for the whole of 1819, amounts only to two-tenths of a degree. For several years preceding I found the mean difference three-tenths.

The temperature of spring-water taken three times a-month, and which gave a result for 1818 coinciding almost exactly with the mean of the daily extremes, is 1.5 degree higher for 1819. It is to be remembered, however, that the great cold of December, which reduced the mean temperature of the air considerably below the usual average for the season, has not yet produced

its full effect on the water. The comparison, therefore, between the two, ought not to be made till that season of the year when the temperatures of the air and the exterior of the earth approach one another, which takes place about the month of May. I have no doubt that then the coincidence will be nearly exact.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. G.

BARLOW ON MAGNETIC ATTRACTIONS.*

THE variation of the compass, a subject at all times no less interesting to the philosopher, than useful to the navigator, was first discovered, we are told, by Columbus, in his voyage to America in 1492; and Professor Gillebrand of Gresham College, in 1625, ascertained that this variation was itself of a changeable nature. The discovery of these important and very extraordinary facts, excited a lively interest, among men of learning and science, throughout all Europe; the exertions of our celebrated countryman, Dr Halley, on this subject, are well known, and need not be here repeated.

The phenomenon of the magnetic dip, or inclination of the needle, accidentally discovered by Norman in 1592, was also then a subject of much speculation and inquiry; and, to render this law in the magnetic system subservient to science and navigation, the latitude, in any given meridian, was attempted to be ascertained by its results; but, the delicacy of the instrument, and experience, very soon proved its demonstrations erroneous; and, until the last voyage of captain Flinders, was adverted to more as a matter of curiosity to philosophers, than of utility to navigators. *

The diurnal variation of the compass, first discovered by Mr Graham, who has been followed by Mr Weirgentin, Mr Canton, and, last of all, the indefatigable exertions of Colonel Beaufoy, likewise excited considerable attention; but though numerous theories have been formed to account for this phenomenon, none, as yet, have appeared satisfactory to philosophers, or useful to science, if we except Mr Barlow's theory, which we here intend shortly to notice.

From the beginning of the 18th, to the 19th century, this very important, and highly useful, branch of science,

was allowed to slumber; since nothing of the least consequence, during that long and enlightened period, was added to our previous knowledge, on this interesting subject. It is, indeed, true, that several distinguished navigators observed, during their respective voyages, anomalies in the variation of the compass, altogether inexplicable; and, what appears very extraordinary, the more pains, that was taken by them to discover them, the further did they go away in point of theory. Dampier, when off the Cape of Good Hope, where the variation was truly estimated at 11° , was much puzzled, and, no doubt, greatly perplexed, to find only $7^{\circ} 38'$. Mr Wales, in his second voyage with captain Cook, was surprised and astonished to find, in the English Channel, and indeed throughout the voyage, a difference in the quantity of variation, though observed with the greatest care, of 3° , 4° , 5° , 6° , 7° , and even 10° . Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, during his voyage towards the north pole, found the like differences; which he attributed to the inaccuracies of the compasses. "We made," says he, "several observations, which we found, by those taken at seven in the afternoon, to be $17^{\circ} 0'$ west; by others, at three in the afternoon, only $7^{\circ} 41'$ west: I could not account for this very sudden and extraordinary decrease," &c. Monsieur Beautemps-Beaupré, while in search of the unfortunate La Perouse; Captain Vancouver; and many others, found the like errors of variation, without being able, in any way whatever, to account for them; until Captain Flinders, that acute and penetrating, but unfortunate man, in his last voyage of discovery to Terra Australis, in 1801, 1802, and 1803, first discovered the true cause producing these hitherto unaccountable dis-

* An Essay on Magnetic Attractions: Particularly as respects the Deviation of the Compass, occasioned by the Local Influence of the Guns, &c. With an Easy Practical Method of observing the same in all parts of the World. By Peter Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy. Printed for J. Taylor, Architectural Library, Holborn, London, 1820.

cordances in the variation on ship board—a change in the direction of the ship's head. Having ascertained this most important truth, it soon occurred to him, that a local attraction must exist in the ship; which, in connexion with terrestrial magnetic attraction, acted on the magnetic needle, when placed at the binnacle, with a compound force; and, therefore, he found by experiments, that in the northern hemisphere, when the head was at *west*, this combined attractive power drew the north end of the needle to the *west*; and in the southern hemisphere, to the *east*, of the true magnetic meridian; This difference, produced by local attraction, he denominated the '*Deviation*.'

Finding the maximum deviation in both hemispheres, when the ship's head was at *west* or *east*; and that the needle stood right when the head was in a direction with the magnetic meridian—north and south;—what was the proportion of deviation, he asked himself, at the intermediate points, between the *east* and *west* and magnetic meridian? After much labour and consideration, it appeared to him, "that the errors produced by local attraction should be proportionate to the *sines* of the angles between the ship's head and the magnetic meridian; and, therefore, in order to find this proportion, it seemed probable the following *Rule* would be found applicable in all parts of the world, viz. "that the error produced at any direction of the ship's head, would be to the error at *east* or *west*, at the same dip, as the sine of the angle between the ship's head and magnetic meridian was to the sine of eight points, or radius.

Captain Flinders dying soon after his return to England, we see no further attempts made either to verify or overthrow the accuracy of this rule, until 1807, when a small practical work, entitled, "an Essay on the Variation of the Compass, by W. Bain, master in the royal navy," was pub-

lished. In this valuable tract* the author, in the last section, has, in a variety of examples wholly incompatible with the supposition of truth, completely exposed the fallacy of this rule—which Captain Sabine fully corroborates by observations made during the late arctic expedition; and which, indeed, is the only thing of the least consequence done in that voyage that has added to our previous knowledge on this subject. As to the unintelligible paper written by Mr Scorsby, and inserted in the Philosophical Transactions for 1820, Part I., we are compelled to say, it is wholly undeserving of the least attention, and serves no other end whatever than to bewilder the reader into a labyrinth of useless experiments, which, we much question, whether the author himself rightly understands.† How very different are the experiments and deductions we now intend briefly to analyse!

Mr Barlow, author of the work before us, an able mathematician, and one of the Professors of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, sensible of how very much real importance a formula, founded on correct principles, for correcting the deviation produced by a change in the direction of the ship's head, in all approachable latitudes, would be to science and navigation, and, indeed, to mankind in general, has at length arrived at the conclusion, after a long, laborious, and patient investigation of the laws of magnetic attraction, which his situation and place afforded the most ample opportunity and means for experiments, no less honourable to himself than beneficial to science and practical navigation. Before we introduce our readers into our author's workshop, it may be proper they should clearly understand what Mr Barlow's ideas were, on this subject, before he commenced operations; and the theory on which all his future hopes depended. We shall transcribe his own words:—"Since the iron of the vessel," says our author, "and the com-

* The importance of this work, in a practical point of view, having excited considerable interest, we refer such of our readers as may not have had an opportunity of seeing the book itself, to Brand's Journal of Science and the Arts, No 7,—Monthly Review, November 1817,—and British Review, November 1819,—who have each treated the work and the author in a popular manner. Indeed, it has always been to us a matter of regret, that Mr Bain should not have been employed in the late Arctic expedition.

† That this paper should have been inserted, and that of Mr Barlow's rejected, in that No of the Philosophical Transactions, surprises us a good deal, and, cannot well be accounted for.

pass must be supposed to maintain the same relative position, with respect to each other, during the voyage, I imagine it to be possible to place a single ball of iron, equal to the whole mass, in a certain situation of the ship, when its effects upon the needle would be the same as that of the iron in its distributed state; or what amounts to the same thing, that all the forces acting on the needle in the actual state of the iron, may be reduced to a single resultant. I then assume, that a less mass of iron (having its entire attraction, or resultant, in the same line as the former,) may be approximated so near to the compass as to produce an effect equal to that of the iron of the vessel, whereby the tangent of the angle of deviation may be at any time doubled, and hence the deviation itself determined. Under this point of view, however, a slight computation would be requisite; but since the tangent of small arcs have very near the same ratio of the arcs themselves, we may suppose the angle itself doubled by the experiment, and hence the deviation ascertained by observation only." Preface, p. 5 and 6.

Though our author's first experiments rather involved him into difficulties, at least proved nothing at the time, yet it is necessary the reader should know the apparatus he worked with, as well as the method by which he worked with it;—"I began," he says, p. 8, "by describing, on a platform, several concentric circles, from eight to sixteen inches radius, drawing through the centre a line, in the direction of the magnetic meridian; I then set off my east and west points; and, lastly, divided the whole circle into equal parts of 10° each." With the compass over the centre of these concentric circles, he passed round successively, on each circle, several shells of different diameter; which, as our author anticipated, produced results at the time wholly inexplicable.

At length, however, our author, having exchanged his platform for a strong table, divided according to the points of the compass, with a circular hole of ten inches diameter in the centre, through which a ten inch shell was, at pleasure, made to pass by means of a block and pulley, he again commenced operations, by passing the compass on the circle round the ball, instead, as before, the ball round the

compass; "I elevated the ball," he continues, "till its action was imperceptible; and then gradually lowering it, I noticed the deviation at various altitudes of the ball, with the compass of each point of division on the circles; observing also very accurately the height or depth of the centre of the ball above or below the pivot of the needle, when the deviation was zero. These results, indeed, were the only ones applicable to my present inquiry; and from them I ascertained that the several parts of no action were all situated in one plane; the inclination of the plane itself to the horizon being found nearly equal to 20°, declining directly from the magnetic north point to the south. *This plan is, therefore, either exactly or very nearly perpendicular to the direction of the dipping needle.* The formula used by our author for computing the result, which will be found in page 19, and which approximates nearly to that found by experiment, is this:—

$\tan. I. = \frac{h}{r \cos a} = \frac{h}{r} \sec. a.$ When I denotes the inclination, r the radius of the circle, which, in the present instance, was twenty inches, h the observed height or depth of the centre of the ball, and a the angle from the east or west points of the circle. The mean result of all those calculations, which involves too many figures to be inserted in this outline, gives 19° 24'.

The different manifestations indicated in these important experiments, between the needle and the attractive power of the ball, at different angles, horizontally and perpendicularly, induced our author to believe, that there were in every ball of iron two planes, in which the compass may be anywhere posited, without being influenced in its direction; the one that of no attraction, and the other the vertical plane, corresponding to the magnetic meridian. In consequence of which, he conceived an ideal sphere to be circumscribed about the ball of iron; and assuming the circle of no attraction as an equator, and the poles of that circle as the poles of the sphere, he imagined circles of latitude and longitude to be described round the ball in several circles, keeping it always at the same distance from the centre; and, therefore, when these ideal circles of latitude and longitude were cor-

rectly ascertained by calculation, and verified by experiment, as particularly described page 24, and to which we must refer our readers, he succeeded in establishing the law of deviation as it respects the latitude; namely, *that the tangents of the deviations are proportional to the rectangle of the sine and cosine of the latitude; or to the sine of the double latitude, which is the same thing.* In the same way our author establishes a like law of elevation; as it respects the longitude; and, to explain himself more fully, he has given two diagrams, one describing the laws of deviation as it regards the latitude, and the other as it regards the longitude.

With regard to the laws of attraction as it regards the mass of iron, our author has, by a great variety of experiments, verified by computation, clearly demonstrated, that the power of attraction resides wholly on the surface, and is independent of the mass; or, in other words, *that the tangents of the deviations are proportional to the cubes of the diameter, or as the $\frac{3}{2}$ power of the surface, whatever may be the weight or thickness.*—Page 48.

The striking confirmation of the existence of the plane of no attraction in the most irregular masses of iron; and that the power of attraction resides wholly on the surface, and is independent of the mass; as exhibited by experiment, and confirmed by computation, must have gratified and encouraged our author in his toilsome and unbeaten path; and, therefore, to put the matter beyond all dispute, he determined to verify his former experiments by others of a different nature, and on a much larger scale. Accordingly he addressed a letter to Sir William Congreve, requesting permission to pursue his inquiries in the repository at Woolwich; and, it gives us great pleasure to say, that the very polite and handsome manner in which this communication was answered, reflects the highest honour on the character of that worthy and ingenious gentleman. How contrary was the behaviour and conduct of the Royal Society to our author on a similar occasion, will best be seen in Mr Barlow's own language, page 12; which will appear totally incomprehensible when contrasted with the answer of Sir William, and the manner in which a memorial, addressed by our author, for the like purpose,

to the Board of Admiralty, was acknowledged; and the pleasing and friendly way Sir George Cockburn, one of the Admiralty Lords, and Mr Croker, the secretary, offered our author all their interest in the further prosecution of his experiments.

It is many years since we knew Captain, now Admiral Cockburn, and our readers will easily conceive, that the man who, with the same activity and thirst after professional knowledge, could ascend the mast-head, and there detect stupidity in the adjustment of a sky-sail studding-sail, as descend the hold, and superintend the stowage of a water-cask, must have felt exquisite pleasure and delight on entering our author's workshop, and there behold, by accurate experiment, the true cause producing the extraordinary anomalies in the variation of the compass. Mr Croker, too, a man of science, liberality, and erudition, could not help feeling, on this occasion, much gratification; and it is the highest encomium we can pay to the professional knowledge of the one, and learning of the other, to have it in our power thus to record an instance of such noble generosity and kindness in behalf of aspiring talent and genius.

But, to return from this digression, our author procured, for his next experiment, an iron 24 pounder, mounted on a platform which admitted of its being traversed through an entire circumference; the tracks at the bottom running over a circle ten feet six inches diameter, divided into 32 equal parts corresponding with the points of the compass. A piece of wood, projecting four feet from the muzzle of the gun, for the compass to stand on, was made to fit exactly the bore of the gun, on which the compass could be moved to any distance, at the time of experiment. As it is impossible to make room for the results, we shall just now say, that they fully corroborated the accuracy of the results given by former experiments; and that, in the present instance, the difference between the observed and the computed results is so very trifling, as to be almost imperceptible. It is necessary, however, the reader should know the formula by which our author obtained results bearing so close affinity with those given by experiment. "The computed deviations," he observes, "was

obtained by first finding from the observed deviation the mean ratio or value of $\Delta = \frac{\sin. 2 \lambda \cos. \nu}{\tan. A}$, then using it as a constant co-efficient (A) in the expression $\tan. \Delta = \frac{\sin. 2 \lambda \cos. \nu}{A}$. The same may be likewise done by saying, "As the rectangle of $\sin. 2 \lambda \cos. \nu$, (corresponding to any position of the compass), to $\sin. 2 \lambda \cos. \nu$, (answering to any other position), so is the tangent of the deviation in the first instance to that of the second."

"For example—the latitude and longitude corresponding to 45°, or NE, is latitude 13° 30', longitude 43° 18'; and the same answering to one point from the east, is 3° 44', and longitude 10° 43': therefore,

"As $\sin. 27^\circ$, $\cos. 43^\circ 18'$: $\sin.$

$7^\circ 28'$, $\cos. 10^\circ 48'$: $\tan. 6^\circ 30'$: $\tan. 2^\circ 30'$, which latter is exactly the deviation found by observation in Table II." to which we must again refer our readers.

Our author has applied the above rule in the computations of deviations found by Captain Sabine on board the *Isabella* off Shetland, where the dip was $74^\circ 21'$, with great success; since the greatest error between Captain Sabine's observed deviation, and the computations of our author, only amounts to $49'$.

From the singular discovery, "that the power of attraction resides wholly in the surface of iron bodies, and is independent of the mass," our author, by one of those happy ideas so peculiar to genius, conceived the possibi-

EXPERIMENTS 93.

On an Iron 24 Pounder, with an attached Shell 96 lbs.

Position of trail.	Deviat. due to the gun.	Deviat. produc. by shell.	Whole Deviat.	Position of trail.	Deviat. due to the gun.	Deviat. produc. by shell.	Whole Deviat.
East.	0. 0	0. 0	0. 0	West.	0. 0	0. 0	0. 0
E. by N.	4.15	3.45	8. 0	W. by S.	4. 0	4. 0	8. 0
E.N.E.	7.30	7. 0	14.30	W.S.W.	7.30	7.15	14.45
N.E. by E.	9. 0	8.30	17.38	S.W. by W.	9. 0	8.45	17.45
N.E.	9.45	9. 0	18.45	S.W.	9.30	9. 0	18.30
N.E. by N.	8.45	8.15	17. 0	S.W. by S.	8.15	8. 0	16.15
N.N.E.	7. 0	6.45	13.45	S.S.W.	6. 0	5.45	11.45
N. by E.	4.15	4. 0	8.15	S. by W.	3.45	3.45	7.30
North.	0. 0	0. 0	0. 0	South.	0. 0	0. 0	0. 0
N. by W.	4.15	4. 0	8.15	S. by E.	3.45	3.45	7.30
N.N.W.	7.30	6.30	13.30	S.S.E.	6.30	6.30	13. 0
N.W. by N.	9. 0	8.45	17.45	S.E. by S.	8.15	8.15	16.30
N.W.	9.45	9.15	19. 0	S.E.	9.80	9. 0	18.30
N.W. by W.	9.15	9. 0	18.15	S.E. by E.	9.15	9. 0	18.15
W.N.W.	7.30	7. 0	14.30	E.S.E.	6.30	6.30	13. 0
W. by N.	4.15	3.45	8. 0	E. by S.	3.45	3.45	7.30

ty of ascertaining the correct deviation in all ships, in all positions, and in all places, by simple observation only, and independent of computation. With this view, he ordered a frame-work to be affixed to the gun, which should project beyond the compass, whereby he could suspend a ten inch shell in any required position with respect to the centre of the needle. Having fixed the ball in the required situation, he repeated his first course of experiments, which we have already noticed, with the ball attached, by traversing the gun through the entire circle; and as the results of this experiment are of the utmost importance, in a practical point of view, consequently to navigators, we shall give them entire.

From the results indicated in the

above table, our author assumes, and with some degree of probability, that when the whole quantity of deviation is once ascertained by swinging the vessel, the navigator, by attaching a plate of iron to the binnacle in a plane with the centre of greatest deviation, or local attraction, which, he says, will be found in most vessels at an angle between 20° and 60° , but which in the *Isabella* he found by computation to amount to 65° , which he considers an extreme case—may at all times, and in all places, find, without computation, the exact deviation, by turning round the binnacle, with the plate of iron attached. In like manner our author made his experimental results inserted in the above table: Or, in his own words, "supposing now this first

approximate angle to have been found, then the plate must be fixed, so that its centre of attraction inclines from the pivot of the compass, at about the same angle; then, turning round the binnacle, point by point, observe the deviation caused by the plate; and if these correspond with those given by the vessel, the plate is rightly adjusted; but if not, (as is most likely to happen,) such trifling changes may be made in its position, which will be attained in a few trials."—P. 87. Our author has given a particular description of this plate, and the most proper method of attaching it permanently to the binnacle; but we had proceeded this far; when our limits admonished us of the necessity of terminating our own remarks; we must, therefore, refer the reader to the work itself on this interesting head of the book. For the same reason we must reluctantly decline entering, as we fully intended, upon our author's beautiful theory, by which he determines the laws producing the diurnal variation of the compass; which, from the analogy of experimental and computed results, appears unquestionable; and which, being bottomed on correct philosophical principles, seems to us the only theory deserving of the least attention.

Should the truth of this remark be admitted, which indeed appears incontrovertible, when clearly and dispassionately understood, what, we should like to know, will the worshippers of M. Biot say to Mr Barlow's able, but modest, exposition of an error of 7° in that theory, regarding the laws regulating the dip, or inclination, of the needle, which the French mathematician has had the address to impose so long on the credulity of his votaries; and which, by our author's theory, a discovery Biot never dreamed of, bears a close affinity with the laws regulating the daily variation and deviation of the compass. After this exposure—for though the Frenchman is an able mathematician, yet he is no experimenter—we could vain hope, that the eyes and ears of the venerable chairman, or president, of the Royal Society, that monument of British glory, will now be open to English merit and justice; and, in future, prevent the malignant influence of foreign counsels swaying the important decisions of that illustrious society. We have more reasons than one for making this remark; and we strongly sus-

pect, that our author will find the true cause of the apathy and indifference shewn him and his experiments, to which he alludes, p. 12, and to which we have also shortly adverted, to lie within this hitherto mysterious circle.

It would be extremely unjust, however, for us to assert, or even to insinuate, that this censure attaches wholly to the venerable and illustrious president. His liberality and candour are recorded over the earth; and we are ready to acknowledge, that no man, at any one period of our history, has done more for the advancement of science and protection of genius than Sir Joseph Banks. But his infirmities, which, from the natural course of events, we are sorry to say, must be many, probably leaves room to suppose, without invidious interpretation, that his confidence is often abused; for experience demonstrates, that in every human institution there are always swarms of unprofitable drones, proportionate to the magnitude and importance of that institution, thrust into place by influence and power, who are ever found to fatten on the credulity, or merits, or genius, of meek, lonely, and unsuspecting minds; and, since this is unavoidably the case, it would be foolish to suppose, that an hemisphere, so brilliant and extensive as that which surrounds the chair of the Royal Society, can be altogether free of such harpies.

Our love of justice, and respect for the genius and merit displayed in Mr Barlow's valuable book, have impelled us to say this much; for it would be a strange dereliction of our duty, which has hitherto, we trust, been impartially discharged, did we pass over, without animadversion, this glaring instance of ungenerous conduct to a man, evidently of great abilities. What we have said, however, will probably produce little effect towards restoring that Society to its original excellence, or Mr Barlow to its future protection and regard; be it so. But we can assure our author, that if he only continues his studies with the same persevering ardour every where manifested throughout his book, which we earnestly recommend to the serious consideration of the public, his industry and talents will very soon render him altogether independent of that or any other Society whatever.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No II.

Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian.

WISDOM has many worshippers, while Chance, pure Chance, has not, as of old, either temple or votaries—this is far from right. The wind-sown seeds of Chance come as yellow and heavy to the harvest sickle as the best drilled and dibbled seeds of reverend Wisdom, and that from her fattest fallow. All my best laid schemes of pleasure, ambition, or happiness, have failed or faded—while Chance, whom I never wooed at all, kept dropping, often showering on me, some of her best and balmiest blessings, and cheered me by her windfalls from the stumblings of wisdom and the counsels of many friends. Two chief blessings I owe to my Goddess—by Chance I learned to distinguish verse from prose—a peerless gift—"See," said a sage old lady—"what is ragged at the ends, and cannot keep the even margin of the leaf, is poetry—graceless poetry;—but that which is straight, orderly, and evenly, is prose—precious preaching prose." And, by the merest Chance in the world, I am enabled to write a true and delightful history of mine honest and ancient friend, Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian. How this came to pass must not be revealed like a playhouse landscape—pull the string, and lo! and behold! It must be unfolded carefully and ingeniously, like a Herculean parchment under the inquisitorial spectacles of six sage members of the Antiquarian Society.

It is now many years since I left my native vale of Nith—and things have come to pass which might well plead my pardon if her landscape and her people were now as dimly remembered as in a dream. Hope was high, and untried life lay before me like a vista in romance, lovely, and bright, and unblemished. The pageant is passed and gone—but the beautiful and beaming faces which thronged the procession, haunt and charm me still. Even so it is—so strongly and durably do all those forms and faces in which my youthful heart claimed an interest live and breathe in my remembrance, that, were I so gifted, I could paint eter-

nal cartoons full of maiden and maternal beauty, and austere manly grace. But to my tale.

In one of December's darkest evenings I was walking homewards through Lyndoch-lane. When I came below one of the patent lamps which diffuses light, pursuant to act of Parliament, I was suddenly accosted by a person of importance, Mr Marmaduke Grunstone, the collector, who, seizing my sleeve, whispered rather audibly, "I beg pardon, sir—I do indeed, sir—but you are as loyal a man as ever paid rates." I gazed at Mr Grunstone—I owed him not a shilling—indeed, I had his receipt in my pocket—and was about to pull it out, when he raised his voice, and said, "May I never finger a rate more, if this same suspicious sort of a man is not become more dangerous than ever." "Be good enough, Sir," said I, "to tell me something of what you mean." "Mean, sir," said he, "why, I mean, sir, that ever since this same Mark Mack—what d'ye callum—and his shop came among us, evening and morning—he utters the strangest things—sings seditious songs, reads seditious books, and prays treasonable prayers. I have heard him sing cursed strong things, sir—" "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want," which means more, sir, than meets the ear"—"The very song the Miller of Mansfield sung when he helped himself to the bishop's meal," said I.—"Why, 'tis treasonable"—"Flat treason, sir," said the collector, "as the act hath it, and as Mr Counsel Strapum says. Then, sir, he reads loud and long about a handy sort of a woman, called Jewel, the wife of Hobler of Kent, and her nail hammer, sir.* We all know what that means."

Thus was the collector proceeding, misinterpreting, as a man of obtuse intellect may, the impressive domestic devotion of my native land, thus unexpectedly lifting up its voice in a strange country, when his singular commentary was interrupted by a clear, deep, and melodious voice, which, from a house opposite, struck into that divine psalm

* Perhaps Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite.

—the eighth—gracing the words of the regal minstrel with the noble and pathetic tune of *The Martyrs*. To this unwonted greeting, my heart responded with a strong throb; and I

on the point of lifting my voice with the stray worshipper, when Mr Grunstone addressed me: "Come with me, sir: this man must cross the herring brook with a tutor chosen by the magistrates, else my name shall be no more Grunstone." So saying, he walked up to the house from whence the sounds came that had dismayed him so deeply, and I accompanied him, for the sake of seeing the end of the strange intrusion. I saw he was meditating. "Now, Mr What—you know your name, my good sir," said the collector, "let us walk with the law in this matter, sir. First, then, what is the fellow's name—his exact name;—the law, my dear sir, can touch nothing unless it has a name;—but see—what does this man call himself?—I'll warrant the knave has picked out some good name or other to bring into disgrace;—an old trick, sir,—'twas but last year a fellow at the Old Bailey had the presumption to call himself Mr Gilbert Grunstone, and was actually hanged with that honourable name in his custody."

While this man spoke, I looked above the door, and there, on a board black and broad, was painted an ample book, in the commendable act of disclosing its contents to the passer-by, and underneath stood printed in modest gray letters, "Mark Macrabin, Cameronian, Dealer in Scottish Hose and Cheap Tracts, Religious and Political." But very shrewdly distrusting the information of the multitude, respecting the very ancient name "Hose," or even the letters which composed it, he had added, by way of marginal supplement, a pair of notable parson-gray hose, which, at a reduced angle, formed a respectable St Andrew's cross: nor is it improbable, that the ingenious proprietor of this singular sign-board had introduced the book spread out and displayed from similar motives—for it is known that many of our radicals very laudably buy their weekly sixpence worth of sedition and blasphemy, in the hope of bribing, with a pint and pipe, to read and expound it, some more fortunate person, whose learning is not confined to the primitive score and tally.

With this man's name and calling I was busy making very agreeable associations, when I was aroused by a tremendous peal from the knocker of the Cameronian's door, which, in the adroit hand of the collector, raised a din equivalent to the summons of a pye-coated footman at the door of some man who, unluckily for his repose, is acquainted with an earl new come to his coronet, or a confidential clerk in a city banking-house. The patient dealer in hose reflecting, perchance, that the eighth psalm, and the tune of the Martyrs, would endure when all who now wear Scottish hose, or read cheap tracts, or Peden's Prophecies, or Zachary Boyd's last battle—a book I would gladly get—were passed and gone,—arose, and began to adventure slowly forth, measuring step by step, balancing the matter between business and devotion. "Mr Marmaduke Grunstone," said I, "this seems an unseasonable time to discuss the merits of Mark Macrabin's political creed. Moreover, I do suspect there is neither sedition in the eighth Psalm, which you have disturbed him in singing, nor treason in worshipping God after a man's own heart, and the manner of his country."—"Hark'e, friend," said the collector, "d'ye think—Zookers! d'ye think I don't know a psalm from a seditious song?" and as he said this, the door opened, and the dealer in Scottish hose and cheap tracts stood silent before him, but silent only for a moment: "What wastest thou?" he said, in the tone of a man touched at being untimeously disturbed: "Sawest thou not my warehouse of commodities was closed? heardest thou not the ninth hour ring in the chapel clock? and, moreover, didst thou not hear me es-saying to sing a psalm?" Having thus soothed his devotional feelings, he continued in the tone of a man willing to accommodate: "This is doubtless an ill hour to examine the merits of the things of this world, though my hose," and he glanced at the collector's legs, "are such as men may buy blindfold; and my books," looking at the upper region of his visitant, into which nothing but the gainful golden rule of three had ever been able, under the semblance of learning, to penetrate,—“are such as the wise and well-disposed only purchase, but their contents cannot harm

even ignorance—so thou mayest walk in."

And in the collector strode, pulled off his hat and laid it on the table—plucked forth his rate-book and ink-horn, and looking full in the face of the retailer of warm hose and wise tracts, said, "So your name is Mark Macrabin—an outlandish name and an odd one; but a name good enough for all that: and you write after your name, 'Cameronian,' some radical designation, I presume. And you profess to deal in Caledonian hose and cheap tracts, religious and political." Mark answered, with a glance of inquisitive gravity,—“Verily, even as thou sayest, with the omission of thy intrusive commentary.” *Thou not me*, said Mr Marmaduke Grunstone. *Thou not me*—you shall be taught humility, and that soon, between stone walls, and thy northern hose well gartered with comfortable cold iron.—What thinkest thou of *that* most wise Mark?—*Thou indeed!*” Mark uttered not one word, but with great calmness lifted an ellwand of oak of three years growth, shod at one end with massy iron, and divided into quarters, the quarters into nails, the nails again into inches, with large nobs of brass. This formidable quarter-staff he laid on the counter, and, with the meekness of a truc and well armed Christian, awaited the result.

Mark's martial preparation affected very visibly the collector's hand—and the redness, natural and acquired, fled from his face, except a double portion of scarlet which sought refuge in the point of his nose. This protuberance at all times deserved attention, and usually attracted it; it was swelled out into whelks and knobs of sundry hues, resembling a half crushed bunch of blue grapes, or a bruised handful of ripe mulberries.—And at present its fiery red extremity seemed willing to drop blood, even before the ellwand of the Cameronian had applied for such a proof of its merit as a weapon. The collector gave one glance to the door, in the shadow of which I stood, pleased beyond all remembrance at his consternation, and then glancing sideways at Mark's brazen studded auxiliary, like one who sees an adder ready to leap from its coil, said, “So, sir, the name and vocation, as you have confessed, are safe, are written down: Sir, I shall now content me, as it is

growing late, with being introduced to your book of seditious verses, out of which even now you were singing that treasonable song.” “In the name of *water* and *fire*, and the *heart of corn*, the three ancient gods of Galloway, said Mark Macrabin, what sort of a being art thou?—If I thought thou wert a radical knave, come hither to revile and make mouths at that Book, and him who believes in it, I would assuredly chasten thee with these thirty-seven English inches of oak, called an ellwand, till thou didst become humble and contrite. But as I do in verity believe thou art much more fool than knave, and mayest spread an evil report, I shall show thee that Book; and if I do not make thee learn the first verse of it by heart, a grievous task to thee perchance, but a pleasure to others—may the sound, rational, and wise books which fill my shelves, become as foolish as thou art, and as profane as Carlisle; and may my warm comfortable hose, framed in a good lowland loom, become as thin as the work of the spider or the spawn of Spittalfields.” So saying, he strode, ellwand and all, into an interior recess, out of which he instantly reappeared, bearing a huge folio, covered with rough spotted calf-skin, and clasped with two broad and massy clasps of pure and solid silver; unclasping the volume, he laid it open on the table.

It was a beautiful black print Bible, from the press of the sixth James, adorned with curious woodcuts, forming an illustration of the text equally as obvious as the modern mass of commentaries which encumber the simple original. Fronting the title-page appeared, written in a neat old-fashioned hand, the whole ancestry of Mark Macrabin from the time tradition had first noticed it. Gilboah Macrabin laid the corner-stone of the family fame; he passed the Tweed with David Lesley, and distinguished himself in roasting the royalists at Newburn on the Tyne; the first blood drawn in the civil war was drawn by the sword of Gilboah. He marched to the bloody battle of Marston Moor with this very volume bound on his back, and made himself remarkable by his cool and determined bravery. But he owed his life to this singular piece of proof mail, which foiled two desperate thrusts of a cavalier's lance when the Covenanters were

charged in the rear. It was present also at the fierce skirmish of Drumclog, borne in the same primitive manner by Gideon the son of Gilboah, where its owner added the glory of slaying three of Claverhouse's proof-coat troopers, to the fame of the house of Macrabin. And as it had arrested the sheer descent of one cuirassier's sword, and repulsed the thrust of another, it acquired prodigious popularity, and was, by the command of Ramoth Gilead, the preacher, separated from the reluctant shoulders and swathing plaid of its proprietor, and borne aloft as a banner before the host. But it lost, as a banner, much of the fame it had acquired when attached to the valiant persons of Gideon and Gilboah. It was struck down and trodden upon, at the bloody passage of Bothwell Brigg, and would have been scattered in the wind, leaf by leaf, had not Gideon returned at night from the mountains, and at the peril of his life, picked up his family book. His joy was great, and in its fulness he vowed—and as he was of Gallwegian extraction, he vowed by the three ancient gods of the district, already noticed by his descendant—that man's tongue or man's hand, singly or collectively, should no more separate him from it—and he kept his vow. It was his companion by day, and his pillow by night, till the Revolution brought bloodless times. The family history now grew wondrous brief. The allegorical tree of lineage sent forth shoots, neither to the south nor to the west, but shot up perpendicular as a poplar in one undeviating stem—finally terminating with the present incumbent Mark, who with no small pride displayed this honourable testimony to his name, before the sharp gray eyes of the parish collector, the chief of the name of Grunstone.

The Grunstones, a numerous and ancient clan, certainly are more conversant with stowage, pilotage, barter, and brokerage, and the relationship of six to seven, than with perilous achievements by spear and sword. As their name has not opened an account with the Herald's-office, and as, perchance, these dispensers of Griffins and Blue Lions, are expensive retainers in dubious pedigrees, I shall spare it one anecdote, which may furnish a motto and a hint for the arms to some of these ingenious gentle-

men, who signalize the heroes of the last birth-day. The elder Grunstone—a simple man, who preferred the signature of a St Andrew's cross to all the pomp of penmanship, happened to hear some learned merchants calculating their running profits.—“For my part,” said one, “I cleared twenty-five per cent. net by my last speculation;” “and I,” said another, “shall be ill pleased indeed, if mine is less than twenty-seven.” “Gentlemen,” said Mr Grunstone, “I don't exactly know what you mean by your twenty-five or twenty-seven per cent;—for my part,” said he, assuming the look and tone of the most exemplary moderation, “I always think I have profit enough when I get the one half of the other.”

To the descendant of this moderate and limited dealer, did Mark Macrabin unfold the venerable volume—the shield as well as consolation of his ancestors. “Lo! and behold, man,” said the Cameronian, his wrath visibly abated by touching and contemplating a book so honourable and dear to his name. “Sec—read—believe—and judge for thyself; seest thou ought seditious there!” So saying, he placed his finger on the eighth psalm—but kept close hold, as a priest clutches a profitable relic, whilst he submits it to the lips of some suspicious looking pilgrim.—Sorely seemed the collector perplexed; the ready frankness of Mark, the array of Saxon black letter, which, in the vicinity of the brazier studded ellwand, and the darkness of his own ignorance, equalled in mystery an entire mountain of Egyptian history, or the Ogham alphabet of the Sister Island, to those, and they must be many, who lack the faith of Colonel Vallency; but above all, the ellwand itself, hoary and iron headed, and which bore testimony of having taken measure of carcasses as well as cloth; all these tended to unsettle his power of reflection and derange the accuracy of his calculations:—“I tell thee, man,” said Mark, “this is a book my fathers bore through peril and through blood; with me it hath fallen on more peaceful times. I have carried it through the pleasant vale of the South, and verily it walked with me upon the bosom of the vast deep, as I passed to and from the western world.” Nevertheless, the collector, in spite of the rough exterior, the silver

clasps, and the sacred contents of the volume, seemed seriously disposed to brand its owner as a dabbler in sedition, an abettor of those turbulent demagogues who disturb the peace of the country and the devotion of its people. I walked into the shop, and stood beside the collector, who, turning to me, said, "there! my good sir, there!" and pushed the book towards me, afraid at the same time to hazard another word on a volume which, for ought he had discovered, might turn out more holy than seditious. "Truly," said I, "Mr Grunstone, this is a very ancient and beautiful Bible, such as the worshippers of scarce works would perform a pilgrimage to obtain, bound too in a patriarchal style, and clasped with no mean metal. And this, sir, is the eighth psalm, a poem of divine beauty; and which even now I heard this gentleman singing, performing, as I presume, domestic worship according to the daily manner, I am proud to say, of the devout people of Scotland." All the while I uttered this, Mark eyed me with a look of indescribable emotion; and ere the last words were from my lips, he was fairly over the table, wringing my hands with a fullness of joy he sought not to express. "Peace be here!—as I hope to be saved!—thou art the son of mine only friend; thyself too a proven one—Miles Cameron, thou art welcome as the flower of May; but aye, man, its long since I saw thee!"—I returned the gratulation of worthy Mark long and warmly; and so deeply were we both touched at this singular and unexpected meeting, which returned the days of my youth to my contemplation, and presented me with the "cold, the faithless, and the dead," the loved and the lamented; that we missed not Marmaduke Grunstone, who had silently and gladly withdrawn both body and charge from shop and person of the joyous Cameronian.

Mark Macrabin gazed on me for one minute's space with great and growing joy; he twice ejaculated "his fathers own son!"—snatched up his black letter folio in one hand, and seizing me with the other, stalked stately and silent into the chamber, which in remembrance of ancient times he called his cave of Adullam. A clear large fire, the fairest flower in a winter garden, quoth the proverb, glowed in the grate, and the whole

apartment seemed neat and comfortable. Flanking the fire stood an ancient seat, something partaking of the excellent qualities of an English easy chair, and a Scottish langsettle. It was plentifully ornamented with thistles, sand glasses, and scraps of Scripture—bearing date 1646. In the centre pannel of massive oak, was cut in square raised letters, "GIL. MACRABIN, S.L.;" this was wound about with a wreath of blossomed thistles, ably designed, and not unskillfully carved; amid the thistles, perched a crown—representing the crown above—for on earthly crowns—except perhaps the crown of martyrdom—the wise house of Macrabin never turned its ambition. Into this ancestral resting-place, Mark partly thrust, and partly motioned me—a cushion composed of something rivalling in softness the famous down of Canna (of which poets, in holiday verse, promise beds to their loves, but in the week-day prose of matrimony make them contented with unbought chaff) was ready to receive me, and there I sat giving the cave of Adullam and its proprietor alternately the scrutiny of my looks. "Son of my best friend, said Mark, son or daughter have I none—nor wife, nor matron, nor maid—nor bondman, nor bondwoman—nor carlin, nor gyre-carlin—nor bogle, nor brownie—brownie would do me rarely—none of them all have I to do a hand's turn, or a blessed turn for me. But my hands are clean—my viands are pure—yea, the smell of this seems not unsavoury"—placing before me, while he spoke, a reeking mess of Scottish collops, a noggin of notable ale—"and girdle cakes, weel brandered brown"—pronouncing on the whole a blessing, which a hungry bishop might envy for its brevity. To this national supper, ample and instant justice was done. The Cameronian then brought forth in both hands an ancient and capacious bowl, girded round the mouth with a rim of silver, evidently less for ornament than for preserving entire an hereditary vessel which had graced so many bridals, baptisms, and even burials of the house of Macrabin. Its shattered and repaired sides betokened the potency of its former contents—the dizzy head, and the unsteady or erring hand had wronged this fountain of evening delight. Placing it on the table, he instantly produced a

large bottle of brown-stone, called by the Irish a 'garderine, the precious contents of which he introduced to immediate acquaintanceship with warm water and sugar, and the bowl emitted an odour far outrivalling the famed cedar-wood-scented fire of the goddess in Homer. "This," said Mark, as he poured it unsparingly forth, "is just a drop of the rarest blood of barley—better never bore a bell, or the kindly name of peat-reck—the reek of sea coal's but a sang till't—I got it from Duncan Macgillaray, of the Perth mountains.—Duncan's father does as good as keep a small still—I wish, if the wish is not sinful, that it was as big as a kirk—I mean an English cathedral—for his sake." The weak liquid, and the strong, mixed pleasantly together—as things weak and strong should always do—and approached the brim of the bowl singing and simmering—forming a goodly pool of potent drink. Into this beverage, Mark introduced a large spoon of green horn, of dimensions equal to the rapacity of that of an ogress. It is called by the Lowlanders a "divider;" nor was this unworthy of the name, for its mouth was rimmed with silver, the shaft ornamented with the same, terminating in a whistle, equalling in power of sound those framed by school boys, from the boughs of the plane, when the buds first come out on the timber. [Inspired shepherd of Ettricke, is this plane-tree whistle—the old Scottish shepherd's pipe—accursed, and fallen off like Milton's spirit from its original beauty—to which queens have listened, and of which poets have sung—

"A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound?"]

The spirit of digression seemed here to seize on Mark also, for in a voice half audible he said, while he produced the divider, "If thou could'st speak, thou could'st tell a curious tale!" and for a moment he seemed pondering on some passing pleasant thing. He changed to a graver mood, and said, "you would like—your douce father liked—a doucer man—a man with a kinder heart, or a cleverer head, never put leg in gray hose; but why should I speak of the blest with a graceless bowl of punch before me—howsoever, ye would like to have the rank untaken-down spirit of this Highlandman's aquavita softened and subdued—passed through

the flame, as daft Davie Davidson did when he pushed auld king Corrie into the bonfire, and cried, "O king, live for ever;" So saying, he lifted up a spoonful of the punch, and touching it, as he replaced it in the bowl, with burning paper, set the whole beverage on fire, and moving it gently with the spoon, the agitated flame wavered glimmering and blue, like the charmed cauldron in the presence of Macbeth. "Good punch and a good man, said the Cameronian, are just alike; if punch cannot lowe, its no supposable; if a man cannot burn, no at the stake I mean—but with anger at a knave's deed, and that spills my simile—The back of my hand be to him, I should not like to trust my weazon near his knife."

Though I have little faith in the saying, that sound friendship, like good corn, must have frequent wettings to make it prosper, still I think an occasional sprinkling, merely to cool the blade, is both refreshing and delightful—so thought my entertainer, as with two curiously carved and mounted drinking cups, known in the annals of Lowland delight by the name of quechs, we made incessant inroads on the social element. Our converse, for much converse we had, was a curious piece of patch-work—so old and so new—so joyous and so devout—so digressive and so straight forward—so full of the odd, the common, the strange, and the dramatic, that it defied resemblance in any thing written or traditional. Ancient times shook hands with latter, and the pathetic and the ludicrous walked side by side like "sisters twin." Add to all this, the frequent intrusion of explanatory notes, upon obscure passages, as we passed, and the supplemental illustrations which the narrative required. Mark, evidently driven from the even tenor of his way by these marginal interruptions, made a full pause; and lifting up his replenished quech, turned it thrice round between his eye and the candle, said, with an introductory cough, "Truly, Miles Cameron, I had better at once take a calvine pen and two slate stanes—no in imitation of the prophet, gude forgive me for the resemblance—and thereon indite ye a full and famous history of the house of Macrabin; or if ye would like it better," said the Cameronian, evidently alarmed at the extent and

importance of his offer—"for I am doomed dull when I come to plain black and white—I shall even give you a memoir, as they call it, of myself—clean off loof, as Rab Rabson shot the barn-door; and conscience, lad, if ye stop or mar me in my march, I shall just begin the tale again, as Laird Lawrie did with Robin Hood, when he stumbled at the hundred and seventy and seventh verse." I readily assured Mark of a joyous listener—one that would lend to his history a quiet and curious ear. For I expected a singular tale. I knew he was acquainted with a vast range of strange and curious things; and I knew, from the peculiar and original way he contemplated all passing events, that the commonest matter would acquire a new stamp and form, and become amusing or instructive in his mouth.

On this assurance, Mark Macrabin placed his empty quech on the table, and said, "Young man, look at me—ye never saw my father—how could ye? but if ye had, truly, then, ye beheld a man as steeve to his purpose as the tempered steel—desperate, dour, and self-willed—who sought no man's counsel, though many men sought his; and there were few or none in the famous Vale of Nith, that matched his knack in ministering Scripture salves to moral sorcs, or were so gifted and skilful anent elf-arrows and uncanny een. Well, would ye credit it, my father had a firm belief in witches and familiar spirits, for which, doubtless, he had Scripture warrant, and I'll not say that I am free of the belief myself. He gave many kindly presents to Marion Mudieson of Auchincarn, just because 'word gade she was nae cannie.' She was a cunning carlin that could gar him birl his bawbee—ye see I'm not unread in the classic works of Caledonia: Moreover, my father was the sworn cronie of Samuel Colin of Colliestown, who mended whole flocks that were rendered as lean by withcraft as the two cows in the dream of Pharoah; and extracted more elf-arrows out of one cow's side than were stuck by the barbarians in the shield of the Roman centurion—ye see my learning's of no limited kind. Samuel confided to my father's hands his whole collection of elf-arrow-heads. I have seen them myself, and they were made of as rare flint as ever yielded fire. I consulted

auld Roosty Fiddle, the antiquarian, anent their origin. I bribed his opinion with one of the longest, and he declared they were sharp weapons, framed for the mischief of brute or body, by whose hands it would be difficult to say;—and truly, the man in the course of seven years vindicated his opinion in two folio volumes, with seventeen plates, displaying my elf-arrow in all the views man's invention could devise, and averring, that he dug this curious missile out of Locher-moss, sixteen feet under the surface, searching for a seam of coal; and truly, it was a wise place to seek fuel in. If he got not coals he got peats. But, worst of all, one summer half the cows of the Vale grew sick, and milk grew like a medicine. Some said it was the burning drought—some said it was the will of God; and Marion Mudieson said it was the witch of Galloway's milking-peg that drained them all yell. This was a charmed utensil—I wish I had such a one—ye had only to say a certain word—pull the peg, and out gushed milk, rich reeking milk; and that, too, as long as a cow within fifty miles had a drop to spare. I wonder where the wood grew it was made of; and then, as the tale rang, the peg ran red blood. My father heard the story, and was missing three days and three nights. Some said he was at a preaching at the foot of Tintoc, and some said he was in quest of the Galloway witch and her sympathetic milking-peg. Home he came, gloomy and silent—I fear some wicked people had laughed at him; and I, who never could be silent, said, 'Father, saw ye any gowks in Galloway;' for which I had to fly to the mountain tops a night and a day. When I came back, and complained of the cold top of the Moloch-hill, my father said, 'Didst thou fly to the mountains, thou graceless knave—the ancient place of refuge for the sage and the godly—the valley was good enough for thee.' Such was the kind of temper that threw me desolate on the wide world when I was a stripling of seventeen.

"But my father was not always wayward and stern;—he had fits of gentleness and tenderness for his family and for mankind—his devotion, at all times sincere and fervent, approached sometimes to the romantic. The Wardlaw hill, the summit of which is evergreen,

was a favourite place of his devotion. On its top, it is in current and credited tradition that the Covenanters assembled during the stormy time of the persecution to preach and to pray, and three of their graves are still seen swelling above the brown heather at the bottom where Claverhouse overtook and slew them. Ho's supping brimstone brose for *that*—else there is no faith in old songs. Howsoever, ye'll hardly believe, that on the summer Sunday afternoons, nowhere else, save on this hill, did my father think family worship could, with sincerity and full and deep effect, be performed. And I shall confess frankly, that what with the green hill itself standing so beautiful among barren heaths, on which the very sun seemed unwilling to sink—the three green graves at the bottom—and the earnest and melting manner in which my father associated the cause of the righteous, and the deeds of violence and blood, with the lonely fairy mountain—I was fairly overcome, even to tears, and never felt devotional fervour more deep and exalted in my life. This confirmed my father's belief in the saving grace of out-of-doors devotion, and though I never positively cursed the green Wardlaw—one could not look on the hill so lone, so green, and so bonny, and do that well—yet I wished it was waving with yellow grain—and I have had my foolish wish. The fairest hill in sixty miles riding has passed under the plow—I wish the man that did it was passed under the harrow—and instead of reverend men, with gray locks, singing a godly psalm to the sweet tune of Stroud Water, we have rows of filthy reapers singing profane and graceless songs. My father became weary of this hill—he never liked long what other people liked—he was so inconsistent, or rather, had so much of the old warm Scotch blood trying for mastery with the coldness of the Cameronian creed, that he had armed himself in his youth with the good cutting sword of Gideon Macrabin, and would have infallibly joined Prince Charles, had he not been alarmed with the terror of beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks.—I cannot say exactly what made him weary of the Wardlaw—I have sat on its top a whole summer Sunday myself, with little devotion in my head, looking westward and southward on

the lonely vale of Dumfries—and never a soul had I beside me, unless ye count Jane Tamson of Heerleg-dodie, a queer qucan and a bonny. I think myself, my father wanted new scenery and associations for his devotion; certain it is, he sought out new scenery, for there is not a martyr's grave in the whole south country which he did not visit with prayer and thanksgiving. And nought deterred him from giving the grave of the Laird of Lagg, in the old kirk-yard of Dunscore, the noted persecutor, a visit of thanksgiving and congratulation; but the dread lest the old bloody dour deevil should shake the mools off him and attend to the singing himself—he was aye ready, in his way, to march to the sound of a psalm.

“But all this was to have an end—and, as far as I was concerned, a curious end it had. The Laird of Airnaumery died, he was a close handed carle, and had it not been for dread of country scandal, the heir would have marched his fathers corpse to the grave to the sound of sackbut and psaltery. He was better advised, and half the parish came to the funeral—my father one of the foremost. Now my father had a strong gift, as you may guess, of prayer, and nobody thought they could die safely without him—and over bridal or burial drink who could pronounce a blessing but he? The spence of Airnaumery was crowded with old and young, with matron and maid—there was more black crape than black sorrow—and up in the midst of them all my father rose to pronounce the blessing on the burial bread and wine. That man who wrung his riches from the widow and the orphan, “whose hand was iron, and whose heart was more,” lay wrapped in his shroud before him. The temptation could not be resisted, and he drew a picture of his gripping greed that might have made his flesh creep 'neath the winding sheet. At the head of the coffin sat the heir, whose delight the presence of death could not allay—he wrung his hands to be sure, but it was with joy—and by the motion of his lips, he seemed to follow the prayer, but he was only repeating the single word *Possession*, measuring it out syllable by syllable with continued and protracted delight. Round on him turned my

father with a word and a look that kindled all present. 'Son and heir of Airnaumery,' said he, with a deep and slow voice, 'mark my words. That shrouded clay has made ye lord of gold, yellow beaten gold—houses warm and many—and lands broad and wide—that gold, those houses, and those lands, were gathered and gotten in a way of which God will require an account—be kind to the widow, the orphan, the hungry heart, and the houseless head—and who knows but the curse that clings to your name may be suspended—it can never be removed.' On my father *glowered*—ye have no English word to match that—the hopeful heir with eyes gray and covetous, opened wide and large, and a mouth much opener, motionless as a statue—choked with anger—and unable to speak. Not so the Gudeman of the Drum—a hot Episcopalian—a neighbour southern to boot—a near neighbour to Airnaumery's; and one, beside, who prided himself in having by heart the very prayer that Archbishop Sharpe prayed when he turned his coat on the covenant; a dangerous gift to bring into the lists against a Cameronian: Up he starts to my father, and said, 'sit you down, ye doited covenanter, your words have no weight at all;' and, with something between a stroke and a push, he put his predecessor aside, and commenced the prayer, distinguished by the name of the *Bishop's prayer*, with strong and peculiar emphasis. My father's glance grew dark as death—his ordinary wrath was of a red colour—the cause of his anger was doubtless great. To be bearded in prayer, where he had never found his match—that, too, by an Episcopalian—to be smitten on the cheek—and over the banner of the covenant to have the twice turned coat of the great apostate hung waving and triumphant—tell it not in Gath. So up rose my father's round neeve, and down went the Gudeman of the Drum with the coffined defunct on the top of him. There lay he on the floor—the mortcloth of fringed black velvet

that covered the coffin now covered him, and ere he arose, a decanter of wine, blood red as it happened, was spilt about him. He was helped to his feet, and as he disencumbered himself of the untimely garment, down gushed from the stem of his bonnet a spoonful of wine o'er cheek and chin—he thought it life's blood at least—yelled, with pure dismay, till roof and rafter rung—and home he ran howling for help, and all the dogs of the gate-end barking in full chorus after him.

"It was in the evening of this eventful day that I returned from a singing-school, knowing nothing of my father's adventures—and I found him preparing to take the book;—I joined as usual in the psalm—my father taking the lead, and reciting the verse. Unfortunately the parish precentor had framed the compass of my voice, and I scrupled not to give my father—ill-prepared as he was for a renewal of any kind of competition—a sample of my might in psalmody. Though the tune was Stroudwater, and the psalm was the eighth—prime favourites of my father, and ever since, chief favourites of mine—he got small share of them; I overcame and drowned his voice entirely. My mother saw my danger, and with many a warning look and wink, sought to repress my ill-timed rivalry. I mistook her signs, and my voice waxed stronger and stronger. My mother saw the look of my father change; and she said, 'Oh Mark, my bonny bairn, dinna take the word out of your auld father's mouth.' My father, with his very darkest look, said, 'never mind him, Marion; just never mind him;—by the seven seals of the covenant, I'll break his voice for him!' so saying, he commenced the hundred and nineteenth psalm, to the roaring tune of the Bangor, and we sung it from end to end: my voice was still unbroken and triumphant, so I had to fly from the face of my father, and with a sixpence in my pocket, a shirt, and years 'sweet seventeen' on my back, I forsook the roof of my home, and began my wanderings."

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS.

THERE is a small cloud in the sky,
In peace it sails along;
Upon the chestnut tree on high
The linnet sings its song.

A gentle breathing air is out,
With lonely sound it grieves;
It bends the grass, it plays about
The inside of the leaves.

It stirs the surface of the lake,
In wrinkles bending far,
Until the marge they gain, and break
Where water lilies are.

The flowers of spring are beautiful,
And well their sight may cast
Before our visions, fresh and full,
The memory of the past.

The spirit alters: ne'er again
Will life restore the hours;
Of innocence, when, free from pain,
Our day was like the flowers!

No doubts to check, no fears to dim
Our cloudless destiny;
Like little barks, 'twas ours to swim
Upon a summer sea.

The playfulness, the pride of heart,
—As seasons journeyed by—
Were quenched, and youth came to impart
More thoughtfulness of eye.

And passions, that without a wing,
Lay sleeping in their cells,
Came forth, as, at the touch of spring,
The dewy buds and bells.

But thou the princess wert of all,
Delicious, holy love,
Adored in cot, and palace hall,
In city, and in grove.

What marvel, then, that I should be
A worshipper of thine?
That I should leave the world, and flee
To kneel before thy shrine!

Long years have past—and hope, and grief,
And fear, and doubt, and strife,
I since have found, make up the brief,
And clouded span of life.

And for an hour—an evening hour
Of rural solitude,
I come to view the field and flower,
And stand, where I have stood!

Like gushing rills, a thousand thoughts
O'erpower my sinking mind;
Within my heart, the well known spots
Their pictured image find.

And dreams, that have been long subdued,
In fair succession rise;
Dim shadows o'er my bosom brood,
And tears bedim mine eyes.

With her, who was the source of bliss,
I never else had found,
'Twas heaven, on such an eve as this,
To tread this very ground!

I see her smiles—I list her words—
Her winning looks I see;
The very music of the birds
I hear from yonder tree!

'Tis well the brightest things of earth
Are half with shade o'ercast;
I could not wish my present mirth
To emulate the past.

The hills, the fields, the woods, the sky,
Are fair, as fair can be;
They are not altered to the eye,
The change pertains to me.

But yet, methinks, my soul could share
The glories of the scene;
My heart its vanish'd frame repair,
And be what it hath been!

Ah! no—my bosom could not melt
With thoughts, that once had moved;
We cannot feel, as we have felt;
Nor love as we have loved!

And holier far the thoughts must be
Of things, whose relics sleep
In silence, 'neath the whelming sea,
Than such as sail the deep.

The weeds that rustle o'er the grave,
When evening lowers around,
Tongues—language more persuasive have,
Than any living sound.

And dreams of past existence bright
A double charm impart,
'They are like rainbows to the sight,
And lessons to the heart.

SABBATH NOON.

THE bell's sonorous chime hath died away
 Upon the slumbering air ; earth, heaven, are still,
 As the deep unbreathing quiet of the tomb ;
 But yet it is a pause of harmony,
 A vacancy inducing pleasing thoughts,
 A silence, where no troublous dreams obscure,
 That unto pleasure owe not origin,
 Have power to enter. Placid is the sky,
 Though not unclouded—verdant are the fields,
 In summer robe luxuriant—green the hills—
 More deeply green the forests, through whose boughs
 Brightly the river glistens in the sun,
 Running towards the sea—the glowing sea,
 That spreads its waveless breast, whereon the ships
 Lie moveless ; cables, masts, and furled shrouds
 Thro' the clear atmosphere distinctly seen.

The tribes of lower nature, even the mass
 Of this material world,—rocks, hills, and vales,
 Forests and rivers, seem to understand
 Or feel the influence of this holy day.
 All strife is hushed : at frequent intervals
 A gushing music wakens in the air
 From tiny bills unseen ; upon the bough
 Of lofty beech tree, calm the raven sits
 Inactive, with bright eye, and glossy wing :
 The linnet, swinging on the topmost bough
 Of bloomy furze, is silent ; and the bee,
 Languidly humming on from flower to flower,
 Seems making music of its daily toil :—
 Yea, even this verdant mound, whereon I rest
 With meditative volume, seems to feel,—
 Op'ning its bells and daisies to the sun,—
 A kind of silent, tranquil happiness,
 Which may be deep, although it speaketh not.

Over the summit of the dark green trees,
 Stretching aloft, the rural church's spire,
 O'ertopp'd by glittering vane, is clearly seen,
 Amid the pure, clear atmosphere : within
 The habitants of all the hamlets round,
 Parents and children, youth and hoary eld,
 Decent, decked out in holiday attire,
 Lift up the tribute of devoted hearts,
 The best—the holiest of all offerings,
 To Him, the great Creator of them all,
 Who gave them life and being—eyes to see
 The glories of the universal world,
 The beauties shower'd around them—hearts to feel
 The tenderness of passion, all the joys
 That life in its relationships affords :
 And lofty souls, which, when this frame of clay,
 Melting, shall pass away, and be no more,
 Shall taste the glories of undying youth,
 And in its immortality be strong.

Oh ! holy is the noon of sabbath day,
 Unbreathing ;—holier still its purple eve ;
 What time above the hills the western sun
 Shoots his long rays aslant ; and, in the wave,
 The elm trees throw their sombrous shadows far.

Embalmed in Recollection's silent eye
 Are many evenings such, more sweet, more soft,
 More richly beautiful, than ever more,
 —While being lights its sublunary lamp—
 Shall bless this heart of mine. Thro' yellow fields,
 Green forests, and by gleaming waters blue,
 With those whom fate or friendship linked to me,
 Tell I the bliss of wandering; every thought
 For such a season uncongenial,
 For such a scene, exiled, and banished far,
 No earthly care to damp the joyous heart,
 In innocent mirth exulting, or destroy
 Visions of glory that—can never be!

Our life is but a journey. Happy eves!
 Ye ne'er can be forgotten!—twined with youth
 In glorious recollection, ye arise;
 The crimson of your sunshine on the hills,
 Your forests green, and waveless waters blue;
 And holier still, and lovelier, feelings warm,
 That now are scarcely felt, and lofty hopes,
 That, like a rainbow, from the summer sky
 Have passed away, and left no trace behind.

A

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—A SONNET.

'Tis midnight; and the world is hushed in sleep:
 Distant and dim the southern mountains lie;
 The stars are sparkling in the cloudless sky;
 And hollow murmurs issue from the deep,
 Which, like a mother, sings unto its isles.
 Sure spirits are abroad! Behold the north
 Like a volcano glows; and, starting forth,
 Red streaks like Egypt's pyramids in files—
 Lo! Superstition, pallid and aghast,
 Starts to his lattice, and beholds in fear,
 Noiseless, the fiery legions thronging fast,
 Portending rapine and rebellion near:
 For well he knows that dark futurity
 Throws forward fiery shadows on the sky!

A

GREECE.—A SONNET.

LAND of the muses, and of mighty men!
 A shadowy grandeur mantles thee; serene
 As morning skies, thy pictur'd realms are seen,
 When ether's canopy is clear, and when
 The very zephyrs pause upon the wing
 In ecstasy, and wist not where to stray.—
 Beautiful Greece! more glorious in decay
 Than other regions in the flush of spring:
 Thy palaces are tenantless;—the Turk
 Hath quenched the embers of the holy fane;
 Thy temples now are crumbling to the plain,
 For time hath sapped, and man hath helped the work.
 All cannot perish—thy immortal mind
 Remains a halo circling round mankind.

A

HORA GERMANICA.

No IV.

[We have been prevented from giving our promised analysis of one of Oehlenschläger's tragedies this month: but shall certainly redeem our pledge in next Number. The following article consists of a translation of one of the short tales of the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué—a lady whose compositions, both in verse and prose, enjoy, at present, great popularity all over Germany. She is the wife of that Baron de la Motte Fouqué whose beautiful story of *UNDINE* has been translated into English—and whose *MAGIC-RING*, *WALDEMAR* the *PILGRIM*, and *EGINHARD* and *EMMA*, ought all to be translated immediately. We hope soon to make our readers better acquainted with the genius both of husband and of wife.

The French sound of their name may surprise our readers: but, we believe, the fact is, that the present Baron de la Motte Fouqué is the lineal representative of a Huguenot nobleman, who left France at the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, and acquired considerable estates in the Prussian dominions. Many villages, and even whole towns, in the western parts of old Prussia, are almost entirely inhabited by the descendants of these French refugees, among whom the language of their forefathers is still spoken. The Baron, however, writes in German—and few authors of his day write more purely or more energetically. His lady is, we believe, of a Saxon family of high distinction.]

The Cypress Crown, a Tale.

By the BARONESS, CAROLINE DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

THE promises of peace, which for many months had been depending, came at last to be fulfilled. The army returned home; with seriousness and solemnity they entered once more the liberated and wonderfully rescued capital.

It was a Sunday morning. Since day-break, young and old had been pressing through the streets towards the gates. The guards could with difficulty keep any degree of authority in the storm of unrestrained and irresistible joy.

Crowded, squeezed, and as it were, twined and twisted through each other, stood this expectant assembly; and as the wished for moment approached, became the more deeply and inwardly affected. There was scarcely a sound audible in the multitude, when at last the powerful yet melancholy voice of the trumpets gave their first greeting from afar. Then tears fell from a thousand eyes; many a breaking heart was chilled; and on the lips of all, low and anxious whispers trembled. Now shone the first gleams of armour through the open gates.—Scattered flowers and garlands flew to meet them; for every tree had paid its tribute; every garden had granted a share from its variegated treasures. A love-

ly child, stationed in an high bow-window, raised its round white arms on high, and receiving from its weeping, turned-away mother, a coronet of leaves, threw it down among the passing troops beneath. A lancer, who happened to be the first to notice this occurrence, good-humouredly took up the wreath on his lance, while he playfully nodded to the fair little angel above. He had his eyes still directed in this manner, when his commanding officer, riding on, exclaimed, "Ha! Wolfe!—a cypress wreath! How came you by such a thing—it may be thought an unlucky omen!" Wolfe put the crown on his right arm, however, and not without some discomposure rode on!

After a long tedious delay, employed in putting up the horses in the regimental stables, giving them water and provender, the quarter-billets at last were distributed. Wolfe, on receiving his ticket, had the mortification to perceive that it directed him to the house of a well-known rich butcher! His comrades wished him joy—rallied him on the good eating which awaited him; and profited by the opportunity to invite themselves frequently to become his guests. He, meanwhile, took

off his *schako* * in silence, twisted the billet among its gold tassels, and twice passing his hand through his luxuriant locks, he said, not without considerable vexation, "this, forsooth, is rare luck! No doubt the rich miser is well enough known!—I heartily wish, however, that I had been quartered anywhere else!"

"Ha, ha! what a silly, fellow you must be!" cried a bold knowing comrade—"what is it to you, pray, if your host is a miser or a spendthrift? Only let him be rich enough—then a soldier is sure to be well off. However, you must begin with politeness and address—every thing depends on good management." "That is very true, I grant you!" said Wolfe, as he threw his knapsack over his shoulder—"but there are a set of people in the world on whom all politeness is thrown away, and who have no heart or feeling for man nor beast. If ever I meet with a butcher's waggon in the streets, full of miserable animals tied and bundled together, and see how the poor beasts lie there over and under one another, groaning sometimes, so that it cuts one to the heart, and mark how the fellows plod on behind the cart in utter indifference—whistling perhaps all the time, I have much ado to withhold myself from falling on, and beating the scoundrels heartily! Besides, to say the truth, I have had enough of blood and slaughter, and begin to be disgusted with the whole trade!"

"Oh!" cried his laughing companions, "Wolfe cannot bear the sight of blood—Thou chicken-hearted fellow!—And when did this terror come upon thee?"—"I Don't talk nonsense," replied Wolfe angrily—"in battle, when man stands against man, and besides, when there are different motives for action, (laying his hand on his iron cross) one looks neither to the right nor the left, but in a soberer mood—well then, I shall not deny it, whenever I pass by a butcher's stall, and see the bloody axe, and hear (or fancy that I hear) the groans of agony, I feel inwardly, as if the fibres of my heart were torn—and therefore, I do wish that I had been quartered anywhere else!"

His comrades began to laugh at him more than ever, though they did not

venture it till he had gone a little way. He then looked round at them, and shook his lance, half jesting, half angry. They made faces at him in return, but soon began to disperse, and Wolfe proceeded on the road to his quarters.

He had not gone far when he found the street and the number. Already at a distance he saw a gigantic man in his shirt-sleeves, standing under the door-way. His countenance of a dusky yellow complexion, was quite shaded over by coal-black bushy projecting eyebrows; the small eyes, devoid of intellect, appeared to watch the rolling vapours of a short pipe.—One hand was placed in the waistcoat pocket, the other seemed to dance up and down the silver knots of the pipe, which rested ever and anon on his goodly person. Wolfe saluted him courteously, and, with a modest bow, shewed him his billet; upon which the man squinted at him sidewise, and without attending any further to his guest, he pointed, with his thumb bent backwards, to the house—at the same time adding, in a gloomy and indifferent tone—"Only go in there, Sir! my people know already." Wolfe bit his lips, and entering somewhat abruptly, his sabre that rattled after him, happened to inflict a pretty sharp blow across the legs of Mein-herr John, his landlord. "What the devil in hell!" grumbled the butcher. Wolfe, however, did not allow himself to enter into any explanation or dispute, but passed on, and came into the court. He found there a pale and sickly-looking girl carrying two buckets of water. Wolfe, drawing near to her, inquired if she was the servant of his landlord? The girl remained silent, and as if terrified standing before him. She had set down the two buckets on the ground, and looked on him with large rayless eyes unsteadily. Her complexion seemed always to become more pale, till she resembled a marble statue more than an animated being. Meanwhile, as Wolfe renewed his question, she let her head sink upon her breast, and taking up the buckets again, she said, with her eyes fixed on a short flight of steps that led by a servant's door into the house, "Come up here; and

immediately at the first door on the right hand you will find your chamber."

Wolfe looked after her a while quite lost in thought, then climbed up the narrow stairs, and found all as she had told him. The room was small and dark; the air oppressive and suffocating. From the rough smoky walls large pieces of the lime had fallen away, and here and there were scraps of writing, initials, and figures of men and women, and beasts' heads, drawn with pieces of coal, or a burnt stick. Right opposite to the half-blinded window stood a miserable bed; and near it he saw a red-rusty nail, sticking a long way out of the walls. Wolfe hung his cypress crown upon it; placed his lance and sabre in a corner; threw his knapsack upon the table, and more than once, grumbling within his teeth, "What lubberly fellows these rich misers are!" he kicked aside two broken stools, went and leaned out of the window, and by degrees whistled his anger away.

Over the court and neighbouring buildings was visible a fine large garden, which "*looked out*," fresh and fragrant through the bluish-grey atmosphere of the town. *There* dark avenues twined their branches on high, in arches like those of a gothic cathedral over the solitary places; golden sun-flowers waved on their limber stalks over long labyrinths of red and white roses; walks and thickets surrounded the whole. *There*, all was silent; the rich luxuriance of the domain seemed like that of an enchanted wood, that no mortal foot had ever violated. Wolfe surveyed this garden with extraordinary pleasure, and would almost have given the world for the privilege of walking through a region of so much beauty and stillness; but however this might be, he became quite reconciled to his apartment on account of its having such a prospect.

He kept himself quiet through the rest of the day, giving himself little concern about what might be going on in the house. Towards evening his military duties called him abroad. He returned just after it had begun to grow dark. The window still remained open. He drew a chair towards it, filled his pipe, seated himself, and rolling out ample volumes of

smoke into the serene air, resigned himself to the voluntary flow of his thoughts and recollections.

The solitary garden, the obscure canopy of the trees, the bright moonshine that gleamed over them—all these things harmonized wonderfully together, and woke in his mind infinite trains of long-lost associations. He thought of his home, and of his aged mother; and by degrees became altogether opprest and melancholy. It occurred to him, that he was here absolutely without any one who took an interest in his fate; and all at once he felt an extraordinary longing and anxiety for his brother, who had now for a long time roamed about the world, and of whom no satisfactory intelligence had for many years been received. He had at first been a baker's apprentice—had afterwards entered into an engagement as a chaise-driver—and at last all traces of his name and fortune had, among strangers, vanished quite away. "Perhaps," thought Wolfe, "he has also become a soldier; and now, when peace has come, and every nation is tranquil, news may have in all probability arrived at home of my poor brother Andrew."

With this persuasion he endeavoured to console himself; but could not help wishing immediately to write home for information; the recollection of his brother had so suddenly and deeply agitated his heart.

Wolfe now for the first time noticed with great vexation, that they had given him no light. *This* at least he resolved to demand. He got up therefore, (not without a soldier-like oath) and dressed as he then happened to be, in a short linen waistcoat, and without a neckcloth, went out. According to his custom when much irritated, he passed his hands over his head several times, raising his luxuriant locks in such manner as to give a considerable wildness to his *toute ensemble*, and cautiously groped his way down stairs. In the lobby there glimmered a dusky lamp. Wolfe stepped into the circle of the uncertain radiance, looked about for some means or other of obtaining his object, and searched with his hand for the bell-rope. At this moment Meinherr John happened to return home from his evening recreation at the ale-house; and with glowing count-

plexion and glistening eyes, (not being aware of Wolfe's presence) gave the accustomed signal with a hard knotted stick on the door. Wolfe perceiving this, stepped up to meet him, carrying his head very high (while the light, such as it was, shone full upon him), and said, in a commanding tone, "Must I always sit in the dark?" Mein-herr John started as if he had been struck with a thunder-bolt, let the cudgel fall out of his hands, looked about wildly and aghast, then rushed in and passed by Wolfe, uttering a deep groan of indescribable terror. "Is he mad, or drunk?" said our hero, who, at this strange behaviour, grew more irritated, applied himself resolutely to the bell, and stood prepared to raise a still greater disturbance, when the pale interesting girl, Louisa, stepped out timidly, and, on hearing his demand, excused her negligence, and, with a light in her hand, hastened up stairs before him. She then set the candle on the table, shut the window, wiped the dust from the chairs, and, in her silent and quiet manner, employed herself for a while in the room.

Wolfe was very reserved and modest with ladies—he hated scandal; and, on the whole, perhaps, had not much confidence in the house. For these reasons, the presence of the girl rather vexed him. He kept himself turned away, and drummed with his fingers against the window. Louisa stood at the bed, with spread hands, smoothing and arranging the bed clothes. Wolfe heard her sigh deeply, and involuntarily looked after her, as she retired sobbing and hanging down her head with an expression of the deepest melancholy. All this vexed him to the soul. "What then can she weep for?" said he to himself—"Has my rough manner terrified her? or, in my hurry, have I used to her some harsh words?" He had already the light in his hands, and anxiously hastened after her—"Stop, stop, my dear!" cried he aloud; "it is as dark as pitch on the stairs!—you may do yourself a mischief!"—Louisa was still standing on the first steps. Wolfe leaned over the railing and lighted her down. She thanked him with emotion, and her humid eyes were lifted up to him with an expression of unaccountable grief. Wolfe beheld her with silent perplexity, not

unmingled with pleasure, for he now perceived that she was very pretty; and a fine, but rather hectic, red played alternately over her interesting features. He took her hand respectfully—"My dear," said he, "you are so much agitated—have I offended you?"—"Oh heavens! certainly not," answered she, beginning to weep anew. "Then, surely," said Wolfe, earnestly, "some one else has done something to distress you?" Louisa folded both hands, pressed them to her eyes, and slightly shook her head—"God has so willed," said she; "you also have been sent hither; good Heavens! all was so well—so tranquil—now all my afflictions are renewed!" She made signs to Wolfe that he must not follow her; wiped the tears with her apron from her eyes; and went silently down the steps.

Wolfe having returned to his room, sat for a long time right opposite to the candle, leaning his head on his hands; and, without being able to account for the extraordinary and mysterious emotion by which he was overwhelmed, all his thoughts involuntarily became more and more dark and melancholy, just as if some fearful and heavy misfortune were about to fall upon him. He could not prevail over his reflections so as to bring them into any regular order; so deeply had the voice of the weeping Louisa penetrated into his heart. Her accents were now inwardly renewed, and divided, as it were, into a thousand echoes. In listening to her, it had not been without difficulty that he had refrained from tears; her touching sorrow almost broke his heart; and his own fate seemed unaccountably involved with her misfortunes.

Thus wholly occupied and lost in deep thought, he began, absently, to engrave with a pen knife, (which lay near his tobacco-pouch, and had served for clearing his pipe), all sorts of lines and angles on the crazy old wooden table at which he sat. Without knowing or intending it, he had engraven on the already hacked and disfigured boards, Louisa's name, which he had overheard frequently called aloud through the house. On observing what he had done, he almost started; and then drew the knife several times across the letters to obliterate the name. As he was then more fully made aware of what he had done, all

at once there appeared to him, clearly and undeniably, traces of the very same name, and in his own hand-writing, on several corners of the table. Wolfe again started, rubbed his eyes, and stared at these characters, comparing in them the well-known difficultly-formed great L, and the other letters, with his own writing; "Am I bewitched?" cried he; trying to recollect whether he had not absolutely and really written these other inscriptions himself—but his arms could not have reached so far; and as yet he had not sat at any other side of the table.

"Yet all this must be d——d nonsense!" muttered he; at the same time looking about rather timidly through the obscure chamber. The fallen down broken places in the wall, especially near the bed, diversifying the black distorted faces traced with charcoal—the general uncouth desolation of the visibly neglected apartment appeared, in the uncertain scanty light, in a high degree disquieting and formidable. To Wolfe it seemed even as if the rudely-traced caricature faces were known to him. He shuddered involuntarily, and hastily extinguished the light, in order to escape, if possible, from such hobgoblins and preternatural impressions. Besides, it had become too late to think of writing any more. For a moment he wished to breathe the free air, for without he thought it would be cool and refreshing. He opened the window again therefore. All appeared still and slumbering; and the cool breath of night saluted him. From a neighbouring cellar, however, even now, rays of light were shining forth; and soon after Wolfe heard the hammers ringing loudly on the anvil. "Poor soul," thought he, "thou art already making the most of these midnight hours, which to thee begin a week of hard labour." The glowing iron now brightly scattered its sparks, as if from the bowels of the earth, into the lonely gloom of the night. "He probably sharpens knives and hatchets for the butcher," continued Wolfe to himself; "that suits Mein-herr John exactly, and is quite convenient and useful for both. How all trades assist one another, and depend on each other, in this world!"

He had once more become tranquil, and looked for a long time into the beautiful garden, which at night appeared for the first time inhabited;

for Wolfe now plainly marked some one slowly moving up and down through the obscure walks. Sometimes the form stood still, and lifted its arm, as if beckoning to some one to follow. Wolfe could not distinguish the figure narrowly enough—for the rising veil of vapours often concealed it as if in long white robes; and the more anxiously he fixed his eyes upon it, the more faintly and glimmeringly one object, as it were, melted into another. At last Wolfe came from the window, and, leaving it open, threw himself into bed. The now dry leaves of his cypress wreath, which hung upon the wall, fluttered, and rustled over him in the draught of the window. Wolfe started up at the sound, calling out, "Who's there?" and he bethought himself but half awake where he was. His eyes now chanced to rest upon the window, and there he could not help believing, that he beheld the same form that had before appeared in the garden looking in upon him. "Devil take your jokes!" cried our hero, becoming quite angry, not only with this intruder, but still more with himself, for the death-like tremour which came over him. He then drew his head hastily under the clothes, and from fatigue fell asleep under loud audible beating of his heart.

One hour, as he believed, (but a longer interval, perhaps, in reality,) had the mysterious influences of the world of dreams reigned over his senses, when a strange noise once more alarmed him. The moon was still contending with the light of day, of which the faint gray dawn was visible; and now a low moaning sound was again heard close to our hero. He instantly tore the clothes from his face, and set both his arms at liberty. Then with one hand stretched out, and the other lifted up for combat, he forced his eyes wide open, and stared about him. He was at first not a little terrified, on beholding a great white dog, with his two fore-feet placed upon the bed, and stretching up his head, with large round eyes fixed upon him, and gleaming in the twilight. This unexpected guest however wagged his tail, and licked the hand that was stretched out to drive him away—so that Wolfe could not find in his heart to fulfil his intention; the dog fawning, always came nearer and nearer; and, as if through customary right, re-

maintained at last quietly in the same position. "Probably he must belong to some one here," thought our hero, stroking him on the back; "and now believès that I am his master. Who knows what inhabitant may have left this apartment to make room for me?" Scarcely had he said these last words, when the dreams, out of which he had just awoke, regained all their influence, and he could not help believing that there had really been some important and preternatural visitant with him in his chamber. Reflection on this subject, however, was too painful and perplexing to be continued. He therefore sprang out of bed, and, as it was already day-break, he began to put his accoutrements in order, and prepared himself to go to the stables. The dog continued snuffing about him, and attentively watched and imitated his every look and movement. Wolfe twice shewed him to the door, which the troublesome animal had opened in the night, and which still stood open; but he shewed not the slightest inclination to retire from the presence of his new master.

In the court all was now alive and busy. The butcher's men went gaily about, whistling and singing, some of them pious songs, and others, such as they had learned at the alehouse.—Wolfe stood at the window, and brushed the dust from his foraging cap, now and then looking down at the mock-fighting, wrestling, and other practical jokes, of these rude sturdy companions. One of them, who appeared somewhat older than the rest, and moreover wore a morose and discontented aspect, drew from the stable a poor old withered hack, buckled on a leathern portmanteau, threw himself into a faded shabby great coat, and with a large whip in his hand, twisted his fingers through the mane and bridle; fixed one foot in the stirrup, and endeavoured to bring up the other with a violent swing. However, the poor worn-out animal, who had not recovered from the effects of his last journey, kicked and plunged to prevent himself from being mounted; while the awkward horseman, in a rage, checked and tore him with the reins, kicked him with his feet in the side, and with his clenched fist on the head. "Infamous scoundrel!" said Wolfe, whose blood boiled with indignation, "if the fellow can't ride,

what business has he to meddle with horses!—It is a miserable thing to see a fellow in this situation, who has never been a soldier!" At last, the despicable rider got himself seated in the saddle, drew a white felt cap over his eyes, and jogged away, bending his body almost double as he passed under the outward gateway. Wolfe was glad when he was thus fairly gone; yet his absence had not continued long, when our hero again heard the long-legged old gray horse trampling over the stones. The rider had forgotten something. He shouted, whistled, and cursed alternately; then rode up with much noise to an under window, and demanded, "if no one had seen Lynx?" This honest creature now lay growling at Wolfe's feet, and shewed his teeth angrily, every time the well-known voice called him from below. Wolfe was by no means inclined, on account of his new friend, to enter into any quarrels; however, as he stood at the window, and patted Lynx on the head, he took the trouble of calling out—"If it is the great white dog that you want, here he lies in the room with me. I did not bring him hither, and do not wish to keep him; but he will not go away." The bawling fellow stared at him, with his mouth wide open; once more pulled down his cap; and, without saying another word, rode away about his business. "So much the better," thought Wolfe—stroking smooth the bristly rough hair of Lynx. "Stay thou here, my good old dog, and take care of my knapsack whilst I am absent." The dog looked at him, as if he understood every word—drew his hind legs under him, and with the forelegs stretched out, he laid himself across the threshold of the door, with his head lifted up, and keeping watch attentively.

Wolfe then went about his professional duties, endeavouring to forget the painful night that he had passed; and assumed an appearance of merriment, which he was in reality far from enjoying. In currying and rubbing down his horse, however, he sung one song after another, while his comrades about him, in the meanwhile, had much to complain of in their reception, and wished for the return of better days. "There he is, in high spirits," said they, pointing to Wolfe. "But then," added they, "a

bird that sings so early in the morning, the vulture will catch before night!" "It may be so!" said Wolfe gravely; for from the first he had expected nothing good from his residence with the butcher; and it always seemed as if there was yet to come a violent dispute and quarrel with his host. "Well now,"—said another, "thou say'st nothing all this while about thy quarters, and how thou hast been entertained. Now is the time to speak out!"—"What's the use of talking?" answered Wolfe, "that will not make one's vexations a whit less. I knew very well before, the people here use so many high-sounding words—and try to appear so polite and important; but unluckily most of them lag devilishly behind in making good all their professions. 'Soldiers billeted!' think they—that gives us no trouble—we can entertain them in our own way—for no one knows or inquires any thing about them—and as to what the poor hungry devils themselves may say—no one will believe them. For such gentry, in their own opinion, there is never any thing good enough!" "Very true!" cried they, all laughing. "There you hit the nail on the head. So it is, indeed!" "But," continued one, "with the green trumpery—the leaves and flowers that they threw to meet us—there they were quite profuse and splendid. But not even a horse—much less a man, could live on such provender—yet one cannot feed on the air—*this* they should know still better than we do." "Let all this alone," interposed Wolfe, "and don't make such a fuss about a few morsels, which, when they are once swallowed, are forgotten." "Nay—nay," said a non-commissioned officer, "it is for the want of due respect and honour that we find fault. A soldier ought to be respected." "Respect!" replied Wolfe, "that indeed is an idea which would never enter into their heads. Out of mere shame, they are full of poison and gall, and would, therefore, wish to degrade us even in their own eyes. Therefore a bayonet or sabre, appears to them like a sword of justice; and out of sheer vexation they become insolent." "All this will soon have an end," interrupted the serjeant; "you, my good friends, will be paid off; then every one will live on his money as well as he can."

"Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, "I shall gladly, with my sixpence a-day, *buy off* their long faces and sulky tempers." "Aye—aye!" shouted a jovial merry companion. "Then we shall have enough for ourselves, and spend it freely, and give these gentry a share of our wealth as long as it lasts!" He then struck up the old song—

"And if then our cash and our credit grow low,

"Fair ladies adieu!—through the world we must go!" &c. &c.

All laughed at the song, (of which we have given but the first two lines) and Wolfe among the rest; for indeed it now seemed to him as if an overpowering weight had been lifted from his breast. "In a few days," thought he, "all will be well. Our present restraints and difficulties will be at an end."

Through the day he avoided being too much at his quarters. Louisa, at all events, would not let herself be visible; and as to the rest of the household, he had no wish to meet any of them.

It was now late in the evening, when he stood under the door-way, and looked about him through the street. Not long after arrived the savage rider, who had excited his indignation in the morning. He came in at a short jog trot; and, without perceiving Wolfe, rode straight forward to the stable, whether the poor old hack, of his own accord, was steering with all his might. Having dismounted,—shaken himself two or three times,—and beat his old slovenly boots together, this elegant squire at last betook himself to the low parlour within doors, to wait on Mein-herr John. Wolfe had now stepped out into the street, and walked up and down before the house. In a short time he heard loud voices within, and involuntarily looked up to the window.—The fellow seemed in violent altercation with his master—He held an empty leathern purse in one hand, and beat with it violently now and then on the table that stood before him. Mein-herr John, meanwhile, walked up and down with gestures of evident mortification and perplexity, while the other exclaimed in a loud voice, "What the master wastes on cards and dice, must never be reckoned or thought of!—*that* one of us must be driven to make

up for; but he had better not begin with me; for on my soul I won't suffer it!" The butcher would now have interfered again; but the fellow, over and over, with the red flush of anger in his countenance, persisted: "What the devil! shall I allow myself to be abused in this manner for such a paltry sum—I that have helped him, in my day, to gain so much?"—"Now, now, this is all very well," said the butcher, in a conciliatory tone; his opponent, however, came a step nearer to him, and holding up his clenched fist in his master's face—"Let him forget another time," cried he, "that I have him in my power, and, whenever I please, can make him as cold as a dead dog!"

To Wolfe it now seemed as if an ice-cold sepulchral hand had been drawn over him.—He ran up to his apartment, and locked himself in; for he felt exactly as if he had fallen into a den of murderers. His faithful adherent Lynx now came up to him crouching;—he caressed the animal as a companion in adversity, and looked into his honest open eyes for consolation.

It was plain, that ever since our hero came under the roof of his present abode, a heavy, resistless, and unaccountable weight had pressed upon him. He could enjoy nothing,—had no command over his thoughts,—and could not apply to any pursuit for pastime. Mechanically he measured the small room with his steps a hundred times over; and did not lay himself for the first time to sleep till it was late in the night.

When, on the following morning, the trumpet blew for feeding the horses, with a feverish timidity and trembling, he started from his sleep, out of the obscure world of dreams, by whose influences his senses, in a kind of half consciousness, had been ruled and agitated. He sprang disordered out of bed; the small fragment of mirror that he had in his knapsack exhibited his countenance, pale as death, and the features swollen, relaxed, almost metamorphosed, on which the traces of a miserable internal conflict still were but too obvious. Even through the whole succeeding day his endeavours to recover himself were in vain. His comrades looked at him anxiously and perplexed; asked questions, and urged him for an answer—

but he remained invincibly reserved, and would by no means enter into any explanation. Meanwhile he went about all his affairs and professional duties as if he were in a dream, managed (or mis-managed) every thing under the greatest distraction; and encountered the reprimands, that he received for such conduct, without shame, and indeed with apathy.

So passed over the whole day. In the evening he sat with several of his comrades on a bench before the guard-house. It was now very misty, and a thick oppressive sky hung over them. All seemed in good humour, and occasionally joined together in the chorus of several excellent old songs. Wolfe listened, or seemed to listen, in truth without perceiving any thing that passed around him; but when at last his next neighbour started up, and said, "now, it is time, every one must to his quarters!" his heart began to beat, and his knees tottered under him, so that he could hardly support himself. His comrade, however, had been observing him for a long while, and believed that he was certainly ill, now seized him by the arm, and they loitered along for a considerable distance together. When they had come at last to the neighbourhood of the butcher's house, Wolfe suddenly stood still, and, inwardly shuddering, heaved a deep sigh. "No!" said he to himself, "I shall no longer bear undivulged these obscure and horrible thoughts, which have rendered my conduct so reserved and extraordinary; and which, buried in my heart, torment me to death!" "Now then," cried the other, "only resolve boldly.—Come! out with it from the heart, fresh, and without any reserve or qualification!—What have you to tell?" "Don't laugh," said Wolfe, "it was a dream, such as might render you and me and every one insane that hears it!" The wild eyes and faltering voice of our hero involuntarily startled his comrade—both looked fearfully and pale at one another. When at last they had arrived at the butcher's house, and entered together the mysterious apartment; "Here then," said Wolfe, "look attentively round you. In this room has appeared to me now, for these two nights past, a gray white spectre, with features blood-stained and emaciated, worn and gnawn away by the mouldering damps of the grave. This

apparition seats itself on that chair before my bed; and, with its head leaned on its hands, looks at me imploringly. I wake not—I sleep not—I feel and see, and yet cannot move a limb. After a while the figure makes signs to me, and points to that garden, which you may perceive yonder over the walls. The spectre moves not its lips, and yet it appears to me as if I heard a voice directing me: "*There, near the ruined ice-house, under the two lime trees, growing out of one stem, shalt thou go and search!*" It ceases not to make signs, and to supplicate, till the day-light once more glimmers on mine eyes; and I awake—I cannot say to self-possession, for these horrible impressions are indelible!"

Both, for some time, remained thoughtful and in silence; while, from the doubt and perplexity of his companion, Wolfe found himself, by contrast, growing more energized and resolute. "Should it appear again to-night," said he, "I shall follow the ghost. I must cut this mysterious knot with one bold stroke, otherwise it will continue to fetter and enervate both soul and body." "Indeed! are you determined?" said his comrade—"Why not?" said Wolfe. "This requires consideration," said the other. "Who knows what you may come to see there?" "That's all one," said Wolfe; "I must know the secret import of this visitation, otherwise I can have no rest. His comrade played with the tassels of his laced helmet, and was silent." It now lightened at a distance, and began also to rain.—Wolfe stepped to the window—"You must go now!" said he to his comrade; "for, at all events, your presence cannot be of any service to me in this affair. A ghost seldom deals with more than one individual at a time." He took leave of his friend, therefore, after having escorted him to the door; and said, at parting, "Have no fears on my account—the goodness of Heaven will support me!" He had scarcely uttered these words, when, with great emotion, he recollected how visibly near to him Providence had frequently been in battle; and how often, amid difficulty and danger, a short tranquil prayer had stilled the anxiety of his heart, and recalled his wandering senses. When he had returned from seeing his comrade down

stairs, scolded Lynx into quietness, and summoned all his self-possession, he extinguished the light, kneeled in a corner of the room, and, with heart-felt devotion, said a pater-noster. After this, his tranquillity was perfectly restored. He had even a degree of pleasure in listening to the majestic thunder that sublimely rolled over the yet living town, and attracted the attention of its varied inhabitants, whose eyes, from time to time, were dazzled and blinded by the sudden and vivid lightning.

Towards morning (though there was yet no day-light) Wolfe began to close his eyes, exhausted and harassed. Not long after, his nightly visitant once more placed itself near him. Its gestures were now more earnest and anxious; and it appeared to Wolfe, in his sleep, as if Lynx barked very loud, and seized and dragged him by the arm. He was, fearfully agitated, in a vain strife between sleep and waking, with the inability at first to break from his dream. At last a frightful gleam of lightning filled his apartment, and forced him out of this almost deadly combat. Instantly he sprang out of bed—rain and wind rattled violently on the windows—the garden opposite seemed wrapt in flames.—Wolfe beheld nothing around him but fire and devastation—yet the loud thunder gave him courage. He took his mantle from the wall, wrapt himself in it, carried his sabre under his arm, whistled for Lynx, who, terrified by the thunder, ran moaning backwards and forwards, and, trusting in God, proceeded on his way.

In the house, all, on account of the storm, were awake. He found the door half open, and stepped into the court. The louring clouds swept over him—it seemed almost as if the spirit of the storm were riding through the air on audible wings. The rain came pouring down, and for a moment he had nearly lost his resolution.—Lynx, however, now recovered from his fright, sprang with unwieldy gambols around him, and led him onwards, sometimes barking aloud, and glaring with his eyes as if animated by some extraordinary design. In this manner our hero was drawn onwards towards a neighbouring wall, in which he at last perceived a small entrance gate. He tried the lock in different ways till it opened, and he now found

himself within the beautiful garden which he had admired so much.

The trees shook their drenched heads, and saluted him with those deep rustling sounds, by which they responded to the violent attack of the storm. He went rapidly onwards beneath their agitated canopy, while his labouring heart became so anxious and oppress that he could hardly breathe. Meanwhile the relentless tempest beat the flowers one against another, crushed their tender heads to the earth, and drove great whirls of red and white rose leaves through the perturbed atmosphere. At length a stream of lightning flashed through the clouds, and Wolfe found himself before the ruined moss-covered ice-cellar, where the two lime trees, exactly as they had been described to him in his dream, stretched their withered branches as if pointing, with long black fingers, to a low fallen-down door of the entrance—Wolfe instantly drove away this barrier. In his mind there was now no trace of fear. All inferior solicitude yielded before the increasing impulse here to realize some extraordinary discovery. He had become excited to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the interruption of the storm, he followed the directions received in his dream, by searching thoroughly among the raised up rubbish and mould with scrupulous attention. His faithful attendant, Lynx, assisted him with more than instinctive perseverance in this labour, scratching and turning up the earth with his snout, till, at last, he barked vehemently, and stood as if rivetted to one spot. Wolfe bent over him, while the thunder rolled at a distance, and a pale gleam of one solitary star fell though the dark mantle of the night. Wolfe started back as the light fell upon an *AXE* or *HATCHET*, that lay at his feet. "What may this import?" said he, and lifting it up, he stepped out of the dark shades of the cavern into the free air. The solitary star was reflected on the steel; but, at the same time, Wolfe beheld, with horror, deeply rusted stains of blood, which irresistibly agitated his heart, and, full of obscure apprehensions, he exclaimed, "Murder! a secret, dark, and barbarous murder!" His whole frame trembled with indignation, and the desire of

chet under his mantle, without having determined what course to pursue, he returned back to his quarters.

The weather had now become comparatively tranquil; the thunderclouds had sunk beneath the horizon, like a worn out volcano; the daylight already dawned; and light fringes of red adorned the yet lingering vapours in the east. Wolfe came, with great strides, back towards the court—his white cloak fluttering in the wind—his upraised hair staring and wild over his angry contracted brows; and his eyes, too, considering the temper in which he was, must have looked sufficiently formidable. He now happened to encounter Mein-herr John, who, quietly looking at the weather, was smoking his morning pipe under the gate-way. "Look here, master," cried Wolfe, drawing the hatchet from under his cloak, "see what I have chanced to find this morning!" The tobacco pipe fell from the butcher's hands—his eyes became wild, and his lips quivered, then murmuring in a hollow voice "blood will have judgment, I am doomed at last!" he clasped his hands, and fell down dead, with his face to the earth, in a fit of apoplexy.

Wolfe stood as if rooted to the spot, still holding the axe with uplifted arm, when Louisa looked over his shoulder, and in a piercing voice exclaimed, "Oh heavens! that is Andrew's own hatchet—there is his name on the handle—Andrew Wolfe!"—Then the whole connection of events flashing with the rapidity of lightning on her mind, she clasped her hands together, and, almost breathless with horror, exclaimed, "That is his blood!—They have murdered him!"

The alarm had brought together all the inhabitants of the house, who thronged about Wolfe, and urged him to unravel the frightful mystery. To him it appeared, as if his head and breast were loaded with a weight of iron. Words and thoughts both failed him, as if frozen up, motionless and dead, within his soul. He stared at the letters upon the hatchet—his brain whirled, as if a wheel were within it—suddenly tears burst from his eyes—then the spirit of vengeance returned—he fell upon the prostrate butcher, and violently lifted him from the ground, exclaiming, "Thou hellish blood-hound, hast thou murdered

him?" The cold, pale lips, however, opened not again, for death had finally sealed them. Wolfe drew back, therefore, after having let the stiffening corse slowly sink down; then looking wildly around him, rushed from the house towards the garden. The spectators, perceiving his design, followed him with shovels and pick-axes, with which they assisted him to search, until they had at last drawn from the grave the remains of a dead body, now reduced to a skeleton, so that nothing more was recognizable but a silver ring, which, uninjured, still adhered to one of the withered fingers. On beholding this, Louisa, with trembling lips, could only pronounce, "It is he—'twas I who gave him the ring!" And Wolfe, on hearing this, immediately fell down in a state of insensibility, from which they were not able to recover him.

After our hero, under the influence of frightful nervous spasms, had been carried to an hospital, where he fell sick of a mortal fever, the legal authorities of the city found evidence to prove that, seven years before, a stout, young, active lad, by name Andrew Wolfe, had entered into the service of Mein-herr John, the butcher. He was a ready penman and accountant, and soon became indispensable to his master, whose business, after Andrew's arrival, was rapidly improved, and he himself was reconciled with customers who, for a long while, had been estranged. Mein-herr John therefore moderated, in some degree, the usual roughness of his temper and demeanour; and Andrew himself bore much with patience on account of the sincere love which he cherished for Louisa. Their attachment was mutual; and as the good diligent youth had gathered together a little capital of his own, he hoped in a short time to be able to undertake some business for himself, and provide for the worldly comfort of his intended bride. He had just made up his mind to disclose those intentions to his master, when one evening the wicked Martin, a graceless journeyman, in whom no one had any trust, contrived to entice him into a game of hazard, in which Mein-herr John also

joined, and both tacitly conspired together to pillage the poor lad of the little fortune he had so anxiously saved. Contrary to their expectations, however, he won from both; and when it grew late, on Louisa making signs to him to go, he broke off at last, and retired to his apartment, having first hastily embraced his mistress, and whispered her, that to-morrow all would be finally arranged for their marriage, and that she should have no fears for the future. Several people in the house had overheard Mein-herr John whispering that same evening with Martin on the stairs, and seen them afterwards go up to Wolfe's chamber. The following day Andrew had disappeared, no one knew where or how. His master gave out that he had deserted to the French army, and had marched away with them.

After these disclosures were made, it was found that the villain Martin was missing; and, on inquiry, it appeared, that in the morning early he had fled on horseback, no doubt, sooner or later to be overtaken by merited judgment.

Louisa, with calm resignation, attended Wolfe in his illness, who in lucid intervals was still able to converse with her, and often folding his hands with deep sighs, said, "God has avenged us, and we must forgive the guilty!" These indeed were his last words, and in uttering them he closed his honourably-unstained existence. Louisa laid the Cypress Crown (which she had taken down from the nail in his apartment) upon the coffin, and she and Lynx followed at a distance, when his comrades bore him to the grave, and deposited his remains beside those of his brother, who had previously been interred with Christian rites.

Often Louisa still weeps over their grave; yet her heart is more tranquil, for Andrew was not faithless, and God has judged his murderers. With pious submission waits this poor drooping flower, till the storm of life shall wholly lay it in the dust, and refuge is sought at last in the night of the grave.

HODGSKIN'S TRAVELS IN GERMANY.*

Two very bulky octavos (the cumbersome title-page of which we have copied below) have just been published by a person styling himself Thomas Hodgskin, Esquire, whose labours we do not consider likely to increase in any remarkable degree the quantum of general information concerning the present state of Germany, either as to politics, or literature, or manners. The author of these tomes is a man of no small self-conceit. He talks of himself throughout, as a person able and willing to illuminate the public mind in regard to almost every branch of human knowledge. He discusses with equal authoritativeness every sort of topic—from the amours of waiting-maids to those of princesses—from postages and turnpike-posts to the ceremonial of the Chapel Royal at Dresden—splendid hotels and hedge-side post-houses—Grand-dukes and viceroys, and applewomen, and deserters—and professors, and students, and poets and critics—and itinerant fiddlers and journeymen tailors—with all he is equally acquainted, and on all he comments and *philosophizes* in the same tone of intelligent superiority. A book of travels in Germany, written in a spirit of so much communicativeness, by one who had really enjoyed opportunities of making himself thoroughly acquainted with that highly interesting country, would, we have no difficulty in saying, be a most valuable and acceptable present to the British public. But we cannot help regretting extremely, that the demand, which certainly does exist among us for such a book, should have been answered by nobody of more competent attainments and capacity than this Thomas Hodgskin, Esquire.

We know not on what feasible pretence such a person as this can be encouraged, by the most partial of his friends, to lay his travelling journal before the public, more particularly in so elaborate and expensive a form. Destitute, as his style of language alone sufficiently testifies him to be, of all elegant education, and no less

manifestly a stranger to elegant society, either foreign or domestic—profoundly ignorant of history, both ancient and modern—possessing merely a sort of common-place imperfect smattering of the doctrines of political economy, and a plentiful measure of vulgar assurance, Mr Hodgskin walks forth to survey the condition of the great kingdoms of Christendom; and he returns in a few months to pronounce his opinion concerning them, in a style of confidence which could scarcely have been pardoned in an Englishman of fifty times his acquirements, after a residence of many laborious years in countries everywhere so different from his own. Mr Hodgskin enters Dresden in September 1817, and in little more than twelve months we find him safely restored to the soil of Great Britain. When he goes to Germany he professes himself to have been ignorant of her language; and yet, during this short space of time, he finds leisure to qualify himself, in the first place, for holding familiar conversation with every condition of German men and women; and, in the second place, to collect information concerning the governments, the philosophy, the literature of Germany, which his own extravagant arrogance leads him to embody in some thousand well-covered pages of wirewove—beautifully printed by Mr Ramsay, and imprudently published by Mr Constable.

It is only the interesting nature of the subject professed to be discussed, which could have induced us to take even the smallest notice of such an author as the present; but, perhaps, the wicked nature of the true object for which he has written may also deserve to be pointed out. Those who consult Mr Hodgskin's pages in hopes of becoming better acquainted with Germany, or any subject connected with the present condition of Germany, will be wofully disappointed; for knowing nothing, and being incapable of feeling any thing really worthy of being known or felt, in regard to the

* *Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present state of the Social and Political Institutions, the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Education, Arts, and Manners, in that Country, particularly in the kingdom of Hanover.* By Thomas Hodgskin, Esq. Two volumes. Edinburgh; Constable and Co. 1820.

mighty region he has traversed, he has, of course, written nothing that can be read either with improvement or with pleasure by people of intelligence and education. But it is not for such people Mr Hodgskin has written. He is a literary Esquire, of the same class with some political Esquires, whose names have attained greater celebrity than his is ever likely to reach; in other words, he is a radical traveller and a Cockney philosopher—and if he finds readers at all, it must be either of the enlightened followers of Henry Hunt, Esquire, or among the still more enlightened admirers of Leigh Hunt, Esquire. He professes to write criticisms on the different governments of North Germany; and without doubt these governments lie, in many respects, very open to criticism. But his true purpose is not to criticise the faults of the German governments, but to abuse and vilify, in the lump, all governments whatever that do or ever did exist upon the surface of the earth. “The time is come,” this is the perpetual burden of his song, “when all these old forms are about to be tumbled out, and men will acknowledge no lord but *pure reason*.”

Truly the changes which several politicians, of the same class with Mr Hodgskin, appear to consider as so near at hand, are neither few nor small; but we rather think our German traveller has carried his notions a little farther than even the illustrious John Cann Hobhouse, Esquire, himself.—According to this sublime intellect, the division of mankind, into different nations and governments, is merely an artful contrivance of tyrants, and there is nothing (now-a-days that all the world is enlightened with the principles of true wisdom,) to prevent these fictitious barriers from being at once swept away. Their removal, as he sensibly remarks, would be attended with no difficulty whatever, and with innumerable advantages. The world would be saved the trouble and expense of a multitude of courts and armies. Courts there would be none; and one very inconsiderable army to prevent robberies would be all that would be necessary. The present gradations of rank would also be entirely abolished; for Mr Hodgskin assumes throughout, that the only really honourable classes are those who subsist

by the sweat of their brows—which scriptural phrase he sagaciously interprets as applicable to those only who exist by their physical labour or mechanical ingenuity. The husbandmen having fairly got rid of their landlords, would everywhere live in comfort and plenty; priests of all religions, being stripped of their gowns, tithes would cease to be paid by the children of men; and religion itself being turned out of doors, with all other old wives’ fables—mankind would seek their only guide to propriety and happiness in the dictates of “*pure reason*.” In plain words, the world would be turned upside down all over, and the great Thomas Hodgskin, proudly following the equalizing tide of thought, would cease to write himself an Esquire.

Taking into view the magnificence of tone in which Mr Hodgskin promulgates these beautiful doctrines, one cannot help feeling mortified that a person of so much importance should have been under the necessity of travelling over Germany on foot. Pedestrianism is the finest of all things in a beautiful and romantic country; but in regions thinly peopled, and covered with deep and sterile sands—such as are the most of those he describes in Prussia and Hanover—we are afraid that primitive method of conveyance is seldom a matter of election. Neither are the Germans at all accustomed to the thing: and it is no wonder—although Mr Hodgskin evidently thinks otherwise—that he who performed his journeys in company with journeymen tradesmen, and common soldiers and their wives, should have found some difficulty in gaining access to the higher orders of German society in the great cities he visited. The accuracy of the information he must have picked up from the conversation of those with whom he travelled may easily be estimated—but really it is rather too good a joke to hear a British Esquire talking of his own “superior opportunities,” after having passed through a variety of scenes such as the following.

“The wind was behind me, my umbrella protected me, and blew me, running, along. I went merrily forward, and got sweet greetings and smiles from some fine women, to whom I wished a better journey than they were likely to have in open carriages, exposed to the snow. It is a pity women do not always know the power which bright eyes and cheerful smiles have on men, or they might lead them to acquire many a

gentle accomplishment, to do many a gentle deed, that would promote the happiness of both. When I now turn back on my peregrinations, I know nothing that leaves a stronger feeling of regret than the recollection of many of those sweet faces, that smiled on me for a moment, and have never been seen any more. This is one of the most painful of all the feelings of the traveller.—He catches a momentary view of beings he thinks time would make him love, and then he loses them for ever. They seem to him like the angels of the world, and he is only consoled for their loss by reflecting, that it is that itself which makes him so regard them, and that, possibly, he would have ceased to adore had he known them better.

"I reached Berlin at four o'clock, and took up my quarters at the Golden Angel. For some part of my walk I had an elderly woman, carrying a large loaded basket, for a companion; she was to carry it, in all, ten miles. She complained very bitterly of the sovereign, who she called a complete Buonaparte. She had been the mother of twelve children, and seven of these had been soldiers. Surely her labour was hard enough, yet she said she could not get enough to feed her well, and keep her warm. When absolute idleness wallows in riches, and industry has nothing, there is surely something wrong in the social regulations."

"The weather was warmer to-day; it thawed, which made the track, for the new road was not yet completed, rather dirty; I reached Magdeburg at five o'clock, somewhat tantalized by a winding, and fatigued by a heavy road. The country was partly cultivated, much of it was forest, and near Magdeburg, much of it was marshy and morass; yet there were more villages and more large houses in this day's walk than I had seen since leaving Saxony. I had scarcely entered the town before I was accosted by two or three lads, with offers to shew me a good inn, or if 'I wanted any thing else;' they then whispered to me, 'hübsches Mädchen, pretty girl, and they were ready to introduce me to some of their acquaintances. They were not quite so impertinent, intrusive, and disgusting as the Italians, who profess the same trade, but equally ready to serve. This was not the first time I had been so accosted in German towns. I found my way to an inn without their assistance. It was not one of the large houses that are numerous and good in Magdeburg, but a middling sort of inn, where I supped with some German travellers, and with the landlord and his wife. In the same room where we supped was a billiard table, and through a window, at the farther end, spirits were sold to whoever demanded them. After supper, the landlord introduced his little grand-daughter, to display her knowledge of geography, and her skill in recitation.—She called forth from the other guests many such exclamations as, 'Ach du lieber Gott,

ein charmanthes Kind.' Ah! Good God! A charming child!

"Magdeburg was distinguished in the tenth century by the peculiar favour of the Emperor Otto the Great, from the partiality which his wife Edgid, an English Princess, is said to have borne it for its resemblance to her native London. Little or no resemblance is now to be traced further than that, like London, it stands on the banks of a river. It has one long good looking street, called the Broad Street, a name indeed it merits; which, terminating with a church at both ends, has no despicable appearance. The large square has undergone the usual transformation in its name, and marks tolerably well the change which has taken place in society. It was the cathedral square, it is now the *parade Platz*. Where the clergy formerly solitarily meditated under the trees, or discussed, as the rosy wine mantled in their cheeks, the mysteries of theology, there soldiers now wheel and march, and thrust forward, first the right shoulder, then the left, with all possible activity and noise. There was as much bustle as if the days of the Great Frederick were returned, when this lover of cudgel discipline and long queues, rose with the sun to superintend the noble labours of soldier-drilling. I leave it to others to decide whether the dominion of the sword, which this change marks, be more or less beneficial than the dominion of the crozier."

"I reached the little town of Otterndorf, in Land Hadeln, towards evening, and, taught by the experience of the former night, I was cautious in what manner I asked for a bed. I had been recommended to an inn; it was all full with 'herren Officiere.' The woman civilly directed me to another, where I was welcomed in a hearty, but ridiculous manner. A tall stately man, with a long brown coat, looking altogether very much like a Quaker, received me with a shake of the hand, and repeated very often, in a solemn tone, and with sundry shakes of the head, Walk in, Sir, walk in,—*Treten sie naher mein Herr, treten sie naher*. Then calling to his wife, with very tender words, but in a most peevish tone, asked her, could she get the gentleman some coffee. This was his mode of commanding. Up stairs was a billiard-room, and a place to play skittles,—*Kegel Bahn*,—with newspapers, cards, and other amusements. On going to my room, I was surprised to be met at the head of the stairs by a young man, who, with the peculiar voice and manner of the landlord, shook me also by the hand, and repeated the same words of welcome. It was a perfect farce, but I was restrained from indulging in laughter from supposing he was an impudent waiter, who was mocking his principal. He was, however, the eldest son, and, having never been from home, had acquired precisely his father's peculiar manner of address, and the solemn

singing tone with which he uttered *Treten sie näher mein Herr, treten sie näher.*

"Otterndorf is a clean little town, in which there are more workers in gold and silver than booksellers; a sign that the opulence of the people is employed more to ornament their bodies than their minds. The only bookseller's shop was kept by a widow, who dealt principally in psalm and prayer books, and also in matches and birch brooms. Nothing was to be learnt in her shop so curious as the strange mixture of her wares.—Two or three trifles gave me a favourable idea of the good sense of the inhabitants. The steeple of the church scarcely rose above the roof. Nothing but the whim of ignorance, endeavouring to excite wonder, could have erected immense piles of bricks and stones till they almost reached the heavens."

"Pleased as I was with the appearance of the people and their houses, the first communication I had with them was by no means calculated to give me a favourable idea of their politeness. They are visited by no persons but those who have commercial dealings with them, and they are perfectly unacquainted with any other travellers on foot than pedlars, beggars, and vagrants. They live in affluence, and necessarily despise what looks like poverty.—Pedestrians are always poor, and when I asked at a respectable inn at the village of Drochterson for a bed, I was very rudely refused. I became angry, and remonstrated in a manner to which the landlord was not accustomed, and he shut his door against me. A different manner of addressing him than that I had adopted would probably have obtained me all I wished, and I had myself partly to blame for his rudeness. Much of the civility or incivility of strangers depends on our own manners. Those who are constantly haughty and rude will find only grinning servility, which pays itself for its baseness by cheating, or neglect and rudeness from spirits somewhat like their own, which disdain to be insulted. We often make ourselves that character we ascribe to foreigners. In the course of my wanderings, I have often said with Goethe,

*Glücklich wenn doch Mutter Natur die
rechte Gestalt gab
Denn sie empfiehlt ihn stets und nir-
gends ist er ein Fremdling.**

Sometimes I have said it in sadness, from not having found the proper means to recommend myself to attention, and sometimes with contentment, from the kindness with which I have been welcomed. A solitary foot traveller can never command respect from the quantity of gold he is expected to disburse, and he must never treat landlords, particularly German landlords, who are accustomed to a sort of equality with their guests, like people who are be-

neath him. He must buy civility and attention by complaisance and politeness."

The following is a more interesting scene. It occurs on the way from Wiener to Papenburg in Friesland.

"The roads are very often made on the top of the dikes, which exposes the traveller to all the fury of the tempest. In the midst of a very heavy shower, and when the wind was so strong that it was with difficulty I could keep my umbrella spread, and nothing was heard but the rain blowing against it, I was surprised by a voice close to my ear, and, turning my head rather frightened, was still more surprised to see close to my shoulder a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks, speaking health, animation, and the pleasure of exertion. It was a lovely looking young woman, who, laughing, told me we might go together. I embraced the offer with great pleasure, as I measured a tall and graceful form; and, clasping my arm round her that I might shelter her better, I blessed the storm that had forced so handsome a companion to seek the shelter of my cotton roof. We walked two miles together, and before we parted, the rain, which had driven every other person within doors, had made us quite intimate. She was well dressed, as the Frieslanders generally are, and full of animation as a French woman. I have seen nothing in the character of a countrywoman half so amiable in all Germany, and I was sorry when she arrived at the farm-house to which she was going, and when I was again obliged to pursue my walk alone."

In walking through these dreary lengths of sand by which the Prussian capital is separated from the fertile and thriving provinces of that country, our traveller expresses great astonishment at the badness of the inns. Nothing can be more fair than that a traveller should speak his mind about inns wherever he meets with them; for if that check were removed, we could have no security against a universal corruption among an order of people by no means the most delicate, either in their own feelings, or in their regard for the feelings of others; but it is a little too much to hear this gentleman, who abuses governments every where for needless interference with the concerns of their subjects, complaining, because, forsooth, the inns scattered over a bleak and desolate district of a country, where it is the custom to travel by night as well as by day, are not quite so comfortable as the middling ones he frequented in the cities of Magdeburg and Berlin.

"* Hermann and Dorothea. 'Happy is he to whom nature has given a pleasing countenance, for she always recommends him, and he is a stranger nowhere.'"

"What I experienced for these two nights, and on my road, where I could not procure a bed, and scarcely any thing to eat, may serve as a specimen of the wealth, or rather poverty, in which his majesty of Prussia's subjects live. The reader will remember, that I was not more than seventy miles from Berlin, that I was on a high road, and that houses of public entertainment had neither beds nor any thing to eat. Such is the state of the dominions of the great Frederick. With such a degree of poverty, and thinly scattered as these people are, it is in vain to hope for any improvement but by enriching them, and by letting their numbers increase; and it is quite certain these objects can never be accomplished by the glories of the monarch, nor by those multiplied governments and governors, who produce poverty in proportion as they are numerous."

There is scarcely, we imagine, in the whole world a scene calculated to make, on any sound and feeling mind, a deeper or graver impression than the burial-place of the princes of the house of Brunswick. Beneath the floor of a lofty and venerable cathedral, in the centre of whose choir the simple tombstone of Henry the Lion recalls all the noblest recollections of the days of chivalry, an immense vaulted apartment is shewn to the traveller, filled with long rows of ponderous coffins, wherein sleep the remains of twenty generations of that hero's descendants. In this chamber of the dead, lamps are kept perpetually lighted, whose beams, shewing, in faint and fainter perspective, the innumerable sculptured and molten monuments around the extremities, fall full and bright in the centre, upon the military trophies, which have not yet been removed from the pall of that much-lamented prince, who fell, a noble sacrifice for the cause of Europe and mankind, on the great day of Waterloo. On this solemn scene, these are the comments of our pedestrian philosopher.

"The tombs of the sovereigns, and a statue of their renowned ancestor, Henry the Lion, are placed in the principal church of the town; and are objects of general curiosity. But the clerk, or *Cantor*, who is the showman, was also a teacher of music, and as he was employed in the forenoon giving lessons, it was necessary, to gratify my curiosity, that I should return after dinner. There can be no doubt that the reflections made on visiting the abodes of the dead depend entirely on previous associations. When we look on sovereigns as something more than men, which seems to be very natural, for even their bodies are preserved for veneration, we are apt to feel great sympathy

for their misfortunes, and almost to regret that these objects of admiration should be subject to death. The pomp of their life seems to follow them to the tomb, and we may be as awe-struck by the stately shew of glittering coffins, as by the ceremonies of an introduction to kiss the hand of living majesty. There was something, however, rather in the vanity of thus making a shew of frail dust, or in the circumstance, that several of these princes had fallen as soldiers in a foreign service, which deprived me of all particular respect for the illustrious bones I was amongst. Even the superb coffin of the last duke, who fell at Waterloo, pure and heroic as his conduct is sometimes described to have been, could not restore this feeling. I considered him more like a soldier of fortune than a generous prince sacrificing his life for his people.

"No less than ten of this royal family have been slain in battle; nine are deposited at Brunswick, and one sleeps at Otten-sen, near Altona. Had they been killed in defending any of the sacred rights of men, any of the principles of morality, or any hallowed truths, they might have been justly admired and honoured; but one had been a major-general in the Austrian service, and another in the Prussian service, and, however they might for a moment have been ornamented by the wreaths of victory, sound philosophy, sound morality, and sound feeling, can only regard them as having sold their lives for a title or a star.

"The younger branches of the nobility of Germany, whether belonging to a sovereign family or any other, can find no other situations to fill than the higher ones of the army or the priesthood, and there are no offices in the Protestant church that are worthy their acceptance. Their own opinions will not allow them to be advocates, physicians, agriculturists, or merchants, and whenever they are not so rich as they wish to be, they unfortunately can only become richer, by selling themselves for soldiers to the highest bidder. The life of man ought to be sacred. Perhaps all the reasons which have been urged to justify taking it away, under any circumstances, are false and inconclusive. Every good man shudders at the necessity of doing it, and he can never honour those who make doing it a trade, whether they are titled soldiers or common executioners. The statue of Henry the Lion is a rude memorial of the time in which it was executed, the twelfth century, and resembles the figures seen on the top of the oldest tombs of some of our kings."

Another specimen of extreme ignorance, combined with a great want of natural good-feeling, occurs in page 181 of the same volume.

"Something may be learnt of the character of a people from their common phrases. The schoolmaster described an old woman of his parish, who was obliged to have some

support given her, because her only son had *remained* on the field of battle. *Er ist geblieben* is the common German phrase for expressing that a man has been killed in war. It is also a phrase which is in ordinary use for remaining or staying, and is totally unconnected with any emotion, either of glory or honour. Its use shews accurately how the feelings of these people on this important subject have been degraded to the most perfect indifference."

The phrase which gives so much offence to this delicate-minded critic is, in the first place, common to the Germans with the French, whom, in most respects, he seems inclined to reckon a people of very superior refinement. But, what is of far more importance, every person who understands the language, and is capable of any human feeling at all, must perceive, that the phrase is one of great simplicity and beauty, invented (and similar devices have been resorted to by every people under the sun) to indicate that catastrophe which men have a natural aversion to talking of in open and broad words. Had Mr Hodgskin been acquainted with the languages of antiquity, he would have known how many phrases of this nature were in use among the Greeks and Romans—but if he be a Scotsman (we cannot say we much covet the honour of having him for our countryman), he cannot have forgotten a phrase which is universally felt to be full of pathos, and which, yet more remotely than this German one, *hints* the departure of life.

The second volume contains less of the personal adventures of Mr Hodgskin—and much more of his opinions concerning the literary and political condition of Germany. In regard to the first of these subjects, his observations are extremely dull and stupid—displaying, throughout, a lamentable ignorance of things known to the merest tyros in German scholarship, and a still more lamentable incapacity to comprehend any thing of the peculiar spirit of thought and feeling in which the best writings of the great German authors are written. This excellent judge complains, that in KANT he finds *abundance of words, but no thoughts*; and he talks of people being "acquainted with Goethe from the Edinburgh Review," which is just about as good a joke, as it

would be to talk of people being acquainted with Burke "from the Examiner newspaper—or Lord Bacon, from the scope and tendency Essay of Mr Macvey Napier—or the Hebrew language, from Professor Leslie's Philosophy of Arithmetic. The German tragic poets of the present day he treats as mere children, unworthy of any attention; among other sage remarks, he says, *THE ANCESTRESS* of Grillparzer is "a silly melo-drama;" but, although it is scarcely worth while to notice such a circumstance, the account he gives of its plot shews he has never read it. On this point our readers are quite in a condition to judge for themselves.*

His view of the political state of Northern Germany is equally gloomy; and, with sorrow do we say it, with, we are much afraid, far greater reason. Nothing can be more certain than that the public mind, in these parts of Germany, is at present in a state of the most dangerous fermentation and discontent; and it would be quite absurd to deny, that the foolish and narrow-minded line of policy which, for many years, had been pursued by most of the German princes, is at the bottom of a very great portion of all the discontent that prevails. It would, however, be not a whit less absurd to deny, that the immediate causes of the present tumult of spirit must be sought for, chiefly, in the wild and visionary doctrines, which have of late been preached and promulgated by the political writers of Germany, with a rashness and a wickedness extremely different from what might have been expected to find any favour among a nation whose habits are in general those of good sense and moderation. These fantastic theorists have, by their speculations, thrown difficulties, entirely unnecessary, and, we greatly fear, for the present almost entirely insurmountable, in the way of such German governments (and these, we firmly believe, were not few) as were really inclined to grant improved constitutions to their people. With what reason can we be surprised that princes and ministers should hesitate to introduce any innovations among their subjects, when they see these devouring, without one expression of contempt or horror, the vile and poisonous trash cir-

culated among them by such people as the infamous Mr Goerres,* and others like him, the apostles of treason, and the apologists of assassination. Till the diseased state of the public mind, too surely indicated by the favour bestowed on such creatures as these, shall have ceased—and the nation be restored to its ancient temper of calmness and mildness, it is quite ridiculous to suppose, that any established government can willingly enter upon the ever-hazardous and most delicate labour of internal reform.

The malevolence with which Mr Hodgskin regards the government of his own country, is betrayed in nothing more distinctly than the style of his criticisms on his present Majesty's government of Hanover, since the restoration to that part of his father's dominions. To expect that Hanover should, all of a sudden, be made as free a country as Great Britain, is absurd; but surely nothing except either the utmost ob-

tuseness of intellect, or the utmost depravity of purpose, can account for an English author laboriously accusing that government of systematic encroachment, and deep designs of tyranny, which has already granted to a country, formerly possessed of very imperfect institutions, the nearest approach that exists any where out of Britain, to the form and constitution of the British parliament. The period of the regency of his present Majesty, has been one of continual, though temperate and progressive improvement, in regard to the whole administration of affairs in Hanover; and the highest compliment which can possibly be paid to the wisdom both of George IV. and the Duke of Cambridge is, the zeal with which they have sought, and are still seeking, to render the political condition of the old dominions of their family as nearly as possible the same with that of this happy island.

There is Death in the Pot.

II. KINGS—CHAP. VI. VERSE XI. †.

WE bless our stars that a knowledge of the art of cookery does not constitute any part of our acquirements. We are so thoroughly convinced *a priori* of the disgusting character of its secrets, and the impurity of its details, that we are quite sure a more intimate acquaintance with them would have embittered our existence, and have destroyed for ever the usual healthy tone of our stomach. We make it a point, therefore, uniformly, to lull our suspicions, and to discuss any savoury dish that may be placed before us, without asking any questions about its ingredients. It is really much more agreeable to be allowed

quietly to mistake a stewed cat for a rabbit, than to be made *post factum*, accessaries to the deception. When we have finished our salad, we are by no means anxious to receive any proof, however clear, that it was seasoned with a preparation of Whale's blubber instead of Florence oil. And we should consider ourselves under a very trifling obligation to any "damned good-natured friend," who should take the trouble of demonstrating that the Reindeer tongue, which gives so pleasant a relish to our breakfast, had been recently abstracted from the jaws of some distempered poodle. Misfortunes of this kind, it is impossible for human

* We regret extremely to see, that a most clumsy, and unintelligible, and pernicious tract, by this person, has been translated into English by so respectable a gentleman as Mr John Black. Mr Black has rendered great service to us, by the use he has made of his German scholarship on former occasions; and we hope this is the last time he will translate such works as those of Mr Goerres.

played in domestic economy. And methods of detecting them. By Frederick Accum, Analytical Chemist, Lecturer on Practical Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c. &c. &c. London. Groom and Company. 1820.

sagacity to prevent, while they are perhaps too grievous for human patience to bear. Our best refuge, therefore, is our ignorance, and where that alone constitutes our happiness, surely we must agree with the poet, that it is indeed folly to be wise.

Mr Accum, it appears, is one of those very good-natured friends above alluded to, who is quite resolved not to allow us to be cheated and poisoned as our fathers were before us, and our children will be after us, without cackling to us of our danger, and opening our eyes to abysses of fraud and imposition, of the very existence of which we had until now the good fortune to be entirely ignorant. His book is a perfect death's head, a memento mori, the perusal of any single chapter of which is enough to throw any man into the blue devils for a fortnight. Mr Accum puts us something in mind of an officious blockhead, who, instead of comforting his dying friend, is continually jogging him on the elbow, with such cheering assurances as the following. "I am sorry there is no hope; my dear fellow, you must kick the bucket soon. Your liver is diseased, your lungs gone, your bowels as impenetrable as marble, your legs swelled like door posts, your face as yellow as a guinea, and the doctor just now assured me you could not live a week." It is quite in vain for Mr Accum to allege, that "our bane and antidote are both before us;" that he has not only made us acquainted with the deadly frauds which are daily practised on our stomachs, but afforded us unerring chemical tests by which these frauds may be detected. Is it for a moment to be supposed, that we are not to eat a muffin or a slice of toast without first subjecting it to an experiment with muriate of barytes? Does Mr Accum expect us to resort to the Cyder cellar, or the Burton alehouse, loaded with retorts and crucibles, and with our pockets crammed with tincture of gall, ammonia, and prussiate of potash? Are we to refuse to partake of a bottle of old Madeira, whenever we may chance to have forgotten to provide ourselves with the solution of subacetate of lead? For our own part, we must say, that rather than submit to such intolerable restrictions as these, we should prefer (dreadful alterna-

tive!) to double the dose of poison, and put a speedy end to our existence, by devouring a second roll to breakfast, and swallowing twice as much wine and porter after dinner as we have hitherto been accustomed to.

But in the dense and extended atmosphere of fraud, in which, it appears, we are condemned to live move and have our being, what reason have we to expect, that the very chemical substances which are necessary to expose our danger have not themselves partaken of the general adulteration? Mr Accum himself tells us, that "nine tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers, who would be the last to be suspected." Let us therefore, since it must be so, reconcile ourselves to be poisoned with a good grace, and since we can have no hopes of a reprieve, imitate the Jemmy Jessamy thief, who behaves prettily on the scaffold, skips up the ladder with the air of a dancing master, ogles the girls while the halter is adjusting, and drops the handkerchief with all the graces of a Turkish petit-maitre in his Haraam.

Mr Accum's work is evidently written in the same spirit of dark and melancholy anticipation, which pervades Dr Robison's celebrated "Proofs of a Conspiracy, &c. against all the crowned heads of Europe." The conspiracy disclosed by Mr Accum is certainly of a still more dreadful nature, and is even more widely ramified than that which excited so much horror in the worthy professor. It is a conspiracy of brewers, bakers, grocers, wine-merchants, confectioners, apothecaries, and cooks, against the lives of all and every one of his majesty's liege subjects. It is easy to see that Mr Accum's nerves are considerably agitated, that—

"Sad forebodings shake him as he writes."

Not only at the festive board is he haunted by chimeras dire of danger—not only does he tremble over the turcen—and faint over the flesh-pot: but even in his chintz night-gown, and red Morocco slippers, he is not secure. An imaginary sexton is continually jogging his elbow as he writes, a death's head and cross bones rise on his library table; and at the end of his sofa he beholds a visionary tomb-stone of the best granite—

ON WHICH ARE INSCRIBED THE DREADFUL WORDS—

*Hic Jacet***FREDERICK ACCUM,**

Operative Chemist,

OLD COMPTON STREET,

SOHO.

Judging from ourselves, Mr Accum has been tolerably successful in communicating his own terror to his readers. Since we read his book, our appetite has visibly decreased. At the Celtic club, yesterday, we dined almost entirely on roast beef; Mr Oman's London-particular Madeira lost all its relish, and we turned pale in the act of eating a custard, when we recollected the dreadful punishment inflicted on custard-eaters, in page 326 of the present work. We beg to assure our friends, therefore, that at this moment they may invite us to dinner with the greatest impunity. Our diet is at present quite similar to that of Parnell's Hermit;

"Our food the fruits, our drink the crystal well;"

though we trust a few days will recover us from our panic, and enable us to resume our former habits of life. Those of our friends, therefore, who have any intention of pasturing us, had better not lose the present opportunity of doing so. So favourable a combination of circumstances must have been quite unhopd for on their part, and most probably will never occur again. V. S.

Since, by the publication of Mr Accum's book, an end has been for ever put to our former blessed state of igno-

rance, let us arm ourselves with philosophy, and boldly venture to look our danger in the face; or, as the poet beautifully expresses it, in language singularly applicable.

"Come, Christopher, and leave all meaner things,

To low ambition and the pride of kings;
Let us since life can little else supply;
Than just to swallow poison and to die;
Expatiate free o'er all this dreadful field,
Try what the brewer, what the baker yield;
Explore the druggists' shop, the butchers' stall;

Expose their roguery, and—damn them all!"

POPE.

The following extract from the prefatory observations of Mr Accum, will give the reader a sort of a priori taste of what is to follow. Like the preliminary oysters of a Frenchman's dinner, they will serve to whet the appetite for the more substantial banquet which is to succeed.

"Of all the frauds practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

"This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessities or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the United kingdom.

* To save some trouble, we may announce that we are already engaged to dinner, on the 23d, 27th, and 28th of this month, and to evening parties, on the 22d, 23d, 26th, 28th, and 29th, and 3d of March.

"It has been pursued by men, who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their concerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion; and their successful example has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

"To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are every where to be found, made up so skillfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

"Among the number of substances used in domestic economy, which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished—tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine, spirituous liquors, salad, oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

"Indeed it would be difficult to mention a single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

"There are particular chemists, who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secrecy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

"These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade; they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art* and *mystery*; for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substances which pass through their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

"To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to ensure the secrecy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establishments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and is entrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unwary. Thus the extract of *cocculus indicus*, employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt liquors to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ales, is known in the market by the name of *black extract*, ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the *cocculus indicus* in water, and converting, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff black tenacious mass, possessing, in a high de-

gree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia and liquorice juice, used by fraudulent brewers to economise both malt and hops, is technically called *multum*.

"The quantities of *cocculus indicus* berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous. It forms a considerable branch of commerce in the hands of a few brokers: yet, singular as it may seem, no inquiry appears to have been hitherto made by the officers of the revenue respecting its application. Many other substances employed in the adulteration of beer, ale, and spirituous liquors, are in a similar manner intentionally disguised; and of the persons by whom they are purchased, a great number are totally unacquainted with their nature or composition.

"An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a cwt. to five cwt. by the brewers' druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphate of iron (copperas), extract of *cocculus indicus* berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice.

"It would be very easy to adduce, in support of these remarks, the testimony of numerous individuals, by whom I have been professionally engaged to examine certain mixtures, said to be perfectly innocent, which are used in very extensive manufactories of the above description. Indeed, during the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers articles absolutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless, and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they were destined.

"For instance, I have known cases in which brandy merchants were not aware that the substance which they frequently purchase, under the delusive name of *flask*, for strengthening and clarifying spirituous liquors, and which is held out as consisting of burnt sugar and isinglass only, in the form of an extract, is in reality a compound of sugar with extract of capsicum; and that to the acrid and pungent qualities of the capsicum is to be ascribed the heightened flavour of brandy and rum, when coloured with the above-mentioned matter.

"In other cases, the ale-brewer has been supplied with ready-ground coriander seeds, previously mixed with a portion of *nux vomica* and quassia, to give a bitter taste and narcotic property to the beverage.

"The baker asserts that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware that, in purchasing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of sharp whites (a term given to flour contaminated with

quantity of alum), without which it would be impossible for him to produce light, white, and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

"The wholesale mealman frequently purchases this spurious commodity, (which forms a separate branch of business in the hands of certain individuals,) in order to enable himself to sell his decayed and half-spoiled flour.

"Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt, under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists, whose sole business is to crystallize alum, in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystalline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff*, is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceeding prevails: Potatoes are soaked in water to augment their weight.

When these detestable artifices have succeeded in producing on our health the effects that might be anticipated from them, we naturally send to our friend the apothecary's for a dose of glauber, or proceed to fortify our viscera by a course of tonics. Mark the sequel.

"Nine-tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known, that of the article Peruvian Bark, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half-decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

"But, as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany saw-dust and oak wood, ground into powder, mixed with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark powder.

"Every chemist knows that there are nills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

"It is also notorious, that there are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, tpecacuanha powder, James's powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical

trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

"Those who are familiar with chemistry, may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand.

Spirit of hartshorn is counterfeited by mixing liquid caustic ammonia with the distilled spirit of hartshorn, to increase the pungency of its odour, and to enable it to bear an addition of water.

"Calcined magnesia is seldom met with in a pure state. It may be assayed by the same tests as the common magnesia. It ought not to effervesce at all with dilute sulphuric acid; and, if the magnesia and acid be put together into one scale of a balance, no diminution of weight should ensue on mixing them together. Calcined magnesia, however, is very seldom so pure as to be totally dissolved by diluted sulphuric acid; for a small insoluble residue generally remains, consisting chiefly of silicious earth, derived from the alkali employed in the preparation of it. The solution in sulphuric acid, when largely diluted, ought not to afford any precipitation by the addition of oxalate of ammonia.

"The genuineness of calomel may be ascertained by boiling, for a few minutes, one part, with $\frac{1}{2}$ part of muriate of ammonia in ten parts of distilled water. When carbonate of potash is added to the filtered solution, no precipitation will ensue if the calomel be pure.

"Indeed, some of the most common and cheap drugs do not escape the adulterating hand of the unprincipled druggist. Syrup of buckthorn, for example, instead of being prepared from the juice of buckthorn berries, (*rhamnus catharticus*), is made from the fruit of the blackberry-bearing alder, and the dogberry tree. A mixture of the berries of the buckthorn and blackberry-bearing alder, and of the dogberry tree, may be seen publicly exposed for sale by some of the venders of medicinal herbs. This abuse may be discovered by opening the berries: those of buckthorn have almost always four seeds; of the alder, two; and of the dogberry, only one. Buckthorn berries, bruised on white paper, stain it of a green colour, which the others do not.

"Instead of worm-seed (*artemisia santonica*), the seeds of tansy are frequently offered for sale, or a mixture of both.

"A great many of the essential oils, obtained from the more expensive spices, are frequently so much adulterated, that it is not easy to meet with such as are at all fit for use; nor are these adulterations easily discoverable.

"Most of the arrow-root, the fecula of the *Maranta arundinacea*, sold by druggists, is a mixture of potato starch and arrow-root.

"The same system of adulteration extends to articles used in various trades and manufactures. For instance, linen tape, and various other household commodities of that kind, instead of being manufactured of linen thread only, are made up of linen and cotton. Colours for painting, not only those used by artists, such as ultramarine, carmine, and lake; Antwerp blue, chrome yellow, and Indian ink; but also the coarser colours used by the common house-painter, are more or less adulterated. Thus, of the latter kind, white lead is mixed with carbonate or sulphate of barytes; vermilion with red lead.

"The eager and insatiable thirst for gain, which seems to be a leading characteristic of the times, calls into action every human faculty, and gives an irresistible impulse to the power of invention; and where lucre becomes the reigning principle, the possible sacrifice of even a fellow creature's life is a secondary consideration. In reference to the deterioration of almost all the necessaries and comforts of existence, it may be justly observed, in a civil as well as a religious sense, that "*in the midst of life we are in death.*"

Melancholy as these details are, there is something almost ludicrous, we think, in the very extent to which the deceptions are carried. So inextricably are we all immersed in this mighty labyrinth of fraud, that even the vendors of poison themselves are forced, by a sort of retributive justice, to swallow it in their turn. Thus the apothecary, who sells the poisonous ingredients to the brewer, chuckles over his rognery, and swallows his own drugs in his daily copious exhibitions of Brown stout. The brewer, in his turn, is poisoned by the baker, the wine-merchant, and the grocer. And, whenever the baker's stomach fails him, he meets his *coup de grace* in the adulterated drugs of his friend the apothecary, whose health he has been gradually contributing to undermine, by feeding him every morning on chalk and alum, in the shape of hot rolls.

Our readers will now, we think, be able to form a general idea of the perils to which they are exposed by every meal. Even water drinkers are not safe, as the following extract will pretty satisfactorily demonstrate.

"There can be no doubt that the mode of preserving water intended for food or drink in leaden reservoirs, is exceedingly

improper; and although pure water exercises no sensible action upon metallic lead, provided air be excluded, the metal is certainly acted on by the water when air is admitted: this effect is so obvious, that it cannot escape the notice of the least attentive observer.

"The white line, which may be seen at the surface of the water preserved in leaden cisterns, where the metal touches the water and where the air is admitted, is a carbonate of lead, formed at the expence of the metal. This substance, when taken into the stomach, is highly deleterious to health. This was the reason which induced the ancients to condemn leaden pipes for the conveyance of water; it having been remarked, that persons who swallowed the sediment of such water, became affected with disorders of the bowels.

"Leaden water reservoirs were condemned in ancient times by Hyppocrates, Galen, and Vitruvius, as dangerous: in addition to which, we may depend on the observations of Van Swieten, Tronchin, and others, who have quoted numerous unhappy examples of whole families poisoned by water which had remained in reservoirs of lead. Dr Johnston, Dr Percival, Sir George Baker, and Dr Lamb, have likewise recorded numerous instances where dangerous diseases ensued from the use of water impregnated with lead.

"Different potable waters have unequal solvent powers on this metal. In some places the use of leaden pumps has been discontinued, from the expense entailed upon the proprietors by the constant want of repair. Dr Lamb states an instance where the proprietor of a well ordered his plumber to make the lead of a pump of double the thickness of the metal usually employed for pumps, to save the charge of repairs; because he had observed that the water was so hard, as he called it, that it corroded the lead very soon.

"The following instance is related by Sir George Baker:

"A gentleman was the father of a numerous offspring, having had one-and-twenty children, of whom eight died young, and thirteen survived their parents. During their infancy, and indeed until they had quitted the place of their usual residence, they were all remarkably unhealthy; being particularly subject to disorders of the stomach and bowels. The father, during many years, was paralytic; the mother, for a long time, was subject to colics and bilious obstructions.

"After the death of the parents, the family sold the house which they had so long inhabited. The purchaser found it necessary to repair the pump. This was made of lead; which, upon examination, was found to be so corroded, that several perforations were observed in the cylinder, in which the bucket plays, and the cistern in the upper part was reduced to the thin-

ness of common brown paper, and was full of holes like a sieve.'

"I have myself seen numerous instances where leaden cisterns, have completely corroded by the action of water with which they were in contact: and there is, perhaps, not a plumber who cannot give testimony of having experienced numerous similar instances in the practice of his trade.

"I have been frequently called upon to examine leaden cisterns, which had become leaky on account of the action of the water which they contained; and I could adduce an instance of a legal controversy having taken place to settle the disputes between the proprietors of an estate and a plumber, originating from a similar cause,—the plumber being accused of having furnished a faulty reservoir, whereas the case was proved to be owing to the chemical action of the water on the lead. Water containing a large quantity of common air and carbonic acid gas, always acts very sensibly on metallic lead.

"Water which has no sensible action, in its natural state, upon lead, may acquire the capability of acting on it by heterogeneous matter, which it may accidentally receive. Numerous instances have shewn that vegetable matter, such as leaves, falling into leaden cisterns filled with water, imparted to the water a considerable solvent power of action on the lead, which, in its natural state, it did not possess. Hence the necessity of keeping leaden cisterns clean; and this is the more necessary, as their situations expose them to accidental impurities. The noted saturnine colic of Amsterdam, described by Boonchen, originated from such a circumstance; as also the case related by Van Swieten, of a whole family afflicted with the same complaint, from such a cistern. And it is highly probable that the case of disease recorded by Dr Duncan, proceeded more from some foulness in the cistern, than from the solvent power of the water. In this instance, the officers of the packet-boat used water for their drink and cooking out of a leaden cistern, whilst the sailors used the water taken from the same source, except that theirs was kept in wooden vessels. The consequence was, that all the officers were seized with the colic, and all the men continued healthy."

From water, a liquor not the most consonant to our taste, we gladly turn to wine, the inspirer of love and of valour, the friend of generous sentiments and heroic deeds. We sincerely trust that our own wine-merchant, at least, can conscientiously plead not guilty to the following indictment:

"It is sufficiently obvious, that few of those commodities, which are the objects of commerce, are adulterated to a greater extent than wine. All persons moderately conversant with the subject are aware, that a portion of alum is added to young and

meagre red wines, for the purpose of brightening their colour; that Brazil wood, or the husks of elderberries and bilberries, are employed to impart a deep rich purple tint to red Port of a pale, faint colour; that gypsum is used to render cloudy white wines transparent; that an additional astringency is imparted to immature red wines by means of oak-wood sawdust and the husks of filberts; and that a mixture of spoiled foreign and home-made wines is converted into the wretched compound frequently sold in this town by the name of *genuine old Port*.

"Various expedients are resorted to for the purpose of communicating particular flavours to insipid wines. Thus a *nutty* flavour is produced by bitter almonds; factitious Port wine is flavoured with a tincture drawn from the seeds of raisins; and the ingredients employed to form the *bouquet* of high-flavoured wines, are sweet-brier, oris-root, clary, cherry, laurel water, and elder-flowers.

"The flavouring ingredients used by manufacturers, may all be purchased by those dealers in wine who are initiated in the mysteries of the trade; and even a manuscript receipt-book for preparing them, and the whole mystery of managing all sorts of wines, may be obtained on payment of a considerable fee.

"The sophistication of wine with substances not absolutely noxious to health, is carried to an enormous extent in this metropolis. Many thousand pipes of spoiled cyder are annually brought hither from the country, for the purpose of being converted into factitious Port wine. The art of manufacturing spurious wine is a regular trade of great extent in this metropolis.

"There is, in this city, a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bordeaux out of the sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,—

Incultisque rubens pendebit seminus uva.
Virg. *Ecl.* iv. 29.

The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn,

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of *Wine-brewers*; and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects."

"The particular and separate department in this factitious wine trade, called *crusting*, consists in lining the interior surface of empty wine-bottles, in part, with a red crust of super-tartrate of potash, by suffering a saturated hot solution of this

salt, coloured red with a decoction of Brazil-wood, to crystallize with them; and after this simulation of maturity is perfected, they are filled with the compound called Port wine.

"Other artisans are regularly employed in staining the lower extremities of bottle-corks with a fine red colour, to appear, on being drawn, as if they had been long in contact with the wine.

"The preparation of an astringent extract, to produce, from spoiled home-made and foreign wine, a 'genuine old Port,' by mere admixture; or to impart to a weak wine a rough austere taste, a fine colour, and a peculiar flavour,—forms one branch of the business of particular wine-coopers; while the mellowing and restoring of spoiled white wines, is the sole occupation of men who are called *refiners of wine*.

"We have stated that a crystalline crust is formed on the interior surface of bottles, for the purpose of misleading the unwary into a belief that the wine contained in them is of a certain age. A correspondent operation is performed on the wooden cask; the whole interior of which is stained artificially with a crystalline crust of super-tartrate of potash, artfully affixed in a manner precisely similar to that before stated. Thus the wine-merchant, after bottling off a pipe of wine, is enabled to impose on the understanding of his customers, by taking to pieces the cask, and exhibiting the beautiful dark-coloured and fine crystalline crust, as an indubitable proof of the age of the wine; a practice by no means uncommon, to flatter the vanity of those who pride themselves in their acute discrimination of wines.

"These and many other sophistications, which have long been practised with impunity, are considered as legitimate by those who pride themselves for their skill in the art of *managing*, or, according to the familiar phrase, *doctoring* wines. The plea alleged in exculpation of them is, that, though deceptive, they are harmless; but even admitting this as a palliation, yet they form only one department of an art which includes other processes of a tendency absolutely criminal.

Several well-authenticated facts have convinced me, that the adulteration of wine with substances deleterious to health, is certainly practised oftener than is perhaps suspected; and it would be easy to give some instances of very serious effects having arisen from wines contaminated with deleterious substances, were this a subject on which I meant to speak. The following statement is copied from the Monthly Magazine for March 1811, p. 188.

"On the 17th of January, the passengers by the Highflyer coach, from the north, dined, as usual, at Newark. A bottle of Port wine was ordered; on tasting which, one of the passengers observed that it had an unpleasant flavour, and begged

that it might be changed. The waiter took away the bottle, poured into a fresh decanter half the wine which had been objected to, and filled it up from another bottle. This he took into the room, and the greater part was drank by the passengers, who, after the coach had set out towards Grantham, were seized with extreme sickness; one gentleman in particular, who had taken more of the wine than the others, it was thought would have died, but has since recovered. The half of the bottle of wine sent out of the passengers' room was put aside for the purpose of mixing negus. In the evening, Mr Bland, of Newark, went into the hotel, and drank a glass or two of wine and water. He returned home at his usual hour, and went to bed; in the middle of the night he was taken so ill, as to induce Mrs Bland to send for his brother, an apothecary in the town; but before that gentleman arrived he was dead. An inquest was held, and the jury, after the fullest inquiry, and the examination of the surgeons by whom the body was opened, returned a verdict of—*Died by poison.*"

Mr Accum's details on the adulteration of wine are extremely ample, and so interesting, that we regret our limits prevent our making more copious extracts, and oblige us to refer our readers for farther information to the work itself.

Having thus laid open to our view the arcana of the cellar, Mr Accum next treats us with an expose of the secrets of the brew-house. Verily, the wine-merchant and brewer are par nobile fratrum; and after the following disclosures, it will henceforth be a matter of the greatest indifference to us, whether we drink Perry or Champagne, Hermitage or Brown stout. *Latet anguis in poculo*, there is disease and death in them all, and one is only preferable to the other, because it will poison us at about one-tenth of the expense.

"Malt liquors, and particularly porter, the favourite beverage of the inhabitants of London and of other large towns, is amongst those articles, in the manufacture of which the greatest frauds are frequently committed.

"The statute prohibits the brewer from using any ingredients in his brewings, except malt and hops; but it too often happens, that those who suppose they are drinking a nutritious beverage, made of these ingredients only, are entirely deceived. The beverage may, in fact, be neither more nor less than a compound of the most deleterious substances; and it is also clear, that all ranks of society are alike exposed to the nefarious fraud. The proofs of this statement will be shown hereafter.

"The author of a Practical Treatise on Brewing, which has run through eleven editions, after having stated the various ingredients for brewing porter, observes, 'that however much they may surprise, however pernicious or disagreeable they may appear, he has always found them requisite in the brewing of porter, and he thinks they must invariably be used by those who wish to continue the taste, flavour, and appearance of the beer. And though several Acts of Parliament have been passed to prevent porter-brewers from using many of them, yet the author can affirm, from experience, he could never produce the present flavoured porter without them. The intoxicating qualities of porter are to be ascribed to the various drugs intermixed with it. It is evident some porter is more heady than other, and it arises from the greater or less quantity of stupifying ingredients. Malt, to produce intoxication, must be used in such large quantities as would very much diminish, if not totally exclude, the brewer's profit.'

"The practice of adulterating beer appears to be of early date. By an act so long ago as Queen Anne, the brewers are prohibited from mixing *Cocculus Indicus*, or any unwholesome ingredients, in their beer, under severe penalties: but few instances of convictions under this act are to be met with in the public records for nearly a century. To shew that they have augmented in our own days, we shall exhibit an abstract from documents laid lately before Parliament.

"These will not only amply prove, that unwholesome ingredients are used by fraudulent brewers, and that very deleterious substances are also vended both to brewers and publicans for adulterating beer, but that the ingredients mixed up in the brewer's enchanting cauldron are placed above all competition, even with the potent charms of Macbeth's witches:

'Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark,

+ + + +
+ + + +

For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble;
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.'

"The fraud of imparting to porter and ale an intoxicating quality by narcotic substances, appears to have flourished during the period of the late French war: for, if we examine the importation lists of drugs, it will be noticed, that the quantities of *cocculus indicus* imported in a given time prior to that period, will bear no comparison with the quantity imported in the same space of time during the war, although an additional duty was laid upon this commodity. Such has been the amount brought into this country in five years, that it far exceeds the quantity imported during twelve years anterior to the above epoch. The price of this drug has risen within these ten years from two shillings to seven shillings the pound.

"It was at the period to which we have alluded, that the preparation of an extract of *cocculus indicus* first appeared, as a new saleable commodity, in the price-currents of *brewers'-druggists*. It was at the same time, also, that a Mr Jackson, of notorious memory, fell upon the idea of brewing beer from various drugs, without any malt and hops. This chemist did not turn brewer himself; but he struck out the more profitable trade of teaching his mystery to the brewers for a handsome fee. From that time forwards, written directions, and receipt-books for using the chemical preparations to be substituted for malt and hops, were respectively sold; and many adepts soon afterwards appeared every where, to instruct brewers in the nefarious practice, first pointed out by Mr Jackson. From that time, also, the fraternity of brewers'-chemists took its rise. They made it their chief business to send travellers all over the country, with lists and samples exhibiting the price and quality of the articles manufactured by them for the use of brewers only. Their trade spread far and wide, but it was amongst the country brewers chiefly that they found the most customers; and it is amongst them, up to the present day, as I am assured by some of these operators, on whose veracity I can rely, that the greatest quantities of unlawful ingredients are sold."

The following extract relates to the same subject, and we are glad to find by it, that none of the eleven great porter brewers have ever been detected in any illegal sophistication of their beer. Mr Accum very properly gives us a list of those miscreants who have been convicted of adulterating their porter with poisonous ingredients, and want of room alone prevents us from damning them to everlasting fame, by inserting their names along with that of the Rev. Sennacherib Terrot, in the imperishable pages of this miscellany.

"That a minute portion of an unwholesome ingredient, daily taken in beer, cannot fail to be productive of mischief, admits of no doubt; and there is reason to believe that a small quantity of a narcotic substance (and *cocculus indicus* is a powerful narcotic) daily taken into the stomach, together with an intoxicating liquor, is highly more efficacious than it would be without the liquor. The effect may be gradual; and a strong constitution, especially if it be assisted with constant and hard labour, may counteract the destructive consequences perhaps for many years; but it never fails to shew its baneful effects at last. Independent of this, it is a well-established fact, that porter drinkers are very liable to apoplexy and palsy, without taking this narcotic poison.

"If we judge from the preceding lists of prosecutions and convictions furnished by the Solicitor of the Excise, it will be evident

that many wholesale brewers, as well as retail dealers, stand very conspicuous among those offenders. But the reader will likewise notice, that there are no convictions, in any instance, against any of the eleven great London porter brewers for any illegal practice. The great London brewers, it appears, believe that the publicans alone adulterate the beer. That many of the latter have been convicted of this fraud, the Report of the Board of Excise amply shews.—See p. 176.

“The following statement relating to this subject, we transcribe from a Parliamentary document.

“Mr Perkins, being asked whether he believed that any of the inferior brewers adulterated beer, answered, ‘I am satisfied there are some instances of that.’

“*Question.*—‘Do you believe publicans do?’ *Answer.*—‘I believe they do.’
Q.—‘To a great extent?’ *A.*—‘Yes.’
Q.—‘Do you believe they adulterate the beer you sell them?’ *A.*—‘I am satisfied there are some instances of that.’—Mr J. Martineau being asked the following

“*Question.*—‘In your judgment is any of the beer of the metropolis, as retailed to the publican, mixed with any deleterious ingredients?’

“*Answer.*—‘In retailing beer, in some instances, it has been.’

“*Question.*—‘By whom, in your opinion, has that been done?’

“*Answer.*—‘In that case by the publicans who vend it.’

“On this point, it is but fair to the minor brewers, to record also the answers of some officers of the revenue, when they were asked, whether they considered it more difficult to detect nefarious practices in large breweries than in small ones?

“Mr J. Rogers being thus questioned in the committee of the House of Commons, ‘Supposing the large brewers to use deleterious or any illegal ingredients to such an amount as could be of any importance to their concerns, do you think it would, or would not, be more easy to detect it in those large breweries than in small ones?’ his answer was, ‘more difficult to detect it in the large ones:’ and witness being asked to state the reason why, answered, ‘Their premises are so much larger, and there is so much more strength, that a cart load or two is got rid of in a minute or two.’ Witness ‘had known, in five minutes, twenty barrels of molasses got rid of as soon as the door was shut.’

“Another witness, W. Wells, an excise-officer, in describing the contrivances used to prevent detection, stated, that at a brewer’s at Westham, the adulterating substances ‘was not kept on the premises, but in the brewer’s house; not the principal, but the working brewer’s; it not being considered, when there, as liable to seizure: the brewer had a very large jacket made expressly for that purpose, with very large

pockets; and on brewing mornings, he would take his pockets full of the different ingredients. Witness supposed that such a man’s jacket, similar to what he had described, would convey quite sufficient for any brewery in England, as to *cocculus indicus*.’

“That it may be more difficult for the officers of the Excise to detect fraudulent practices in large breweries than in small ones, may be true to a certain extent; but what eminent London porter brewer would stake his reputation on the chance of so paltry a gain, in which he would inevitably be at the mercy of his own man? The eleven great porter brewers of this metropolis are persons of so high respectability, that there is no ground for the slightest suspicion that they would attempt any illegal practices, which they were aware could not possibly escape detection in their extensive establishments. And let it be remembered, that none of them have been detected for any unlawful practices, with regard to the processes of their manufacture, or the adulteration of their beer.”

The following observations on the adulteration of rum and brandy are by no means applicable to “John Hamilton’s best,” which inspires the flash coves of the Tringate with too much wit not to be genuine. We are convinced, nevertheless, that it contains something singular in its composition, and possesses an inherent stimulus to trotting. When drinking it tother day at a friend’s house, who lately imported a few dozens of it from Glasgow, we detected ourself more than once instinctively trotting two military gentlemen, who sat on our right and left, on the subject of their campaigns. This, however, must be the subject of a separate dissertation.

“Brandy and rum is also frequently sophisticated with British molasses, or sugar-spirit, coloured with burnt sugar.

“The flavour which characterises French brandy, and which is owing to a small portion of a peculiar essential oil contained in it, is imitated by distilling British molasses spirit over wine lees; but the spirit, prior to being distilled over wine lees, is previously deprived, in part, of its peculiar disagreeable flavour, by rectification over fresh-burnt charcoal and quicklime. Other brandy-merchants employ a spirit obtained from raisin wine, which is suffered to pass into an incipient ascendency. The spirit thus procured partakes strongly of the flavour which is characteristic to foreign brandy.

“Oak saw-dust, and a spirituous tincture of raisin stones, are likewise used to impart to new brandy and rum a *ripe taste*, resem-

bling brandy or rum long kept in oaken casks, and a somewhat oily consistence, so as to form a durable froth at its surface, when strongly agitated in a vial. The colouring substances are burnt sugar, or molasses; the latter gives to imitative brandy a luscious taste, and fullness in the mouth. These properties are said to render it particularly fit for the retail London customers.

"The following is the method of compounding or making up, as it is technically called, brandy for retail:

	Gallons.
"To 10 puncheons of brandy	1081
Add flavoured raisin spirit	118
Tincture of grains of paradise	4
Cherry laurel water	2
Spirit of Almond cakes	2

1207

"Add also 10 handfuls of oak saw-dust; and give it complexion with burnt sugar."

Mr Accum gives us a long dissertation on counterfeit tea, and another on spurious coffee; but as these are impositions by which we are little affected, we shall not allow them to detain us. The leaves of the sloe-thorn are substituted for the former, and roasted horse beans for the latter. These frauds, it appears, are carried to a very great extent.

We believe we have not yet noticed the frauds of the cheesemonger, we now beg, therefore, to introduce that gentleman to the notice of our readers.

"As a striking example of the extent to which adulterated articles of food may be unconsciously diffused, and of the consequent difficulty of detecting the real fabricators of them, it may not be uninteresting to relate to your readers the various steps by which the fraud of a poisonous adulteration of cheese was traced to its source."

"Your readers ought here to be told, that several instances are on record, that Gloucester and other cheeses have been found contaminated with red lead, and that this contamination has produced serious consequences. In the instance now alluded to, and probably in all other cases, the deleterious mixture had been caused ignorantly, by the adulteration of the anatto employed for colouring the cheese. This substance, in the instance I shall relate, was found to contain a portion of red lead; a species of adulteration which subsequent experiments have shown to be by no means uncommon. Before I proceed further, to trace this fraud to its source, I shall briefly relate the circumstance which gave rise to its detection."

"A gentleman, who had occasion to reside for some time in a city in the West of England, was one night seized with a

distressing but indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and of the stomach, accompanied with a feeling of tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food. He began to apprehend the access of an inflammatory disorder; but in twenty-four hours the symptoms entirely subsided. In four days afterwards he experienced an attack precisely similar; and he then recollected, that having, on both occasions, arrived from the country late in the evening, he had ordered a plate of toasted Gloucester cheese, of which he had partaken heartily; a dish which, when at home, regularly served him for supper. He attributed his illness to the cheese. The circumstance was mentioned to the mistress of the inn, who expressed great surprise, as the cheese in question was not purchased from a country dealer, but from a highly respectable shop in London. He, therefore, ascribed the before-mentioned effects to some peculiarity in his constitution. A few days afterwards he partook of the same cheese; and he had scarcely retired to rest, when a most violent colic seized him, which lasted the whole night and part of the ensuing day. The cook was now directed henceforth not to serve up any toasted cheese, and he never again experienced these distressing symptoms. Whilst this matter was a subject of conversation in the house, a servant-maid mentioned that a kitten had been violently sick after having eaten the rind cut off from the cheese prepared for the gentleman's supper. The landlady, in consequence of this statement, ordered the cheese to be examined by a chemist in the vicinity, who returned for answer, that the cheese was contaminated with lead! So unexpected an answer arrested general attention, and more particularly as the suspected cheese had been served up for several other customers."

"Application was therefore made by the London dealer to the farmer who manufactured the cheese; he declared that he had bought the anatto of a mercantile traveller, who had supplied him and his neighbours for years with that commodity, without giving occasion to a single complaint. On subsequent inquiries, through a circuitous channel, unnecessary to be detailed here at length, on the part of the manufacturer of the cheese, it was found, that as the supplies of anatto had been defective and of inferior quality, recourse had been had to the expedient of colouring the commodity with vermilion. Even this admixture could not be considered deleterious. But on further application being made to the druggist who sold the article, the answer was, that the vermilion had been mixed with a portion of red lead; and the deception was held to be perfectly innocent, as frequently practised on the supposition, that the vermilion would be used only as a pigment for house-painting. Thus the druggist sold his vermilion in the regular way of trade, adul-

terated with red lead to increase his profit, without any suspicion of the use to which it would be applied; and the purchaser who adulterated the anotto, presuming that the vermilion was genuine, had no hesitation in heightening the colour of his spurious anotto with so harmless an adjunct. Thus, through the circuitous and diversified operations of commerce, a portion of deadly poison may find admission into the necessities of life, in a way which can attach no criminality to the parties through whose hands it has successively passed."

We must now draw our extracts to a close; but we can assure our readers, that we have not yet introduced them to one tythe of the poisonous articles in common use, detected by Mr Accum. We shall give the titles of a few to satisfy the curious:—Poisonous confectionary, poisonous pickles, poisonous cayenne pepper, poisonous custards, poisonous anchovy sauce, poisonous lozenges, poisonous lemon acid, poisonous mushroom, poisonous ketchup, and poisonous soda water! Read this, and wonder how you live!

While we thus suffer under accumulated miseries brought upon us by the unprincipled avarice and cupidity of others, it is surely incumbent on us not wantonly to increase the catalogue by any negligence or follies of our own. Will it be believed, that in the cookery book, which forms the prevailing oracle of the kitchens in this part of the island, there is an express injunction to "*boil greens with half-pence* in order to improve their colour?" That our puddings are frequently seasoned with laurel leaves, and our sweetmeats almost uniformly prepared in copper vessels? Why are we thus compelled to swallow a supererogatory quantity of poison which may so easily be avoided? Why are we eternally insulted at our entertainments with the presence of that villainous decoction of offal, falsely called *calfsfoot** jelly? And why are we constantly made to run the risk of our lives by participating in custards, trifles, and blancmanges, seasoned by a most deadly poison extracted from

the *prunus lauro-cerasus*? Verily, while our present detestable system of cookery remains, we may exclaim with the sacred historian, that there is indeed "Death in the Pot."

Yet, after all, when we have drained the bitter draught presented to us by Mr Accum to the bottom, there will still be found a drop of comfort in the goblet. It is certain that the alimentary sophistications detected in his work, have, by no means, become so prevalent in this quarter of the island, as it appears they have done among our neighbours. Scotland is not a soil in which fraud of any kind has ever flourished, and least of all, fraud of so aggravated a nature as to imply not only the total destitution of moral principle, but the utter absence of all human feeling in the perpetrator of it. But if we find some security from imposition in the general character of our population, we may rely with still greater confidence on the well-earned fame of individuals. The potency of Provost Manderson's pills will not readily be doubted by those who admire him as an upright and distinguished magistrate, and still less by those who, like ourselves, can bear testimony, by experience, (alas too frequent) to their efficacy. When revelling amid the luxuries of Baillie Henderson's shop, the very smell of which might create an appetite under the ribs of death, no dismal apprehension need spoil the flavour of our Bologna, or prevent us from washing it down with a bumper of his transcendent Maraschino. What delicacy is there of which we may not freely partake in Mrs Weddell's, Mrs Montgomery's, or Mr Davidson's?—There lurks no poison in the warm, soothing, and delicious jellies of the first, the inimitable mulligatany of the second, or the exquisite patés and unrivalled ices of the third. Uncontaminated by drugs, the porter of the Prestonpanis brewery will still maintain the high reputation it has acquired; and share, with Bell's ale, an honourable, an extended, and a lucrative

* We have the authority of Auld Reekie's first Pâtissier, for stating that, according to a most philosophical and accurate calculation made by him, the quantity of calfsfoot jelly consumed in Edinburgh alone, is *five times* greater than could be afforded by all the calves killed in Scotland put together! The truth is, it is generally made from bullocks entrails, which are carefully preserved from the dogs, and transmitted to the mansions of those ladies whom their cards inform us we are to have the pleasure of finding "AT HOME" a few evenings afterwards.

popularity. Our Scottish wine-merchants, we believe, have yet to be instructed in the art of staining corks, and fabricating artificial crusts. With what delicious safety, therefore, may we quaff the aged Port and perfumed Longbouchon of Messrs Somervell and Campbell, the famous Madeira and Chambertin of the Frisby of Leith, the delightful Hock and superb Closvogeo of Mr Thomas Hamilton of Glasgow!

We must conclude. The very mention of these things has thrown our whole frame into disorder. Even if it could be established that death was in the bottle as well as in the pot, we should pitch Mr Accum to the devil, and swallow the delicious poison at the rate of three bottles per diem, till the exhaustion of our cellar or our constitution should unwillingly force us to desist.

ON THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

IF we may judge from an article in the twenty-fifth Number of the North American Review, which has just come into our hands, a great deal of wrath has been very needlessly and absurdly excited among our readers on the other side of the Atlantic, by two articles "on the state of Education and Learning in the United States,"* which appeared some time ago in this Miscellany. The critic who has honoured us so far as to make these papers the subject of a very elaborate review, has not, we think, succeeded in pointing out any very important inaccuracies in the facts we mentioned; and if the conclusions at which he has arrived be rather more favourable than ours, we can only say, that we most heartily hope he is in the right, and we in the wrong. To prevent mistakes, however, we must inform him, that his suspicions concerning "British Manufacture" are entirely unfounded. The papers on which he has commented were altogether written by a countryman of his own—a young gentleman of very extraordinary talents, whose attainments, when he first reached Europe, did great honour to the transatlantic seminaries in which he had received his education—and who has now, we believe, returned to America, improved by several well-spent years of travel and of study, in a condition to render important services to the common literature of his own country, and of ours.

Our American critic complains, that the productions of American genius are never received as they ought to be by the people of England,—that a certain strange mixture of haughtiness, jealousy, and indifference, is manifested on every occasion when any

American author forms the subject of professional criticism in Britain,—while, to our reading public at large, even the names of some men whose writings do the highest honour to the language in which they are written, remain at this moment entirely unknown. In so far, we are free to confess, that we think our countrymen do lie open to this last reproach. The great names of which we are ignorant, cannot indeed be numerous, for few American writers are ever talked of, even by Mr Walsh or the North American Review itself, with whom we think people on this side the water are less acquainted than they ought to be. In truth, so far as we know, there are two American authors only whose genius has reason to complain of British neglect—and with a very great deal of reason both unquestionably may do so—namely, CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN and WASHINGTON IRVING.

The first of these has been dead for several years; and the periodical works, by his contributions to which he was best known in America during his lifetime, have long since followed him: but his name yet lives, although not as it ought to do, in his novels. The earliest and the best of them, *Wieland*, *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Edgar Huntly*, are to be found in every circulating library, both in America and England; but notwithstanding the numbers who must thus have read them, and the commendations they have received from some judges of the highest authority, (above all from Godwin, whose manner their author imitated in a noble style of imitation)—they are never mentioned among the classical or standard works of that species of composition. It is wonder-

* See Nos XXIII. and XXIV. of this Magazine.

ful how much of thought, power, invention, and genius, are for ever travelling their cold unworthy rounds between the shelves of circulating libraries, and the tables or pillows of habitual novel-readers. The works of Brown, and of many other writers, scarcely his inferiors, are perused day after day, and year after year, by boys and girls, and persons of all ages, whose minds are incapable of discriminating the nature or merits of the food they devour, without being read once in many years by any one who has either judgment or imagination to understand while he is reading them, or memory to retain the smallest impression of their contents after he has laid them aside; while some fortunate accident not unfrequently elevates, for a considerable length of time, into every thing but the highest order of celebrity and favour, writings of the same species, entirely their inferiors in every quality that ought to command the public approbation. We earnestly recommend these novels of Brown to the attention of our readers. In all of them, but especially in *Wieland*, they will discern the traces of a very masterly hand. Brown was not indeed a Godwin; but he possessed much, very much, of the same dark, mysterious power of imagination which is displayed in Caleb Williams, *St Leon*, and *Mandeville*; much also of the same great author's deep and pathetic knowledge of the human heart; and much of his bold sweeping flood of impassioned eloquence. There are scenes in *Wieland* which he that has read them and understood them once, can never forget—touches which enter into the very core of the spirit, and leave their glowing traces there for ever behind them. Wild and visionary in his general views of human society, and reasoning and declaiming like a madman whenever the abuses of human power are the subjects on which he enlarges—in his perceptions of the beauty and fitness of all domestic virtues—in his fine sense of the delicacies of love, friendship, and all the tenderness, and all the heroism of individual souls,—he exhibits a strange example of the inconsistency of the human mind, and a signal lesson how easily persons naturally virtuous may, if they indulge in vague bottomless dreamings about things they neither know nor understand, become blind to many of the true interests of their

species, and be the enemies of social peace and happiness, under the mask of universal reformers. The life of this strange man was a restless and unhappy one. The thoughts in which he delighted were all dark and gloomy: and in reading his works, we cannot help pausing every now and then, amidst the stirring and kindling excitements they afford, to reflect of what sleepless midnights of voluntary misery the impression is borne by pages, which few ever turn over, except for the purpose of amusing a few hours of listless or vicious indolence. It is thus that one of his own countrymen has lately spoken of his works:—

“A writer so engrossed with the character of men, and the ways in which they may be influenced; chiefly occupied with the mind, turning every thing into thought, and refining upon it till it almost vanishes; might not be expected to give much time to descriptions of outward objects. But in all his tales, he shews great closeness and minuteness of observation. He describes as if he told only what he had seen, in a highly excited state of feeling, and in connection with the events and characters. He discovers every where a strong sense of the presence of objects. Most of his descriptions are simple, and many might appear bald. He knew, perhaps, that some minds could be “awakened by the mere mention of a waterfall, or of full orchards and corn-fields,” or of the peculiar sound of the wind among the pines. We have alluded to the distinctiveness and particularity with which he describes the city visited with pestilence:—the dwelling-house, the hospital, the dying, the healed, all appear before our eyes.—The imagination has nothing to do but perceive, though it never fails to multiply and enlarge circumstances of horror, and to fasten us to the picture more strongly, by increasing terror and sympathy till mere disgust ceases.

The most formal and protracted description is in *Edgar Huntly*, of a scene in our western wilderness. We become acquainted with it by following the hero night and day, in a cold, drenching, rain storm, or under the clear sky—through its dark caverns, recesses and woods—along its ridges and the river side. It produces throughout the liveliest sense of danger, and oppresses the spirits with an almost inexplicable sadness. Connected with it are incidents of savage warfare; the disturbed life of the frontier settler; the attack of the half-famished panther; the hero's lonely pursuit of a sleep-walker; and his own adventures when suffering under the same calamity. The question is not, how much of this has happened, or is likely to happen; but, is it felt? Are we, for the time, at the disposal of the writer, and can we never lose the impression that he leaves? Does it appear in its first freshness, when any thing occurs

which a busy fancy can associate with it? Does it go with us into other deserts, and quicken our feelings and observation, till a familiar air is given to strange prospects? If so, the author is satisfied. To object that he is wild and improbable in his story is not enough, unless we can shew that his intention failed, or was a bad one.

Brown delights in solitude of all kinds. He loves to represent the heart as desolate—to impress you with the self-dependence of characters, plotting, loving, suspecting evil, devising good, in perfect secrecy. Sometimes, when he would exhibit strength of mind and purpose to most advantage, he takes away all external succour, even the presence of a friend, who might offer at least the support of his notice and sympathy. He surrounds a person with circumstances precisely fitted to weaken resolution, by raising vague apprehensions of danger, but incapable of producing so strong an excitement as to inspire desperate and inflexible energy. The mind must then fortify itself, calmly estimate the evil that seems to be approaching, and contemplate it in its worst forms and consequences, in order to counteract it effectually. He is peculiarly successful in describing a deserted house, silent and dark in the day time, while a faint ray streams through the crevices of the closed doors and shutters, discovering, in a peculiar twilight, that it had been once occupied, and that every thing remained undisturbed since its sudden desertion. The sentiment of fear and melancholy is perhaps never more lively, nor the disturbed fancy more active, than in such a place, even when we are strangers to it; but how much more if we have passed there through happiness and suffering; if the robber has alarmed our security, or if a friend has died there, and been carried over its threshold to the grave. The solemnity of our minds is not unlike that which we feel when walking alone on the sea shore at night, or through dark forests by day; for here there is no decay, nothing that man had created, and which seems to mourn in his absence; there is rapture as well as awe in our contemplations, and more of devotion than alarm in our fear."

WASHINGTON IRVING, as yet a young man, and who is at this moment in London—is a man of a much more happy and genial order of mind than Brown; and his works are much greater favourites among his own countrymen, than the best of Brown's ever were. He is the sole author of the *Sketch Book*—a periodical work, now in the course of publication at New York; from which numerous extracts have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and in many of the *Magazines*; none of which, however, seem to have known from whose genius

they were borrowing so largely. We are greatly at a loss to comprehend for what reason Mr Irving has judged fit to publish his *Sketch Book* in America earlier than in Britain; but at all events he is doing himself great injustice, by not having an edition printed here, of every Number, after it has appeared at New York. Nothing has been written for a long time, for which it would be more safe to promise great and eager acceptance. The story of "Rip Van Winkle,"—the "Country Life in England,"—the account of his voyage across the Atlantic—and "the Broken Heart,"—are all, in their several ways, very exquisite and classical pieces of writing, alike honourable to the intellect and the heart of their author. Another sketch of the same class, we shall venture to quote from a later Number of this work, as we have not yet seen it extracted by any of our contemporaries.

THE ROYAL POET.

"On a soft sunny morning, in the month of May, I made an excursion to Windsor, to visit the Castle. It is a proud old pile, stretching its irregular walls and massive towers along the brow of a lofty ridge; waving its royal banner in the clouds, and looking down with a lordly air upon the surrounding world. It is a place that I love to visit, for it is full of storied and poetical associations. On this morning, the weather was of that soft vernal kind that calls forth the latent romance of a man's temperament, and makes him quote poetry, and dream of beauty. In wandering through the magnificent saloon, and long echoing galleries of the old castle, I felt myself most disposed to linger in the chamber, where hang the portraits of the beauties that once flourished in the gay court of Charles the Second.

"As I traversed the large green courts, with sunshine beaming on the gray walls, and glancing along the velvet turf, I called to mind the tender, the gallant, but hapless Surrey's account of his loiterings about them in his stripling days, when enamoured of the lady Geraldine.

"With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower—
With easie sighs, such as men draw in love."

"But the most interesting object of my visit, was the ancient keep of the castle, where James the First of Scotland, the pride and theme of Scottish poets and historians, was for many years of his youth detained a prisoner of state. It is a huge gray tower, that has stood the brunt of ages, and is still in good preservation. A great flight of steps leads to the interior. In the armoury, a Gothic hall, filled with weapons of various kinds, is still shown hanging against the wall, a suit of armour that once

belonged to James. From hence a staircase conducts to a suite of apartments of faded magnificence, hung with gobelin tapestry, which formed James's prison.

"The whole history of this amicable but unfortunate prince, is highly romantic, and too well known to need particular relation; at the tender age of eleven, he was sent from home by his father Robert Third, and destined for the French court, to be reared under the eye of the French monarch, secure from the treachery and danger that surrounded the royal house of Scotland. It was his mishap, in the course of his voyage, to fall into the hands of the English, and he was detained prisoner by Henry IV. notwithstanding that a truce existed between the two countries.

"The intelligence of his capture, coming in the train of many sorrows and disasters, proved fatal to his unhappy father. The news, we are told, was brought to him while at supper, and did so overwhelm him with grief, that he was almost ready to give up the ghost into the hands of the servants that attended him. But being carried to his bed-chamber, he abstained from all food, and in three days, died of hunger and grief at Rothsay.

"James was detained in captivity for eighteen years; but, though deprived of personal liberty, he was treated with the respect due to his rank. Care was taken to instruct him in all the branches of useful knowledge cultivated at that period; and to give him those mental and personal accomplishments deemed proper for a prince.

"Perhaps in this respect, his imprisonment was an advantage, as it enabled him to apply himself the more exclusively to his improvement, and quietly to imbibe that rich fund of knowledge, and to cherish those elegant tastes, which have given such a lustre to his memory. The picture drawn of him in early life, by the Scottish historians, is highly captivating, and seems rather the description of a hero of romance, than a character of real history. He was well learnt, we are told, to fight with the sword, to joust, to tourney, to wrestle, to sing and dance; he was an expert mediciner; right crafty in playing both at lute and harp, and sundry other instruments of music; and was expert in grammar, oratory, and poetry.

"With this combination of manly and delicate accomplishments, fitting him to shine both in active and elegant life, and calculated to give him an intense relish for joyous existence, it must have been a severe trial, in an age of bustle and chivalry, to pass the spring time of his years in monotonous captivity.

It was the good fortune of James; however, to be gifted with a powerfully poetic fancy, and to be visited in his prison by the choicest inspirations of the muse.

"Some minds corrode and grow inactive, under the loss of personal liberty;

others, morbid and irritable; but it is the nature of the poet to become tender and imaginative in the loneliness of confinement. He banquets upon the honey of his own thoughts; and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody—

"Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coo'd into a cage;
How doth she chant her woe'd tale,
In that her lonely hermitage;
Even thou her charming melody doth prove,
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfined; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and, with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon. Such was the world of pomp and pageant, that lived around Tasso, in his dismal cell at Ferrara, when he conceived the splendid scenes of his Jerusalem; and we may consider the king's Quair, composed by James, during his captivity at Windsor, as another of those beautiful breakings forth of the soul, from the restraint and gloom of the prison house. The subject of the poem is his love for the lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset. He saw her accidentally, from the windows of his prison, and fell in love with her in the true spirit of poetry and romance. The poem is a rich effusion of feeling and fancy; full of the descriptive vein which characterizes the poetry of that day, and sobered and sweetened by the most simple and natural reflections. James flourished nearly about the time of Chaucer and Gower, and was evidently a studier and admirer of their writings. Indeed, in one of his stanzas, he acknowledges them as his masters; and in some parts of his poem, he seems almost to have borrowed from his prototypes. There are always, however, general features of resemblance in the works of contemporary authors, that are not so much borrowed from each other as from the times. Writers, like bees, cull their sweets in the wide world; they incorporate with their own conceptions, the anecdotes and thoughts which are current in society, and thus each generation has some features in common, every author some characteristic of the age in which he lived. What gives peculiar value to the poem of James is, that it may be considered a transcript of the royal bard's true feelings, and the story of his real loves and fortunes. It is not often that sovereigns write poetry, or that poets deal in fact. It is gratifying to the pride of a common man, to find a monarch thus suing, as it were, for admission into his closet, and seeking to win his favour by administering to his pleasures. It is a proof of the honest equality of intellectual competition, which strips off all the trappings of factitious dignity, brings the candidate down to a level with his fellow men, and obliges him to de-

pend on his own native powers for distinction. It is curious, too, to get at the history of a monarch's heart, and find the simple affections of human nature throbbing under the ermine. But James had learnt to be a poet before he was a king; he was schooled in adversity, and reared in the company of his own thoughts.

Monarchs have seldom time to parley with their hearts, or meditate their minds into poetry; and had James been brought up amidst the adulation and gayety of a court, we should never have had such a poem as the Quair.

"In his first Canto, he makes several allusions to his misfortunes, and his wearisome imprisonment. They are extremely natural and touching; and perhaps are rendered more touching by their simple brevity. They contrast finely with those elaborate and iterated complaints, which we sometimes meet in poetry, the effusions of morbid minds sickening under miseries of their own creating, and venting their bitterness on an unoffending world. James speaks of his privations with acute sensibility; but, having mentioned them, passes on, as if his manly mind disdained to brood over unavoidable calamities. When such a spirit breaks forth into complaint, we are aware how great must be the suffering that extorts the murmur. We sympathise with James, a romantic, active, and accomplished prince, cut off in the lustihood of youth, from all the enterprise and noble uses of life, as we do with Milton, alive to all the beauties of nature and glories of art, when he breathes forth brief but deep-toned lamentations over his perpetual blindness. From a passage in the first canto, we find, that the favourite book of James, while in prison, was Boetius' Consolations of Philosophy, a work popular among the writers of that day, and which had been translated by his great predecessor Chaucer. And, in deed, it would be difficult to find, out of the sacred writings, a more admirable text book for meditation under misfortune. It is the legacy of a noble and enduring spirit, purified by sorrow and suffering, bequeathing to all its successors in calamity, the stores of eloquent but simple reasoning, by which it was enabled to bear up against the various ills of life. It is a talisman which the unfortunate may treasure up in his bosom; or, like the good king James, lay it on his nightly pillow.

At what period of his duration he fell in love with the lady Jane, is uncertain; but from that moment, it is probable, he hung up philosophy, and became poetical. The description of his first seeing her is picturesque, and given with great beauty of detail; he was in the midst of one of his fits of lonely weariness, despairing, as he says, of all joy and remedy. For tired of thought, and wo-begone, he wandered to the window to watch the passers-by, and gaze out upon the world, the poor solace of the captive.

The window looked forth upon a small garden, which lay at the foot of the tower; it was a quiet sheltered spot, adorned with arbours and green alleys, and protected from the passing gaze, by trees and hawthorn hedges.

"Now was there made fast by the tower's wall,
A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wandes long and small,
Railed about, and so, with trees beset
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knot,
That lyf, was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espye.
"So thick the bevis, and the leves green,
Besaded all the alleys that there were,
And midst of every arbour might be seen,
The sharp, grene, sweet juniper,
Growing so far with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyp without,
The boughs did spread the arbour all about.
"And on the small green twistis sat
The lytel swete nyghtingales, and sung
So loud and clere, the hymns consecrate
Of Iuvis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the garden and the wallis rang
Ryght of their song.

It was in the month of May, when every thing was in its bloom. As he gazes on the scene, and listens to the notes of the birds, he gradually lapses into one of those tender and undefinable reveries that fill the youthful bosom in this delicious season. He wonders what this love may be of which he has so often read, and which thus seems breathed forth in the quickening breath of May, and melting all nature into ecstasy and song. If it really be so great a felicity, and if it be a boon thus generally dispensed to the most insignificant of beings, why is he alone cut off from its enjoyments?

"Oft would I think; O Lord, what may this be,
That love is of so noble myght and kynde,
Loving his folk, and such prosperitee
Is it of him, as we in bukis find:
"May he our hertes scetten and unbynd,
Hath he upon our hearts such maistrie,
Or is all this but feynit fantasye.
"For gift he be of so grete excellence,
That he of every wight hath care and charge;
What have I gyt to him, or done offense,
That I am thra'ld, and birdis go at large.

In the midst of his musings, as he cast his eyes downward, he beheld, he says, the fairest and the freshest young flower that ever he had seen, it was the beautiful Lady Jane, walking in the garden; she at once captivated the fancy of the romantic prince—became the object of his wishes—the sovereign of his ideal world. There is, in all this charming scene, a similarity to the early part of Chaucer's knight's tale, where Palamon and Arcite fall in love with Emilia, whom they see walking in the garden of their prison. But, perhaps, the very similarity of the fact to the poetical incident which he had read, may have induced James to have dwelt upon it in his poem. His description of the Lady Jane is more elaborate than Chaucer's of Emilia. He dwells, with the fondness of a lover, on every article of her apparel, even to the goodly chain of small orferyvere about her neck, whereby there hung a ruby in the shape of a heart, that seemed, he says, like a spark of fire burning upon her white bosom.

"In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
Bountie, riches, and womanly feature,
(God better wrote than my pen can report,)
Wisdom, largesse estate; and cunning sure,
In every part so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance.

"Whether this was really the manner in which James first saw the lady of his heart, or whether it was a more poetical fiction, it is fruitless to conjecture. Do not let us always distrust what is picturesque and romantic, as incompatible with real life; but sometimes take a poet at his word. I find I am insensibly swelling this story beyond my original intention, and must bring it to a close. James, though unfortunate in the general tenor of his life, was more happy in his love than is generally the lot of poets.

"When, at length, he was released from his tedious captivity, and restored to his crown, he married the Lady Jane, who made him a most tender and devoted wife. She was the faithful sharer of his joys and his troubles; and when, after a brief but memorable reign of thirteen years, he was barbarously murdered by his own relatives at Perth, she interposed her body to shield him from harm, and was repeatedly wounded by the sword of the assassin. It was the recollection of this romantic tale of former times, and of the golden little poem that had its birth-place in this tower, that made me visit the old pile with such lively interest. The suit of armour, richly gilt and embellished, as if to figure in the tourney, brought the image of the romantic prince vividly before my imagination. I paced the deserted chambers where he had composed his poem. I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen the Lady Jane. It was in the same genial month; every thing was bursting into vegetation, and budding forth the tender promise of the year. Time seems to have passed lightly over this little scene of poetry and love, and to have withheld his desolating hand. Several centuries have gone by, yet the garden still flourished at the foot of the tower. The arbours, it is true, have disappeared, yet the place is still sheltered, blooming, and retired. There is a charm about a spot that has once been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and hallowed by the inspirations of the poet, that is heightened, rather than impaired, by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to consecrate every place in which it moves; to breathe around nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose; and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning. Others may speak of the illustrious deeds of James as a warrior and a legislator, but I have delighted to view him as the benefactor of the human heart, stooping from his high estate to sow the sweet flowers of poetry and song in the paths of common life. He did all in his power to soften and refine the spirit of his countrymen. He wrote many poems which are

now lost to the world. He improved the national music; and traces of his tender and elegant taste may be found in those witching airs still piped among the wild mountains and lonely glens of Scotland. He has thus embalmed his memory in song, and floated it down to after ages in the rich streams of Scottish melody. All these things were kindling at my heart as I paced the silent scene of his imprisonment. I have visited Vaulchuse with as much enthusiasm as a pilgrim would visit the shrine at Loretto, but I never felt more poetical devotion than when contemplating the old tower, and the little garden at Windsor."

The style in which this is written may be taken as a fair specimen of Irving's more serious manner—it is, we think, very graceful—infinately more so than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writings of our day. There is a rich spirit of pensive elegance about the commencement, and every sentence that follows increases the effect. In some of the pieces of pure imaginative writing we have named above, the author strikes a deeper note, and with a no less masterly hand. He, too, has a strange power of mingling feelings of natural and visionary terror with those of a light and ludicrous kind—and the mode in which he uses this power is calculated to produce a very striking effect upon all that read with enthusiasm what is written with enthusiasm. He is one of the few whose privilege it is to make us "join trembling with our mirth."

As a specimen of his talent for writing in a more familiar style, and on more ordinary topics, we give the following passage from the same Number of the same work.

"THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

"There are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English country church. I was once passing a few weeks at the seat of a friend, who resided in the vicinity of one, the appearance of which particularly struck my fancy. It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which gave such a peculiar charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a country filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were encrusted with monuments of every age and style.—The light streamed through windows dimmed with armorial bearings, richly emblazoned in stained glass. In various parts of the church were tombs of knights, and high-

born dames, of gorgeous workmanship, with their effigies in coloured marble. On every side the eye was struck with some instance of aspiring mortality; some haughty memorial, which human pride had erected over its kindred dust in this temple, the most humble of all religions. The congregation was composed of the neighbouring people of rank, who sat in pews sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly gilded prayer-books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew doors. The villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats and a small gallery beside the organ, and the poor of the parish, who were ranged on benches in the aisles.

"The service was performed by a snuffing, well-fed vicar, who had a snug dwelling near the church. He was a privileged guest at all the tables of the neighbourhood, and had been the keenest fox-hunter in the country, until age, and good living, had disabled him from doing any thing more than ride to see the hounds throw off, and make one at the hunting dinner.

"Under the ministry of such a pastor, I found it impossible to get into the train of thought suitable to the time and place; so having, like many other feeble Christians, compromised with my conscience, by laying the sin of my own delinquency at the threshold of another, I occupied myself by making observations on my neighbours. I was as yet a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse, in the kindest manner, with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open, beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and engaging affability.— Their brothers were tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply, with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness.

"Their whole demeanour was easy and natural, with that lofty grace, and noble frankness, which bespeak free-born souls, that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority. There is a healthful hardness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns

and field sports, in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations, there was neither haughtiness on one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

"In contrast to these, was the family of a wealthy citizen, who had amassed a vast fortune, and, having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighbourhood, was endeavouring to assume all the style and dignity of an hereditary lord of the soil. The family always came to church *en prince*. They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness where a crest could possibly be placed. A fat coachman, in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curving over around his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses, either because they had got a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

"I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the church-yard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall. A great cracking of the whip, straining and scrambling of the horses, glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. This was the moment of triumph and vain glory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing about pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers, sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gazing in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

"There was an extraordinary hurry of the footmen to alight, open the door, pull down the steps, and prepare every thing for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen would first emerge his round red face from out the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on change, and shake the stock market with a nod. His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world. She had fine cloths, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children;

every thing was fine about her ; it was nothing but driving about and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel ; it was one long Lord Mayor's day.

" Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome ; but there was a supercilious air that chilled admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. They were ultra-fashionable in dress ; and though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amidst the simplicity of a country church. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an excursive glance around, that passed coldly over the lively faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies, which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

" I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricule, with two outriders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style.

" They kept entirely by themselves, eyeing every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability ; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase. They even moved artificially, for their bodies, in compliance with the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done every thing to accomplish them as men of fashion, but nature had denied them the nameless grace. They were vulgarly shaped, like men formed for the common purposes of life, and had that air of supercilious assumption which is never seen in the true gentleman.

" I have been rather minute in drawing the character of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country—the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied by true nobility of soul ; but I have remarked, in all countries where these artificial distinctions exist, the very highest classes are always the most courteous and unassuming. Those who are well assured of their own standing are least apt to trespass on that of others ; whereas nothing is so offensive as the aspiring of vulgarity, which thinks to elevate itself by humiliating

its neighbour. As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behaviour in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervour of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper ; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

" The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burthen of family-devotion upon himself, stood bolt upright, and uttered the responses with a loud voice that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and kinsmen, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty, who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the government party and religion, a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

" When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to shew them, that though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious ; as I have seen a turtle fed alderman publicly swallow a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it ' excellent food for the poor.'

" When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chattering with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound ; the villagers again hurried to right and left, the wheels threw up a cloud of dust, and the aspiring family was wrapt out of sight in a whirlwind."

Our limits prevent us from entering at present at greater length on the merits of Mr Irving ; but in our next Number we propose returning to him, and giving our readers some account of his largest and most masterly work, the History of New York by Diedrick Knickerbocker, a singular production of genius, the existence of which, we believe, almost entirely unknown on this side the Atlantic.

ON THE PROPOSED MONUMENT FOR LORD MELVILLE.

WE observe, with sincere pleasure, that the foundation stone of Lord Melville's Monument is to be laid early in the following month; and it is generally understood, that the PILLAR of TRAJAN is to be the model of the structure. Before these pages issue from the Press, its site will probably be chosen: and perhaps, therefore, the remarks which they contain, may be either unnecessary or too late to attain the object for which they are intended. Yet, as it is possible that these matters may not be finally decided on for some little time, and as it is at any rate of importance, that the principles which should regulate the choice of the situation of public edifices, should be generally understood, we shall make no apology for entering on the subject.

A more splendid and unexceptionable structure than the pillar of Trajan, could not be desired for any monument. It is its SITUATION which alone remains an object of doubt.

We have heard, that it is proposed by the Committee to erect it in the centre of Melville-street, at the point where it joins the street which runs northward from the middle of the Coat's Crescent;—and we know that ground for the purpose has been offered, with his wonted liberality, by the proprietor, Sir Patrick Walker. Being confident that the motives which led this gentleman to make this offer, were of the most disinterested kind; and that if it can be shewn, that the proposed edifice, as an object of public ornament, would be thrown away in that situation, he would be the first to relinquish the plan,—we address these observations as much to him as to the other distinguished persons who compose the Committee.

When an edifice, destined for public ornament, is to be erected, it is of the last importance that the situation should be in a *prominent* one, and as near as possible to the *centre of the metropolis*. Every body must be conscious that unless this is done, its beauty is in a great measure lost. Thousands, who never can be induced to go out of their way in search of what is admirable, are nevertheless impressed with its effect when it is brought be-

fore their eyes in a place of common resort: And if this applies to other edifices, most of all is it deserving of consideration in a monument to departed greatness, the very purpose of which is, not merely to testify our gratitude to the dead, but to serve as an incentive to the rising generation, to emulate the deeds by which their country has been ennobled. If such a building is buried in some obscure situation, its peculiar and distinctive objects are entirely sacrificed;—for it neither testifies to the world in general, the gratitude of those who raised it, nor is it likely to stimulate the unthinking multitude to acts of patriotic virtue. It is when it is placed in the public eye alone, and proudly brought forward, in the centre of common resort, that it becomes the worthy depository of a nation's gratitude, and the means of awakening the latent desire of distinction in the breast of some of those whom nature has gifted with the means of obtaining it.

Every nation, accordingly, has felt the truth of this observation. It was in the Roman Forum, and in the very centre of common resort, that that magnanimous people raised the temples which were to testify their gratitude to the gods, and the monuments which were to be the emblem of their admiration of man. When Titus returned from the conquest of Jerusalem, it was at the entrance of the Forum that his triumphal arch was raised; when Trajan brought the captives of Scythia and India to the Roman capital, it was in the centre of the adjoining Forum, which bears his name, that his glorious column was constructed: and even in the decay of the empire, when Constantine meditated the removal of the capital to the shores of the Euxine, he still placed his arch in the same vicinity, and gloried in covering with the monument of his trophies, part of that sacred way, where the triumphs of a thousand years had passed. It was round the Forum of Venice, and in the centre of universal gayety and concourse, that the Lion of St Mark was placed, and that the trophies of Constantinople, of Athens, and of Jerusalem, were accumulated by

the prowess of the Imperial Republic. No one understood better the influence of such monuments on the public mind, than Bonaparte; and accordingly, all his meditated triumphal edifices were assembled within a narrow space, in the most ornamental part of the city.

Nor is it less essential as a matter of mere beauty, and as conducive to public ornament *alone*, that ornamental edifices, of whatever description, should be brought as nearly as possible together, and placed in the most conspicuous place of the metropolis. In natural scenery, indeed, the eye of taste is delighted by the discovery of beauties lurking in some unseen spot; and frequently an impression is produced by such sequestered charms, which the same objects, placed in a conspicuous eminence, would be incapable of effecting. But this is wholly inapplicable to works of architectural ornament. Such edifices, when placed in a city at least, are felt to be unsuitable but for places of public resort.—Being the work of man, and the greatest triumph of human art, they are fitly placed in the scene of business, of festivity, and amusement. A feeling of disappointment is experienced when we find some beautiful edifice buried in an obscure situation, similar to what would be felt if a brilliant jewel, instead, of adorning the brow of grace and beauty, were to be buried under the folds, or concealed by the least ornamental part of her drapery.

Not only, too, are such ornamental edifices wholly lost, as a means of public ornament, when their situation is unhappily chosen, but their *individual beauty* is destroyed by the same circumstance. No one can have visited the various beautiful buildings which are buried in the smoke, or lost among the narrow streets of London, without having felt the force of this observation. Were these edifices brought into public view, and forced on the public eye as in the place Louis XV. of Paris, they would be esteemed not unworthy of the metropolis of England. And if we require a confirmation of so obvious a truth, we have only to go to the High Street of Edinburgh, where even the beautiful pillars of Athenian Doric lose their effect under the chilling influence of the surrounding buildings.

It is a matter, too, of the greatest moment, in arranging edifices for the present or future ornament of a city, to have them so combined as to form, if possible, *some one splendid whole*; the attractions of which may withdraw the attention from objects of subordinate or minor interest, and the magnificence of which may produce an indelible impression on the mind of the spectator. If any one be asked if Paris, or Venice, or Rome, be splendid cities, he will immediately answer in the affirmative; but if the recollection of these different capitals be more minutely examined, it will be found that it is the recollection of *some one glorious scene in them* which has fixed itself in the mind, and, by its brilliancy, communicated a splendid colouring to the whole city of which it forms a part. It is the place Louis XV. at Paris which recurs to the mind of the traveller when he thinks of that celebrated capital; it is the beauty of the gardens of the Thuilleries, of the bridges of the Seine, of the matchless colonnade, and other edifices, which are there assembled, which imprints so fine a character on the whole metropolis. It is the Piazza St Marco, which identifies itself with the recollection of the capital of Venice; and the mind, forgetting the narrow lanes and muddy canals of that singular city, dwells only on the gorgeous magnificence of its pillared scenery, and sees, even after the lapse of years, with all the intenseness of present enjoyment, the Moorish domes, and granite columns, and marble palaces, which give the air of enchantment to that unrivalled spot. It is the Roman forum which has imprinted itself on the memory of all who have visited that ancient capital; it is the venerable sight of the Capitol and the Colysium, the arch of Severus and the temple of Antonine, the palace of the Cæsars and the pillars of the senate-house, combined in one landscape, which banishes the recollection of all the deformities with which the modern city is filled. The magnificence of Genoa has, for centuries, been matter of proverbial remark; but those who are acquainted with that city know, that it is to the splendour of a few streets alone, where all the grandeur of the city is combined, that its proud appellation of *Genova la superba* has been owing.

The Irish justly pride themselves on the beauty of their metropolis; but it is, perhaps, as much to the fortunate combination of circumstances which have brought the Bank, the University, the Post-Office, the pillar of Nelson, and the Custom-House, so near to each other in the centre of this city, as to the elegance of these edifices themselves, that this effect is owing. No one has visited Athens without feeling the imposing effect which the combination of ruined magnificence on the Acropolis produces; an effect greater than any single edifice, however perfect, could possibly occasion; and, notwithstanding the stately buildings which adorn our own metropolis, it is certainly more to the happy nature of their situation, which bring them all into view at once from the Calton Hill, than to their intrinsic excellence, that its well known celebrity is to be ascribed.

Proceeding, therefore, on the principles which experience has proved to be well founded in other cities, it is of the utmost moment to combine, as much as possible, the ornamental edifices of Edinburgh into one centre; and to aid the natural effect of its situation, by assembling, into one view, all that the public spirit of its citizens can produce of the beautiful in architectural design. This object, momentous in every city, is more especially so in this, from the straggling form which the town is every day assuming, and the great width of all the new streets, which threatens, in a short time, to deprive it of the character of a populous and great metropolis.—There is no man of taste, who has ever seen the view from the Calton Hill, who has not lamented the wide gap which lies between the Old and New Town. And it is on this account that the new buildings on the North Bridge, though by no means unexceptionable in themselves, have been so often considered by men of the most approved judgment, as a decided improvement to the picturesque effect of the city. For the same reason, the proposed structure on the Mound, if done with taste, and not suffered to rise too high, will add greatly to its beauty. But with a view to correct this obvious defect, and concentrate, as much as possible, the effect of our ornamental edifices, it is absolutely necessary that those which are destin-

ed to the purpose of pure ornament should, as much as possible, be brought together. And if this be true in general, of none may it so truly be said as of the proposed Monument to Lord Melville, which is of a kind to form one of the most splendid objects in any combination of architectural scenery.

Now the proposed situation of this Monument, in the centre of Melville-street, though doubtless striking with reference to that *single street*, appears to be eminently defective with a view to the *general embellishment* of the city. It can never be seen from any of the principal streets in the New town, on account of the vast mass of St George's, which lies so directly in its front. Its summit will merely be discernible at a great distance, from the Calton hill. A few outside passengers, in the Mail coach going to Glasgow or Aberdeen, may get a glimpse of it as they drive past Melville-street or the Coats Crescent, but the inhabitants in general will have no opportunity of enjoying its beauties; and the strangers who visit our metropolis will, not improbably, in many instances at least, take their departure without knowing even of its existence. And thus, while the level and monotonous streets of the New Town are universally observed to require some elevated buildings to vary their outline, will one of the noblest pillars in the world be thrown away in a situation, where it is incapable of affording that relief, which, in its immediate neighbourhood, is so grievously required.

This is on the supposition that the proposed streets round Melville-street are all completed, and the town, in that quarter, entirely finished: but every body knows that this is very far from being likely; that the tendency of the city to extend in the direction of Leith Walk, has been long observed; and the proposed edifices on the Calton Hill, with the matchless advantages which the houses on its northern side will possess, must, in all probability, determine the propensity. If this be the case, the ultimate completion of Melville-street must be postponed, in the most favourable view, for a very long period. How unfortunate, then, would it be, if this noble Monument were to be placed in a situation where, during a great many years at least, it will be

surrounded only with rubbish, and mason's sheds, and stone quarries, amongst half-finished streets and empty houses? And yet, that such will be the case, is rendered highly probable by the difficulty which several proprietors in Melville-street, who wish to dispose of their houses, have, for many years past, experienced in finding purchasers.

The subscribers to this splendid undertaking will doubtless be anxious that the work, which they have promoted with such praise-worthy spirit, should be placed in some central and conspicuous spot, where it may testify, in a public manner, the gratitude and patriotic feeling of those who raised it. The friends of the eminent Statesman, whose departed worth it is intended to commemorate, and whose invaluable services in the navy have so long and universally been acknowledged, will look, with anxious hope, to the choice of a site where his monument is to be raised. How grievously will both be disappointed, if, in place of finding it in a proud and conspicuous situation, in the centre of that metropolis which gave him birth, they find it buried behind St George's church, and raising its graceful form in a situation where no eye of taste can see it, and no patriotic heart be warmed by the recollections which it should awaken!

These considerations are so obvious, that they must have forced themselves on every one's thoughts who has attended for a moment to the subject; and they would, we are persuaded, have led to the instant change of the proposed site, were it not that a difficulty is imagined to exist in finding a better. That this, however, is not the case, and that many situations, infinitely preferable to that we have mentioned, might be obtained, seems too obvious to admit of a doubt.

In the *first* place, a most noble and conspicuous situation might be obtained at the northern extremity of the Mound, on the spot where the Peristrepthic Panorama now stands. The advantages of this spot are obvious. Placed in the very centre of the metropolis, between the Old and New Town, in front of the most frequented terrace in the city, it combines the advantage of being proudly conspicuous, with that of forming a link between its almost-dis-

severed parts. To a stranger entering either from the east or the west, it would form the first object which would strike the eye, and in both would possess the inestimable advantage of having its whole outline displayed on the sky. It might be combined in the most beautiful manner with the edifices which are now in contemplation for that central situation. These edifices must consist of low buildings of one or two stories, with colonnades along their sides; and it is with buildings of *precisely the same description* that the column of Trajan was surmounted in that splendid forum, whose ruins still exist, to justify the admiration of ancient times. Whoever has visited this spot since the form of the forum was laid open by the excavations of the French; must have perceived, that the colonnades which surround the pillar bear a very close resemblance to those which it is proposed to construct on the Mound. It is no inconsiderable advantage, therefore, that by placing the Monument in this situation, it will not only be fixed in one of the most central points of the city, but may be combined with the very same edifices which the taste of antiquity had selected to enhance its beauties.

In the *second* place, a very fine situation might be obtained at the head of Leith Walk, at the junction of that street and Picardy Place. This situation combines the advantage of being conspicuous from Leith Walk, York Place, and the New London Road, with that of being placed in one of the most striking points and most frequented thoroughfares of the city. And the great width of the streets, in that vicinity, removes the danger of its being objected to, on account of the obstruction which it might afford to the passage of carriages.

In the *third* place, it might be placed at the eastern side of Charlotte Square, near the door leading into the garden from George Street. No one surely can doubt, that this splendid column, placed in that situation, would be a great addition to the magnificence of the square; and certainly in no other point could the subscribers hope to have it surrounded with so elegant and ornamental a pile of buildings. From George Street it would form an object worthy of its

great dimensions and princely air ; while, from every point round Edinburgh, it would afford an inestimable variety to the level surface of the New Town. And if it be objected, that the column would be sunk into insignificance by the mass of St George's rising immediately behind, the recollection of the obelisk in front of St Peter's, which preserves its altitude notwithstanding the colossal dome before which it stands, will immediately occur to the travelled observer.

In the *fourth* place, we understand that the governors of Heriot's Hospital have, with their usual liberality, offered ground for the site of this monument, immediately in front of the New Terrace, about to be constructed on the northern side of the Calton Hill. This situation certainly has many advantages. Independently of being placed in front of what will be by far the handsomest terrace in Edinburgh, and of being surrounded by beautiful public gardens, it will form a most prominent object on the great London road, which is forming on the northern side of the hill, and become a central point in the New Town, which is projected in that quarter. Nor is it perhaps to be entirely forgotten, that on this point, it would not only be conspicuous from the whole northern side of the town, but would form a leading object from the sea, where the sailors who have so liberally contributed to this work of art, may have an opportunity of contemplating the monument which their exertions have raised.

If none of these situations be selected, we conceive the pillar might be placed with great effect in the point where Frederick Street intersects George Street ; and perhaps there is no situation in which its effect could be more admirable. To those who recollect how great an improvement the portico of the Assembly Rooms made on the uniform line of this street, it is unnecessary to dwell on the advantages which this superb column would confer.

These are a few situations which have occurred to ourselves, as well fitted for the proposed edifice ; and we have no doubt, that on some of them the committee would have no difficulty in placing it. Any of them appears to be preferable to that which has been proposed in Melville Street, where it

neither could form an ornament to any approach of the city, nor combine with any of its finest features, or most striking scenes. And we most earnestly request the attention of the very distinguished gentlemen who compose the committee to this subject ; and from the knowledge which we have of the taste and judgment of many of them, we are sure that if they take it up with a right feeling and in good earnest, they will come to a determination, certainly satisfactory to their fellow-citizens.

Since the preceding pages were written, we have heard with mingled grief and astonishment, that the committee have, by a meeting on the 9th current, resolved on erecting the Monument at the end of Melville-street ; and that this was done both after the whole objections to its being placed in St Andrew's-square were *withdrawn* by those who had formerly made them, and in spite of a most vigorous and public spirited resistance on the part of many of the leading characters in our city.

That the centre of St Andrew-square is out of all doubt the most eligible situation that could be obtained, is too obvious for illustration ; and we have mentioned the preceding ones on the supposition of its being irretrievably lost. In common with all persons interested in the improvement of the metropolis, we deplored the narrow motives or utter want of taste which prompted the resistance which was formerly made to its being put in that admirable situation ; and in proportion to our former indignation, is our gratitude to the individuals who have now, from a sense of their error, come forward and abandoned it. It is a strong indication of the force of public sentiment, and of the progress which good feeling and right views have made amongst us ; for it is not to be forgotten, that to retract an error is a nobler measure than to abstain from it ; and that many men who would never have opposed a public improvement, have not sufficient magnanimity, when that opposition has been begun, to abandon it.

But in proportion to our gratitude for this public-spirited *amende honourable* on the part of the St Andrew-square proprietors, is our grief for the want of taste or momentary predominance of sullen feeling, with which this offer has now been *refused*. That

the members of the naval committee should feel no inclination to promote the ornament of a square, from the proprietors of which they have formerly received such ill treatment, we can easily understand; and we readily and fully enter into their wish, to be guided by their own judgment, in selecting the site of an edifice towards the construction of which they have principally contributed. But we cannot understand, why, in the prosecution of this feeling, they should *defeat their own objects*, and deliberately sacrifice *for ever*, the noble Monument, to which they have so essentially contributed, to the gratification of momentary ill-humour. Let them recollect that, while they think they are making others feel the effects of their resentment, they are in fact *punishing themselves and the whole contributors, with whose interests they are entrusted*; and that centuries after the petty squabbles about St Andrew-square are buried in the oblivion they deserve, the succeeding generations of our country will continue to lament the unfortunate situation in which, from that circumstance, they have buried one of its finest ornaments. Let them recollect, too, that the fame of Lord Melville is destined to survive all momentary or party dissensions; and that they will ill discharge their duty, as the erectors of a Monument to his memory, if they suffer themselves to be guided by any consideration less permanent than those with which posterity will regard his patriotic services.

We cannot anticipate, however, that this hasty and ill-advised resolution of the committee will be adhered to. Between this and the 1st of April, when the foundation of the Monument is to be laid, we ardently hope that the matter will be reconsidered, and an opportunity taken of collecting the opinions of men of taste on the situation which should be adopted. We are induced to trust in this, from the good sense and gentleman-like feeling of the members of this committee, when their cool judgment is permitted to operate. And if they can discover a single person, versed in the fine arts, and alive to the beauties of architecture, unconnected with the squabbles which have occurred in regard to this

edifice, who will support the proposed situation, we shall willingly give up our own opinion.

Should it however happen, contrary to our hopes and expectations, that this situation is finally adopted, we anticipate one good effect from the measure. When Lord Nelson's fleet was bearing down upon the French, in the bay of Aboukir, the grounding of the Culloden, though it disabled that vessel, with its gallant captain, from bearing a part in that glorious victory, was yet attended with this beneficial effect, that it served as a beacon for the succeeding vessels, to avoid the track which had proved so dangerous. Deplorably, indeed, as all the objects of this Monument will be sacrificed if this situation be adhered to: grievously as the expectations of all the friends and admirers of Lord Melville will be disappointed, when they discover the obscure site which has been chosen for his Monument; yet this good effect may be anticipated towards our metropolis, that, from the excess of the public regret at this circumstance, we may obtain some security that similar errors in future will not be committed; and that, if monuments to other great men shall ever be erected, *they* will obtain those conspicuous and prominent situations to one of which *he* was so fully entitled. And, with a view to the future embellishment of our city, we earnestly hope, that the promoters of all those great and public undertakings which are in contemplation amongst us, will take care, that the persons who are entrusted with their management, are those who are capable of appreciating the merits of architectural design; that they will recollect, that because a man may be a gallant admiral, or a great landholder, it does by no means follow, that he should have the smallest knowledge of subjects of taste; and, that the only means of directing the public spirit of the country to beneficial or splendid purposes, is, to be guided in the choice of situations and designs by persons who have devoted their talents to such subjects, and learned from an acquaintance with foreign countries, the principles on which the embellishment of our own must depend.

HORE SCOTICÆ.

No I.

The Bondspiell of Closeburn and Lochmaben.

THE Seasons have their peculiar and appropriate recommendations, even to boyhood. The bird nests of Spring—the fishing excursions of Summer—the nutting holidays of Harvest—and the ice and snow amusements of Winter—present a continuous play, of four acts, in which boyhood is no idle spectator. How frequently, when the green leaf began to freshen over the saugh, and the hazel, and the goose-berry bush—whilst yet the oak and the ash retained their winter nakedness—have I sallied forth, of a Saturday afternoon, in quest of discoveries—to me as interesting and important as any which a Park or a Humboldt could make; and rushing through thickets, and over briar, and bramble, have detected the very first rudiments of the future nest. How often, when the three or four little blue or spotted eggs, gave all their delightful reality to my view—have I reasoned with as much accuracy, from the effects visible to the cause invisible, as if I had actually caught the parent bird in the attitude of incubation. I have peeped through the separated branches of the hawthorn—at the merled neck, and smooth breast of the Maivis, as she continued to eye me steadily, or slipt with noiseless wing from my view, only to linger on an adjoining twig, till my departure. Over the clay-lined nest of the Blackbird, I have watched, till the dam became stupified with staring—suffering me to pass my hand gently along the sooty softness of her back. I have caught the little Wren in its cabin, and felt its impotent, but valorous nibble, as it bumped with its whole littleness against the hollow of my hand. The cleughs, and the cliffs, and the precipices, I have scaled and searched in quest of fiercer natures—of the Corbie, the Glede, and the Hawk; and have carried off in my hat, under the curses of parental affection, their screaming and struggling young. The Crow, and the Pyet, could not elude my search, though the one selected the most extreme branch of the loftiest fir-tree, and the other nestled amidst a munition of thorns. Over the heathy-fell I have coursed, in pursuit of the *Whaup* and the *Pease-weep*, foolishly imagining, that whilst

the latter dashed down upon me with sidelong wing, and the other made use of her feet “*right ntmbly*,” in eluding my search, the discovery I was aiming at, would soon be made. The young of the Partridge, too, I have started, whilst the shell yet adhered to their extremities, and have pursued, in much simplicity, the seemingly broken winged and limping mother. In Summer, I have fished, as you already know, up Glenwhargan—in Harvest, I have gathered nuts from the scrogs of *Tynron*—and in winter, I have played, as I did only a few days ago, at “*Curling*.”

Into this train of feeling I have been insensibly led, by the late rapid transition, from all the severe magnificence of a winter storm, to the freshness and exhilarating promise of a relenting, and almost reviving atmosphere. I do not remember any occasion, on which the powerful influence of a thaw wind was more marked. On the evening immediately preceding the change, the frost continued unusually severe, and the wind which, towards dusk, began to set in westerly, brought along with it, over mountain and plain, a penetrating and even suffocating *yird-drift*. A rich, and as yet unstained drapery, hung suspended from the rock,—and the ever-shifting wreath fashioned itself under the shelter, into varying edgings and ridges. The new moon was descending in silent dimness, looking down mildly and chastely upon the departing sun. There was not as yet the slightest approximation to thaw. During the night, however, it suddenly freshened, and blew in fits and gusts, a perfect hurricane, and on the following morning, the melted snow came down in torrents,—the icebergs sounding like discharges of artillery; the vale which had but yesterday acknowledged the broom and the cheer of the Curler, now presented one scene of noisy devastation. On the day following the pale and sickly wheat peeped forth under the softening air,—the half famished sheep began to seek, in painful alacrity, the green pasture,—whilst the *weather*-side of every little eminence looked fresh and inviting. In fact, the revolution of two suns, had conveyed us from the

depths of winter, to the very threshold of spring,—to call those elastic feelings which precede, as well as accompany this endearing season.

But—

“ Claudite jam rivos pueri sat prata bibe-
runt.”—

I am in danger of overlooking in these beatitudes, my original purpose of giving you some account of a match at Curling.

And where can one, after all, find a scene so impressive to a mind open to the suggestions of nature, as that with which the Curler is, of necessity, conversant. Whether he lift his eye to the mountain over which a mantle of snow reposes in folds of marble, and from the brow and over the ravines of which it edges forth into festoons of the most perfect gracefulness,—whether he survey the vale around him, crisped by the frost, and sprinkled all over with diamonds,—whether the trees of the neighbourhood attract his notice, presenting their tasselled fringes under the aspect of laburnums in blossom; under all and each of these suppositions, the Curler is placed in circumstances the most favourable to strong emotions—to that swell and buoyancy of spirit with which nature, in her more striking attitudes, is sure to visit her worshippers. *Fishing* is, indeed, a most bewitching amusement, and it would be something approaching to sacrilege in me to under-rate its claims,—but *Curling* is, undoubtedly, the more *manly*, and by far the more *social* of the two. In the former case, one must be alone to enjoy the sport in perfection. There must not be a fishing-rod within sight, behind or in advance, to accelerate or to retard. The Angler must converse with still life—with the streams and the pools,—with his lines and his hooks;—while his soul sinks into the quietness of thoughtlessness, or whilst it palpitates under anticipated or realized success, the Ox will graze, the Ewe nibble, and the Raven croak unobserved around him. Even “*Thought*” itself will not unfrequently become teasing, and he will fall insensibly into the entanglements of some meaningless *Catch*, which will be repeated again and again, till his very soul

become jaded with inanity. The triumph, too, over his victim, is not of the most manly description possible, as it is founded in cunning, and accomplished in deceit,—a triumph over a victim equally incapable of resistance, and in *muirland* streams at least, unconscious of danger. In the case of *Curling*, man is leagued with and opposed to man. It is most essentially social. And whilst it calls into action strength and muscular exertion—whilst it presupposes skill and address, it invigorates the body and braces the mind. What has been beautifully, because justly said of a more serious predicament, is exhibited literally on a *Rink*. “There the rich and the poor meet together, and the servant is free from his master.” This is indeed the Saturnalia of Scotland. There is no amusement, perhaps, more strictly Scottish, as it tends directly to foster that proud reliance on *self*—which, whilst it aims to secure success in a game, ensures national independence, and ennobles, and protects the throne itself. To govern Slaves is a miserable boast—the Dey of Algiers may share it—but to reign in the hearts of a free and a high-spirited people is, perhaps, the allotment of only “*One Individual*” under heaven. No wonder then that this game should prevail so generally in Scotland. But “*latet dolus in generalibus*,” it may be as well now to present you with a “*Match*” denominated a “*Bonspiel*”* of this description (cujus, *purs*, quanquam non magna fui,) which was played only a few days ago, in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben.

My old and excellent friend, the Bard of Ettrick, having, as was perhaps, somewhat rashly surmised a matrimonial arrangement on hand, accompanied me on my southron tour. The inaccessible and impassible of wreath, and glen, and mountain which we *surmounted*, and the breath we expended, and the nerve and sinew we strained almost to collapse, it would be out of place to circumscribe here. Consider us then as having advanced two days on our pedestrian march—as having paid our respects to the gill-stoup at Lamington—as having renewed our libations in Leadhills, at the “*Hope-toun Arms*”—and as having, at last

* Probably bond—or bonded spiel.—Vide Jamieson.

gained, from the *Lauther* heights,* an extensive view of the plain below,—of the far-stretching dale of Nith, and of the “Solway” on the extreme distance. Then you must proceed to fancy the Shepherd, stuck up here all at once in the attitude of delighted amazement, perfectly stiff and motionless, as a pointer dog at a dead set; and after you have gone so far with the eyes, it will be necessary that you make use of the ears of your imagination—

“*βιλασση βιλασση*”

as sure as day these *are*, or at least seem to be, the sounds which, in all the accompaniment of doric accent, and “*os rotundum*” have just escaped from the lips, or rather from the “*palate*” of our entranced poet. Can it be possible—is the age of Balaam restored—or has the spirit of Apostolic inspiration visited our bard—and is he about to woo his “*Chloe*,” in the language of the Greek, the Mede, and the Elemite! I should sooner have expected to meet with dulness in the writings of my friend Morris, or ideality in the cranium of common-place Terrot, than to have heard the exclamation of the “ten thousand” applied by my fellow traveller, to the *Solway Frith*. Upon further investigation, however, which, in the present excited state of the poet’s mind, was no easy task, I discovered, not directly indeed, but by implication, that an *Object*, not quite so remote nor so formidable as the “Solway,” had called forth the exclamation—

“The Lassie—The Lassie!”†

which my too classic ear had accepted as genuine Greek. Should future ages, as is by no means unlikely, entertain any doubt about the important question of our bard’s passion, or respecting the quarter in the compass to which the needle of his affections pointed, I trust the incident I have now faithfully and circumstantially recorded, may be found to throw considerable light upon the subject.

When we descended into the vale of Nith, we found our Friends in ‡ Closeburn, girding up their loins, and sounding through all their curling population the note of contest. A challenge, couched in terms which they seemed to consider as somewhat arrogant, had reached them, from the Burgh of Lochmaben. “Old Marjory o’ the mony Lochs,” as the bard of Coila has designed her, had taken it into her head to consider herself as a match for the redoubtable Closeburnians, and had resolved “to take the Lion by the beard.” The sons of the *Nith*, on the other hand, held those of the *Annan* in no very great estimation, and whispered something rather contemptuously about “bits o’ Lochmaben bodies.” “Let not him, however, who putteth *on*, boast himself as he who putteth *off* his armour.” The propriety of this cautionary adage will be seen in the sequel.

It was at last agreed upon, after some hesitation (which, if my surmises be well founded, was not to be wondered at,) on the part of Hogg, that, being old Closeburnians, we should on this occasion take a share in her interests;—and accordingly, we cavalcaded off next morning, for the scene of action. Here again we must travel post, in a cart, on horseback, or on § “Shank’s Nagie,” the best way we can, till we reach the stipulated Rendezvous. As we approached the Loch a little before ten o’clock, A. M. we could gather, from manifold impressions traced out by the finger of our already advanced adversary, upon the snow, that we were “too late,” that we must “push on,” and that we must “keep our hearts up.” We had neither time nor inclination, upon our arrival at the ice, to contemplate the features of the scenery around us; even the ancient Hall of Bruce, with its accompaniments of broken turret, deep ravine, and venerable forest trees, lay immediately under our eye, unap-

* High hills overlooking, from the North, the dale of *Nith*. Here those unfortunate individuals who are debarred, on the score of “suicide,” from the Cameronian communion table, repose, betwixt two counties in peace.—Vide Hogg’s Jacobite Relics.

† Though this may be doubted—

“Love *suckles* like the Solway, and *eels* like its tide.”—BURNS.

‡ This parish, in addition to its classical, has long been noted for its curling acquirements.—*Ed.*

§ N. B. This is not a velocipede, but a two legged movement, such probably as was made use of by the Prophet of Bethel, “And he said unto his sons, Saddle *ME* the Ass; and they saddled *him*.” 1 Kings xiii. 13.

preciated, and almost, I believe, unobserved. The bustle of arrival, the sweeping of Rinks, the essaying of stones, the arranging of players, gave place in the course of a half-hour to more serious matters;—and the whole mass of combatants, consisting of *eighteen* on each side, filed off into three *Rinks* of twelve each. 'As it was my good fortune to occupy the fourth, no very honourable place, on the same Rink where my friend the Poet presided, in the more honourable office of "*Last stone*," my observations during the game were of consequence very much confined to the scene in which I was more immediately interested. Our Arch-opponent appeared, in the person of a lank, thin-chafed, hard-featured gentleman, whom we soon learned to designate by the title of "Laird Elshie,"—which appellation being neither more nor less than an abbreviation of "*Elshieshiels*," an estate of which he was proprietor in the neighbourhood. He came upon the ice with a long-shafted broom reposing on his shoulder, and with a pair of most grating and ruinous ice-shoes under his feet. It was evident, at once, in what light both parties were to regard him. At this early stage of the contest, and ere a single game-stone had been played, an incident occurred, which, as it served to discover character, I may as well mention. So soon as the title of our poet's Arch enemy was announced, and there could be no longer any doubt that this was the identical Laird Elshie, *in propria persona*, I could observe Hogg's eyes fastening upon him with somewhat of a scrutinizing and dissatisfied look. This regard gradually deepened into something more ominous, his eyebrows, his lips, and the whole breadth of his countenance assuming an expression, at last, of serious displeasure. "And, so says he,—bringing up the full strength of his iron features into the ruffles of the Laird's shirt, his breath bursting from his mouth the while, like smoke from that of a mortar,—and so ye're the Laird o' Elshieshiels, a descendant, nae doubt, of that bluidy monster whase memory, like his sinfu' carcase, has lang' been rotten. I'll tell you, my man, Elshie, if it war nae for spoiling a guid day's sport, which I hae nae will to do, fient hae me gin I wad thrava a stane

this day, forenent ye. Did ye ever hear your auld Daddy's epitaph? I can repeat it t' ye, in spite o' the half-mutchkin some of your bonny ancestors gied to the drunken mason to big it up in the wa's o' the aul' kirk yonder.

' Here lies the Laird o' Elshieshiels,
' Wha left Lochmaben's pleasant fiels',
' An' a' its lochs, an' a' its eels,
' An's gude to dwell wi' horned diels—
' Guid Lord preserve us !'

"Did ye ever hear that, man?"—"Bravo, Donald MacDonald!" said a voice which had now sounded for the first time in my ear; "Bravo, my firm-hearted auld Cock; ye're o'er near 'Bodsbeck' here to forget the 'aul' times; mony a day I hae tap-pieced and heeled your aul' shoon, but gin ye wad come *in* by Croal-chapel now, ye should na want the best pair o' new anes the aul' horny fingers could *seam*." The Laird looked, as if in doubt whether to continue the colloquy, or to appeal at once to the shaft of his besom; and there had been, doubtless, as warm work *here*, as, in some of the Meetings of the "*Magnanimi Heroes*," had not the *Minister of the Parish*—"nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus!"—a peacemaker, not less by nature than by profession, and one of the kindest hearts that ever beat to the tune of shrewd sense and good fellowship, advanced his jolly presence into the dispute, and, with a whisper in the ear of the Poet, and a slap on the shoulder of the Laird, soon brought things back again to an amicable bearing. It turned out, in fact, that the covenanting zeal of the shepherd was a little misplaced, as the half-stupified object of his spleen, whilst he inherited the *title*, shared only, in the line of affinity, the *disgrace* of his supposed ancestor.

Matters being thus adjusted, to it we went in good earnest, six to six, two stones a-piece, with a blessed sun over our heads, and under our feet the most admirable ice imaginable. The "Old Sutor," with his two large granites, which he called his "*grey hens*," made an excellent lead; and Hogg, with his brawny arm and peerless skill, came up, last stone, like Jehu. The Minister looked on, with the balance in his hand, "*our Jupiter Maximus*," weighing the fates. To a spectator, doubtless, even the general aspect of the loch must have

been striking. Here a fat round oily Bailie, with his beetle legs and bald head, lay flat upon the ice, eyeing up his stone, and writhing from side to side, as if in the act of determining its direction. There a tall scare-crow baird, with one leg up, and both arms extended, standing on tiptoe, in the attitude of an ostrich flying, screaming himself into downright hoarseness—"Sweep, sweep! why don't ye sweep?—It will do a' the thing—it will do a' the thing!—Let it alane, I tell ye—let it alane!—if ye had na meddled wi't, it wad ha'e been a' the shot!" &c. &c.—But I am speaking to you in parables; and in order that you may be interested in my very interesting narrative, you must be initiated in the Technicalities of the game.

I cannot give your civic apprehension a better notion of it than by saying, that it is conducted precisely upon the same principles with "*Bowls*;" each player endeavouring to possess himself of a birth near the *Tee*, or to dispossess his adversary of an advantageous position. The *lead*, or first stone, is always, except on very *drug* ice, expected to lie short, a few feet of the *Tee*, and to be *guarded*, if possible, by the same player's succeeding stone. When the middle of the ice is thus closed up against the enemy, he must either *break up guards*, in order to reach the *Winner*, or by a side-shot, with the view of *bringing up*, by means of what is termed an *in-wick*, his next stone, immediately behind the winner,—thus possess himself of the shot. At one time you are requested, by your love of the game, to play *Tee-high*, a *drawn shot*. Again, your admonition is, to play *slow*, to *risk a Hog*.* Now an *Egg* is to be broken, you must *put this stone a yard*, you must *chop* and *guard*. Again, you are directed to *let this travee, see the end of the loch*, to *gie it the weight of your arm*. Anon a *Port* is to be taken, and you must come up "*inter Syllum et Charibdim*." Again, you are warned not to *sell your*

stone, and should the *Winner* be only half-covered, you are instructed to *take what you see of it*. The person who plays the last stone has in general the *lead* in the direction; and there is no office in which more quickness of eye and tact in apprehension are requisite—not only in reference to the object which it is necessary to attempt, but still more, perhaps, in respect of the skill and prowess of the different Players. To make a man *strike*, for example, who can scarcely play *Tee-high*, however desirable in the circumstances of the game, would only be making *bad worse*; and to make another *guard upon an enemy's stone*, who would be apt, from rashness, to drive it shot, would be equally inexpedient. "A *Director* on a rink is a General in battle, who will not send a parcel of *Germans* to do the work of the 71st or 42d. Every player is armed with a broom, which he lays down before, or holds suspended over, the advancing stone, according as circumstances may suit.

But—

"See where *Norah* with the *basket* comes!"

the Minister's Lass is advancing, and I am glad of it, both on your account, Mr North, and on my own; on yours, because she puts an end to this chapter of "*Technicalities*;" on my own, because she brings under her arm a basket filled with bread, cheese, and with a suitable accompaniment of bottle-store. The good Parson himself officiating now in the capacity of *Ganymede*, we, shall I say, *eat our ambrosia*,† and drink our nectar, with a keenness of relish of which your musty corporeal appetite can have no perception.

It was my misfortune to meet in my immediate opponent, an out-kneed, five o'clock, left handed *Taylor*—such epithets are quite Homeric!—whose stones seemed to move into their places by instinct, often too, by means of a kind of rotatory motion, which this Hero of the goose communicated to them in the setting off, passing them up a port or across a bias with

* A *score* is drawn across the rink, about six yards short of the *Tee*, which, in Dumfriesshire, and in the western counties, is called a *hog-score*, and in Fife, a *collie*. Stones short of this do not count, and are immediately pushed off the rink.

† I heard lately a very learned dispute about "*Ambrosia*." The company were divided in opinion respecting the manner in which the Celestials made use of this food; whether, in short, they bolted it, as a Yorkshireman does pork, or *sipped* it with spoons? Might not our worthy friend, the secretary, obtain the decision of the "*Speculative*" on this point?

the greatest ease imaginable. The squint of this fellow, for he possessed this in addition to his other eccentric accomplishments, was to me quite intolerable. And if his looks were repulsive, his laugh was not less so, bursting out from time to time in the most savage screams. I really believe I could have seen him, had it not been for spoiling the ice, *sunk*. One advantage I gained over him; and as it was my only one, my organ of Self-esteem, No 10, will not suffer me to overlook it. And thus it was, our opponents lay *shot*, guarded, and barricaded in a most teasing manner. To break up the guards under our circumstances, was impossible; and, after much deliberation, I was directed to play a *side shot*, to *save*. So soon, however, as the eagle eye of Hogg caught the angle, at which my stone lay in respect of the *Tee*, he sprang forward, with something betwixt a scream and a laugh, admonishing me, that the *End* might yet be taken in such a way; that at the Town-Council o' Lochmaben, wi' the Laird at their back, wadna recover it. "Come cannily down," said he, "just a tee length shot, nae mair, in-wick your ain stane, and trust to my besom for the rest. Down I came to be sure, and for once, at least, according to direction, in-wicked my own stone,—and whirling about like a school-boy's top, settled fairly on the centre of the ring. Had you seen my look of self-complacency, as I advanced up the rink, and, in the face of my applauding friends, inquired with the most affected simplicity imaginable, "If I had done any good?"—you would have envied me, my feelings. "Good," says Hogg, grasping my hand like a Smith's vice, "Good! to be sure, ye hae taen the en' man, an' what is mair, we'll keep it too, in spite o' a' the *Thieves*,—I mean," added he, looking rather archly into the face of the Bailie,—*Curlers* in Annandale.

To make a long story short, never was a game more keenly contested. We were *fifteen, twenty-seven, thirty, all*, and our opponents were lying the game *shot*, under circumstances which left no hope of our success. Hogg had only increased our embarrassment by his first stone,

and he stood over the last in suspense what to attempt. Nothing could exceed the silent expression of triumph which pervaded the widening cheeks of the worthy Lochmabeners, as they looked first at the shot, then at the defence, and last of all at the seemingly total inefficiency of Hogg. Some small wit, too, was floating in an under-current, and our Champion was advised by the Laird "to hog it." "A-weel," says the shepherd, "hog or no hog, hap-weel rap-weel, I'll be down amang ye, sae tak tent to your *taes* there." Upon which, spreading himself out into all his breadth, and fastening his *Cramps* into the ice with a most ponderous *dash*, and pouring all the pith of his nervous arm and shoulder into the *Message*, down it came full roar upon the Laird's last guard, fairly upset, and after a semi-circular revolution of a few yards, righted, and finally settled "*shot*." All this was the work of an instant, "dicto citius," and never was a feat in which madam Fortune had at least, as the Taylor afterwards observed, 7-8ths of the merit, crowned with so much applause. I am certain the very Eels were amazed. But "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The stone with which our bard's messenger had conversed, having, according to certain laws, nobody remembers how long ago *passed*, just received as much impulse as the other had lost, set off in a tangent, and, in the most uncereemonious manner imaginable, tripped up the Laird's heels. "My certie, lad, ye'll learn to ken a *Hog* the neist time ye come to the ice," said the exulting shepherd, as he eagerly assisted in reinstating the Laird on his legs. Suffice it at present to add, what nothing but the most determined adherence to truth could induce me to do, that, notwithstanding this partial success, the "*Spiel*" was lost, on the side of Closeburn, by ONE SHOT!

I should now proceed to give you some account of our "evening recreations;" but, as my eyes are half-shut, I shall reserve this "in alteram horam," In the meantime, I remain yours truly, PETER MACFINN.

Helmorran Manse,
10th Feb. 1820.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

THE LATE KING.

THE prejudice which fixes our regard upon the fortunes of worldly grandeur, is deeply rooted in our nature; and if it will not bear the chilling scrutiny of metaphysics, stands impregnable in the strong-holds of the heart. The affections—at least so far as they are expanded upon objects of a public nature,—look upward by an inborn direction, which no philosophy can control; and if they are not repelled by the lowering and unkindly aspect of their idol, they will gather round, and concentrate upon it their brightest rays. The mere glitter which invests the summits of society, is sufficient, of itself, to attract and detain the common eye—the enchantments which play around the unexplored elevations of earthly grandeur, are omnipotent alike over the humble and the more pretending vulgar;—and while they chain down the spirit of the one in stupid wonder and amazement, exhaust the fluttering activity of the other in servile and senseless imitation. The spectacle of great power and exalted station, will at all times exert a mastery over the feelings of the great mass of mankind; and while the philosopher will respect the bias with which it is vain to contend, he will endeavour to give it a wise and a wholesome direction, by exacting from the objects of popular idolatry that energy of virtue, and purity of example, to which their stations imperiously call them, and which, when they are realized, render the prejudice that invests grandeur with admiration, the fountain of the best and most precious blessings which can be diffused over society.

There is nothing indeed, which the imagination of man can conceive, at once more august and attractive, than the spectacle of a virtuous monarch, filling, not in name, but in fact, the parental relation to a faithful people, and acknowledged with deep and universal homage, as the Father of his country. The majesty, which in such a case is inseparable from the conception of the character, fills every channel through which the gentler feelings of the heart take their course, and expands every generous emotion to its own fulness and magnificence. There is no good man, born and edu-

cated under a constitutional monarchy, to whom the very idea of his lawful Prince, does not bring with it a thousand associations of deep and generous enthusiasm,—of heartfelt respect, of firm attachment, of boundless fidelity; and when to these natural sentiments, which are the offspring of habit and of feeling, rather than of reflection, are added the qualities which the judgment unites with the heart in approving—the image, to which the public devotion may rationally as well as naturally be paid, is complete. When the errors of education, the seductions of flattery, the malignant influence of power, the fascinating prospects of ambition have all been suffered, experienced, and resisted, and the Prince comes forth from the terrible ordeal untainted; when he issues from the dense atmosphere of the court, beaming with every virtue which, in the humblest citizen, would command affection and esteem, we are compelled to recognise in the royal prodigy, the depth and soundness of a heart, of which no inferior condition could attest the existence, or develope the value.

At the moment we are committing to paper these hasty and imperfect reflections, our city is putting on a solemn aspect of mourning for our departed Monarch, the suitable emblem of the inward emotions which have already filled every loyal bosom. The various sounds issuing in alternate sadness from her lofty spires and rock-built fortress announce that the hour approaches which is to consign his mortal remains to the dust; the reign of more than half a century is closed; the majesty of Britain, under the guardianship of which the far greater part of the present generation saw the light, has partaken the fate from which no earthly grandeur is exempted. Our venerable monarch, after guiding, throughout a long and troubled period, the destinies of a mighty people, has paid the last sad debt of nature, and is severed for ever from our anxieties and our hopes. But he never can be severed from our profound and grateful remembrance—there he lies embalmed in the immortal freshness of his virtue—there his image is preserved imperishable—and realizes

a fonder and finer communication than the proudest ambition can hope from the most splendid historic monument to its fame.

It is far from our intention to descend to the compilation of the various anecdotes of his late Majesty, many of them very trivial, and almost all of them without any stamp of authenticity, which the periodical press, in its venal fever of activity, has so profusely obtruded upon public notice. The public character of George III. is written in the annals of the country; his private virtues in the affection and reverence of his people. And so deep is this affection, that, although his descent to the grave was long preceded by the darkest of human calamities, which hung like a cloud over his declining years—although the moral separation betwixt himself and his people had long been completed in the mysterious dispensation of Providence—although there was nothing upon which their eyes could fix but the majestic pile which enclosed the royal sufferer, or to which their hearts could turn but the shadow of a name,—was there an interest more solemn and touching, if not more intense, that clung to his fate, than if he had been snatched from us in all the pride of youth, and had fallen at once from his meridian greatness. It is the privilege of virtue that affliction only dignifies and consecrates it. The long continued suffering of the late King only saddened and solemnized the impatient sympathy with which its first access was universally regarded.

The most considerate retrospect of the public character of George III. will make no one blush for the feelings with which his individual fortunes were contemplated by his people.—What vicissitudes of storm and sunshine chequered the long reign now terminated! What a wide expanse of light and shade does its history present! Yet in every alternation of the public fortunes, we find the Monarch maintaining a dignified consistency of character—faithful at once to the majesty of his throne, and resolute in sustaining the high hopes and the best interests of his people. The course through which he was fated to pass was untrodden before by an English Prince; the annals of the country, or of the species, would have been consulted in vain for intelligence of the

dark and devious track through which the state was to be whirled amid the commotions of the world. George III. it is well known, was not a puppet in the hands of any administration—nor was he carried passively round the circle of public policy, without the constitutional exercise of his own presiding will. His spirit mingled with the current of affairs, and his image is impressed upon the history of his reign. What a history this is, and what a magnificent volume of instruction and example it will afford to the latest posterity! The very species appears to have grown in magnitude, in the progression of half a century—the mind of man has burst from its prison of ages—the power of intellect has started into existence with the terrible and volcanic energies that denote the instant of creation. What are all the maxims recorded in the old digest of policy? What! the mere physical collisions which broke at intervals the slumbers of the European states—ceased without leaving a trace of their almost innocuous rage, and now serve only to variegate the dead level of history—compared with the exploits performed by the Herculean infancy of *opinion*? The wave has been impelled over the surface of society to recede no more, and the reign of George III. has been rendered for ever memorable by the most terrible and majestic phenomenon of the moral world. In the novel and appalling trials to which the royal fortitude was put, the Monarch uniformly acquitted himself so as to command the confidence of his people. His spirit was bound up with their genius and character—he was himself a profound revere of the national institutions—and, in the stern virtue with which he resolved their defence, the nation saw the pledge of its own security and glory.

It is in this point of view—the most interesting and important surely—that it appears to us, the public character of the late Monarch ought chiefly to be studied and appreciated. We should scorn to try the merits of a British Prince by the loose and paltry scale of a gang of modern philosophers—or to put his deep and solid virtues into their false balance. We shall not inquire whether his views of public policy were expansive and enlarged to that capacity which admits all opinions with profligate indifference—

whether he had the liberality to sneer in private at the honest prejudices of his people, to which he outwardly professed a politic regard—or, whether he could return from performing his solemn mockery before the altars of his country's religion, to revel in free and

principles by which Toryism was for ever overthrown, and who of all men upon earth, had the most powerful motives for abjuring it, was suspected of a fantastic bias in favour of this longextinguished political superstition. The choice of a minister, who was added to him by ties which

highest praise of George III. was truly a British Monarch in his whole feelings, principles, and habits—and while it may be justly affirmed of him, that, by example as well as by policy, he was the great patron of all that is most generous, solid, and characteristic of his people, his memory can lose nothing by the reproaches of those whose applause it would be infamy to deserve. They may sneer at the tameness of character superinduced by the regular practice of the domestic virtues—at the mediocrity of understanding indicated to their depraved natures by the solemn submission of spirit to the duties of religion—they may smile at the manly and vigorous rusticity which it was the pride of the Monarch to restore by his example, and which was most valued in England's best and brightest days; but in all these traits of the character of the departed Monarch, every genuine Englishman recognises something which distinguished his Sovereign from a mere gaudy abstraction of regal power—which imparted its peculiar quality to his sway—and proclaimed him to be truly a British King.

It would require a volume to give even a sketch of the great public events upon which the name of George III. will be imperishably superscribed by history. The general cast of his disposition and character, with regard to political matters, may easily be gathered, however, even from the most vague and hasty glance at the great transactions of his reign. In its commencement he was injuriously branded by the virulence of faction as a Tory, in the stern and obsolete sense of that foolish name. While the species was no longer extant, but had passed away with the barbarism and stupidity in which alone it could have breathed, that man who had just ascended the mightiest throne in Christendom in the vigour of the very

which Lord Bute was overthrown, have since been exposed, so as to force the conviction, if not the contrition of those who tried to blacken his memory, the whole course of the late Monarch's political career was a conclusive comment upon the malignant slanders which sought to cloud the dawn of his administration. The name of Wilkes has perished—or is remembered only for scorn and shame; but the memory of his royal master, whom he dared, in a paroxysm of insolent folly, to rate as an antagonist and a rival, stretches its mighty shadow over a scene of political magnificence, upon which the intrepid demagogue, even in the height of his popularity, would have been but an imperceptible atom. We rejoice in this—for Wilkes, even considered as a minion of party, was not of the true English breed, but presented an aspect of unblushing licentiousness and profanity, which nothing but the more matured profligacy of our own days could have surpassed.—The American war formed the test at once of the Monarch's principles and of his spirit. The universal voice of his people resented, in the first instance, the audacious pretensions, and the factious machinations of the revolted colonies; and the late King, when he frowned upon the infant seditions of his transatlantic subjects, appeared but as the index of the mind and soul of England. The chance of war declared indeed in favour of rebellion; but the most renowned of our modern statesmen—the man of the people—the illustrious advocate of popular rights; but the proud spirit also which spurned from it popular license with disdain, was the foremost to declare, that the sovereignty of England over her rebel colonies ought never to be abandoned; and that, in the glorious struggle, it was her duty to nail the colours to the mast. It is well enough to say now, that it

was not a limb but an excrescence that was lopped off, and that it was folly to attempt to retain it—and from what the world has seen of the spirit and tendencies of American patriotism, it may be concluded that England has suffered little by being dis severed from the mighty mass of occidental pollution. But such were not the sentiments natural to the injured Monarch—for they were not the sentiments of what was great and high-spirited among his people. He vindicated the dignity of his crown by pushing, to the farthest verge, that coercion which aimed at upholding the integrity of its dominions—he deserved success, although he could not command it; and while the difficulties of a savage and remote warfare baffled all rational calculation—when rebellion raised its triumphant crest over the disasters of legitimate power—when fortune had decided contrary to every anticipation of reason, and had established a new order of things, which it was scarcely worth while to lament, and vain to resist, the sagacity as well as the magnanimity of the Sovereign were conspicuously displayed in that memorable remark to the first of his American subjects, whom he saw in the novel dignity of the ambassador of an independent state,—that he, the King of England, had been the last man in his dominions to recognise the independence of America, and would also be the last to violate it. The man who could speak thus, aye, and who could act up to the dignity of his royal pledge, was worthy to rule over a people, to whose legitimate pride the revolt of America could not but be offensive, but to whose lofty political system the independence of nations must, when once established, appear for ever sacred.

The great and prominent event which distinguished his Majesty's reign,—which, although it occurred in a foreign country, deeply coloured and affected the entire course of our domestic policy,—which shook the civilized world with its volcanic agitations, and rolled its burning lava over the entire surface of Christendom,—which, although originating in the special profligacy and peculiar misfortunes of one great nation, has insinuated itself into the very being and history of all, and is destined to form

for the future, the universal basis of human reasoning and policy,—was the French Revolution.

In the great crisis, produced by this event, his late Majesty was still worthy of himself and of his people. As a British Sovereign, reposing upon the deep and stable foundations of a constitution, adapted at once to the dignity and the imperfections of our common nature, and turning to scorn all the illusions of theory, by the visible presence of various and unquestioned good, he could not look with favour upon a system over which empiricism presided, and in which the dawning of frenzy was coeval almost with the first movements of reform. As a Christian, he could not behold with indifference the march of the most daring impiety, nor, as a mighty prince, could he listen with equanimity to the crash of neighbouring thrones, or view with composure the subversion of empire. But, above all, as the beloved chief of a generous and noble people, deeply participating their genius, and attached to their proud habitudes of thought and of action, he could not but contemplate with horror the advance of an appalling spirit, which declared war against all that had been consecrated by their veneration for ages; which singled them out for ex-termination and for vengeance,—and which threatened to tear up by the roots whatever was most hallowed to their remembrance. The popular Monarch of England, in the highest and most generous sense of that term, could not take part in this foul conspiracy, or refrain from animating, by his own resolute defiance, the staggering resolution of his subjects. And for this great work, it was the good fortune of the late King to find a minister equal to the undertaking, which fate had summoned him to perform,—a gigantic spirit, fitted to bear and to repel the terrors of mightiest revolutions. It was the glory of the King that he could select, appreciate, and confide in this great Minister. William Pitt's was indeed a majestic mind,—nursed and cherished to its palmy state of moral and intellectual grandeur in the rich mould of English freedom. There was, in all things, a fine sympathy betwixt him and his royal mas-

ter—a conspicuous unity of aim and equal devotion of patriotism—a love of England, and of all that is implied in that venerable name, which no caprice of fortune could abate or extinguish. Together they walked in noble sincerity of purpose, and heroic energy of resolution, throughout the darkest periods of our modern history—struggling to defend the ark of the British constitution, and the majesty of the British name, against the storms by which they were assailed—maintaining the native hue of courage and constancy amid the wreck of empire and the desolation of the civilized world—and putting their humble but assured trust in the immortal energy of *principle*, of which it did not please Providence that they should witness the final triumph, but which, through the prevailing power of their spirit and their example, was destined, at last, to hold its rejoicings over the honoured tomb of the great minister, and around the unconscious solitude of his royal and revered master.

We cannot think of disturbing for

a moment the solemnity of such contemplations, by turning aside to notice the vulgar herds of faction which successively arrayed themselves in resistance to the royal and illustrious champions of their country's independence and fame. It has now pleased fate to round the course of our late monarch's earthly career, without having permitted *them* to make any sensible breach upon its magnificent continuity; and the sceptre which has dropped from his hand has been transferred to a successor, who will never bend it to their fantastic insolence and presumption. Be it *their* bitter portion to remember, that they struggled to embarrass the career of a prince who was justly revered as the idol of his people, and that they struggled in vain—and that his fame is now equally beyond the scope of their panegyric and invective—for it is recorded in the triumph of all generous principle, and the glory of a mighty people, whose regrets now gather round his tomb, while their affectionate shall beam for ever upon his blessed memory.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Connexion of Moon and Weather.—Dr Olbers denies that any connexion between the changes of the moon and of the weather is ever observable in the north of Germany; and he asserts that, in the course of an extensive medical practice, continued for a number of years, with his attention constantly directed to the lunar periods, he has never been able to discover the slightest connexion between those periods and the increase or decrease of diseases, or their symptoms.

Greenland.—Gieske, the mineralogist, after a residence of eight years, draws a sombrous picture of the colony of East Greenland, which he visited and explored to the 62d degree of latitude. He is confident, from the information given him by the natives, that at present that rigorous coast is not inhabited, or even habitable, beyond the 64th degree at farthest; and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate further.

Salt Mines of Meurthe.—The researches for the discovery of rock-salt, which commenced in July last at Moyenne, in the department of La Meurthe, is carried on to advantage. After exploring to the depth of 200 feet, and reaching the first layer, which is eleven feet in thickness, the workmen had to perforate a bed of gypsum and clay of 546 feet, when they came to a second stratum of salt, eight feet in thickness. It is intended to remove the researches to two other neighbouring points, to ascertain the breadth and magnitude of the whole bed. The two points form a triangle nearly equilateral, each side of which may be about 6 or 700 toises in length. One of these points is in the city of Vic, and the other to the south of it. On this latter point, they have already pierced to the depth of twenty-five feet of vegetable earth: the orifice of each bore is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which constantly fills up with fresh water. The salt of the first bed is extremely white, and transparent as rock-crystal. It is likewise very pure, and free from every noxious or terrene substance. The second appears to be intermixed with gypsaceous or argillaceous substances, but in a very small proportion. This salt is brown, not unlike a clouded flint; both the kinds are very compact, well crystallized, the fractures cubical, and the saline taste superior to that of any salt obtained by evaporation. It contains but very little of muriate of magnesia, or of sulphate of lime.

Work on Petrifications.—M. Lamouroux, Professor of Natural History in the Royal Academy of Caen, is about publishing a work (with 40 plates), containing some account of the marine polypti

that so abound in the calcareous formations of Lower Normandy. One stratum in the vicinity of Caen is almost entirely composed of them. They are in perfect conservation; and, from the singular characters which they exhibit, M. Lamouroux gives figures of the natural size, with some essential parts magnified by the aid of optical glasses. The work will be of use to geologists, by making them acquainted with antediluvian animals of a description not visible or known at present. Some constitute new genera, and others belong to known genera: among these latter are sponges, and other animals of a similar kind. The work will include a figure and description of the fossile crocodile that has been discovered near Caen.

State of German Literature in Sweden.—German literature has been very much cultivated of late years in Sweden. Exclusive of a collection of classical German authors printed at Upsal, in the original language (sixty-six volumes in the whole), the best works of various authors have been translated into Swedish.

Lalande's Journey to India.—M. de Lalande, associate naturalist to the king's garden, Paris, has just set out on his travels to the Cape of Good Hope, where he will pursue his researches in botany, zoology, and the various departments of natural history. From thence he will proceed to India to prosecute the ulterior objects of his mission in the Indian Seas.

Killing Animals by Carbonic Acid.—A new method of putting animals to death, without pain, has been proposed by Dr Thornton; in consequence of the employment of which, it is said, the meat would look better, last better, keep better, and salt better. These desiderata are proposed to be attained by means of fixed air.

Crocodiles' Flesh an Article of Food.—At Sennaar crocodiles are often brought to market, and their flesh is publicly sold there. I once tasted some of the meat at Esne, in Upper Egypt; it is of a dirty white colour, not unlike young veal, with a slight fishy smell; the animal had been caught by some fishermen in a strong net, and was above twelve feet in length. The Governor of Esne ordered it to be brought into his court-yard, where more than a hundred balls were fired against it without any effect, till it was thrown upon its back, and the contents of a small swivel discharged at its belly, the skin of which is much softer than that of the back.—*Burckhardt's Travels.*

Remarkable Phenomena at Christiana.—The following curious details have been received from Christiana, in Norway:—

On the 7th instant, the barometer rose to the extraordinary height of 29 inches, 16 lines, which has not taken place here for a great number of years. The sea was eight feet lower on that day than it has been for the last twenty years. Professor Hansteen, who measured its height, made also some experiments as to the intensity of the magnetic force, and found the needle in such agitation that he could obtain no fixed result from his experiments.—These different phenomena appear to portend some extraordinary revolution in nature.

Calcareous Formations, with enclosed Skeletons and Bones of the Human Species.—The absence of calcareous mountains, and even of considerable masses of that substance, is one of the geological characteristics by which Trinidad, Tobago, and the chain of Cumana, differ essentially from the Antilles, or Caribbean Islands, which have calcareous rocks, and even mountains in strata, in which are found various kinds of agglomerated and petrified shells.

Of all these calcareous rocks, the most remarkable and worthy of fixing the attention of naturalists, is a bank of carbonate of lime, rather hard, on the sea shore, in the district of Moule in Guadeloupe.

This calcareous bank is on a level with the sea, and covered at high-water. General Ernouf, having heard that it contained human skeletons, sent, towards the end of 1804, M. Gerard, a naturalist of Brussels, to make excavations there. He extracted a block from it, in which was found a human skeleton perfectly encrusted in the stone, and completely identified with it. I was in Guadeloupe at that period, and ordered workmen to dig there on my own account. I could not obtain an entire skeleton, but heads, arms; legs, and fragments of the dorsal spine. With a sufficient number of workmen, I might have obtained complete skeletons, and more accurately delineated than that of M. Gerard. There are several parts of his skeleton of which the lineaments cannot be clearly distinguished without the assistance of a magnifying glass. I remarked, that all those anthropolites are placed east and west, according to the ancient custom of the Asiatics and Americans. By the side of the skeletons were found pestles, mortars, hatchets, clubs of a basaltic or porphyritic stone, and instruments similar to those which the savages still use. Those instruments are petrified. But I found no trace, nor the smallest vestige of organic bodies, though there are banks of madrepores quite near them.

The Fixed Stars.—The most beautiful part of the southern celestial hemisphere, which comprehends the Centaur, Argo, and Cross, is always hidden from the inhabitants of Europe. It is only under the Equator that the magnificent spectacle is to be enjoyed, of seeing, at the same time, all the stars of the two celestial hemispheres.

Some of our northern constellations, such as the Great and Little Bear, on account of their depth in the horizon, appear of an astonishing size.

Machine for crossing Rivers.—The mechanist, Xavier Michel, residing at Offenbach, has invented a very simple and compact machine, by the aid of which rivers may be crossed, and even the sea attempted, without any danger of sinking. It is nearly five feet in diameter when unfolded. An opening of about thirteen inches in the centre is destined to receive the traveller. When dismounted, this apparatus is easily transported from place to place—for its entire weight scarcely exceeds five pounds. The inventor has made a number of experiments on the Rhine, all of which have been crowned with entire success. He can make the machine move forward, or otherwise, at pleasure, and without any great exertion. In order more fully to prove the utility of his invention, M. Michel has determined to embark at Kehl, and descend the Rhine to his mouth.

Pedes Scansorii of Birds.—"The toes of Woodpeckers," says Ray, "stand two forwards, two backwards; which disposition (as Aldrovandus well notes) Nature, or rather the wisdom of the Creator, hath granted them—because it is very convenient for the climbing of trees." The attempt to prove this assertion, adopted by so many and able naturalists, to be altogether unfounded, must appear to savour of presumption in one who has so little of the philosopher about him; nevertheless, I hope to convince you, that such disposition of the toes in the Woodpecker-tribe, was intended by the Author of Nature for a very different though equally wise purpose. I know of but six genera, viz. *Psittacus*, *Cuculus*, *Picus*, *Ramphastos*, *Trogon*, *Bucco*, that are furnished *pédibus scansoriis*, i.e. with two toes before and two behind; and of this number I am acquainted with the manners of the three first only.

To begin with *Cuculus*.—I speak only of our common species—Here is a bird furnished with two toes before and two behind, and yet is actually never known to climb at all—a convincing proof that such confirmation does not necessarily bring with it the power of climbing; more especially, when we consider that the Nuthatch (*Sitta Europæa*) and Tree-creeper (*Certhia familiaris*) have their toes placed in the usual manner, and yet run up and down trees with as much facility as the Woodpeckers. The use of the *Pedes scansorii*, then, to the Cuckoo (as they evidently, in this case, conduce not to climbing), I judge to be this: It is well known that this bird will oftentimes sit by the half hour together, on the bough of a tree, vociferating its loud and pleasing note. In doing this it sits remarkably forward, and appears in constant agitation, continually moving its body up and down with great elegance. Now, as it sits

so forward whilst using this exertion, it would be liable to lose its balance, and quit its hold, had it only one toe behind; whereas, by the contrivance of two, it is enabled strongly to adhere to the branch.

Psittacus also has the *pedes scansorii*, and is actually a climbing genus; yet this confirmation does not, in my opinion, in any manner induce thereto. To say that Parrots assist themselves with their beaks in climbing, would not argue the *pedes scansorii* to be of no utility. Their real use to this genus seems to be not only to grasp their food (for the foot of a Parrot serves the purpose of a hand in that respect), but to enable them to step securely from one branch to another, and likewise to hang suspended as they often do; in which case, the two toes before, and two behind, certainly give stability to their hold.

With respect to the *Pici*, rather a clumsy tribe, the very stiff feathers in the tail are of material service to prop them up in the act of climbing; not so the *pedes scansorii*, for the Nuthatch, without them, runs up trees equally well. Of what use then can these be to the Woodpecker? I answer, that in boring trees, in which occupation the bird is often engaged for a considerable length of time, its weight is thrown backward, and thus the supply of two toes behind is rendered extremely necessary for its support. What makes me think the wise Author of Nature had this end principally in view is, that the Nuthatch, from the want of this confirmation, is, when breaking nuts, under the necessity of sitting with its head downwards. It may be alleged, that its flexible tail compels it to this position; but, as I have before observed, it runs up trees with equal or greater facility than the Woodpecker, notwithstanding this disadvantage.

It would be a curious circumstance, and a conclusive argument in my favour, should it ever be ascertained that the three-toed Woodpecker (*picus triactylus*), which has only one toe behind, bores trees in the attitude assumed by the Nuthatch when breaking nuts.

REVETT SHEPARD.

Illumination of Coal Mines.—The ingenious plan for illuminating cities by the means of an electrifying machine, appears well adapted for the use of coal mines, &c. and bids fair to reduce the number of those terrific explosions of such frequent occurrence in an inflammable atmosphere. The electric fluid, in Professor Meinecke's apparatus, acts on a similar principle to the galvanic column lately applied to the formation of a self-moving machine.

New Theory of the Motions of the Planetary System.—A curious commentary, or rather an attack upon the received system of the planetary motions, has recently been published, in a small pamphlet, by Captain Burney, which is likely to excite the attention of the scientific world, and may lead to the discovery of very un-

expected astronomical facts. The author deduces the motion of the whole of our system from the progressive motion of the sun itself; a quality which, he says, must be equally possessed by all the heavenly bodies, resulting from the universally acknowledged laws of gravitation. He argues, *a priori*, that from progressive motion rotation is produced, and, *a posteriori*, that a body in free space, having rotation round its own axis, is a clear indication of its being in progressive movement. This he corroborates by the general belief now entertained, that our sun and planets are advancing towards the constellation Hercules. The opinion that the sun has progressive motion, was not entertained till long after its rotatory motion was discovered. Captain B. states his conviction, that if, from the discovery of the sun's rotation, and the acknowledged universality of gravity, its progression had been inferred, when Kepler first suggested that the planets moved round the sun by means of its atmosphere, the system of this philosopher would have obtained immediate and lasting credit, and that the hypothesis of these bodies being continued in motion by an original *projectile* impulse, would not have been resorted to in accounting for the phenomena of their motions.

Potato.—The general opinion is, that this vegetable is indigenous in America, and that it was brought from that Continent to Europe by the Spaniards, soon after the discovery of America by Columbus. A fact mentioned in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, vol. xii. p. 585, may, perhaps, be considered as a corroboration of this opinion. Don Jose Pávon, of Madrid, one of the authors of the *Flora Peruviana*, states, in a letter to Mr Lambert, that he and his companions, Ruiz and Dombeý, had found the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) growing wild in the environs of Lima, and fourteen leagues from thence on the coast of Peru, as well as in Chili; and that it is cultivated very abundantly in those countries by the Indians, who call it *papas*.

Portable Gas Lamp.—The ingenious idea of compressing gas for the purpose of rendering it portable, and thus adapting it to various economic purposes, appears to have been suggested by Professor Brande, in a lecture delivered May 1816. But the merit of using condensed gas for economical purposes, is due to Mr Gordon, who lately obtained a patent for gas lamps, &c.

Phosphoric Acid in Vegetables.—Mr Barry, in making experiments on pharmaceutical extracts obtained by carrying on the evaporation in *vacuo*, "became acquainted with the singular fact, that phosphoric acid, in a soluble state, was found in all the extracts. On further investigation, it was ascertained that this acid, besides that portion of it which exists as phosphate of lime, is contained in a vast variety of vegetables. All those which are cultivated seem to contain phosphoric salt in great abundance."

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Second Part of Mr Galt's Life of B. West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy, will shortly be published, forming the Life and Works of Mr West subsequent to his arrival in England, compiled from materials furnished by himself; with a Portrait, from an original picture painted by Mr West some years since.

Mr James Wilson has in the press, a Journal of two successive Tours upon the Continent, performed in the years 1816, 1817, and 1818; containing an account of the principal places in the south of France; of the great road over the Alps, and of the chief cities and most interesting parts of Italy; accompanied with occasional Remarks historical and critical.

In a few days will be published, Original Miscellanies, in prose and verse; by John Laurens Bicknell, F. A. S. This volume contains a dedication to the members of a society instituted under the auspices of the author's late lamented friend, the Rev. Dr Burney, and a preface, including strictures upon many of the novel writers of the day. The first subject of the book is a burlesque novel, entitled Sarah Lloyd, in which the heroine and the incidents are placed in a ludicrous point of view, something in the style of "the Musical Travels of Joel Collier," written by the author's father. A complete analysis of the play of Hamlet follows—a plan which the author proposes to pursue with the rest of the plays of Shakspeare, if he can find leisure for the employment; and the present specimen shall be found useful to the readers of our immortal bard. The burletta of the "Siege of Troy," hitherto published anonymously, and a selection of poems and a drama, form the remainder of the volume.

Should the present volume be favourably received by the public, the author intends to print a small volume of the writings of his late father, the writer of the beautiful poem of the Dying Negro, which was the composition of the late Mr Bicknell, the barrister, and corrected by the late Mr Day.

The Rev. John Jebb, author of a volume of Sermons, is preparing for the press, Critical Observations on Select Passages of the New Testament; the style and structure of which are examined and illustrated, according to the principles of poetical and sententious parallelism, established in the prelections of the late Robert Lowth, D. D. Lord Bishop of London.

Mr Fuseli, Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, is about to reprint his three Lectures on Painting formerly published, with three additional ones that have not yet appeared.

A manuscript of undoubted authenticity, calculated to excite an extraordinary degree of interest, has just reached this country—it is already in the hands of a translator, and will be published both in English and in the original French during the ensuing month; it is entitled, "*DOCUMENTS HISTORIQUES ET REFLEXIONS SUR LE GOUVERNEMENT DE LA HOLLANDE PAR LOUIS BONAPARTE EX ROI DE HOLLANDE.*"

This work contains every event relating to the political or financial situation of Holland, from the commencement of the reign of Louis until the close of his government; Sketches of the invasion of Italy and Expedition in Egypt, in both of which the author was present—Relations of most of the important events in Spain, and his refusal of the crown of that kingdom on the renunciation of Charles 4th to Ferdinand his son, and the formal cession of the latter to Napoleon—copies of the letters of Charles 4th to Ferdinand, relating to the conspiracy of the latter against his father. The hitherto secret motives of the marriage of the author with the daughter of the Empress Josephine, and their subsequent mutual agreement to a separation. The events which occurred on the separation of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. The various Princesses proposed to Napoleon, and the reason of his selecting the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. Numerous characteristic and highly interesting letters from Napoleon to the author, exposing his views, situation, and purposes. An indisputable genealogical history of the family of Bonaparte, extracted from various histories of Italy and other public documents, all of which prove beyond doubt the illustrious rank they held in Italy even in the 12th Century, and it is somewhat singular that 600 years ago, Androlus Bonaparte was Grand Podesta or Governor of Parma, where is now the wife of Napoleon as Grand Duchess! An important letter from the Duc de Cadore, explaining the intentions of the Emperor relating to Holland, the various united propositions of France and Russia to accommodate with England, and a variety of anecdotes of the author of Napoleon and of his family.

Although this work may contain many events already known to the public in a general way, yet coming from the hand of one who was on a throne, and who had an immediate share in all that occurred, joined to his universally acknowledged probity and good faith, form together an unanswerable motive for giving it the preference over every other modern publication, and it is assuredly next in point of interest to a work from the pen of Napoleon himself. It is

already inquired after with eagerness upon the continent, in Holland particularly, as it is known to contain an accurate statement of the political and financial situation of that country during a most important period; and as it is written with the utmost candour, and is totally exempt from any expressions which might offend the most partial Bourbonist, it will find a wide circulation in France, where the author, being known to be somewhat opposed to his brother's government, it will be read with equal avidity by the most decided ultras.

Mr Ormerod's valuable History of the County palatine and city of Chester is now completed. It has been published in ten parts, forming three handsomely printed folio volumes, which are highly embellished by one hundred and ninety four engravings on copper and on wood, inclusive of no less than three hundred and fifty seven armorial subjects which are attached to the pedigrees.

The Rev. Philip Bliss has completed his new edition of Anthony or Wood's Athena Oxonienses, in four quarto volumes. This valuable body of English Biography contains upwards of two thousand two hundred lives, and there are very few of that large number which have not received either corrections or additions from the pen of the present editor.

In the press, in two octavo volumes, the Iliad of Homer, literally translated into English Prose, with Explanatory Notes; by a Graduate of the University of Oxford.

The Fudge Family in Italy; by the Author of the Fudge Family in Paris.

The Faith, Morals, and Discipline of the Church of England defended.

On the 1st March next will be published, the Beauties of the River Meuse; to be completed in eight numbers, containing each six plates, from drawings on the spot; by G. Arnald, A. R. A.

The Radical Triumvirate; or, Tom Paine, Lord Byron, and Surgeon Lawrence, colleaguely to expel religion from the earth, and emancipate mankind from all laws, human and divine; by an Oxonian.

A Catechism of the Evidences of Christianity; by Dr Yates.

Memoirs of M. Obelin, Lutheran Pastor of Walsbach; by the Rev. Mark Wilks.

Heraldic Visitation of the County of Durham; by William Flower, Esq., in 1755. Edited by R. J. Philipson, Esq.

A new periodical work, by Dr John Walker, entitled "The True Monthly Magazine."

A second volume of Sermons; by the Rev. Dr Busfield.

An elementary work on Astronomy; by Mr James Mitchell.

The History of Parga, translated from the Italian MS. of Hugo Foscolo.

Mr Gorham's History of St Neot's, in one thick octavo volume.

An inquiry into certain errors respecting Insanity; by Dr Burrows.

VOL. VI.

The Mock Moralist; a Novel; by Mr Wm Gardiner, author of Sultana, a tragedy, &c.

Elements of the History of Civil Government; by James Tyson, Esq., will shortly be published.

Nearly ready for publication, Brief Thoughts on the early obstacles to the progress of the Fine Arts in Great Britain and Ireland; by Mr Wm Carey.

Hedin, or the Spectre of the Tomb; a Tale; by the Hon. William Herbert. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Fall of Jerusalem, a Tragedy; by H. H. Millman, M. A. author of Fazio. 8vo.

The Principles of Political Economy considered with a View to their Practical Application; by T. R. Malthus. 8vo.

Travels through Holland, Germany, and part of France in 1819, with reference to their Statistics, Agriculture, and Manufactures; by W. Jacob, Esq. F. R. S. 4to.

The Palace of John Bull; a poem, contrasted with the Poor House that Jack Built, illustrated by plates.

In a small octavo volume, Taxidermy; or, a complete Treatise on the art of preserving every object of Natural History for Museums.

Sunday School Sketches; a memoir, descriptive of these institutions.

An Historical and Statistical Account of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia; by Wm. Wilkinson, Esq. late his Majesty's consul there.

Journal of a Tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; by W. Turner, Foreign Office, in 3 volumes octavo.

A History of Ireland, under the title of "The Chronicles of Ulla'd;" by Roger O'Connor.

Tales of the Heart; by Mrs Opie, in 3 volumes.

The Poetical Works of Mr James Montgomery, in 3 volumes foolscap 8vo.

An Expostulatory Epistle to Lord Byron; by Mr Cottle.

A small volume of Poems, entitled, "Sacred Lyrics;" by James Edmestone.

An Account of the Introduction of Christianity into Great Britain, with the Welsh Nonconformist Memorial; by Dr Richards.

The Sketch Book; by Geoffray Crayon, new edition, with alterations and additions.

Giovanni Sbogarro; a Venetian Tale, in 2 volumes 12mo.

In two handsome octavo volumes, a Voyage to South America, performed by order of the Government of the United States, in the Frigate Congress; by H. M. Brackenridge, Esq.

Mr Leigh Hunt has ready for publication, a Translation of Amyntas, a Tale of the Woods, from the Italian of Torquato Tasso; with an Essay on the Pastoral Poetry of Italy. The work will be embellished with a highly engraved portrait of Tasso, by Worthington.

Mr Philip of Liverpool is about to publish a new Life of Whitefield. The materials of this memoir have been collected from various British and American sources. The work will be ornamented by an elegant print, from an original picture, &c.

In February will be published, Retrospection, a rural poem; by Tho. Whitby, author of the Priory of Birkenhead, a tale of the 14th century.

In the course of a few weeks will be published, Letters from North Wales; to which are added, Memoranda of a Visit to Merionethshire, in 1819; together with several anecdotes and sketches, illustrative of Welsh history and manners.

Curious Circumstance.—The Duke of Grafton, who was Prime Minister to his late Majesty soon after he came to the throne, and who makes so distinguished a figure in

the celebrated Letters of Junius, after retiring from office, employed himself in writing "*The Memoirs of his own Life*," which, when completed, his Grace carefully sealed up, and, by an injunction in his will, strictly prohibited his heirs, on any account, to open the envelope during the reign of the late king; but after that monarch's demise, to make the memoir known to the world. It is supposed to contain a full development of all the great political events and private history of the court, at that interesting period, and, in all probability, will, for the first time, divulge to the public the real name of Junius, which, it is understood, had been made known to his Grace, under a pledge of honour not to communicate the secret to any person living, in the lifetime of King George the Third.

EDINBURGH.

SERMONS on Infidelity, by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, Minister of St George's Church, Edinburgh, will speedily be published.

The Rev. Alex. Stewart, author of the Lives of Dr Blair, Dr Robertson, and other Elegant Works, has now in the press a History of Great Britain, from the accession of George III. to the present time.

To be published by subscription, in 12mo, at 10s. 6d. Elgiva, an historical poem, in six cantos, with other poems; by John Gordon, surgeon in Keith, who was drowned while bathing with some of his companions in the river Isla, in the summer of 1819.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, in 1819; by James Chalmers, bookseller, Aberdeen. The work will contain every kind of information which an emigrant can desire to obtain, derived from

the most authentic sources. The civil and religious state of the province, climate, soil, and agriculture, is carefully drawn up from materials furnished by the author's brother, who has been twenty years resident in the country, and a member of the government.

Speedily will be published, by subscription, in one volume 12mo, 3s. 6d. common paper, fine paper 5s.; Heath Flowers, or Mountain Melodies; consisting of Poems and Lyrical Pieces; by George Scott.

In the press, and immediately to be published, Medical Notes on Climate, Diseases, Hospitals, and Medical Schools, in France, Italy, and Switzerland; comprising an inquiry into the effects of a residence in the south of Europe, in cases of pulmonary consumption, and illustrating the present state of medicine and medical practice in those countries; by James Clark, M.D. Resident Physician at Rome.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURAL Antiquities of Normandy, in a series of 100 Etchings, with Historical and Descriptive Notices; by John Sell Catman. Part I. folio. £3, 3s.

ASTROLOGY.

Wilson's Complete Dictionary of Astrology. 14s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of 12,000 Tracts, Pamphlets, and unbound Books; by Thomas Rodd, sen. Parts I. and II.

A Catalogue of Old Books; by W.

Baynes and Son. Part I. comprising Theology.

* A Supplement to J. H. Bohte's Catalogue of Classics and German Literature.

Longman and Company's Catalogue of Old Books for 1820. Part I.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, and his Sons Richard and Henry; with original Letters and Portraits; by Oliver Cromwell, Esq. a descendant of the Family. 4to. £3, 3s.

The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq. Part II.

The Annual Biography and Obituary, for 1820. 8vo. 15s.

County Biography; or, Lives of Remarkable Characters, born or long resident in the Counties of Norfolk, Essex, and Suffolk. No I. 2s. 6d.

The Confessions of J. J. Rousseau, 4 vols 12mo. £1, 1s.

Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la vie privée, du retour, et du regne de Napoleon, en 1815. Par M. Fleury de Chaboulon, ex-secretaire de l'Empereur. 8vo. 2 tomes. 24s.

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BOTANY.

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A Chronological Chart of Europe, from the Norman Conquest to the present time, on a Sheet. 5s.

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On the Trade to China, and the Indian Archipelago; by C. Assey. 8vo. 3s.

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Report upon the Establishment of M. de Fellenberg; by J. Attersole. 3s. 6d.

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An Abridgment of Dr Goldsmith's History of England. Translated into French; by J. T. Edgecombe. 4s.

Present State of the British Empire, for 1820; by the Rev. J. Goldsmith. 5s. 6d.

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A New Geological Atlas of England and Wales, Part II. containing Gloucester, Surrey, Suffolk, and Berks; by William Smith, 21s.

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A Concise and Practical Treatise on the Culture and Management of the Carnation, Auricula, Ranunculus, Tulip, and other Flowers; by Thomas Hogg, gardener.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—February 12, 1820.

Sugar. Since our last, the demand for Sugar has increased, and the prices have accordingly advanced. The sales at the different outports have been very considerable, and the deliveries from the warehouses in London have of late been extensive. The prices of Low Browns are, however, still very low, and at least 10s. per cwt. below the price at which the planter can afford to sell them. The finer qualities are more in demand. The price of Sugar, since it was at the lowest pitch, may be stated to have advanced 7s. or 8s. per cwt.; and as affairs in the commercial world become more settled and

cheerful, a farther advance must take place. The stock in the hands of the dealers must necessarily be small, and no supplies of any consequence can arrive before the months of May or June next. The crops in all the Windward and Leeward Islands must be very late; and also, from different causes, must be below an average crop. In Jamaica, things wear a favourable aspect for the planter; but, on the whole, we anticipate a falling off in the importation of Sugar for this year, while we may fairly calculate upon an increased internal consumpt. The prices must, therefore, advance. The increased cultivation in Demerara and Berbice, will not make up for the deficiency that must arise in the crops of other islands, while the importations from the East Indies are by no means likely to increase.—*Coffee*. The market for this article continues to fluctuate, according to the advices from the Continent. Upon the whole, it may be stated as rather dull, and the prices a trifle lower. The stock in this country is very much reduced, but the demand for exportation has of late been much reduced also. The consumption, however, seems evidently to increase; but the cultivation of this article, in various parts of the world, is greatly extended, yet, it would not appear to be equal to the demand, while the late languor in the market may be attributed to the effects of the general stagnation of business in every part of the commercial world.—*Cotton*. The market for Cotton, after a little revival, is again become dull, and prices may be stated a shade lower. There have of late been very considerable arrivals from the United States, and more are daily expected. We cannot at present see from what quarter any considerable impulse is to come to advance the Cotton market, nor are we of opinion, that it can in future suffer much depreciation. Events, beyond the common course, must take place to do either, and there is at present no reason to calculate on these, at least to any extent. The quantity of East India Cotton still in the market is very considerable; and as we proceed in our observations, it will be seen that this kind is not likely to be increased.—*Corn*. The market for grain of all descriptions, seems to have become more lively, but for what reason we are at a loss to conceive, unless it be that capitalists consider all kinds of it as below their proper level. They certainly are below what the farmer can afford to raise them at.—*Rum* has been more in demand. Since our last, considerable sales have been effected, but we cannot state at any material advance, while the market appears to be about to sink back to its former languid state. This article has, however, certainly seen the lowest value in the scale.—*Geneva* is very low in price, and the market languid.—In *Brandy* there is little doing, but this article has also seen its lowest, and we confidently anticipate an advance in price. The shippers from France are wearied in endeavouring to beat each other out of the market, which they have found a very unprofitable trade.—The *Wine* market is very dull, and inferior Wines are offered at reduced prices. There is, however, no prospect of any material reduction in the prices of fine old Port Wines, while, if disturbances extend and become general in Spain, it may have the effect of advancing the price of *Sherries*.—The market for *Indigo* has become more lively, and it is probable, may continue so.—*Tobacco* also, we should conceive, is an article likely to advance in price. Since our last, as we anticipated, things have in general, in the commercial world, wore a more cheerful aspect than they have long done. Markets for most articles are become more firm, while sales in many can be effected; but we must add, without any considerable improvement in value. This steadiness also, we believe, is more the effect of restored confidence, and a conviction in the minds of the commercial capitalists, that all articles of commerce have seen their lowest point, and are at present below their proper value, than from any actual demand. We cannot at present see any opening of importance in foreign countries, nor do we anticipate any for some time to come. In the course of our further observations, the reasons will be given for this opinion; and till the foreign demand become extensive, we cannot expect the former briskness in our internal trade. Nevertheless, we firmly anticipate, from this time forward, a gradual and progressive amendment in all our commercial affairs, but we have yet some disastrous details to receive from distant foreign markets, where the scatterings of the mighty wreck are not yet all ascertained or collected.

At the commencement of another year, some observations and reflections, upon the commercial matters of the last, become necessary. We observe, that the importation of Sugar for last year has increased. This increase, however, consists chiefly of East India Sugar. The total increase appears to be about 38,000 cases and bags. The import from our West India colonies are very nearly equal, and amount to 280,000 casks. The consumpt is, however, materially decreased, and the export also considerably reduced, thus leaving the stock on hand greatly augmented. By turning to our Number for January last year, and comparing it with the Tables given in the present Number, our readers will see what the difference is. The Continent of Europe now receives supplies from the Colonies belonging to the different States, and from India and the Brazils, and Cuba, where the cultivation is rapidly on the increase. The importation of Sugar at Amsterdam, in 1819, was=15,275 hhds. West India.

1,196 hhds. Brazil.

4,313 chests, Havannah.

60,000 packages from India—in all, about 27,600,000 lbs.

The importations at Havre, in France, for 1819, were,

20,050 Casks and tierces from West India colonies.

4,963 Quarters, from do.

124 Casks from foreign colonies.

105 Quarters from do.

601 Chests Brazil.

4,026 Boxes Havannah.

20,800 Bags from the East Indies.

The sales have kept pace with the importations. The stock on hand, of all kinds, is about 8,600 casks, bags, &c. The stock at Amsterdam is rather more than 8,000,000 lbs. one half of which are East India sugars, and this stock is 4,000,000 lbs. less than what it was the previous year. The stocks at Rotterdam are smaller, but at Antwerp larger than on the preceding year. The total supply in the Netherlands may be stated at the same as the commencement of 1819.

The importation of sugar at Calcutta, from the 1st January to the 15th September 1819, was 184,000 factory maunds. The quantity raised in the southwestern states of America is now considerable. The trade in refined sugar from Britain has declined, and continues to decline of late years. The amount manufactured at London was formerly 160,000, in 1819 it was only 120,000 hhds. Half of this was consumed in the country, and the remainder exported as under, viz.

28,000 hhds. to Baltic.

15,000 do. Mediterranean.

12,000 hhds. to Hamburgh.

10,000 do. Bremen, &c.

The importation of cotton into Great Britain has greatly decreased. The export is increased, as is also the consumpt, which are all particularly specified in the following tables.

cotton imported into Calcutta, from the 1st January to the 15th September 1819, amount- quantity
ed to 221,949 bazar maunds. The number of bales exported to Great Britain for eight months, ending 31st August 1819, were 19,977 bales, while, for the corresponding period of 1818, there were 113,238 bags. The prices at the metropolis of British India were not, however, fallen in proportion to the depreciation in the European markets. The cotton there was bought up for the Chinese market. The crop of cotton in the United States is calculated to amount to 350,000 bales. The accounts of the cotton crops, in the Levant, are very favourable. The quantity of cotton imported at Amsterdam, during 1819, was 21,000 bags, and the stocks of all descriptions (including Smyrna and Egyptian cotton) were estimated at 15,100 bags. A considerable demand is expected for the cotton from the Levant.

The consumpt of coffee is increasing greatly in the continent of Europe. The immense stocks accumulated in England during the war are now completely cleared away, while the importations from every quarter, though increased, do not glut the market. The import and consumpt are both increased in Great Britain, but the export for last year has decreased, as continental Europe appears to be supplied from other quarters. The importation of coffee into Amsterdam, during 1819, was 144,400 bags, and 6,030 hhds., equal to 21,500,000 lbs. At Havre the importation of this article, for the same period, was 55,000 quintals, direct from French and foreign colonies, and the sales of the year about 50,000 quintals. The stock on hand was estimated at 8,500 quintals. The Dutch are assiduously extending the cultivation of cotton in their eastern possessions. Java alone now yields 20,000,000 lbs. for the European market. It is calculated, that the whole stock of coffee remaining on hand at the beginning of this year, in British and continental ports, cannot exceed 38,000,000 lbs. which is about 33,000,000 of lbs. less than what remained on hand at the commencement of 1819.

From the reduction of duty, the consumpt of cocoa is increased in this country. The internal consumpt of tobacco, tea, wine, (in quantity) and spirits, have also increased, which is rather a remarkable circumstance, considering the state of the country. There may, however, be causes which may render this increase more apparent than real. The imports of grain and flour into Great Britain have greatly decreased. The quantity of wheat in bond is 202,000 qrs.

The year 1819 may fairly be set down as the most disastrous in the commercial annals of Great Britain. The losses have been severe, and the depreciation of property very great. We do not overrate it at one-third on an average on all mercantile commodities. Whoever considers our extensive trade and manufactures, may readily form an idea of the vast loss and the great distress it must have occasioned. Many years will not (though crowned with prosperity) repair it. The causes which produced this sad crash are numerous, but the greatest and most destructive proceeded from the still more unfortunate situation of those foreign nations, with which we carried on the most extensive branches of our trade. Through them the blow returned upon this country with a force scarcely any power could withstand, or any prudence evade. The agitation of the bullion question last year, which occasioned a reduction of our circulating medium, did great mischief, and

rendered much more fatal those inevitable evils which were pressing forward against the commercial world. The unbounded spirit of speculation in this country—the rashness and ignorance displayed in the search of a market—and the distressed state of almost every nation, from a war of unprecedented length, ferocity, destruction, and expense, all conspired to hasten a catastrophe such as the commercial world had never witnessed, and will not soon forget. In our former reports we have entered so fully into these matters, that we consider it perfectly unnecessary to enlarge upon them here. If experience from the past be allowed to direct us for the future, Great Britain yet possesses the energies, resources, capital, and skill, which will soon heal her commercial wounds, and raise her triumphant over all her difficulties. We must, however, look to some other quarters and places of the world than those to which we have hitherto been accustomed to look, for whatever great relief and advantage we may wish for and anticipate.

Blame has been attempted, by mischievous men, to be thrown on our government for these misfortunes, and to represent them as having been caused by their errors. The great cause and root of the evil lay beyond their powers to prevent or control. The same has been the case in every country. No doubt the bullion question did mischief, being agitated at that particular moment when the alarm it occasioned was sure to render the consequences more fatal. The Bank of England have reduced the circulation of their notes from 28 millions to 22 millions. We may fairly set down the diminution of the paper of the country banks (20 millions) in an equal degree. This will give 10½ half millions as the reduction of our circulating medium, which must have greatly added to the commercial pressure and distress. This reduction amounts to nearly one-fifth of the whole circulating medium. Our exports last year fell off about 17 millions; but we are not to suppose that they fell off equal in quantity; for it must be recollected, that the estimated value was greatly less. The total exports for 1818 amounted to 56 millions. The falling off, therefore, of 17 millions last year was nearly a third upon the whole; but if we take into consideration the reduction of price, we may suppose the falling off of our exports *in quantity* were equal to a fourth from the preceding year, which, however, was unusually and ruinously large. By the reduction of our circulating medium, the national debt must become a greater and heavier burden; for as money becomes scarce and more valuable, so much the heavier will the annual interest of this debt press upon the country and her resources. In fact, it is the same thing as raising the rate of interest to a higher rate. This is a subject which demands the deepest attention and consideration of our government. However much we reduce our circulating medium, in the same proportion we raise the value of the interest of our national debt, and so the value of that debt itself.

We have said, that taking a view of the situation of those countries with which our chief commercial relations take place, we can see no room to hope for any extensive improvement in our foreign trade. Let us examine these more particularly, and in detail. For some time we made large exports to the Mediterranean, beginning, we may say, at the mouth of that sea, and gradually extending inwards along its shores. These markets were, however, soon glutted, and are now heavy and losing concerns. This might have been foreseen in some measure. In those markets nearest at hand, particularly along the western coasts of Italy, and all the coasts of European Turkey, and the isles of the Archipelago, and the western coasts of Asia Minor, the merchants and merchandize of France come into competition with ours, and, in many instances, are decidedly preferred. We must, therefore, be compelled, in following out that trade, to seek for markets in more remote corners of that sea, either in its northern, southern, and eastern shores, and where, as we recede further from European influence, manners, and customs, the markets are more liable to be glutted, and trade is every way more insecure. In all the ports and places in the eastern parts of the Mediterranean, a trade may be opened up, and gradually extended; but every one who will take the pains to consider the situation and character of the nations and countries on its African or Asiatic shores, must see, that under present circumstances, this trade must be small, easily overdone, and can only increase by slow degrees. The terror of our arms may benefit our interests along the northern shores of Africa, but that must take time; and while mankind there remain under their present institutions, all trade with them must be limited, and by no means perfectly secure.

Similar prospects lie before us in the East Indies. We cannot change the customs and pursuits of nations in a day, and till we can change these completely, we cannot anticipate any wide consumpt for our manufactures in that portion of Asia. Any premature attempt to effect such a change in sentiments, manners, and customs, may terminate in a moment our empire in the east. The improvement of our trade with India, that is, the opening up of a new market there for the manufactures of Great Britain, must be the work of time; but, at the same time, as matters now stand, this trade, under judicious regulations and management, ought always to be on the increase. It is a trade that will not be forced. It is one which, at present, is a losing concern to all engaged in it, and its state may best be shewn by merely stating, that from the 1st January to 31st August 1818, there were despatched from Calcutta to Britain 51 ships measuring 21,510 tons, while in the same period last year only 27 vessels, measuring 9,512 tons, could obtain freights, and these at a rate which could never pay. The same objections, and, perhaps,

even with greater force, apply to the Chinese markets, were these laid open to-morrow. With these countries we may look for a gradual improvement and extension of trade, but nothing immediately great or extensive can be expected. Under present circumstances, these places must always be easily and speedily glutted with European goods.

Turning our eyes to the southern division of the western world, the prospect is equally discouraging. There we see a Continent, but thinly peopled, engaged in a civil war; in many places the peace and security of the sinews of trade

the prospect, and to it there is no immediate prospect of a termination; on the contrary, if Spain is forced to relinquish her dominion over these extensive countries, there is a certain prospect of the people quarreling amongst themselves, and kindling up a contest more fatal and more destructive than that in which they are at present engaged. Whatever is the issue of the present contest, we cannot see any room for great improvement in our trade with these places. It will be found at all times a trade easily overdone, from the small number of inhabitants, and the nature of their manners, customs, and pursuits. If the Independents succeed, the trade must be thrown open to the world; and it is a fact, that the manufactures of Germany would, in South America, command a preference over ours. If Spain is successful, she will look for securing that trade to herself; or where she may be forced to adopt more liberal principles, other nations will be admitted to share that business with us. In the mean time, the swarms of adventurers which the contest has drawn to that quarter of the world, the system of piracy to which it has given rise, with the convulsed state of these countries, has almost annihilated the trade which our merchants in Jamaica carried on across the Isthmus of Darien to Peru and Chili on the south, and to Mexico and California on the north, and, we greatly fear, that the Jamaica trade is gone for ever from that island. Our trade with the Brazils may continue to improve, but from the nature of the population and government there established, it is obvious that the increase must be slow, and that other nations will come in with us for a share of it. Many of the provinces of Spanish America are so desolated, that were peace established at this moment, years must elapse before any considerable and advantageous commerce could be carried on with them.

Our prospects in the United States, though not of that troubled and unsettled kind, are nevertheless at present far from being encouraging. We cannot have the same extended trade with these States that we have had. The markets there have been ruinous and destructive in the highest degree. The cause seems obvious. The imports of any nation must, in some measure, be regulated by their exports. The balance may be against them in one instance, but it cannot be so in others, in order to enable them to carry on trade at all. The balance must be in their favours, or they must lose and become poor. Before her late war with England, and before she put her embargo laws in force, when she had the carrying trade of Europe, the tonnage employed in the trade of the American States was 1,500,000 tons, and the value of their exports nearly 102,000,000 of dollars. If we allow 36,000,000 dollars as the value of her freights, we have the whole export trade of the United States, at that time at 138,000,000 dollars. The value of her exports for last year was only 52,000,000 dollars; and if we allow a similar proportion for the freight of her tonnage, or 18,000,000 dollars, we have 70,000,000 dollars as the value of the whole export trade of the United States. In her exports, therefore, there is a falling off of 68,000,000 dollars, or almost one half. It is plain, that she cannot afford to import at the rate she formerly did; and that, if these imports have, as we believe they have, (if not to a greater amount) been forced upon her in the former degree, then the markets must have been over-supplied, at least one half; and consequently the merchant must have been forced to make sales (even where these sales could be effected) at a still greater depreciation. The consequences must be, that he who was deeply engaged in that trade, and, 18 months ago, was worth an independent fortune, must now be unable to pay his debts, and find himself reduced from affluence to dependence.

The trade which the United States have thus lost they can never regain. After the present dreadful shock, the exertions of their free population, and their own internal resources, will, no doubt, increase and expand; but it is evident that this must be progressive, and the work of time; and consequently, that all improvement in her import trade must go on in a corresponding manner, even where their enactments to encourage their internal manufactures and trade do not interfere with the imports from foreign nations, and by this mode embarrass and reduce the demand for these. The severest blow American commerce has sustained is the loss of the supplies formerly carried to our West India colonies. These were very great—gave employment to a great proportion of her tonnage—and afforded her specie to go into the East India and Chinese markets upon the most advantageous terms. That trade is completely gone. Our North American colonies are now reaping the fruits of that trade which the wisdom of our government has bestowed upon them. Accordingly, it is pleasing to observe the improvement of their trade since the United States were prohibited, and prohibited themselves, from supplying our West India colonies. We subjoin, in proof, the trade of Quebec in those branches thereof connect with the West Indies, and for the years undermentioned.

Increase of the Quebec Trade.

	1803.	1809.
Pieces Oak, - - -	3,819	15,811
Pine, - - -	3,153	68,500
Elm, - - -	-	1,803
Feet Deal, - - -	124,197	1,181,877
Staves and Heading, -	764,407	2,579,539
Deal ends, - - -	-	102,834
Masts and Spars, - -	537	4,349
Ships, - - -	168	629
Tons, - - -	29,744	149,314
Men, - - -	1,550	9,262

This account was made out to 4th November last year, while 50 ships remained to clear out with cargoes, in the same trade, before the close of 1819, which must greatly add to the above amount. From these and similar reasons, it appears to us, that the United States cannot afford to receive the same quantity of imports; and that those who calculate upon supplying her markets with European, and more particularly with British manufactures, to the same degree as formerly, must only accelerate their own ruin, and embarrass and distress her in all her rising manufactures. Of the exports of the United States, we may add, that 26,908,038 dollars goes to Great Britain and her dependencies, consequently it is their interest to remain on friendly terms with us.

With the countries and places which we have enumerated, the chance of any rapid increase of our trade is therefore small indeed. It certainly will increase; but it must be by gradual and slow degrees, and not in a ratio equal to what we have supplied, or can afford to supply. European influence must continue to increase in the Mediterranean, and consequently European trade, a large share of which we certainly have the best chance to obtain. Sanguine hopes were entertained of a great outlet to our manufactures, by a free trade with France. But even if France were to grant us a reciprocity in trade, (which she will not) there are various reasons which lead us to believe, that the advantages to our manufactures would not be equal to what is at present anticipated. It seems to be a question, whether the introduction of their silks, and other articles, amongst us, might not decrease the consumpt of the finer articles of our Cotton Manufactures, in a way that would entirely overbalance every advantage likely to be gained by us. All the nations of continental Europe will, most assuredly, endeavour to encourage their own internal trade and manufactures, in place of those of foreign countries. Of this we can have no just reason to complain, and our merchants and manufacturers would do well to bear this in mind, and act accordingly. We have two serious things to contend against, and these are, the poverty of other nations, and the industry and skill of other nations. The first must force them to lessen their expenditure for foreign commodities; and the next, to render themselves independent of foreign supply. We may attempt to contend against one or both, and particularly the latter; but we will find it a dangerous and a hopeless contest, and one which, if persevered in, we will throw away all the profits of those years of industry and activity, in which we had almost exclusively the trade of the civilized world. We fear also, that British manufactures, in many instances, have suffered, from more attention being paid to quantity than to quality—to cheapness than to durability.

With all these disadvantages and drawbacks, however, which we have enumerated, still there is no serious ground for despondence or alarm. Great Britain has, in her own possessions, a wide and a valuable field. A great portion of the trade of almost all nations, must, in defiance of every competitor, still remain hers. The only thing that is requisite, is to regulate her manufactures in a judicious manner, so that at no period they may become overdone or misdirected. There are many markets in the world yet to be opened, and which can be opened to our commerce. Masters of the ocean, we can gain access into every country, and to every land. A vast field is certainly to be found amongst the fine islands in the Eastern Archipelago; in Tonquin and Cochin China; along the vast stream of the Irrawady, Eastern Asia, and the islands in the Southern Ocean. It is true, for a time much of this trade must be carried on by barter, betwixt place and place, island and island, bringing ultimately such part of the produce of each to the European market, as may suit or sell to advantage in it. Still this would be a valuable and a profitable trade, and one in which we might disperse all our coarser manufactures to advantage. There is a great field open in the Persian Gulf, and all along the south west coast of Arabia; and both shores of the Red Sea, and all the eastern coast of Africa, once famous in the annals of commerce. The possession of Suakim and Massowah on the west shores of the Red Sea, would lay open the whole trade to Abyssinia; a country which, from being highly civilized and powerful, is become in some measure barbarous and unchristianized, from being cut off from the Christian world, by these two ports being in possession of its ignorant and inveterate enemies the Turks. A small British force would secure them—a small force maintain them—and a little exertion might obtain from the Turkish government their cession to this country, as they are scarcely of any use to the Sublime

Porte. Possession of the latter place would also lay open to us the trade to Nubia, Sennaar, and countries southward and westward of that place, which would flourish and increase by intercourse with great Britain.

We are happy to learn, that Captain Ashley Maude, of the ship *Favourite*, in 1816, surveyed the coasts, and took possession of six islands in the entrance of the Gulf of Persia, which completely command that gulf, and consequently the trade of it. It is also said, that Lord Valentia has for several years past been employed by our government in surveying the coasts of Africa from Melinda to Abyssinia, which must be of the greatest advantage to the future navigation of that coast. We learn also, with satisfaction, that the British have taken possession of the island of Sacotora, near Cape Guardafui, which completely commands the entrance to the Red Sea, and enables us to control the trade of the fertile kingdom of Aden in Arabia, and assist its friendly sovereign, surrounded with unprincipled enemies; and in doing which, we may at no distant day, without much trouble and expense, open up a road, safe and easy, to the centre of Arabia, hitherto almost a blank to Europe. In short, we anticipate, and that soon, a flourishing commerce, and extended knowledge and civilization in these still interesting and once famous countries.

On the west coasts of Africa, but particularly from Sierra Leone, along the Gold Coast, through the Bights of Benin and Biafra, and southward to the Coghó, a wide field for commercial enterprise remains to be opened up. From Benin and its adjoining countries, we are convinced that an opening (and that soon) into the interior of Africa will disclose itself, which will astonish the world, and accelerate a trade of the first magnitude and importance. Britain may secure it. We have already alluded to this subject, and may take an early opportunity to go at greater length into it. The reports at present in circulation (if happily confirmed, as we fondly anticipate) that the discovery ships have penetrated through Baffin's Bay, and gained Copper Mine River in the prosecution of their voyage, for discovering a north west passage into the Pacific Ocean, augur well for ultimate success, and may give a new turn and impulse to the affairs of commerce. If they have reached thus far in safety, and even should they make no farther, still their voyage may become of the utmost importance to this country, for it may disclose a way by which, communicating with the northern extremities of America by sea, we may secure to our country the fur trade, or a great portion of it, at present threatened to be wrested from us by the exertions of our southern neighbours in the United States.

The attention of this country is called forth to our invaluable settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. It is impossible to calculate the advantages which the trade of Great Britain will derive from the increase and prosperity of this colony. It lays all the Eastern World open to us, and makes it dependent on us. We cannot do too much for its prosperity. New Holland continues to advance in prosperity, and most important discoveries, in the interior of that vast country, have lately taken place, and are at present pursued with industry and skill. We allude particularly to the discovery of a great river beyond the Blue Mountains, which, even in the latitude of 32° South, and at a distance of 2000 miles from the nearest part of the sea coast, where it can possibly disembogue, is found 700 to 800 feet broad; and running North, it is of a depth sufficient to bear a line-of-battle ship. It is impossible yet to calculate what advantages this river may afford to New Holland, to trade and commerce, when its junction with the ocean is ascertained, which, indeed, cannot be long a secret. Every year, the prosperity and trade of this colony must continue to increase; and from the outcasts of British society, a race of men be produced which will do honour to the English name; perpetuate this name and our language to the remotest period of time; and fill with knowledge, and all the arts of civilized life, a mighty country, which had long been a blank amongst the countries of the world.

With these remarks, we proceed to give the Tables of the principal imports into Great Britain; and also the exports and consumpt of colonial produce for the year 1819, which cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

Sugar Imported, 1819.

	hhds.	tierces.	cases, bags, &c.
Into London, - - - -	166,316	14,105	124,837
— Liverpool, - - - -	38,805	5,846	40,224
— Bristol, - - - -	23,543	2,448	—
— Clyde and Leith, - - -	24,534	1,178	4,603
— Lancaster and Whitehaven, -	3,376	652	—
(a) Total, 256,574		21,229	169,664

(a) Of this quantity, 223 tierces and 4,112 cases were imported from the Brazils and South America; 1329 casks and 158,395 bags were from the East Indies; the remainder was the produce of our West India Colonies, viz.:

From Jamaica, - - -	111,700 casks.
— other Islands, - - -	124,100 —
— Demerara, &c. - - -	38,600 —
	274,700 —

The exports of Sugar from Great Britain, in 1819, were 19,892 tons, equal to 24,867 hhds. of 15 cwt. each, being a decrease of 4,133 tons from the preceding year. Of the quantity exported, 5,195 casks were from the West India Warehouses, London.

Sugar paid Duties on 1819.

	Cwts. B. Plantation.	Cwts. Foreign.
At London,	2,166,070	67,609
— Liverpool,	429,213	26,644
— Glasgow,	250,426	
— Leith,	6,655	
— At Bristol, &c. say (a)	340,000	
	<u>3,192,364</u>	<u>94,253</u>

(a) From Bristol, &c. we have no returns; but we may judge of it in proportion to the imports and consumpt in other places.

Cotton imported 1819.

	bags & bales.
Liverpool,	366,623
London,	138,520
Clyde,	43,567

Total, 548,720

Exported in 1819.

	bags & bales.
	22,543
	44,859
	1,797

Bags 69,199 of 250 lbs.

From whence Imported.

New Orleans,	44,310 bags, &c.
Other parts United States,	161,869
Brazils and Portugal,	130,600
East Indies,	185,847
Demerara, &c.	16,539
West Indies,	7,670
Other parts,	1,885

Total, 548,720

Decreased in imports, 106,076 bags, &c.; increased in consumpt, 13,500 bags, &c.; Stock on hand in 1819, 349,300 bags and bales, being an increase of 144,500 bags, &c.

Coffee imported.

	hhds. & tierces.	bars. & bags.
At London,	25,010	74,082
— Liverpool,	7,058	42,278
— Bristol,	530	208
— Lancaster, &c.	130	11
— Clyde and Leith,	3,297	9,619

Total, 20,100 tons, or 36,025 126,188

Paid Duties 1819.

At London,	49,680 cwts.
— Liverpool,	17,000
— Glasgow,	2,153
— Leith,	1,065

Total, 69,898

Exported 1819.

Liverpool,	4,500 tons.
London, &c.	15,150½
Total,	20,650½

The stock of Coffee on hand, January 1st, is about 6000 tons. Last year it was 10,000 tons. The supply would thus appear inadequate to the demand; but we must bear in mind, that the export decreased considerably last year, arising, perhaps, from the introduction of Coffee into the Continent through other channels than Great Britain.

Cocoa imported.

	hhds. & tierces.	bls. & bags.
At London,	303	6347
— Liverpool,	7	3783
— Bristol,	76	294
— Clyde, &c.	—	235

Total, 386 10,659

Paid Duties.

2100 cwts.

Exported.

10,772 cwts.

The internal consumpt of Cocoa is increased 900 cwts. and the export is nearly doubled.

Rum imported in 1819.			Paid Duties in 1819.		
	puns.	hhds.			galls.
At London, - -	37,793	942	13,568 casks, say	-	1,301,886
— Liverpool, - -	8,807	412	3,836 —	-	403,687
— Bristol, - -	2,188	79			
— Lancaster, &c. -	1,505	250	Suppose 3000 casks, -	}	330,000
— Clyde and Leith, -	5,405	372			148,159
	55,698	2055			2,183,732

Exported.		
From London, -	21,901 puns.	
— Liverpool, - -	2,900 —	
— Glasgow, about	2,550 —	

26,151 puns. of 110 galls. each, or 2,876,610 galls.

We have no returns from Bristol, &c. The consunt of Rum in Glasgow is greatly decreased; that in London is considerably augmented; and in Liverpool is perhaps nearly the same, could we learn the different kind of casks.

Molasses imported in 1819.			Exported in 1819.	
	puns.	hhds.		
At London, -	1450	454	269 tons.	
— Liverpool, -	1168	1877 & 59 bars.		
— Bristol, - -	188	9		
— Lancaster, &c. -	59	—		
— Clyde and Leith, -	387	—		
Total,	3,252	2340 & 59 bars.		

The import is greatly increased, and the export, in proportion to the quantity, greatly so also.

Tobacco imported.		Exported.		Paid Dut. & for Incl.	
	hhds.	hhds.			
At London, - -	10,040	10,362		5,341	
— Liverpool, - -	8,855	4,526		4,949	
— Glasgow, - -	610	—			
and 185 bales,		—		567,495 lbs.	
	19,505	—		724,273 — at Leith.	
				1,291,768 lbs.	

The imports have decreased very considerably, while the export is nearly trebled; and consequently, the stock on hand very much reduced.

Grain imported 1819.					
Liverpool.		London.		Other ports.	Total.
	Foreign.		Foreign.	Foreign.	
Wheat, qrs. - -	90,144	131,319	114,004	335,167	
Oats, — - -	6,163	267,322	132,699	406,184	
Barley, — - -	31,572	149,600	122,101	303,273	
Rye, — - -	8,469	5,344	5,692	19,505	
Beans, — - -	26,906	159,273	22,207	208,386	
Pease, — - -	6,447	11,021	14,956	32,424	
Malt, — - -	—	—	—	—	
For.	169,701	723,879	411,659	1,305,239	

Flour, Foreign, 43,175 barrs. 6,082 barrs. 3,088 barrs. 52,245.

DYEWOODS, &c.

Imported, 1819.		Exported, 1819.	
	tons.		tons.
Fustic, - - -	6,823½	809½	
Logwood, - - -	9,167 —	5,849½	
Nicaraguawood, - -	1,025½	458 —	
Barwood, - - -	369 —	219½	
Camwood, - - -	391 —	113½	
Sanderswood, - -	156 —	—	
Ebony, - - -	75 —	6,450½	
Elephants' Teeth, -	4,150 number.		

SUNDRY ARTICLES,

<i>Imported, 1819.</i>			<i>Exported, 1819.</i>		
Ashes,	-	44,427	barrs.	45,901	cwts.
Barilla,	-	7,775½	tons.	933½	tons.
Brimstone,	-	4,758	tons.	663	tons.
Currants,	-	3,340	butts, &c.	1,711	cwts.
Figs,	-	299	tons.	2,300	cwts.
Flax,	-	12,467	tons.	761¼	tons.
Flaxseed,	-	116,563	quarters.	16,745	quarters.
Ginger,	-	85,598	packages.	18,443	cwts.
Hemp,	-	15,112½	tons.	1,585	tons.
Hides,	-	455,636	number.	215,094	number.
Indigo,	-	13,936	seroons & chests.	30,369	cwts.
Lime and Lemon Juice,	-	1,987	galls.	3,973	galls.
Madder,	-	3,025	casks.	1,582	cwts.
Madder Roots,	-	5,668	bales and casks.	246	cwts.
Olive Oil,	-	3,437	casks.	84,714	galls.
Palm Oil,	-	9,888	ditto and bags.	149	tons.
Pimento,	-	22,444	barrs. and bags.	19,389	cwts.
Quercet. Bark,	-	2,749	casks.	9,861	cwts.
Raisins,	-	4,399½	tons.	12,934	cwts.
Rice,	-	24,626	tons.	7,589	tons.
Saltpetre,	-	86,519	bags.	1,441½	tons.
Shumac,	-	29,270	bags.	3,520	cwts.
Tallow,	-	25,217	tons.	2,231½	tons.
Tar,	-	65,274	barrs.	9,988	barrs.
Turpentine,	-	75,016	casks.	2,155	cwts.
Valonia,	-	2,393	tons.	306	tons.

Imports from the East Indies, 1819.

Tea,	-	275,940	chests.	Cinnamon,	-	1,254	bags.
Coffee,	-	19,209	bags.	Cloves,	-	14	bags.
Sugar,	-	113,840	bags.	Mace,	-	46	packs.
Cotton,	-	113,835	bags.	Nutmegs,	-	437	packs.
Indigo,	-	12,270	boxes & chests	Saltpetre,	-	53,516	packs.
Rice,	-	241,643	bags.	Piece Goods,	-	11,356	bales.
Pepper,	-	43,638	bags.	Silk,	-	12,658	packs.
Ditto,	-	11,022	cwts.	Nankeens,	-	4,584	packs.

Grain, of all kinds, imported in 1819.

London.			Liverpool.			Glasgow.		
Wheat, quarters,	443,438		Quarters,	221,902		Wheat Irish,	589	barrs.
Barley,	383,786		Ditto,	62,364		Ditto British,	19,582	qrs.
Malt,	162,406		Ditto,	36,604		Barley Irish,	1,294	barrs.
Oats,	887,705		Ditto,	321,692		Ditto British,	13,028	qrs.
Rye,	5,021		Ditto,	8,497		Oats Irish,	217,440	barrs.
Beans,	159,388		Ditto,	32,029		Ditto British,	13,070	qrs.
Pease,	48,102		Ditto,	6,648		Flour,	8,640	barrs.
Tares,	5,290		Clover Seed, casks, &c.	590		Ditto,	8,637	bags.
Linseed,	64,860		Flax do. lhds,	2,000		Rice,	1,489	fierces.
Rapeseed,	9,201					Ditto,	6,145	bags.
Brank,	3,639					Flaxseed,	1,521	casks.
Mustard,	5,331							
Various Seeds,	15,865							
Flour, sacks,	381,968		Sacks,	10,924		N. B.—From the Custom-house books it appears that, in the year ending the 5th Jan. last, 26,799,369 bushels foreign corn and grain were imported duty free.		
Ditto, barrels,	12,944		Barrels,	43,175				
Oatmeal,			Loads,	23,899				

Imported into Liverpool, 1819.

Beef,	-	4,048	fierces.
Ditto,	-	3,204	barrels.
Pork,	-	15,252	barrels.
Ditto,	-	2,185	½ ditto.
Butter,	-	204,292	firkins.
Ditto,	-	16,179	½ ditto.

Exported from Liverpool, 1819.

Wheat,	-	2,816	quarters.
Oats,	-	4,150	ditto.
Flour,	-	2,563	tons.
Beef,	-	4,275	barcls.
Pork,	-	10,280	ditto.
Butter,	-	17,736	cwts.
Earthenware,	-	16,704	crates, & 3,413 lhds.

Sundries imported into Clyde, 1819.

Sealskins, - -	7,030 number.	Wines, - - -	836 pipes.
Rosin, - - -	1,641 barrels.	Ditto, - - -	441 hhds.
Cod and Seal Oil, -	1,600 casks.	Brandy, - - -	694 pipes.
Whale Oil, - -	1,874 ditto.	Geneva, - - -	260 pieces.
Lignum Vita - -	36 tons.		

Wool imported, 1819.

	ewts.	qrs.	lbs.
Sheep and Lambs' Wool,	235,763	: 1	: 2

Value exports of British manufactured Woollens, 1819, is £9,047,960 : 19 : 11.

The value of the exports last year are £1,089,033 : 4 : 11 more than for the previous year.

Cotton Goods exported from Hull, from 11th October 1819, to 5th January 1820.

<i>Russia.</i>		<i>Holland.</i>	
Cotton Twist, - -	185,955 lbs.	Fustians, - - -	26,102 yds.
Fustians, - - -	39,538 yds.	Calicoes, - - -	28,066 ditto.
Calicoes, - - -	44,820 ditto.	Muslins, - - -	240 ditto.
Muslins, - - -	28,212 ditto.	Printed Calicoes, - -	59,493 ditto.
Printed Calicoes, -	16,300 ditto.	Cotton Hose, - - -	3
<i>Germany.</i>		Cotton Twist, - - -	6,199 lbs.
Cotton Twist, - -	2,642,851 lbs.	Knitting Cotton, - -	3,800 lbs.
Calicoes, Dimities, Ging-		Plain Muslin Handkerchiefs,	15
hams, &c. - - -	1,115,248 yds.	<i>Flanders.</i>	
Printed Calicoes, -	3,276,802 ditto.	Calicoes, - - -	27,946 yds.
Fustians, Velveteens, Jeans,		Printed ditto, - - -	1,176 ditto.
Cords, &c. - - -	1,456,414 ditto.	Fustians, - - -	14,514 ditto.
Muslins, Cambrics, -	886,303 ditto.	Muslins, - - -	6,865 ditto.
Plain Muslin Handkerchiefs,	7,345 doz.	Cotton Hose, - - -	25 doz.
Printed Calico ditto	1,782-3 do.	<i>Africa.</i>	
Cotton Veils, - - -	26	Printed Calicoes - -	420 yds.
Muslin Dresses, - -	794	Cotton Veils, - - -	78 doz.
Cotton Lace, - - -	42,869 yds.	Muslin Scarfs, - - -	27
Sewing Cotton, - -	743 lbs.	Muslin Dresses, - -	53
Cotton Web, - - -	272 yds.	Calicoes, - - -	130 yds.
Knitting Cotton, - -	2,600 lbs.	Cotton Nett, - - -	328 ditto.
Cotton Hose, - - -	676 doz.	Muslins, - - -	319 ditto.
Cotton Ticks, - - -	4,204 yds.	Printed ditto Handkerchiefs,	23 2-3 doz.
Bed Quilts, - - -	186 ditto.	Ditto Calico ditto, - -	7½ ditto.
Cotton Table Covers, -	24 ditto.		
Printed Muslins, - -	51,640 yds.		

The above is an official account, for one quarter, from the port mentioned which may serve to give the reader some idea of the magnitude of our Cotton exports.

Stock on hand of various Articles, December 31st, 1819.

Cotton, - - -	352,000 bags, &c.	Pimento, - - -	8,342 casks, &c.
Sugar, B. Plant. -	83,200 casks.	Ginger, - - -	35,965 do, bg, &c.
Ditto, Foreign, - -	1,500 chests.	Logwood, - - -	16,943 tons.
Ditto, ditto, - - -	1,500 boxes.	Fustic, - - -	5,377 tons.
Ditto, East India, -	66,600 packages.	Mahogany, - - -	715,000 feet.
Coffee, - - -	6,000 tons.	Ditto in Liverpool, -	715,000 ditto.
Cocoa, - - -	6,643 packages.	Ditto in Clyde, - -	1,238 logs.
Rum, - - -	30,900 casks.		
Tobacco, - - -	21,960 hhds.	<i>1819.</i>	
Ditto, - - -	896 packages.	Barrels Herrings cured,	340,894
Rice, - - -	225,577 bags, &c.	Ditto ditto, Exported, -	227,162
Wheat in bond, - -	202,000 qrs.		

Consumpt various Articles.

<i>1818.</i>		<i>1819.</i>	
Tea, - - -	21,629,000 lbs.		22,754,000 lbs.
Tobacco and Snuff, -	11,150,000 ditto.		11,744,000 ditto.
British and Irish Spirits,	5,190,000 galls.		5,290,000 galls.
Wines, - - -	3,465,000 ditto.		3,807,000 ditto.

PRICES CURRENT.—February 5.—London, January 28, 1820.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	60	to 65	59	to 63	56	to 62	57	to 59
B. P. Bry Brown, . cwt.	76	85	61	82	63	81	61	68
Mid. good, and fine mid.	84	96	—	—	83	88	80	84
Fine and very fine, . .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	108	112	—	—	—	—	90	111
Powder ditto, . . .	103	112	—	—	105	106	—	—
Single ditto, . . .	92	98	—	—	105	108	—	—
Small Lump, . . .	92	96	—	—	92	98	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	48	60	—	—	48	52	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	30	31	30	30 6	31 6	—	27s 6d	—
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.	98	110	—	—	115	121	98	128
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112	122	—	—	125	158	135	148
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85	96	—	—	95	112	—	—
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	102	112	—	—	116	126	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	112	117	—	—	127	112	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	95	105	—	—	120	125	135	160
St Domingo, . . .	7	8	7½	8½	8	8½	—	—
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	5s 3d	5s 6d	2s 11d	3s 0d	2 11	3 2	2s 8d	4s 0d
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	4 6	5 0	—	—	—	—	5 4	4 4
Brandy, . . .	5 0	5 2	—	—	—	—	5 0	5 3
Geneva, . . .	6 6	6 9	—	—	—	—	—	—
Aqua, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	60	64	—	—	—	—	£55	65 0
Claret, 1st Growth, bhd.	41	51	—	—	—	—	52	58 0
Portugal Red, . . .	54	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, . . .	50	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, . . .	60	70	—	—	—	—	40	50 0
Madeira, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	47	—	5 10	5 15	6 5	6 10	6 6	—
Honduras, . . .	8	—	5 1	6 0	7 0	7 10	6 6	6 10
Campeachy, . . .	8	—	6 10	7 0	7 10	8 0	—	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7	—	7 10	8 0	7 10	8 0	8 0	9 0
Cuba, . . .	9	11	9 10	10 0	9 1	10 10	1 2	1 6
INDIGO, Caracca fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	9 0	9 9	8 0	8 9	10s 6d	10s 6d
TIMBER, Amer Pine, foot.	1 0	1 11	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	3 2	3 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	1 2	1 1	—	—
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 5½	2 0	—	—
TAR, American, . . brl.	16	20	—	—	16	0 17 0	21 0	—
Archangel, . . .	18	20	—	—	—	—	22 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt	8	—	—	—	—	—	6 0	8 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	56	57	59	60	59	—	—	—
Home Melted, . . .	57	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50	51	—	—	—	—	£19 0	—
Petersburgh Clean, . .	—	41	—	—	40	16	11 10	—
FLAX,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Riga Thues. & Druj. Rak.	56	58	—	—	—	—	70 0	72
Dutch, . . .	58	112	—	—	—	—	70	80
Irish, . . .	45	52	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	90	92	—	—	—	—	£1 15	—
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	11	—	—	—	—	—	58	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	54	55	—	—	41	—	43	45
Montreal ditto, . . .	10	12	10	11	10	—	49	45
Pot, . . .	57	40	59	10	—	—	50	—
OIL, Whale, . . . tun.	52	55	52	55	—	—	50	—
Cod, . . .	84 (p brl.)	—	52	—	—	—	29	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	0 9 0 3½	—	0 9 0 3½	—	0 6½ 0 8	—	0 7½ 0 9	—
Middling, . . .	0 8 0 8½	—	0 7 0 8	—	0 15 0 6	—	0 4 0 5	—
Interior, . . .	0 7 0 8	—	0 4 0 5	—	0 7½ 0 1	—	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 1 1 2½	—	0 14½ 1 1	—	1 0 1 1	—
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	2 6 2 9	—	2 5 2 5	—	1 10 2 4	—
Good, . . .	—	—	2 4 2 5	—	1 9 2 0	—	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	2 1 2 2	—	1 2 1 8	—	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	1 4 1 7	—	1 2 1 6	—	1 5 1 6	—
West India, . . .	—	—	1 1 1 2	—	1 0 1 1	—	1 0 1 6	—
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	1 7 1 8	—	1 5 1 6	—	1 5 1 6	—
Maratham, . . .	—	—	1 5 1 6	—	1 5½ 1 4½	—	1 3 1 4½	—

Course of Exchange, Feb. 4.—Amsterdam, 11: 19. Antwerp, 12: 1. Ex. Hamburg, 36: 1. Frankfurt, 151½ Ex. Paris, 25: 5. Bourdeaux, 25: 35. Madrid, 34½ effect. Cadiz, 34½ effect. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Malta, 46. Naples, 38½. Palermo, 116 per oz. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 56. Dublin, 10½ per cent. Cork, 10½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £3: 17: 9. Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½. New doubloons, £3: 15: 6. New dollars, 5s. 0d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 2d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 5th to 26th Jan. 1820.

	5th.	12th.	19th.	26th.
Bank stock,	220 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	221 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2
3 per cent. reduced,	67 $\frac{3}{4}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{3}{4}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. consols,	—	68 $\frac{3}{4}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{7}{8}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols,	76 $\frac{3}{4}$	77 $\frac{1}{4}$	77 $\frac{1}{4}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{4}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 per cent. consols,	84 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{4}$	86 $\frac{1}{4}$	86 $\frac{1}{4}$
5 per cent. navy ann.	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2	102 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	67 $\frac{3}{8}$	67 $\frac{1}{8}$	67 $\frac{1}{8}$
India stock,	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	5 10 pr.	9 pr.	8 10 pr.	11 12 pr.
Exchange bills, 2d. p.d.	1 dis. par.	1 2 dis.	1 dis. par.	2 4 pr.
Consols for acc.	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	72 fr. 50 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of December 1819, and the 23d of January 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Addis, T. Powick, Worcester, plumber
Aves, W. Watton, Norfolk, grocer
Bailey, J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier
Berk, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer
Bewley, B. Manchester, slater
Bone, J. Truro, linen-draper
Body, E. Mores-Town, Stoke-Damerell, Devon-shire, merchant
Booth, G. Liverpool, woollen-draper
Bryan, R. Llangunilo, Radnorshire, farmer
Bulpin, F. Bridgewater, hop-merchant
Belham, J. Stratford, merchant
Blackley, E. Wood-street, warehouseman
Buddle, T. Rochester, grocer
Baker, T. York, linen-dr per
Belcher, R. B. Hatfield, Broad-Oak, Essex, linen-draper
Butler, J. P. Bilston, Stafford, baker
Bartlett, T. E. Banbury, Oxford, mercer
Boyd, J. Highbridge, shopkeeper
Bradfield, W. North Elmham, Norfolk, baker
Bracewell, J. Banley, Leeds, millkeeper
Browne, W. E. Brixton, stock-broker
Buss, M. Ashborne, maltster
Brown, G. Bridge-road, Lambeth, tallow-chandler
Bowler, W. & Warburton, J. Castle-street, South-wark, hat-manufacturers
Bailey, J. London-wall, coach-maker
Cheshire, T. Aylesbury, grocer
Cobham, W. jun. & Jones, T. Ware, bankers
Cook, J. Whitechapel-road, grocer
Crough, J. Branley, cloth-manufacturer
Coepe, J. Chesterfield, tallow-chandler
Chapman, W. Bishopgate-street without, haberdasher
Crump, T. & Hill, T. jun. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturers
Chubb, C. Portsea, nonmonger
Creser, W. Radwin-street, City-road, grocer
Clarke, R. Newport, brewer
Dawson, E. Manchester, victualler
Daryl, C. H. Church-street, tailor
Deaman, S. South Petherton, miller
Dick, A. & Morrison, J. St Catherine's-square, East Smithfield, ale and porter merchants
Dodd, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant
Delancey, P. H. Romford, auctioneer
Dawson, E. Birmingham, victualler
Duell, W. sen. William-street, Bridewell-Prismet, plumber
Devlin, M. Great Wild-street, coal-merchant
Ellison, R. Liverpool, chemist and druggist
Friend, T. E. & W. J. Sunderland, dealers
Frost, Ann, & Frost, J. R. Maclefield, grocers
Feise, G. Lawrence Pountney-hill, merchant
Foster, J. Liverpool, money-sevener
Forster, E. & Wylam, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants
Farrow, R. Broad-street, warehouseman
Fournall, J. Deptford, merchant
Farrington, J. Liverpool, merchant
Garside, T. Stockport, cotton spinner
Gates, J. Grimsdole, tanner
Glover, J. Liverpool, boot and shoe-maker
Grafton, J. Stroud, shoe-maker
Green, B. Leeds, stone-mason
Green, J. Brauncwell, Lincoln, merchant
Gerard, D. Old Cavendish-street, milliner
Geddes, G. Liverpool, merchant
Gee, N. Lenton, lace-manufacturer
Heath, W. Islington, butcher
Hooper, D. Bristol, merchant
Hunt, T. F. St Martin-in-the-fields, builder
Horton, C. Birmingham, wire-worker
Hurry, E. & Powels, J. D. Freeman's-court, Con-hill, merchants
Harrop, J. Gateshead, grocer
Harris, W. Strand, boot and shoe-maker
Hobbs, D. Bedrudge, coal-merchant
Jones, J. Worcester, linen-draper
Johnson, R. Appleton, plumber
Jacobs, L. Nassau street, Middlesex, glass dealer
Janson, W. Birmingham, tarpauling-maker
King, J. Richard-street, Commercial-road, victualler
King, T. Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier
Krauss, J. sen. Manchester, merchant
Lakeman, D. H. Liverpool, merchant
Lant, D. Blackman-street, Newington, merchant
Lace, T. Liverpool, brazer
Livesey, J. Farnworth, paper maker
Levyson, M. Lime-street, merchant
Maddock, E. Quay, R. & Unacke, J. Liverpool, merchants
Malcolm, R. Ashbourne, tea-dealer
Myers, R. & Holmes, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper
Mottley, T. Portsea, dealer
Millingan, A. Wolverhampton, tea-dealer
Moore, W. Houghton, butter-merchant
Morris, T. Bristol, linen-draper
Morgan, E. Knighton, Radnor, wool-stapler
Morris, T. Cate-ton-street, warehouseman
McLean, J. Lamb-street, Spitalfields, potato-merchant
Nixon, W. Rugeley, Staffordshire, farmer
Nesbitt, T. Cattaton-street, warehouseman
Nightingale, J. Howden, con-factor
Pickering, J. Woburn-place, Russell-square, wine-merchant
Peele, J. Tower-street, sack-manufacturer
Pinnington, D. Cheltenham, heavy stable-keeper
Parker, R. Manchester, millkeeper
Phillips, M. Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant
Payne, S. Nottingham, money-sevener
Preston, J. Woodale, cloth-manufacturer
Payne, G. Newgate-street, hatter
Peck, J. Blackheath-hill, carpenter
Phillips, R. Ashburnham, farmer
Potter, J. Ashbourne, dealer
Patrick, E. Liverpool, gun-maker
Pasmote, J. Warford-court, Throgmorton-street, ship-owner
Percy, H. C. Hakin, Pembroke, shopkeeper
Phillips, L. & J. High Holborn, glass-dealers
Quros, Jove Mores a de, Size-lane, merchant

Roberts, C. Gurney Slade, Somersetshire, inn-keeper
 Roberts, W. Chowhant, Lancashire, innkeeper
 Reed, C. Plymouth, merchant
 Ray, J. & Ray, J. R. Clare, Suffolk, bankers
 Read, G. R. Barbican-court, merchant
 Roberts, J. Leeds, woolstapler
 Riley, J. Leicester, grocer
 Rabbeth, W. Red-Lion-passage, Red-Lion-square
 Sendall, J. Fulham, horse-dealer
 Sorrell, R. B. Kirby-street, printer
 Sharrock, P. T. Preston, music-vender
 Story, T. Hunworth, miller
 Smith, T. Leeds, worsted-spinner
 Sidney, R. Newman-street, Oxford-road, picture-dealer
 Scott, A. John-street, Commercial-road, dealer
 Shopbridge, W. Marden, Kent, farmer
 Sinclair, J. Brightelmstone, bookbinder
 Swaine, J. Bristol, dealer
 Sellers, H. Burnley, cotton-spinner
 Scott, J. Fore-street, corn-dealer
 Simpson, C. Stretford, nurseryman
 Skinner, S. Sharpe's buildings, Rosemary-lane, slopseller

Smith, I. D. St. G. Rotherhithe, cork-manufacturer
 Thompson, C. Halifax, watch-glass-cutter
 Thackara, J. Maltby, millwright
 Taylor, M. Long-lane, dealer in cotton
 Townsend, W. Sheffield, builder
 Taylor, J. Hadon, mariner
 Thompson H. & Moses, T. Rotherhithe, wine-merchants
 Trustrun, J. Grove, Great Guildford-street, carpenter
 Twiddy, G. Bread-street-hill, oil and colourman
 Tyler, J. Petworth, spirit-merchant
 Whitfield, W. P. Commercial-road, porter and wine merchant
 Womack, J. W. Norwich, linen-draper
 Wood, J. Walsall, factor
 Wynn, W. Dean-street, Soho, watch-maker
 Wheeler, H. sen. Flandford-forum, Dorsetshire, butcher
 Worrall, W. Liverpool, merchant
 Whitley, J. Dubb, Bingley, worsted-spinner
 Watters, S. Bermondsey, anchormen
 Wrathell, C. C. Lancaster, dealer in coals
 Want, J. Russell place, surgeon
 Young, J. Laystall-street, milkman.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st January 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Altwell, Wm, brush and basket maker, Glasgow
 Alexander, John, distiller, Lunithgow
 Brown, Robert, horse and cattle-dealer and grazer, Glasgow
 Byers, Richard, & Co. spirit-dealers, Glasgow
 Douglas, G. Newcastleton, Dumfriesshire
 Drummond, J. architect and builder, Oban
 Erskine, Wm, merchant and spirit-dealer, Glasgow
 Harkness, Thomas, Esq. of Balthinore, wool and timber-merchant, residing at Carrachovan, Cowal
 Jameson, Andrew, merchant, Turriff
 Laird, Anthony, cooper and fish-curer, Leith
 McEwen, Archibald, merchant and grocer, Glasgow
 Paterson, John, skinner and tanner, Spoutmouth, Glasgow
 Thomson, John, Robroyston, flesher, cattle and horse dealer, Galton, Glasgow
 White & Downie, merchants, Glasgow
 Woodman & Lookup, tanners and skimmers, Dumfries

DIVIDENDS.

Francis Garbett & Co. late of Carron Wharf; a dividend on 15th February
 Gillies, Colin, merchant, Brechin; a dividend on 14th February
 Lawrie, Andrew & Son, upholsterers, Edinburgh; a dividend on 28th February
 McFarlane, Rennie, & Co. merchants, Glasgow; a dividend on 14th February
 Macharg & Wallace, merchants, Ayr; a dividend on 8th February
 Petrie, James, jun. merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend on 11th February
 Scott, J. sen. & Co. merchants and agents, Glasgow; a dividend on 11th March
 Sheriff, Robert, manufacturer, Glasgow; a dividend on 16th February.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 31.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	56	to 60	Boilers	46	to 48
— ditto	60	to 63	New	—	to —
Superfine ditto	64	to 67	Small Beans	40	to 42
White	56	to 60	Tick	33	to 38
Fine ditto	62	to 66	Foreign	36	to 38
Superfine	68	to 71	Feed Oats	19	to 21
Old ditto	75	to 78	Fine	21	to 25
Rye	50	to 52	Poland do.	22	to 24
Barley	28	to 31	Fine	25	to 27
Fine	32	to 34	Potato do.	21	to 26
Superfine	32	to 37	Fine	27	to 29
Malt	53	to 60	Flour, p. sack	35	to 60
Fine	63	to 70	Seconds	30	to 55
Hop Pease	40	to 42	North Country	45	to 50
Maple	42	to 44	Poland	20	to 28
White pease	42	to 45	Bran	8	to 9

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown	15	to 20	Hempseed	—	to —
— White	6	to 11	Lansed, crush.	—	to —
Tarcs	0	to 0	New, for Seed	—	to —
Turnep	14	to 20	Ryegrass,	15	to 40
— New	0	to 0	Clover, Red,	60	to 98
— Yellow	0	to 0	— White	60	to 100
Canary	48	to 50	Commander	10	to 12
Canary	80	to 94	Trefal	50	to 68

New Rapeseed, £31 to £35.

Liverpool, Feb. 5.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat,	—	to 10	Pease, grey	56	to 40	0
per 70 lbs.	—	to 10	— Boiling	15	to 32	0
English, new	9	to 10	Flour, Eng. pr.	280	lb.	—
American	8	to 9	Fine	34	to 36	0
Dantia	9	to 10	Irish, 210 lb.	11	to 45	0
Dutch Red	0	to 0	Amer. p. 190 lb.	34	to 36	0
Riga	8	to 8	Do. in bond	51	to 55	0
Archangel	7	to 7	Sour	7	to 9	0
Canada	0	to 0	Oatmeal, per 210 lb.	—	to —	0
Scotch	9	to 9	English	53	to 55	0
Irish, new	8	to 9	Scotch	28	to 51	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to —	Irish	27	to 52	0
Eng. grind.	14	to 4	Bran, p. 21 lb.	0	to 0	0
Malt	5	to 0				
Scotch	4	to 5				
Irish	4	to 0				
Foreign	4	to 4				
Oats, per 45 lb.	5	to 3				
Irish, do.	3	to 3				
Scotch do.	3	to 3				
Rye, per qr.	36	to 58				
Malt, p. 9 lbs.	10	to 0				
Beans, pr. qr.	—	to —				
English	46	to 50				
Irish	44	to 46				
Rapeseed	£30	to £40				

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.	81	to 0
Belfast	82	to 0
Newry	82	to 0
Waterford, new	0	to 0
Cork, pick.	2d	to 0
5d dry	70	to 0
Beef, p. three	95	to 105
Tongue, p. fork	0	to 0
Pork, p. brl.	75	to 81
Bacon, per cwt.	—	to —
Short middles	56	to 55
Hams, dry,	0	to 0

EDINBURGH.—FEB. 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....35s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.
2d,.....32s. 6d.	2d,.....22s. 6d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....27s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 6d.	3d,.....15s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 5 : 6-12ths.

Tuesday, February 1.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	Os. 8d. to Os. 9d.
Mutton	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	Os. 8d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	Os. 0d. to Os. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto	1s. 0d. to 9s. 0d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	9s. 0d. to 9s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 3d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—FEB. 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....34s. 6d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....32s. 6d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....14s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....11s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 3 : 4-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 22d Jan. 1820.

Wheat, 65s. 10d.—Rye, 41s. 0d.—Barley, 53s. 11d.—Oats, 23s. 9d.—Beans, 41s. 9d.—Pease, 47s. 4d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 9d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels., and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceeding the 15th Jan. 1820.

Wheat, 52s. 9d.—Rye, 56s. 5d.—Barley, 27s. 11d.—Oats, 20s. 10d.—Beans, 31s. 7d.—Pease, 31s. 1d.—Beer or Big, 25s. 10d.—Oatmeal, 17s. 9d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE frost that set in towards the latter end of December continued with increasing severity during the first four days of January. During the first night of the month, the thermometer sunk to 11½, and on the 2d, to 10½. From the 5th to the 9th, it was more moderate; and on the 10th, the temperature of the day rose to 40½, the lowest during the night being 36. After the 12th, the frost became more severe than at any former period, and continued till the 22d. On the morning of the 18th the thermometer stood at Zero, and did not rise higher than 11½ till very late in the evening. In the neighbourhood of the river the temperature was observed about 10 degrees below Zero, probably the greatest degree of cold ever experienced in this country. After the 17th, the thermometer sunk repeatedly to 5, and on the last night of the frost it was at 12½. From the 23d to the end of the month, the thermometer rose to 40 or upwards every day. The state of the barometer during the month was as extraordinary as that of the thermometer. From the 1st to the 9th, it rose gradually, every day, with one slight exception; and on the morning of the 9th, stood at the very unusual height of 30.835. This was at 10; but an hour before, it was at 30.845, and in all probability had been higher during the night. Making allowance for the elevation of the place, it must have been as high as 31.045 inches at the level of the sea, a height altogether unexampled perhaps in this climate. During the next nine days, the barometer sunk almost as gradually as it had risen; and on the morning of the 19th, two days after the greatest depression of temperature, it stood at 28.830, being 2 inches lower than at its greatest elevation. The mean temperature of January is nearly 7½ degrees lower than that of January last year, the mean of Leslie's hygrometer is one degree lower, and the mean relative humidity exactly the same. The quantity of evaporation is one-third less than last year.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

JANUARY 1820.

<i>Means.</i>		<i>Extremes.</i>	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	35.8	Maximum,	31st day, 47.0
..... cold,	24.8	Minimum,	17th, 0.0
..... temperature, 10 A.M.	30.7	Lowest maximum,	17th, 20.0
..... 10 P.M.	30.4	Highest minimum,	30th, 39.0
..... of daily extremes,	30.3	Highest, 10 A. M.	31st, 46.0
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	30.5	Lowest ditto,	18th, 6.0
..... 4 daily observations,	30.4	Highest, 10 P. M.	24th, 45.0
Whole range of thermometer,	340.0	Lowest ditto,	18th, 10.5
Mean daily ditto,	11.0	Greatest range in 24 hours, 21st	21.0
..... temperature of spring water,	37.3	Least ditto,	6th, 5.0
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 38)	29.708	Highest, 10 A. M.	9th, 30.855
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 38)	29.717	Lowest ditto,	19th, 28.850
..... both, (temp. of mer. 38)	29.715	Highest, 10 P. M.	8th, 30.800
Whole range of barometer,	9.285	Lowest ditto,	19th, 28.990
Mean ditto, during the day,	.135	Greatest range in 24 hours, 27th	.690
..... night,	.164	Least ditto,	17th, .055
..... in 24 hours,	.299	HYGROMETER.	
HYGROMETER.			Degrees.
	Degrees.		
Rain in inches,	1.521	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	11th, 16.0
Evaporation in ditto,	.650 Lowest ditto,	18th, 0.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.020 Highest, 10 P. M.	11th, 16.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	5.5 Lowest ditto,	18th, 0.0
..... 10 P. M.	6.0	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M.	50th, 41.0
..... both,	5.7 Lowest ditto,	18th, 6.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	26.8 Highest, 10 P. M.	50th, 58.0
..... 10 P.M.	25.7 Lowest ditto,	18th, 11.0
..... both,	26.2 Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M.	18th, 100.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	87.9 Least ditto,	11th, 66.0
..... 10 P. M.	83.7 Greatest, 10 P. M.	18th, 100.0
..... both,	86.8 Least ditto,	9th, 65.0
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	1.148 Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M.	51st, .181
..... 10 P. M.	1.113 Least ditto,	18th, .055
..... both,	1.115 Greatest, 10 P. M.	30th, .166
	 Least ditto,	18th, .060

Fair days, 21; rainy days, 10. Wind west of meridian, 25; east of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after noon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind	
Jan. 1	M. 17	29.106	M. 27	N.W.	Snow deep, frost.	Jan. 17	M. 11	29.279	M. 26	Cble.	Sunshine, keen frost.
	A. 22	.178	A. 28				A. 19	.261	A. 26		
2	M. 18	.209	M. 26	N.W.	Keen frost, snow on gr.	18	M. 6	.254	M. 22	Cble.	Keen frost.
	A. 23	.225	A. 26				A. 16	.101	A. 24		
3	M. 17	.325	M. 25	Cble.	Ditto.	19	M. 14	28.672	M. 23	Cble.	Snow foren. frost night
	A. 22	.580	A. 27				A. 25	.847	A. 27		
4	M. 21	.675	M. 28	Calm.	Frost, snow on ground.	20	M. 15	29.101	M. 25	Cble.	Frost, sun, snow on gr.
	A. 28	.706	A. 30				A. 21	.220	A. 26		
5	M. 21	.619	M. 55	S.W.	Rain.	21	M. 18	.515	M. 50	Cble.	Keen frost, dull day
	A. 57	.624	A. 56				A. 31	.536	A. 27		
6	M. 515	.885	M. 56	Calm.	Foggy, fair.	22	M. 145	.695	M. 25	W.	Frost, with sunshine.
	A. 36	.814	A. 35				A. 19	.619	A. 29		
7	M. 29	.999	M. 52	Cble.	Snow and hail altern.	23	M. 27	.250	M. 52	W.	Fine thaw.
	A. 54	50.403	A. 56				A. 56	.206	A. 50		
8	M. 215	.511	M. 56	Cble.	Keen frost.	24	M. 394	28.664	M. 42	S.W.	Ditto.
	A. 31	.659	A. 56				A. 12	.990	A. 41		
9	M. 19	.651	M. 29	Cble.	Ditto.	25	M. 553	29.545	M. 41	Cble.	Dull foren. rain even.
	A. 26	.635	A. 29				A. 41	.108	A. 40		
10	M. 20	.571	M. 55	N.W.	Mild, Fresh fresh.	26	M. 31	.217	M. 40	E.	Foggy foren. sunshin aft.
	A. 33	.131	A. 55				A. 58	.154	A. 40		
11	M. 311	29.792	M. 35	N.W.	Fresh, snow and rain.	27	M. 515	28.869	M. 45	N. W.	Rain.
	A. 57	.759	A. 56				A. 44	.072	A. 45		
12	M. 25	.986	M. 34	N.W.	Snow, rather fresh.	28	M. 54	29.557	M. 42	N. W.	Dull mom. sunshin day
	A. 52	.982	A. 54				A. 11	.836	A. 41		
13	M. 24	.859	M. 32	Cble.	Dull, snis. of snow.	29	M. 58	.820	M. 10	Cble.	Fair, rain night.
	A. 50	.961	A. 55				A. 58	.644	A. 42		
14	M. 25	.975	M. 31	Cble.	Frost, snow on grd.	30	M. 51	.651	M. 42	W.	Fair, dull, rain night.
	A. 26	.660	A. 52				A. 45	.576	A. 45		
15	M. 215	.498	M. 31	Cble.	Sunshine, snow on gr.	31	M. 38	.512	M. 46	S.W.	Fair, rain night.
	A. 51	.107	A. 55				A. 47	.513	A. 45		
16	M. 22	.576	M. 31	Cble.	Keen frost, snow.						
	A. 28	.374	A. 27								

Average of Rain, .005 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

1. MILITARY.

Army Lieut.-Col. Tuyl, hp. 26 Dr. to be Col. on the Continent only 16 Dec. 1819
 Capt. Pierce, R. Art. Major 12 Aug. do.
 — Nicolls, R. Art. Major do.
 — Mar. of Worcester, 57 F. Major 30 Dec. do.
 2 Dr. G. — Collins, Cornet by purch. v. Cotton, pro. 25 Dr. 6 Jan. 1820
 9 Dr. Major Wildman, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Lord Hartland, ret. 23 Dec. 1819
 Capt. Hurt, Major by purch. do.
 Lieut. Minchin, Capt. by purch. do.
 Cornet Porter, Lieut. by purch. do.
 Wm Beresford, Cornet by purch. do.
 10 Cornet & Adj. Wells, rank of Lt. 30 do.
 25 — Hon. R. H. S. Cotton, fm. 2 Dr. G. to be Lieut. by purch. vice Jeffries, pro. 25 do.
 G. Gds. Ens. & Lt. Dirom, Lt. & Capt. by purch. vice Melloy, ret. 6 Jan. 1820
 — Lord Howard de Walden, fm. hp. Ens. & Lt. by purch. do.
 C. Gds. Col. Woodford, 1st Major, vice Jackson, Staff Corps 18 do.
 — Bouvenc, 2d Major do.
 Lt. Lt.-Col. Steele, Capt. & Lt.-Col. do.
 Ens. & Lt. Bentinck, Lt. & Adj. do.
 Cor. Smith, pro. 2 Dr. G. Ens. & Lt. do.
 1 F. Bt. Maj. Wedderall, Major, v. Lynch, dead 30 Dec. 1819
 — Lieut. Macdonald, Capt. do.
 — Ensign Eddington, Lieut. vice M'Ewen, dead do.
 — Lewis, Lieut. do.
 — W. Tottenham, Ensign 22 Mar. 1817
 — Home, Ensign 50 Dec. 1819
 Lt. Cameron, Adj. vice M'Ewen, dead do.
 Bt. Maj. Campbell, Maj. vice Elrington, 1 Vet. Bn. do.
 Lieut. Walker, Capt. do.
 Ensign Marsh, Lieut. do.
 22 F. As. Surg. Brown, from hp. 4 Dr. G. As. Surg. vice Martin, R. Ind. 6 Jan. 1820
 29 H. Deedes, Ens. by purch. vice Burke, ret. 23 Dec. 1819
 30 Ens. Warren, Lieut. vice Harrison, dead 15 Nov. 1818
 — Paton, hp. 54 F. Ensign do.
 41 Ens. Gossip, 87 F. Ens. vice Burrowes, hp. York Chass. 30 Dec. 1819
 44 W. Fludver, Ens. vice Barry, dead do.
 Ens. Woodlart, Adj. v. Barry, dead do.
 50 — Flude, Lt. vice Edwards, dead 29 do.
 — Wen, Lt. vice Harley, dead 50 do.
 Gent. Cadet J. Foy, from R. M. C. Ens. 29 do.
 — S. J. Hodgson, from R. M. C. Ens. 50 do.
 Lt. Vimecombe, from hp. 68 F. Paym. v. Montgomery, dead 6 Jan. 1820
 58 Lt. Fugion, from hp. 57 F. Paym. vice Turner, dead 25 Dec. 1819
 J. Skinner, Ensign 30 do.
 61 Lt. Furnace, Capt. vice Mackrill, dead do.
 Ens. Verner, Lieut. do.
 A. Griev, Ens. do.
 64 Ens. Stevenson, Lieut. vice Isbell, dead 6 Jan. 1820
 H. F. Broderip, Ens. do.
 67 Lt. Snow, from 89 F. Capt. vice James, pro. 6 do.
 Ens. Hassell, Lieut. vice Harpur 15 do.
 Gent. Cadet A. Ansell, from Ro. Mil. Col. Ens. do.
 87 Ens. Bateman, Lt. vice Hutchinson, pro. 23 Dec. 1819
 C. H. Doyle, Ensign do.
 Ens. Sutherland, from hp. York Chass. 50 do.
 Ens. vice Gossip, 41 F. do.
 89 Lt. Vincent, from 46 F. Lieut. vice Snow, pro. 67 F. 6 Jan. 1820
 90 As. Surg. M'Arthur, from hp. 25 F. As. Surg. v. Farnau, hp. 25 F. 30 Dec. 1819
 92 Bt. Maj. Couper, Major, vice Ferrier, dead do.
 — Lieut. Innes, Capt. do.
 — Ens. Macdonald, Lieut. vice Gordon, dead 27 do.

Ens. Mackintosh, Lieut. vice Logan, dead 28 do.
 — Gordon, Lieut. vice Will, dead 29 do.
 — Campbell, from 58 F. Lieut. 30 do.
 Gent. Cadet Sir O. Gibbs, from R. M. C. Ens. vice Reynolds, dead 27 do.
 — C. C. Smith, from R. M. C. 28 do.
 — Ens. — A. Amsinck, from R. M. C. 29 do.
 — Pearson, Ensign 6 Jan. 1820
 Hosp. As. J. Strachan, As. Surg. vice Thomas, dead 50 Dec. 1819
 Rifle B. Bt. Lieut.-Col. Miller, Maj. by purch. vice Wilkins, ret. 25 do.
 1st Lt. Cox, Capt. by purch. do.
 2d Lt. Brownrigg, 1st Lt. by purch. do.
 W. H. Wood, 2d Lt. by pur. 15 Jan. 1820
 Staff C. Col. Sir R. D. Jackson, K.C.B. fm. 2 F. G. Col. vice D'Urban 18 do.

Staff.

Col. Sir R. D. Jackson, K.C.B. D. Q. M. Gen. to the Forces, vice D'Urban 18 Jan. 1820
 — Garrisons.

Capt. Weeks, from hp. Nova S. Fen. Town Adj. of Cape Breton, vice Schwartz, res. 25 Oct. 1819

Medical Department.

Physician T. Short, from hp. Phys. 25 Dec. do.
 As Surg. Dunn, from 2 W. I. R. Surg. 15 Jan. 1820
 — Savery, from hp. R. W. I. R. As. Surg. 25 June 1819
 Hosp. Mate M. Ritchie, Hosp. As. vice Macleod, dead 25 Dec. do.
 — W. Charles, Hosp. As. vice Grier, dead 30 do.
 Hosp. As. Duncanson, from hp. Hosp. As. 15 Jan. 1820

Exchanges.

Bt. Major Tayler, from 95 F. with Capt. Mansel, hp. 53 F.
 Capt. Lambest, from 64 F. with Bt. Major Eliot, hp. 21 F.
 — Golche, from 6 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Schreiber, hp. 22 Dr.
 — Crawford, from 11 Dr. with Capt. Mylne, 15 Dr.
 — Prager, from 19 F. with Capt. Farquharson, Sub-Insp. Mil. Ion. Isl.
 — Fitz-Gerald, from 51 F. with Capt. Emmet, hp. 85 F.
 — Wright, from 75 F. with Capt. MacMahon, hp. 95 F.
 — Straugwayes, 65 F. with Captain Burrowes, hp. 12 F.
 Lieut. Dillon, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Colls, hp.
 — Walbridge, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cary, hp. York Chass.
 — Smyth, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Gage, hp. 5 F. Gds.
 — Gordon, from 42 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Macdougall, hp. 85 F.
 — Hewitt, from 92 F. with Lieut. Randall, hp. 61 F.
 — Robb, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Crossley, hp. 23 Dr.
 — Spedding, from 9 F. with Lt. Robinson, hp. Barlow, from 50 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Chespe, hp. 95 F.
 — Dickens, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lt. West, hp. 21 Dr.
 — Cameron, from 75 F. with Lieut. Brooke, hp. 85 F.
 — Sandon, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nunn, hp.
 Cornet Langmead, from 10 D. with Ens. Wortley, 76 F.
 2d Lieut. Lewis, from 21 F. with Ensign Booth, hp. 53 F.
 Ensign Francis, from 8 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Curtis, hp. Rifle Brig.
 — Bennett, from 32 F. with Ensign Power, 68 F.
 — Carey, fm. 85 F. with Ens. Boyes, hp. 50 F.
 — Hall, fm. 15 F. with Ens. Macdonell, 25 F.

Ensign Potenger, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Semple, hp. 96 F.
 — Russell, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Furlong, hp. 6 F.
 — Nutt, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Fothergill, hp. 36 F.
 Paym. Chapman, from 9 Dr. with Paym. Knight, hp. 5 Line K. G. L.
 Assist. Surg. Fogerty, from 2 W. I. R. with Assist. Surg. Dunn, hp. 19 Dr.
 Hosp. Assist. Robertson, M.D. from Staff Med. Dep. with Hosp. Assistant Hall, hp.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-General Lord Hartland, 9 Dr.
 Lieut.-Colonel Wilkins, Rifle Brigade
 Captain Molloy, Grenadier Guards
 Lieut. Schwartz, Town Adj. of Cape Breton
 Ensign Burke, 29 F.
 Surgeon Loftus, 1 Lanc. Mil.

Superseded.

Captain Lee, Rifle Brigade
 Appointments Cancelled.

Captain C. L. Fitzgerald, on hp. 85 F. as Major in the Army 12 Aug. 1819
 The Exchange between Captain Stangways, of 65 F. and Captain Perry, hp. 36 F.

Deaths.

Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the D. of Kent, K. G. & G. C. B. 1 F. Governor of Gibraltar 23 Jan. 1820
 General Earl of Suffolk, 41 F. Governor of Londonderry and Culmore Jan. 1820
 Lieut.-General Jas Campbell, Unatt. London 17 Jan. 1820
 Captain Pyner, Adjutant to 2d Surrey Militia Lieut. Maw, 17 F. 11 June 1819
 — Hearn, 34 F. Madras 4 July do.
 — Cavanaugh, Royal Art. Trinidad 12 Oct. do.
 — Chadwick, late 1 Roy. Vet. Bn. Dublin 25 do.
 — Crouchley, hp. 85 F. 29 Dec. do.
 — Garrard, of Invalids 27 Sep. do.
 — Openshaw, of Invalids 5 Jan. 1820
 — Hudson, of Invalids Jan. do.
 — Vaughan, 1 F. 1 Bn. Dublin 15 do.
 Ensign & Adp. Barry, 44 F.
 Quarter-Master Masters, 8 Dr. Bengal 26 May 1819
 — Murray, 75 F. Thurso, N. B. 25 Dec. do.
 Commis. Depart. Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. M'Donnell, Trinidad 20 July 1819
 Medical Depart. Dep. Ins. Taylor, hp. 9 Jan. 1820

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 28. At Surat, the lady of John Romer, Esq. second judge of the Court of Circuit and Appeal, a daughter.

Dec. 1. At Rosae, Mrs Oliphant of Rosae, a son.

21. In Great Russell-street, London, the lady of James Loch, Esq. a son.

— At Greenock, Mrs Turner of Kilbute, a son.

25. Lady Mackenzie of Coull, a son.

24. The lady of William Stothert, Esq. of Car-gen, a son.

28. At the King's-stables; Grassmarket, Ann Comrie, upwards of 50 years of age, one of the out-patients of Dr Thatcher's dispensary, and wife of Malloch, shoemaker, a still-born son, being her first child.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hood of Stoneridge, a son.

31. At Warriston-crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Captain Barclay, R.N. a son.

Jan. 2. At Ulston, near Jedburgh, Mrs Caverhill, a son.

3. At Kelso, Mrs D. Douglas, a son.

1. Mrs Ferner, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

5. At Rockville, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, a son.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Matland Gibson, younger of Cliftonhall, a son.

9. At Strling, Mrs William Galbraith, a daughter.

10. At Woolwich-common, the lady of Captain H. W. Gordon, a daughter.

12. At Knocknack, Ross-shire, the lady of H. Ross, Esq. a son.

— At Brighton, the Hon. Mrs Captain Sotheby, a son.

15. At Acton, Middlesex, the lady of Henry Alexander Douglas, Esq. a son.

— Mrs Cunningham Graham of Gartnora, a daughter.

— At her house, Great King-street, Edinburgh, Mrs James Lang, a daughter.

18. At her house in George-street, Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, a daughter.

— At Catharine bank, Mrs Ireland, a son.

20. At Comely bank, Mrs Laidlaw, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 5. At Rickmansworth, L. G. Brown, Esq. son of the Rev. Dr Brown, principal of Mansfield-college, Aberdeen, to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Brian Hudson, Esq. Clacton, Essex.

12. At the house of his Excellency the Earl of Clancarty, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at

the Hague, Lieut.-Col. Sir James Roupell Colleton, bart. to Septima Sexta Colleton, daughter of Rear-admiral Richard Graves.

19. At Senwick, near Kirkeudbright, at the house of Sir John Gordon, bart. Major-Gen. Hall, governor of Granada, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late James Scarlett, Esq. jun. of Peru, in the island of Jamaica.

22. At Edinburgh, Mr John Paterson, agent for the Leith-bank, Dalkeith, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Richard Lees, Galahuels.

27. Mr Stocks of Lathrop, to Mary, only daughter of Mr Kirkland, Kinross.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Oliver, merchant, to Charlotte, daughter of Mr George M'Lachne, Nicolson's-street.

28. At the house of Mrs Admiral Deans, Anne-street, St Bernard's, Wm Paul, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Deans of Huntingdon.

Jan. 4. At Greenock, James Hunter, Esq. to Jane, daughter of Aneas Morrison, Esq.

— At Port-Glasgow, Claud Marshall, Esq. sheriff substitute, Greenock, to Miss Mary Beckett Johnstone, youngest daughter of David Johnstone, Esq. Port-Glasgow.

At Omindale, Argylshire, Major James Limond, of the Hon. East India Company's artillery, Madras, to Jesse, third daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Omindale.

6. At Yair, Rob. Scott Moncrieff, Esq. younger of Newhalls, advocate, to Susanna, daughter of Alexander Pingle, Esq. of Whitebank.

— At Pape Westray, George Traill, Esq. of Holland, to Mary, second daughter of W. Swail, Esq.

7. At Edinburgh, Alexander Macleod, Esq. commander of his Majesty's cutter Weylinton, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Chryste, Esq. of Halcryste.

— Robert Muter, Esq. captain in the 7th royal fusiliers, to Fanny, eldest daughter of J. O'Neill, Esq. of Lanch-hill, county of Dublin.

8. At Bath, Captain John Matland, royal navy, youngest son of the late Hon. Colonel Richard Matland, brother of the late Earl of Lauderdale, to Dora, eldest daughter of C. Bateman, Esq. of Belford, county of Kerry, Ireland.

10. At Duchally, Mr Charles Graham Sidney, postmaster, Perth, to Miss Frances Monteth, third daughter of J. Monteth, Esq. of Duchally.

15. At Leith, Mr George Crag, Quality-street, to Miss Mary Ann Graham, of Newington, Edinburgh.

14. At her father's house, in Queen's-street, Edinburgh, Walter Frederick Campbell of Shawfield, Esq. to Lady Ellinor Charters, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Wemyss and March.

17. At Rosefield-cottage, Portobello, John Jackson, Esq. of York, to Christiana, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Stewart, Pitlochry.

19. At Melville-street, the Rev. Patrick Brewster, one of the ministers of the Abbey Church, Paisley, to Frances Anne, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Edward Stafford of Mayne.

21. At Edinburgh, William Young, Esq. W. S. to Agnes, only daughter of the late James Gerard, Esq. of Whitehaugh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Christie, writer, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Archer, of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

Lately—At Largo, Mr Andrew Liddell, iron-monger, Glasgow, to Jessie, second daughter of the late Dr Goodrich, Largo.

— At St Mary's, Lambeth, Lord Viscount Kingsland, to Julia, daughter of John Willis, Esq. of Walsingham, Lambeth.

DEATHS

June 1. At Bombay, Charles Mitchell, Esq. lieutenant in his Majesty's 65th regiment of foot, and son of the late Sir Charles Mitchell.

July 15. At Seroor, near Poona, in command of a cavalry brigade, Lieut.-Colonel Montagu Cosby, an officer of distinguished merit, who fell a victim to the melancholy ravages of the cholera, raging in that country.

27. At Colombo, Ceylon, in the 25th year of his age, Dr Robert Thin, assistant-surgeon, 2d Ceylon regiment, son of Mr John Thin, architect, Edinburgh.

Aug. 25. At Nagpore, Lieut.-Colonel Munt, commanding the 6th regiment of native cavalry.

Sept. 17. At Kingston, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, Lieutenant Thomas Gordon, 92d regiment.

18. At Kingston, Jamaica, the lady of Dr Anderson, 92d regiment.

Nov. 22. At the island of Madeira, Mr George Bartholomew, midshipman on board his Majesty's ship *Leven*, youngest son of the late John Bartholomew, Esq. of Wairidge.

Dec. 5. At Tenby, in South Wales, William Hamilton, Esq.

7. At Selkirk, George Dobson, sen. saddler.

— At his estate at Londermullen, near Osnaburg, Count Frederick Leopold of Holberg, one of the most distinguished characters of Germany.

13. At Dundee, John Guild, Esq. in the 77th year of his age, late provost of that burgh.

15. At Kelso, aged 28, William, youngest son of Mr William Middlemas.

— At Bath, aged 90, Mrs Cradock, relict of Dr Cradock, late archbishop of Dublin, and mother of Lord Howden.

16. At the manse of Lochgoilhead, of typhus fever, the Rev. Dr McDougall, minister of that parish, in the 63d year of his age, and 36th of his ministry.

17. Mr M. Webster, stabler, West Register-street, Edinburgh.

— At Gatecombe-park, Isle of Wight, Jane Meux Worsley, lady of Alexander Campbell, Esq.

18. Mrs Elizabeth Marshall, wife of Mr James Brown, Union-place, George's-street, Edinburgh.

At Peebles, Mr William Spalding, gardener, aged 60, a very respectable inhabitant of that burgh.

20. At his house, of Downie-park, Lieut.-Col. William Rattray, late of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal artillery.

— Mr Charles Bruce, Calton-hill, second son of the late John Bruce, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

21. Mr John Hyle, farmer, Cyderhall, Sutherlandshire.

22. At Grizelfield, Mr George Hewat, late tenant there.

— At her house in Forth-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Dalziel, widow of the late Andrew Dalziel, Esq. professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

24. At Portsmouth, Mr David Proctor, son of the late Pat. Proctor, Esq. of Hawkerton.

— In Buccleuch-place, Edinburgh, Capt. Thos. Boyes, late 25th foot, youngest son of the deceased John Boyes, Esq. of Wellhall, Hamilton.

— At her house in George's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Rutherford, widow of the late Walter Scott, W.S.

— At Tunbridge-wells, Charlotte Catherine, wife of Capt. J. Walker, C.B. R.N. and daughter of the late Right Hon. Gen. Sir John Irving, K.B.

25. At Thurso, Quarter-Master Mathew Murray, of the 73th regiment of foot.

— At Tiverton, William Gammins, aged 102. He reaped several sheaves of corn in a field belonging to George Barne, Esq. when in his 100th year.

26. At London, John Haig, Esq. of Bonnington.

— Robert Aitken, only son of Mr William Aitken, currier, Portsmouth.

27. At Fisharrow, Miss Helen Heriot, daughter of the late Thos. Heriot, Esq. of Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Bruce, late tenant in Over-Roxburgh.

— At Merton-mansie, Sarah Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. James Duncan.

— At her house in Hill-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Buchanan, sep. of Auchintorlie.

— Mr John Caldwell, miniature-painter, aged 81. For more than half a century he followed a profession in this city, and, till age had rendered him unable any longer to continue it, the means of gaining a livelihood, was confessedly

all his contemporaries. In the early part of his life he was remarkable for his proficiency in the mathematics; having for several years gained the principal mathematical prize at the Ayr academy, at that time under the care of the well known Mr Man, afterwards rector of the academy at Perth, by whom he was also initiated in the knowledge of the Latin language—his attainments in which were of a very respectable kind; and even till within a few days of his decease, the writer of this article has heard him repeat several long passages of Virgil's Eclogues with all the fervour and correct emphasis of a college youth. His first instructor in the principles of drawing was Monsieur Delacour, a Frenchman who held the situation of master of the Drawing Academy, where, as a competitor in the fine arts, Mr C. was no less successful than in his mathematical trials;—so much so, that after having three times gained the first prize for drawing, he was forbidden to compete any longer, lest the rest of the boys might be disheartened from his repeated success. With the most unaffected simplicity and mildness of manner, he combined the graceful and easy politeness of a gentleman of the old school; and his company and conversation were equally relished by philosophers and men of science, as by the young and giddy. In a long list of friends, he had the honour of enumerating many distinguished both by birth and talent. Among these were the late H. H. Erskine, Sir W. Forbes, Lord Elibank, R. T. Ferguson, Dav. Allan, Runciman, Hearn, Pinkerton, Earl of Buchan, H. Macburn, Esq., Lord Harcourt, Gov. Ferguson, &c. He has left no relatives, except one brother, Mr James Caldwell, well known to the admirers of the fine arts by his engraving of Mrs Siddons in the character of the tragic muse, after Reynolds, and by his plates to Thoinston's illustrations of the Sexual system of Linnaeus, besides several in the Shakespeare gallery, &c. Mr C. was of a tall slender make—had a finely formed countenance—a nose of the real Roman curvature—with eyes which to the last sparkled with intelligence and good nature. The above is written by one who had the pleasure of being most intimate with him, and who considers it as a just though humble tribute to the talents and unobtrusive worth of an individual on whom the public, at one time, bestowed no inconsiderable share of their patronage; but who had latterly sunk into an oblivion almost as dark as that in which he is now enshrouded.

28. At Edinburgh, Miss Anna Dunbar, late of Durn, aged 82.

29. At Springside, Marianne, youngest daughter of the deceased Robert Hyndman, Esq. of Springside, in Ayrshire.

— At Dalketh, Mrs Katharine Hay, relict of David Hay, Esq. late merchant there.

30. At the Vice-Regal lodge, Dublin, the Right Hon. the Countess Talbot. Her ladyship's very amiable character, her mild and affable manners, and the unaffected goodness of her heart, had much endeared her to all classes in her country, which adorned the honour of her birth. Her excellency's complaint, we understand, was one induced in a principal degree by her late attachment.

— At Bathgate, at the early age of 10 years, Miss Marion Jamieson, eldest daughter of Mr John Jamieson, merchant there.

— In Larne, Robert Forrest, Esq. late surgeon in the royal navy.

— At Glasgow, George Forsyth, Esq. writer

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Linning, widow of the late Rev. Tho. Linning, minister of Leamnahagow.

51. At Glasgow, aged 71, Miss Jean Crawford, daughter of the deceased William Crawford, Esq. of Possil.

— At his house, High-terrace, Edinburgh, Mr George Ross, auctioneer.

— At Cromarty, Mrs Janet Munro, daughter of the late Alexander Munro of Kiltiernan, and relict of Lieut. William Weddel of the 41st regiment of foot.

Jan. 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth M'Dermott, relict of Mr Andrew Bannatyne, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Over Kinfauns, Mrs Margaret Robertson, aged 78, wife of Mr William Shaw, late of Dalnagar.

— At his house, at Lauriston, J. Forrest, Esq.

2. At Bongate, Jedburgh, Mr James Davison, late of Hindale. Few passed this good man's door without a kind invitation and hearty welcome to his sheltering cot and friendly board. This benevolent individual is supposed to have been in the eye of the author of Guy Mannering, when he drew the character of *Dandy Dinnmont*.

2. At Brechin, the Rev. Mr Straton, of the English Episcopal chapel.

— At Belmaduthy-house, Colin, third son of Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Kilscoy.

— At Chessel's-cour, Canongate, Edinburgh, Mr George Lind, aged 81.

5. At Edinburgh, aged 97, Mr Robert Clark, formerly cabinet-maker in Airth.

— At Stirling, Mrs Helen Littlejohn, widow of Provost John Littlejohn, aged 70.

4. At Laureneekirk, Mr Charles Robb, surgeon.

5. At her house in Duke-street, Edinburgh, in her 80th year, Mrs Helen Gray, relict of William Hay, Esq. of Newhall.

— At Bedford, John Mary, the only son of the Rev. David Wauchope, rector of Warkton, Northamptonshire.

— At Dundee, George Wilkie, Esq. of Auchlishe, aged 66.

— At Beaumont-place, Edinburgh, Wil. Bowie, second son of John Bowie, South Bridge-street.

6. At Beverley, in her 77th year, Mrs Sinclair, widow of the Rev. George Sinclair, A.M. rector of Wilford, near Nottingham, and vicar of Melbourne, in Derbyshire.

— At Frederick-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Carlyle Bell.

— At Merton, aged 31, Mrs Isabella Broekie, wife of Mr George Peunie, teacher.

7. At Muirhall, Lady Nairne, widow of Sir William Nairne of Dunsinane, bart. in her 75th year.

— At his father's house in Leith, Benjamin Waters, jun. aged 21.

— At his house in Lauriston, Mr J. Spalden, sen.

8. At Wharton place, Edinburgh, Mrs James Shields, widow of Mr James Shields, late extractor, Register-office.

— At Leith, Elizabeth Williamson, wife of Mr James Henderson, shipmaster there.

— At Tmian, Patrick Begbie, Esq. late of Castlehill.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean McGeorge, relict of the Rev. William Moncreiff, minister of the Associate Congregation, Albion.

9. At Edinburgh, Miss Little Gilmour, daughter

of the deceased William Charles Little Gilmour, Esq. of Craigmillar.

— At Melville-place, Stirling, Dug. Forbes, Esq.

— William T. Taylor, Esq. of Turnham-green-terrace, deputy inspector of hospitals in the British army.

10. At Dalkeith, Mr Thomas Wood, merchant.

11. At Ford, the Rev. John Blair, minister of the Associate Congregation of Colmonell, in the 67th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

— At Tibbister-lodge, Joanna, daughter of Alex. Macleay, Esq. in her 17th year.

— Mrs Margaret Dudgeon, widow of John Mason, late shoemaker, Canongate.

— At Newbridge, Mr Alex. Lawson, aged 81.

— At Exeter, in her 77th year, Mary, Dowager Countess of Rothes, relict of Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, county of Lincoln.

13. At Moness-house, James Robertson, Esq. of Killehangie, aged 96. He outlived all his own family (the male part of which honourably bled and died in the service of their country). We have frequently observed the death of the last of Prince Charles Edward's followers announced, and now venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that this is the last of the officers who fought under him, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746. He commanded a company of the Athole Highlanders upon that memorable day; and being perfectly collected in his senses to the last moment, his enthusiastic account of the deeds of other years was truly interesting.

14. At Grant's-braes, near Haddington, Agnes Brown, the mother of Burns the poet, in her 88th year.

16. At Edinburgh, in her 32d year, Mrs Jean Wilson, relict of the late Mr George Wilson, merchant, Dundee.

— At London, Mrs Brenton, widow of the late Admiral Brenton.

18. At Edinburgh, in his 82d year, Mr William McCleish, printer.

— Mrs Linley, aged about 92, widow of the late Mr Linley, formerly of Drury-Lane Theatre, who was the father of the first Mrs Sheridan.

19. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Janet Russell, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Russell of Ashkegel.

Lately—At Bath, suddenly, Vice-Admiral Fayerman, aged 67.

— At Leith, the infant son of Mr James H. Kincaid, South Fourth-street.

— At her house in St James's-square, Edinburgh, in the 40th year of her age, Mrs Helen Wood, relict of the late Mr Mitchell, surgeon, Ayr.

— At Chichester, Vice-Admiral Thomas Surridge, aged 72.

— Off Scilly Islands, on his passage to the Continent for the recovery of his health, Lieut. and Adj. Barry, 41th foot.

— At Newbigging, in the parish of Kingoldrum, Thomas Macneils, late tenant in Longlrum, in the parish of Lentheden, aged 103.

— At Chacewater, Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Ralph. Though she had reached her 21st year, her height was only two feet ten inches—she was not at all deformed, but rather well proportioned. During her life she was never known to laugh or cry, or utter any sound whatever, though it was evident she both saw and heard. Her weight never exceeded twenty pounds.

THE number of eminent persons, natives, or closely connected with Scotland, who have died within these twelve months, is rather extraordinary, and greater than we ever remember within the same period. Among these were the representatives of seven of the most ancient and noble families in this kingdom, viz.—The Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Lennox; the Earls of Errol and Eglington; the Countess of Rothes and Lord Somerville; the Right-Hon. Robert Dundas, Lord Chief Baron; Adam Rolland, Esq. of Gask, Professor Playfair, Professor Rutherford, Principal Hill, Principal Playfair, and Mr Watt, the celebrated inventor of the great improvements upon steam, the steam engine, &c.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XXXVI.

MARCH 1820.

Vol. VI

Contents.

Boxiana ; or, Sketches of Pugilism. <i>By One of the Fancy.</i> No VI.....	609
Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters. No. VI. <i>To the Editor of the History of the Erskine Dinner</i>	615
Letter from an Elderly Gentlewoman to Mr Christopher North.....	621
Notices of the Acted Drama in London. No. XIV.	
Drury Lane Theatre.....	624
Covent-Garden Theatre.....	625
Ode to Mrs Flanagan. <i>By an Irish Gentleman, lately deceased</i>	628
Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, enclosing a Letter from James Laidlaw	630
St Priest Papers.....	633
On Wit and Humour ; by the late professor John Millar.....	638
A Sicilian Story, with other Poems ; <i>by Barry Cornwall</i>	643
On the Science of Physiognomy.....	650
On Sir Thomas Urquhart's Jewell.....	655
Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh. No. III. <i>The Progress of Architecture in England</i>	660
Recollections. No. III. Mark Macra- bin's Account of the Buchanites.....	663

Remarks on the Diversity of Genius.....	674
A Church-Yard Scene.....	679
The Sailor's Song.....	680
Elysium.—A Sonnet.....	ib.
Autumn.—A Sonnet.....	681
Hymn to the Moon.....	ib.
The Elder's Death-bed.....	682
Extracts from Mr Wastle's Diary. No I.	
Geraldine.....	688
M'Crie's Life of Melville.....	ib.
Reviews and Magazines.....	689
Ainslie's Father's Second Present.....	690
Nicholson's Etchings.....	ib.
Lord Melville's Monument.....	ib.
The Monastery.....	692
The Warder. No. V.....	704
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.....	709
WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.....	712
MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	714
MONTHLY REGISTER.	
Commercial Report.....	718
Appointments, Promotions, &c.....	722
Meteorological Report.....	723
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	725

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XXXVI.

MARCH 1820.

VOL. IV.

Boxiana ; or, Sketches of Pugilism.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

No VI.

MR Egan, our good friend, what can you possibly mean by publishing no fewer than three several sporting works, without sending us presentation copies? Have we offended you in any way? If so, believe that it was unintentionally, and see that you transmit to Messrs Cadell and Davies, on or before the 8th of April—in time for our Coach parcel—your book upon Bath—that inimitable panoramic view of “Going to a Fight”—and your Magnum Opus on Gymnastics. We shall make an amusing Article on each of them ;—and be pleased to recollect, that we are the only Editor of a literary journal who has yet sported his canvass in the ring.

We have extreme pleasure in writing the series “Boxiana”—and we know that it is excessively popular! It is true, that one elderly maiden lady has written us an expostulatory epistle on the subject, and expressed herself shocked by the indecency of the spectacle of two enormous porters, (such were her very words) exhibiting themselves stripped before twenty thousand spectators. We answered that letter privately—and assured the nun that Pugilists fight in flannel drawers—and that they are very little more exposed than young ladies in a ball-room. We also ventured to state it as our opinion, that it is less indelicate in such a man as Tom Belcher to give Cropley a cross buttock, than an officer of Hussars to put one hand on the bare neck of a virgin of eighteen years, another round her

VOL. IV.

waist, and thus to whirl her about for a quarter of an hour in his arms, till both parties are blind, and that too in presence of three hundred spectators. A waltzing match is, we humbly suggested, a more indecent exhibition than a boxing match. What can be more so, than to step, ready stripped, into the ring, and *hug* in succession a long series of military men, occasionally relieved by civilians? The amazon dismisses from her embrace captain, and colonel, and knight at arms, all panting and perspiring and reeling—while she stands victorious and unexhausted in the ring. And who compose the ring? Judges, senators, soldiers, grand-mothers, matrons, maids, and among them our own shrivelled correspondent. Go, Tabitha, to Moulsey Hurst, when Turner fights young Cabbage, and then, on your conscience, tell the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, that their conduct is as indecent as that of Cornet Sabretache and Miss Julia Dyaway.

Well, well Mr North, no more about indecency, but think of the cruelty of boxing. Mr Leigh Hunt thinks it cruel—brutal—and unworthy of the pages of the Examiner. No doubt, Mr Leigh Hunt would be entitled to complain of the cruelty of boxing, were Little Puss to tip him a stomacher while meditating a crisp sonnet in some farmy field, in front of Hampstead. But who would talk of the cruelty of giving a facer to the champion of England? It would be

to the last degree cruel to force Mr Leigh Hunt out of his study into a smithy—and insist upon his beating on an anvil for an hour, with a prodigious sledge-hammer, instead of fingering away on the piano-forte. This would be converting Apollo into Vulcan. But Elias Spray, the copper-smith, who fought the Chicken, worked at his profession, without exciting the pity of the tender-hearted. That game-pugilists enjoy intense pleasure in knocking and being knocked down, is obvious to the most careless observer—and there is not a sentiment of more universally acknowledged humanity, than “pleasure in the way we like it.”

Boxing, therefore, being both decent and humane, why call it *brutal*? No brute animal of our acquaintance is a pugilist. Dogs do not box—cocks do not box—a bear is good at a close—but he is a round hitter, and too much of a ruffian for the ring. Man, is in fact, distinguished from the brute creation by nothing so much as being a boxing animal. He shares the faculty of speech with the bullfinch, the starling, the magpie, and the parrot—and in the art of cookery he was excelled by Maculloch of the Royal Hotel—extinguish in his bosom the love of pugilism, and you reduce him to a level with the beasts that perish.

The philosophic observer of human nature perceives the connecting principles by which that human nature, multifarious and multitudinous as it is, is yet blended into one grand and harmonious whole. *There is a necessary connexion between all the fine arts.* Richmond, the black, gives lessons in dancing every time he fights—Randal, as a statuary, is superior to Chantrey, Canova, and Thorvaldsen. Crib is an admirable artist in body colours.—Pollux was in his day a Painter. The society for the suppression of vice has done but little harm—but we do not like the idea of a society for the suppression of virtue—and, therefore, hope, that the magistracy of England will at all times allow Bill Gibbons to form the ring undisturbed. We are persuaded that the Manchester Magistrates did their duty on the 16th of August—but may Pugilism flourish, and radicalism decay—so

“Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue.”

Nothing can be more good-humour-

ed than an assemblage of Englishmen at a fight. No seditious banners—no orators—no occasion afterwards for the grand inquest of the nation to interfere—every thing is left to the unpires—and no Pope was ever so infallible as Mr John Jackson. How nobly was this illustrated in the late disputed question respecting Belasco and the Birmingham Youth! The Whigs moved for a reference to the Jockey Club, for an inquiry into the behaviour of the Jew. But Egan, Kent, Craven, and Jackson, supported the ministry; and, considering it altogether as a party question, by which the opposition expected to get a “turn out,” all the most sound pugilists of the day rallied round the established authorities, and by their firmness, and deafness to popular clamour, vindicated and sustained the character of the British ring all over the world.

The last objection urged against pugilism is, that it is *dangerous*—the argument of a coward. But, dangerous as it may be, is it not true, that any one doctor that ever administered a prescription, has killed more men than all the pugilists that ever fought, either with cestus or naked fist? The destruction of human life in the prize ring has been trifling. You may write all their names with a single drop of ink. Neither Jem Belcher, nor the Chicken, nor Crib, ever made a widow—but when the two former died. But supposing that a dozen pugilists were killed per annum, would such an allowance prove fatal to this country? Has not the population of Britain increased greatly these last twenty years, even in spite of the daily operation of many hundred stage-coaches?

This, we find, is likely to be a sort of rambling article, quite chitty-chatty and off-hand—the best sort of leading article, perhaps, after all, now that there are so many magazines at work all over the island. One hates to see scores of editors all hammering away at one and the same thing—Living Authors, No I. Scott—No II. Wordsworth—On the Cockney School of Poetry, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,—Letters from the Lakes—Comparison between Kemble and Kean, &c. &c. There is really something quite shocking in this everlasting ringing of bells, and this tantararaing of trumpets. No sooner has one editor started a subject from some secret covert, than fifty others

join full cry, with all their pack of contributors, in pursuit; and no wonder that the game is run down and exhausted at last, though often not worth the bagging, so wofully torn and mangled. It is a puzzling matter to know how to act at present; one request we have to make of our facetious friends, Bon-mots, and Janus Weathercock, that they do not seduce Mr P. Egan from our service, and that they leave us in possession of the ring. The truth is, that the world is not wide enough for all the present magazines, and some of them must be blown up. Our own private opinion is, (though it might be dangerous to express it) that *three magazines are sufficient for Great Britain and Ireland*—Baldwin, Blackwood, and Colbourn.*

To return to Boxiana. It is a book that we never tire of—take it up when we will it puts us into immediate spirits. It is a sufficient justification of pugilism to say, that Mr Egan is its historian—for a better natured, more gentlemanly person, never wore a glove. On a former occasion we ventured to suggest a resemblance between Mr P. Egan and Mr Thomas Campbell, as the historians of pugilism and poetry. But, in truth, highly as we admire the abilities of the author of the Pleasures of Hope and the Specimens, we cannot affirm, that he has yet produced any such work as Boxiana. Mr Egan combines within himself, as the historian of British pugilism, all the qualifications possessed by all the historians of British poetry. He has all the elegance and feeling of a Percy—all the classical grace and inventive ingenuity of a Warton—all the enthusiasm and zeal of a Headley—all the acuteness and vigour of a Ritson—all the learning and wit of an Ellis—all the delicacy and discernment of a Campbell; and at the same time, his style is perfectly his own, and likely to remain so, for it is as inimitable as it is excellent. The man who has not read “Boxiana” is ignorant of the power of the English language.

Our readers have already studied with us the history of two Eras of British pugilism. They have been initiated into the mysteries of the schools

of Broughton, and of Big Ben. We are now about to make them acquainted with a new school—that of Mendoza—a school whose fame is in some measure gone by, but a school that will ever continue to be admired by every lover of correct taste, sound judgment, elegant execution, and good bottom. This was, indeed, the Augustan age of pugilism, though fortunately it did not precede the decline and fall of the art. There was indubitably a finished and perfect beauty in the finest performances of Mendoza, for which we may now look in vain. He was the Virgil—or, perhaps, the Addison of his time. His battle with Humphries was perhaps superior to any thing in the *Æneid*. It was a most elaborate performance; yet art was so blended with nature, that its striking merits were visible to the eyes even of the unscientific, and the name of Mendoza now rises up in our memory when we think of all that was most graceful in attitude, and correct in distance. He was indeed the great founder of the Jewish school,—nor has either Dutch Sam, Belasco, or Iky Pig, eclipsed the fame of their master.

Dan has fought upwards of thirty pitched battles, but of these eight only are on record—one with Martin, the celebrated Bath Butcher, three with Humphries, two with Ward, one with Jackson, and one with Lee. In his first contest with Humphries, he was beaten; but in his two others his superiority was immeasurable. The first fight is thus described by Mr Egan:—

Humphries, upon ascending the stage, was received with loud and repeated cheers, which he gratefully acknowledged by his genteel deportment, when Tom Johnson appeared as his second, the athletic Tring as his bottle-holder, and Mr Allen as umpire. Mendoza, almost instantly following, was greeted with the most flattering marks of attention and respect from the surrounding spectators; a Mr Moravia acted as his umpire, David Benjamin was his second, and Jacobs his bottle-holder, and the whole of them were Jews. Humphries' appearance, when stripped for the fight, was peculiarly attractive, and his fine manly form was seen to great advantage; he had on a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings, the clocks of which were spangled with gold, and pumps tied with ribbon. The dress of

* We have bracketted the three senior wranglers this year, and also adopted an alphabetical arrangement.

Mendoza was plain and neat. About twenty minutes after one, every thing being ready, the usual salutations took place, when the display of the science was infinitely fine—much was expected from two such skilful artists, and the *feints* made by each party were elegant and scientific—Mendoza felt no terrors from the proud fame of his antagonist, and Humphries viewed the admirable skill displayed by his opponent with firmness and composure—the parryings were long and various, and the amateur experienced one of the richest treats ever exhibited in this noble and manly art—at length, Mendoza put in the first blow, and recoiling from its effects slipped and fell upon his back, in consequence of the stage being slippery from the rain which had fell previous to the battle, yet was of no material effect against Humphries, as he warded it off and retreated. In the second round Mendoza, full of vigour, went into his antagonist and knocked him down; and in closing in the next, the Jew threw Humphries. The odds which had been much in favour of Humphries, were now changing rapidly upon Mendoza. The Jew, flushed with his success, found his *game* all alive, and *showed* himself off to the best advantage, with all the heroism of a most experienced pugilist. Humphries appeared to make no way against Mendoza, who had now knocked Dick down six times in succession. The Jews sported their cash freely, as the Christian, it was supposed, must soon be vanquished; but the friends of Humphries were not to be dismayed, and took the odds greedily. At one time the contest was nearly coming to a premature termination, from the cry of “*foul, foul!*” by the friends of Mendoza, who, in the early part of the fight, had drove Humphries upon the rail of the stage, and while the latter was upon the balance, aimed a blow at his ribs which must have finished the battle, but Johnson caught it. The umpires considered it a knock-down blow, and that Johnson was correct. The stage was so slippery that Humphries could scarcely stand upon his legs, and soon discharged the *finery* from his legs, for the more substantial service of worsted hose—Dick now felt his feet, went in with his usual confidence, and the bets became even. Humphries was now himself, and fast recovering in wind and strength, the amateurs were delighted with his undaunted courage and neatness of execution. Mendoza was thrown, and in falling pitched upon his face, his forehead was dreadfully cut just above the right eye, and his nose assumed a different shape; but the Jew’s *pluck* was good, and in the next round gave Humphries a prime *puce*, that the bets were still alive. Humphries was gaining ground fast, and soon put in a *doubler* upon the loins of Mendoza, one of the Jews most vulnerable parts; which was followed up by one in the neck, the Jew reeling fell with his leg under him, sprained

his ankle, and was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the Christian. Mendoza almost immediately afterwards fainted, and was taken from the stage. Thus ended this truly celebrated contest, in twenty-eight minutes, fifty-four seconds, in which, perhaps, there never was so much skill and dexterity ever witnessed; nor more money depending upon its termination. The Jews were severe sufferers—and although Mendoza was defeated, his fame and character as a pugilist were considerably increased—his style of fighting was highly spoken of by the scientific amateur; and that in close fighting, and as a quick hitter, he was evidently superior to his antagonist. The advantage was also upon the side of Mendoza in point of strength of arm, and when struggling to obtain the throw, he *punished* his adversary considerably by keeping down his head. His guard was excellent, and displayed a thorough knowledge of the art, by keeping it closer to his body than that of his adversary, by which means his blows were given with more force when he struck out his arms, and with respect to stopping, he was not deficient to Humphries;—but for elegance of position—cool and prompt judgment—fortitude of manner—and force of blow, he was materially inferior. He wanted also that personal courage, which was so apparent in Humphries, and whose confidence rendered him so indifferent of himself—but in point of throwing, Mendoza, though not expected, had the complete advantage, and the activity he displayed throughout the fight was considerable. Mendoza contended for victory with all the style and valour of a true Hero.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Humphries, attended by Tom Johnson as his second, entered between one and two o’clock, followed by Butcher, as his bottle-holder, and Harvey Christian Coombe, Esq. as his umpire; and Mendoza immediately afterwards made his appearance, attended by Captain Brown and Michael Ryan, as his second and bottle-holder, having for his umpire, Sir Thomas Appreece. The seconds, according to an agreement, retired to separate corners on the *setting-to* of the combatants:—The moment became interesting, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch—the opinions of the amateurs had undergone various changes since the last combat; and the issue of the contest was extremely doubtful—Mendoza was considered a formidable rival, and he had rather rose into estimation than otherwise since the first battle, and the betting had no stability about it. Humphries appeared strong and elegant in his position, and endeavoured to put in a *puce*; but Dan, on the alert, stopped it with great neatness, and returned a sharp blow, that *levelled* his opponent. Mendoza, elated with the attempt, concluded the second and third rounds in the

same style.' It soon began to appear, that the Jew possessed considerable confidence in his own powers; and, although the success was alternate in the various rounds, for upwards of half an hour, the advantages were upon the side of Mendoza; the science of the latter made a strong impression upon the spectators, by the neat manner of stopping the blows on his arm, and giving the return so instantaneously, as to bring his adversary down; and even in point of throwing, Dan possessed the superiority. In the twenty-second round it appeared that the articles were violated, (which specified particularly, that if either of the combatants fell without a blow, he should lose the battle) by Humphries falling without a blow: upon which circumstance a complete uproar ensued, and nothing was to be heard but the cries of "*foul, foul!*" and Mendoza's friends insisted that he had won the battle. Upon the other side, it was obstinately contended, that the blow was "*fair*," inasmuch that Humphries had stopped it before he fell. Tom Johnson was particularly positive as to the fact; but Mendoza's umpire declared it to be foul: an appeal was then made to Mr Coombe, who would not decide upon the case. The row was now beyond all description, blows had subsided, and tongues were in full and violent motion, and respect to persons seemed out of the question. A warm altercation took place between the seconds, each supporting their interested side, when Captain Brown, full of pluck, called the veteran, Tom Johnson a blackguard, and that he would kick a certain place, if he gave him any more of his impertinence—these were words Tom was not in the habit of swallowing,) the seat of honour to be disgraced) and intimated to the Captain, that they would try as to the capability of his assertion, and put himself in a posture of self-defence—the quarrel had now grown important, and a battle was expected; but Captain Brown talked of fighting him at some more convenient period, for one thousand guineas; which operated only as the flourish of the moment, in never being mentioned afterwards! Humphries insisted on the fight being renewed, and taunted Mendoza to set to again; but the friends of the latter would not suffer him, being satisfied, in their own opinion, that he had won the battle. The spectators growing impatient for the decision, Humphries threw up his hat in defiance, and endeavoured to provoke the Jew to renew the combat—Mendoza, considering that an unfavourable impression might go abroad against him in refusing, or in its being decided as a drawn battle, consented to finish the contest. Silence was once more restored, and the combatants again set to. Dan showed off in good style, and went in with the most determined spirit, and finished the round by knocking down his opponent. In the next, he repeated the doze, and continued, during the remainder of

the fight, to have the advantage. After thirty minutes had elapsed, Humphries, either from accident or design, committed the same error, in falling without a blow—Mendoza had put in some tremendous hits, and, in following them up, Humphries retreated and fell; when Dan, without the slightest murmur, was deemed the conqueror.

Mendoza was now the champion—and Bill Ward, a Bristol trump, who had been originally brought up to town to fight Johnson, was now matched against the Israelite. He was a stronger and taller man than Mendoza—of great activity—full of pluck, and fine scienced. The odds were on Ward on setting to. The following is a spirited sketch of the battle:—

At the commencement of the fight, the odds were considerably upon Ward; and much was expected from his well-known acquirements; and it is, but fair to state, that Bill endeavoured to prove the conqueror, and used every exertion that he was master of to obtain so desirable an end; and, for the first eight rounds of the battle, was an object of attraction; and dealt out some tremendous blows; particularly in the fourteenth, he gave Mendoza a dreadful hit upon the jaw, that knocked him off his legs like a shuttlecock, and Dan came down with uncommon violence. Ward's friends were now in high spirits, and the betting went forwards, as it was thought that Dan had received rather a sickener; but Mendoza's game soon brought him about, and he went in with the most determined resolution, and gave Ward a knock-down blow. The superiority of Mendoza now became manifest; Ward perceived he was in the hands of his master; and the spectators began to change their opinions. Mendoza levelled his antagonist every round; though, notwithstanding, Ward put in some good hits. In the twenty-third round the combatants closed—Ward was completely exhausted, and, upon Mendoza falling on him, reluctantly gave in. The above contest established Dan's fame; and his scientific excellence was generally acknowledged.

But the hour was at hand when the Jew was to succumb to the Gentile. John Jackson entered the ring against him, and in ten minutes and a half Dan was done up and dished.

"1st round.—The spectators were more than commonly interested, from the celebrity of the combatants. Judgment was not wanting on either side, and a fine display of the art was witnessed—the amateur experienced a rich treat in the development of the science in all its characteristic minutiae—a minute had expired, and both waiting for the advantage, when Jackson put in a tremendous hit, that laid Dan prostrate on the stage.

"2d.—In this round Mendoza shewed the advantage of the *science* to perfection, by stopping the blows of his antagonist with great neatness, and in returning several good hits.

"3d.—Both on the alert, and *peeling* away without ceremony.—Jackson put in several severe *hits*, and Mendoza was not behind in returning the compliment; but in the termination of the round Dan went down. Notwithstanding the odds rose two to one on Mendoza.

"4th.—This was the heat of the battle—fear was out of the question, and the combatants lost to every thing but victory.—Jackson, confident of his powers and knowledge, went in with great courage, treating the *science* of Mendoza with indifference, and *punishing* him most terribly, when Dan fell from a severe blow upon the right eye, which bled profusely. The odds rose upon Jackson.

"5th.—The scene was now considerably changed, and some murmurings were expressed by the friends of Mendoza, on witnessing Jackson take hold of his opponent by the hair, and *serving* him out in that defenceless state, till he fell to the ground. An appeal was made to the umpires upon the propriety of the action, when it was deemed perfectly consistent with the rules of fighting, and the battle proceeded. The odds were now changed two to one on Jackson.

"6th.—7th.—8th.—Mendoza was getting rather exhausted, and endeavoured to recover his strength by acting on the defensive; but he could make no way against the superiority of Jackson.

"9th.—Mendoza stood no chance.—Jackson appeared in full vigour, and *hit* away his man with great ease. Dan suffered considerably, and after falling completely exhausted, acknowledged he had done."

About seven years afterwards, an epistolary correspondence of an angry kind took place between these formidable heroes in the public newspapers. It led, however, to no second combat—which was well—for the Jew had not strength to fight Jackson. Jem Belcher, after his overthrow of Gamble the Irishman, challenged Dan on the field; and the fight would have been an interesting one, between the founders of the old and new schools. There is something exceedingly chivalrous in the challenge—and Jem Belcher appears another Ivanhoe in the ring.

Belcher. Dan Mendoza.

Mendoza. Well! what is't you want?

Belcher. I say, these were the shoes I bought to give you a thrashing in Scotland.

Mendoza. Well—the time may come,

Belcher. I wish you'd do it now.

The parties becoming rather irritated with each other, an immediate *set-to* was nearly the consequence, but their friends stepped in and prevented it.

Dan's last battle was with his false friend, Lee the butcher, who used him extremely ill,—and Dan fought simply to punish his perfidy. Lee had been long known as a skilful and quick sparrer—but his *set-tos* had been all bloodless, and with the mufflers; and it was not thought he could have any chance against Mendoza, in real warfare. He had none—for though he protracted the fight upwards of an hour, by shifting, and dropping—now and then touched Dan, and occasionally threw him—we ourselves might as well have been pitted against the Israelite,—who punished him severely, flooring him incessantly, and holding all his operations, defensive and offensive, in contempt. Yet beautiful as was this last display of Mendoza, and finished as was his shewy, we had almost said *flowery* style of boxing, it was the decided opinion among the best judges, that it would have lost both its efficacy and attraction before the rapid dexterity and irresistible gaiety of Jem Belcher. Besides, Dan was past his best, and Jem in his hey-day—and we hate to see the laurels torn off the brow of age by the hand of youth. The piety of the pugilist revolts at the spectacle.

We feel that it is utterly impossible for us to conclude this article, without adverting, in such terms as are becoming the melancholy occasion, to the great, indeed irreparable, loss which the boxing world has lately sustained in the death of Sir Daniel Donnelly. Ireland, we understand, is inconsolable. Since the heroic age of Corcoran and Ryan no such leveller had appeared. Happy and contented with the fame he had enjoyed under his native skies, it never had been the desire of Sir Daniel to fight on this side of the Channel. Accordingly, he past his prime in and about Dublin, satisfied with being held the most formidable Buffer (so our good Irish friends denominate Pugilists) among a potato-fed population of upwards of five million. No one who has been in Ireland will suppose, that Sir Daniel Donnelly walked up to the "good eminence" of the championship, with his hands

in his breeches-pockets. We are not in possession of the facts of his early career—we know not when he dropped the sprig of shillelah, and restricted himself to the unweaponed fist. It must have been deeply interesting to have marked the transition. We have heard it said, and are inclined to think the theory true, that Sir Daniel's style of boxing showed, perhaps too strikingly, that he had excelled at the miscellaneous fighting of Doneybrooke Fair. He was not a straight—nor yet a quick hitter. His education certainly had not been neglected, but it had been irregular. There were not only Iricisms in his style—but even provincialisms which were corrected in the London ring, not without danger to the success of his first prize essay. But the native vigour of the man prevailed over the imperfect institutions of his country—and with all the disadvantages of an irregular, imperfect, and unfinished education, Sir Daniel Donnelly not only triumphed over all his compatriots, but sustained the honour of Ireland in a country, perhaps, too much disposed to disparage her; and, in his last battle, with the renowned Oliver, the shanrock sprang up

beneath his feet, rejoicing in the blood that dyed its threefold beauty, more proudly than it ever rejoiced, when, sprinkled with the dews of morning, it waved its verdant locks to the breezes that swept the level expanse of the Bog of Allen, or the rugged magnificence of Macgillicuddy's reeks.

The death of this illustrious man has left unsolved a great problem, Was England or Ireland to have taken precedence in the rank of nations? Could Donnelly have beat Crib? Could Carter have beat Donnelly? Alas! vain interrogatories! The glory of Ireland is eclipsed—and ages may elapse before another sun shine in, what Mr Egan beautifully calls, her pugilistic hemisphere. We have just received a vast number of Elegies on his death—from Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Dublin—some of them eminently beautiful. It was not to be thought that such a man would be permitted to leave us, without the need of some melodious tear; and we are happy to see among the "Luctus," the names of Moore, Maturin, Croly, and Anster. Of these—anon.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No VI.

*To the Editor of the History of the Erskine Dinner.**

DEAR MOSES,

I THANK you for sending me your pamphlet, containing an account of the dinner to Lord Erskine, and in return shall forward to you a copy of the Southside Papers, as soon as the last proof sheet comes to hand, which, I trust, it will do in the course of next month at farthest. In that publication I hope you will find much to amuse you; and I would even flatter myself, something to improve you too, provided you read it with some portion of that temper and calmness of judgment that always characterized you until of late, *i. e.* since you have assumed the place and manners of a leading Edinburgh Whig. My dear friend, be assured, in spite of all you hear, that I still entertain the warmest affection for you. I do not indeed pretend to consider you as a

man of genius; which foolish idea, I fear, some of your new associates have been studiously cramming into your head; nor yet, if some of your recent doings provoke a slight suspicion that your brain has suffered, am I inclined to attribute your misfortune to "over-much learning." But I have a real regard for you, and, as a proof of this, would fain give you a little advice, which, if taken in good part, may, I would hope, restore you in some measure to yourself, and, perhaps, prevent your relations from entertaining any farther rights of cognoscing you—which, I assure you, is a scheme that has frequently been discussed among them of late, and all with the most friendly intentions. Take up in time, and don't allow yourself to be made a fool for life, only for the pleasure (which with you is, after all, I fear, a very

* Account of the proceedings at the dinner given to Lord Erskine, in the Assembly-Rooms, George Street, Edinburgh, 21st February 1820. Edinburgh, John Robertson, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

laborious one—*labor ipsa voluptas*) of weaving a few more paragraphs of silly rhodomontade—the amusement of all Tories, and the disgrace of your own Whigs. In short, reflect before it be too late, that you were a far more respectable man a few months ago, managing the concerns of your own shop in peace, quiet, and honour, than, with your limited talents and acquirements, you are ever likely to become, by pursuing the new career which at present seems to possess so many charms for your heated imagination.

The truth of the matter is, my good friend, that you know nothing whatever of the true character and designs of the party, with whom you have of late thought fit to connect yourself in such an unexpected measure of intimacy. You think yourself already a kind of *grand master* among the Whigs, but the fact is, you know little of the secrets of the fraternity—you are only an *apprentice* as yet, and if you were left entirely to their kindness, I don't see any prospect of your attaining, at any near period, the station even of a *fellow craft*—to say nothing about being *passed and raised*. You are permitted, indeed, to attend all their ordinary meetings, and more especially, you are permitted to look very big at their public banquets; but if you love me, don't imagine for a moment, that the watch-word which secures your entrance into these assemblies, implies your having been initiated into any thing like the *ipsa arcana* of Free-Whiggery.—At St Luke's, (for of old you were *one of us*) you must recollect the absurd gravity with which some of the smock faced little fellows, that had taken the first oath only the evening before, used to smack their lips in honour of toasts of whose true meaning you and I well knew they had not the slightest suspicion—the self-satisfied air with which they echoed the thumps of a mallet, not one of whose hieroglyphics they were in a condition to interpret—but observe all the puny puffing and pursing of cheek by which they (like the frogs of the fable) endeavoured to blow themselves out into some remote and absurd resemblance of the true masters of our esoteric doctrine. Well—it is needless to waste too many words upon it—but I am sure the magnificent ribbon-wrapt first hammer himself never smiled more good humoured

derision upon one of these new comers, either in the hall or at Barclay's, than the great wire-movers of the Whig puppet show of Edinburgh did upon you, my dear fellow, while you sat during the speeches of this Erskine dinner, munching third rate raisins, and frowning and simpering your unutterable things—in what you conceived to be a silence of true dignity, a *verum ofium cum dignitate*. They laughed at you then, be assured, and they are laughing at you still more heartily now; that you have been so rash and imprudent as to publish this pamphlet of yours. It is really a very silly performance—and if you do not stop short, but go on to publish one or two more such samples, there can be no doubt you will effectually lower your character in the estimation even of those with whom it was used to stand high of the highest—I allude, of course, to your house-keeper, her sweet-heart the Shoemaker, and mine host of the Clocking-Hen Tavern, Potterrow.

Little, however, as you may be supposed to understand of the profounder arcana of your party in this place, there are some points of their practical system to which it is impossible you could have altogether shut your eyes, and which I should have supposed might have been sufficient to excite some feelings of preliminary aversion to them, in the breast of a man so honest and upright as I believed, and, I add, always shall believe, you to be. The excess to which they carry their system of mutual adulation is one, and not the least important neither, of these points—and to it, in the first place,—I shall crave leave for calling your direction, since it is necessary that some one of your real friends should do so. I ask you a simple question, Moses—Did you ever hear one Edinburgh Whig say, hint, admit, or in any way whatever insinuate, that another Edinburgh Whig had ever done any thing that was wrong—or, per contra, that an Edinburgh Tory had ever done any thing that was right? I observe, that at this very dinner, of whose scope and tendency you have aspired to be the historian, this great point of the Whig faith, or rather of Whig practice, was pretty distinctly alluded to—but by no means set forth in all its due fullness, breadth, and verity of detail.—The Whigs are bound together by the deep sense of the importance of their

common political tenets! Good.—I give them credit for their combination. I sometimes think it is the only thing about them from which the Tories might now and then do well to take a lesson; and yet, upon second thoughts, far be such an idea from me and mine! Let us be good friends, by all means, and let us take every manly method of showing our friendship, when the subject is worthy, and can exalt, not excuse merely, the attachment; but never let us give up the sense of individual zeal, and individual exertion, and individual honour, implied in that through-going combination-system, which prevails among these new friends of yours. But this is a point to which I don't remember ever having seriously directed your notice. To do it justice, Moses, it is well worthy of a paragraph for itself.

It must be allowed, that you hang together in a most remarkable manner. From the highest to the lowest, you are all connected in one chain, and the moment a link is loosed, you have another ready to insert in its place. You are like the celebrated red ants, so destructive to all timber and leather in the East—taken singly, you are insignificant, but glued together into one solid air-hung pillar of Whiggery, there is nothing you cannot reach; and when the material you attack is too solid to be annihilated by your efforts, your magnanimous resolution is always at least able to defile it. It is a strong proof of your excellence in the art you devote yourselves to, that you are able to reconcile every one of your body to the part and place assigned him in your column—Every ant is contented to hang at the tail of another, so be it can, by hanging there, forward the attainment of the box of sweetmeats that tempts the whole battalion from above. No Whig thinks any thing below him that may, in any way whatever, accelerate the darling party job of demolition. Statesman and senator, priest, lawyer, physician, man-midwife, shopkeeper—all are tied together in this compactest of unions, and the wives of them all (like the mounted womankind of the Don Cossacks) form another column, equally one and indivisible, clinging together in a parallel line, and affording at once the most unwearying co-operation and the most inexhaustible of reserves. It

is a long time since I have ceased to be a frequenter of the Parliament House; but once or twice in a session my spare antique form may still be seen gliding to and fro for half an hour, amidst the mingled masses of that melancholy Babel. Your modesty may, perhaps, render you unsuspecting of the real motives of my journey; but true it is and of verity, that I go thither for no other purpose, save that of feasting my eyes with a view of your faces, and refreshing, by what I witness in that brief space, my ideas of the intense and persevering zeal of your Whig conjunction. I hear it in every laugh—in every whisper. I see it in every gesture—in every look, of the least as well as of the greatest of you—In every loud proud ha! ha! that rings from the centre of the stovewring—in every solemn or sarcastic whisper that cuts the ear in the course of the up and down progression and reprogression of the boards—in every pompous strut—every demure position—every lifted or contracted eyebrow—every smiling or pouting lip—I hear, I see the proofs of your unabated pertinacity—I feel that the creatures are at their dirty work as unremittingly as ever—and I return from the noisy scene to my own dim far-off unloopholed retreating place, filled with, if possible, a yet more intense disgust for all your doings than I ever carried thither, or endured there before. I came home only a few evenings ago in such a mood as this, and was sitting wrapt up in the silent solitary luxury of contempt by my fireside, when a sudden knock was heard at the door. I heard the footstep of Grizzy as it ascended the stair. I heard the clank of the candlestick as it was set down upon the lobby table. I heard the rustling of the apron, and the ring of the relaxed chain—the sonorous jerk of the retreating bolts—the harsh unwonted thunder of the disturbed hinges—the start of recognition—the smack of good-will—the wet flap of the doffed plaid—the shuffle of the muddy topboot—and, in a word, the Ettrick Shepherd stood before me.

“As when the mists that winter has assembled,

Depart and scatter from before the breath
Of April, and the hoary heavy clouds
Split into cobweb threadlets, melt away,
Evanishing, then Pelion's craggy top

Looks out in all its roughness, once again
Gladdening the eye of Thebes.”*

After the first warm embrace and tumbler, my friend inquired, “What ailed me, that I should look so sour?” “The whigs!” said I;—a short but satisfactory answer to the bard. “Hout tout, man,” quoth he, “Ye put me in mind of our auld collie, that lies at the fireside ginning at the seas, but’s owre laasy to get up and rub his hurdies on the wall.—Stir yourself up, Mr Tickler, and ne’er fear that ye’ll smother a hundred of them, with one hearty hard claw.—Get up, man, and gie them an article.”—Which recalls me to the Erskine dinner.

It is a sure proof of the littleness of your party in this quarter now-a-days, that such an affair as this is made so much stir of among you. A dinner to Lord Erskine—very right: Lord Erskine is a man entitled to much respect for the exertions of his youth; and although he has remained absent from Scotland far longer than any good Tory, in his situation, could ever have had the heart to remain, it was quite fitting and proper that, on his return to his native place, he should be received with affection and honour:—But, in the name of wonder, why should the dinner to Lord Erskine be made the great Whig Cattle-show of the year? Lord Erskine, considered as a political character, never was anybody; and now assuredly, as such, he is less than nothing and vanity. His greatness was entirely professional. As a barrister only he ever deserved the admiration of his country; and he received that admiration, in his better day, from Tories as much as from Whigs. The dinner, you say, became a party affair, only because “the Tories chose that it should be so.” What unexampled assurance is here! You announce in the newspapers a dinner to a great Whig barrister, and you print, in the very first advertisement, a list of comparatively small Whig barristers and others, as stewards, and the name of that smallest and most despised of all Whig noblemen, the duke of Hamilton, as chairman, and you seriously expected that any Tory gentleman would expose himself to the risk of having his ears offended with any

particle of the trash of eloquence, which these circumstances so clearly pointed out as likely to form the chief condiment of the banquet? If you had wished to give Lord Erskine a dinner *quà* a Scotsman, and *quà* a great man, you should have taken care to prevail on some of his many personal friends and admirers, among those of another way of thinking in politics, to take a part in the matter, and give themselves out from the beginning as befriending it. The bar, the bench, could have furnished many, most willing and most able to confer honour upon the assembly, if such had been its purpose, by their warmest and most zealous patronage. But no such things were in your eye, with whatever assurance you now assert that they were. Your sole object, in giving Lord Erskine a dinner, was to raise yourselves in your own opinion, by having an opportunity of showing off that celebrated man as *ONE* of YOU. Sunk and degraded as you cannot but feel yourselves to be, you were anxious to find some occasion for mustering all your forces together, and so inspiring into your feeble ranks a new sense of the importance of them and their cause. Beaten to sticks in the senate, and overwhelmed by the derision of the press, your hearts panted after some little display of spirit,—you thirsted to let the world, and especially your own lesser auxiliaries see, that you were not yet quite undone,—and to convince us all that there is yet life in a mussel, you cook up a dinner to Lord Erskine. That such were the real motives which swayed in the original projectors of the feast, and the only ones that brought together the formidable array of revellers, the pamphlet of my good friend Moses furnishes the most irrefragable evidence. “Out of your own mouths ye are condemned.”

You will forgive me, my dear Moses, if I hint that it would have been proper for you to have given us a list of the persons who attended at this great dinner, at the beginning or end of its history. Considering it as you do, as an important “public testification,” (your phraseology is odd, but I understand you), it was quite absurd

* Euripides.

to omit giving us the means of ascertaining what was its value as such, which could only be done by telling us who your "300 noblemen and gentlemen" were. I have heard of no noblemen who were present but Lord Erskine himself and Lord Duncan; and although both you and my tailor, Mr Purves, say it was a splendid assembly, I have my doubts as to what constituted its splendour. The viands, I have no doubt, were as good as could be expected, and the wine was, I hope, tolerable, for I observe there were about thirty bumper toasts drunk, even before the chair was abdicated by Mr Maxwell of Carriden, and assumed by a gentleman closely connected with certain rotten boroughs, on the departure of Lord Erskine himself. But as for the eloquence, of which you speak so pompously in your preface, really your own narrative will not bear you out; and I can only account for your excessive admiration by supposing, that your brain was heated while you listened, and that in your two or three busy days of redacteurship afterwards, it had not had leisure to regain its natural coolness. The preface is assuredly a most drunken performance. The one sentence stands quite disjointed from the other throughout. Here you exhibit the dull heavy listlessness of a comatose wine-bibber—there the sudden start of excitement, as unnatural as what is, in the technical language of taverns, called *the second or devil appetite*, and then back you sink again into your helpless doze. But something of this effect may perhaps be set down to the account of your own original unfitness for the great office you have undertaken. Your style, Moses, is naturally hard and barren; and the flowers which you here and there endeavour to rear upon it, are quite out of all place and keeping, and cannot thrive. Cold, dry, and dusty in one page—flaming, exuberant, and bombastical in the next—always puerile, inept, and feeble,—I wonder what made even the Whigs of Edinburgh choose you for their Thucydides. That Lord Erskine's speech, and that the speeches of many that followed him, might pass pretty well over the bottle, and interspersed and relieved as they were with hip-hip-hip-hurras and fiddles, I have no doubt; but it should have been considered by a set of people who talk so much about the effects

of the press, that the processes of printing and publishing, enable one to judge much more accurately of the value of speeches, than is in the power of those that wash down every sentence they hear with a bumper;—and you or your employers should have acted accordingly. Had you been contented to let the dinner go off as dinners usually do, and merely to chatter about the eloquence displayed on the occasion for a month afterwards, with the usual pertinacity of Whigs applauding themselves, it is possible that we might have believed part, at least, of what we heard said, and almost, in spite of our creed, regretted our absence from a scene distinguished by the exertions of so many redoubtable orators. Erskine, Cockburn, Jeffrey, Murray, Grant, Moncrieff, Macfarlane, Craig, Stewart, and Inglis—these are, no doubt, grand names; and if you had been satisfied with oral commendations, we might have believed it possible that they had really uttered magnificent speeches; but you have quite undone yourselves by your "complete and permanent form," forsooth; and after perusing your no doubt at the least impartial record, it is painful but necessary to inform you, that not one word seems to have been uttered, in the whole course of the evening, even by the most distinguished of these personages, which could do the smallest honour to the least of them. Although, for example, all the fine things in your pamphlet had been delivered by Mr William Inglis in the General Assembly, or the Grand Lodge, they would not have made ministers or masons consider him as one whit a less execrable rhetorician than before; and although all the wisdom you have treasured up, had dropt from the unassisted lips of Mr James Stewart, it would not have induced one person in the whole kingdom of Fife to vote for him—no, not with all the praises of the Examiner to boot. In fact, all your orators, widely different as they are in station and character, appear to have been, on this occasion, pretty much upon a par. The egregious vanity which may be pardoned in a Thomas Erskine, is matched with a most lamentable effect indeed by the vanity of speechifying writers and traders. Mr Cockburn seems to have been as harsh as Mr Moncrieff, Mr Jeffrey as frothy as Mr Grant, Mr Murray as

clumsy as Mr Stewart, and Lord Erskine himself, *miserable dictu*! 'as imbecile as Mr Inglis. In short, wine, it would seem, had proved an equivocator with your eloquence: it set you all a-speaking, but it made you all speak ill; and if it set yourself a-writing too, I can't flatter you by saying, that its influence has been more propitious on the pen of Moses than on the tongues of his coadjutors. No wonder that the classical taste of Mr Cranstoun was soon sickened. Nobody could have suspected that he would condescend to be a speaker among such a motley crew of speakers as these; but it was an additional gratification to me to find, that he could not even endure listening to their speeches. If you had known "what heart was his," when he turned from your tumultuous and plebeian congregation, you would scarcely have been so clamorous in your huzzas upon his retirement from the scene of your jollity.

I daresay, however, that the wretched nature of the eloquence was not the only or even the chief thing that disgusted Mr Cranstoun with your meeting. I am sure it is not what disgusts me most in your account of it. It is the total want of good feeling exhibited by the whole of you, that if your dinner be remembered at all, will be uppermost in the mind of every honest lover of his country that remembers any thing about it. This great congregation of the Northern Whigs took place at a time when the state of the country had been such as to call forth the most sincere alarm, not among the adherents of administration merely, but among all statesmen of any character—and to justify certain measures of restraint and coercion in the eyes of all those whose opinions are entitled to any weight either in or out of Parliament; and yet, if your assembly had any purpose at all, it seems to have been that of reviling those measures and all that supported them—of keeping open the wounds of popular discontent—and exciting anew those feelings of distrust and aversion which all the true lovers of their country's welfare had been doing their utmost to soothe. Lord Erskine was made a stalking-horse to cover the nefarious design of vituperating a government which had been attacked not by philosophers and politicians, but by a set of ignorant, deluded, and abandoned miscreants, with whom, till your voices

were lifted up on their side, all parties in the state had been alike studious to disclaim any alliance or sympathy.—Your cold-blooded cant could not be misunderstood even at the moment it was uttered—but I almost pity the feelings with which you yourselves must now regard it. Your solemn diatribes about the inutility and absurdity of the late restrictions—your foul slanders against the guardians of the state—your shallow abuse of the constitution of the British Parliament—your rapturous commemoration of a set of disturbers of the public peace, who were acquitted not because they were guiltless, but because proof was not complete against them, and because their advocate was a master of his trade—all this was published, *Moses*, the very day after the conspiracy in Cato Street was discovered. When you drank the memory of the acquittal of Thomas Hardy, I wonder, by the way, you did not also drink the memory of the acquittal of Mr Thistlewood—for he too was once acquitted—and yet even you will scarcely venture to say now that he was guiltless. But you had collected all the notes of the speeches—and, above all, you had written your own exquisite preface, *Moses*, and you could not think of suffering so many fine things to be suppressed in oblivion. Out came the pamphlet, and out, in spite of all your bitings of the lip, it must remain.

* Were I to take notice of all the foolish sayings uttered on this occasion, my letter would grow to be as long as your pamphlet; but there is one omission which I must notice. Your dinner had been deferred on account of the death of the late King—because, says *Moses*, "this was considered decent." It might have been *decent* to have said a single word in honour of his memory—but no. Bumper followed bumper—speaker followed speaker, to pour forth the tide of calumny against every man that ought now to be most honoured, and every institution that ought now to be most sacredly upheld—but not one of you all had the common decency to express one particle of sympathy with those feelings of universal reverence which then filled most deeply the national mind, and which must ever deeply fill the mind of every genuine Briton that remembers the name of George III—that virtuous and patriotic sovereign whose character, as one of your prime orators has else-

where said, was "*made up of obstinacy and weakness.*" Such is the loyalty of Scottish Whigs!

The party is certainly come to a poor pass. You are deserted by Lord Grenville, by far the most accomplished and high-spirited nobleman that has borne your name in our day—and, therefore, you drank Lord Gray as "the first of living statesmen!" Mr Henry Cockburn, stung to phrenzy by the sense of his party's present feebleness, proposes the memory of the excellent Mr Horner, and says, that had he been alive, Ministers would not have "dared but to mention" any of the late atrocious measures—excellent argument! What evidence has Mr Henry Cockburn that the upright, calm, and honourable mind of Horner would not have been filled; had he lived till this moment, with the deepest sorrow by the late manifestations of vulgar rage, and that he would not have lent, as his best friends have done, the whole weight of his character and influence to support the government in those most salutary measures which, as has been so well proved, have not been too much, but too little to meet the necessity of the time? Does Mr Cockburn think that Mr Horner would have acted so and so—merely because Mr Brougham, the present oracle of the Northern Whigs, acts so and so? Alas, if he does so, he has but little considered the natures of the men. Miserable and low as the Whigs are, they are only disgraced by one Brougham; and they should not need our telling them so. That clever, pas-

sionate, nerveless, and unprincipled man was originally a Whig, and he is now the God of Whig Idolatry in the North: but the time was when he was very willing to leave the Whigs, and the northern junto abused him very prettily for his pains. Mr Brougham offered his services to Mr Addington—and at one time he had gone so far as to dine with Mr Pitt, and to write an eulogium upon him in the Edinburgh Review itself—concluding with the quotation

"I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere-fatis!"

But Mr Pitt's health began to fail, and the wary eulogist deserted him ere it was too late. He returned, I do not say heart and soul, but spleen and fury and venomous tongue, to the Whigs, and when he canvassed a burgh in Scotland a year or two ago, he also parodied that saying which it is the fashion for so many to parody, and wished that his tombstone might contain only these words: "HERE LIES HENRY BROUGHAM, THE ENEMY OF WILLIAM PITT." I suppose the next we shall hear of will be, "*Here lies William Inglis, W. S., the enemy of Lord Castlereagh.*" Were you and all the Whigs of the North buried together (which Heaven avert) your best and truest epitaph would be—

"*Here lie the friends of the Radicals.*"

But enough is as good as a feast. Adieu; mend your manners and mind your groceries. Yours affectionately,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, March 8.

LETTER FROM AN ELDERLY GENTLEWOMAN TO MR CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

MY DEAR MR NORTH,
I MUCH fear that this is the last letter you will ever receive from your old friend. "I'm wearin' awa, Kit! to the land o' the leal!" and that, too, under the influence of a complication of disorders, which have been undermining my constitution (originally a sound and stout one) for upwards of half a century. Look to yourself, my much respected lad—and think no more of your rheumatism. That, believe me, is a mere trifle,—but think of what you have been doing, since the peace of 1763 (in that year were you born), in the eating and drinking way, and tremble. I know, my dear

Kit, that you never were a gormandizer, nor a sot; neither surely was I—but it matters not,—the most abstemious of us all have gone through fearful trials, and I have not skill in figures to cast up the poisonous contents of my hapless stomach for nearly three-score years. You would not know me now; I had not the slightest suspicion of myself in the looking-glass this morning. Such a face! so wan and woe-begone! No such person drew Priam's curtains at dead of night, or could have told him half his Troy was burned.

Well—hear me come to the point. I remember now, perfectly well, that

I have been out of sorts all my lifetime; and the causes of my continual illness have this day been revealed to me. May my melancholy fate be a warning to you, and all your dear contributors, a set of men whom the world could ill spare at this crisis. **Mr Editor—I HAVE BEEN POISONED.**

You must know that I became personally acquainted, a few weeks ago, quite accidentally, with that distinguished chemist, well known in our metropolis by the name of "Death in the Pot."* He volunteered a visit to me at breakfast, last Thursday, and I accepted him. Just as I had poured out the first cup of tea, and was extending it graciously towards him, he looked at me, and with a low, hoarse, husky voice, like Mr Kean's, asked me if I were not excessively ill? I had not had the least suspicion of being so—but there was a terrible something in "Death in the Pot's" face which told me I was a dead woman. I immediately got up—I mean strove to get up, to ring the bell for a clergyman—but I fainted away. On awaking from my swoon, I beheld "Death in the Pot" still staring with his fateful eyes—and croaking out, half in soliloquy, half in tête-à-tête, "There is not a life in London worth ten years purchase." I implored him to speak plainly, and for God's-sake not to look at me so malagrugorously—and plainly enough he did then speak to be sure—"Mrs TROLLOPE, YOU ARE POISONED."

"Who," cried I out convulsively, "who has perpetrated the foul deed? On whose guilty head will lie my innocent blood? Has it been from motives of private revenge? Speak, Mr Accum†—speak! Have you any proofs of a conspiracy?" "Yes, Madam, I have proofs, damning proofs. Your wine-merchant, your brewer, your baker, your confectioner, your grocer, aye, your very butcher are in league against you; and, Mrs Trollope, YOU ARE POISONED!" "When—Oh! when was the fatal dose administered? Would an emetic be of no avail? Could you not yet administer a—" But here my voice was choked, and nothing was audible, Mr North, but the sighs and sobs of your poor Trollope.

At last I became more composed—and Mr Accum asked me what was, in general, the first thing I did on rising from bed in the morning. Alas! I felt that it was no time for delicacy, and I told him at once, that it was to take off a bumper of brandy for a complaint in my stomach. He asked to look at the bottle. I brought it forth from the press in my own number, that tall square tower-like bottle, Mr North, so green to the eye and smooth to the grasp. You know the bottle well—it belonged to my mother before me. He put it to his nose—he poured out a driblet into a tea-spoon as cautiously as if it had been the black-drop,—he tasted it—and again repeated these terrible words, "Mrs TROLLOPE YOU ARE POISONED.—It has," he continued, "a peculiar disagreeable smell like the breath of habitual drunkards."—"Oh! thought I, has it come to this! The smell ever seemed to my unsuspecting soul most fragrant and delicious. Death in the Pot then told me, that the liquid I had been innocently drinking every morn for thirty years was not brandy at all, but a vile distillation of British molasses over wine lees, rectified over quick-lime, and mixed with saw-dust. And this a sad solitary unsuspecting spinster had been imbibing as brandy for so many years! A gleam of comfort now shot across my brain—I told Mr Accum that I had, during my whole life, been in the habit of taking a smallish glass of Hollands before going to bed, which I fain hoped might have the effect of counteracting the bad effects of the forgery that had been committed against me. I produced the bottle—the white globular one you know. Death in the Pot tried and tasted—and alas! instead of Hollands, he pronounced it vile British malt spirit, fined by a solution of sub-acetate of lead, and then a solution of alum—and strengthened with grains of paradise, Guinea pepper, capsicum, and other acrid and aromatic substances. These are learned words—but they made a terrible impression upon my memory. Mr Accum is a most amiable man, I well believe—but he is a stranger to pity. "Mrs Trollope,

* Frederic Accum, Operative Chemist, &c.

† Death in the Pot.

YOU HAVE BEEN POISONED," was all he would utter. Had the brandy and Hollands been genuine there would have been no harm—but they were *imitation*, and "YOU ARE POISONED."

Feeling myself very faint, I asked, naturally enough for a woman in my situation, for a glass of wine. It was brought—but Mr Accum was at hand to snatch the deadly draught from my lips. He tasted what used to be called my genuine old port.

And in the scowl of heaven his face
Grew black as he was sipping.

"It is spoiled elder wine—rendered astringent by oak-wood, saw-dust, and the husks of filberts—lead and arsenic, Madam, are——" but my ears tingled and I heard no more. I confessed to the amount of six glasses a-day of this hellish liquor—pardon my warmth—and that such had been my allowance for many years. My thirst was now intolerable, and I beseeched a glass of beer. It came, and Death in the Pot detected at once the murderous designs of the brewer. *Coculus indicus*, Spanish juice, hartshorn shavings, orange powder, copperas, opium, tobacco, *nux vomica*—such were the shocking words he kept repeating to himself—and then again, "MRS TROLLOPE IS POISONED." "May I not have a single cup of tea, Mr Accum," I asked imploringly, and the chemist shook his head. He then opened the tea-caddy, and emptying its contents, rubbed my best green tea between his hard horny palms. "Sloe-leaves, and white-thorn leaves, Madam, coloured with Dutch pink, and with the fine green bloom of *verdigris*! Much, in the course of your regular life, you must have swallowed!" "Might I try the coffee?" Oh! Mr North, Mr North, you know my age, and never once, during my whole existence, have I tasted coffee. I have been deluded by pease and beans, sand, gravel, and vegetable powder! Mr Accum called it sham-coffee, most infamous stuff, and unfit for human food! Alas! the day that I was born! In despair I asked for a glass of water, and just as the sparkling beverage was about to touch my pale quivering lips, my friend, for I must call him so in spite of every thing, interfered, and tasting it, squirted it out of his mouth, with a most alarming countenance. "It comes out of a lead cistern—it is a

deadly poison." Here I threw myself on my knees before this inexorable man, and cried, "Mr Death in the Pot, is there in heaven, on earth, or the waters under the earth, any one particle of matter that is not impregnated with death? What means this desperate mockery? For mercy's sake give me the very smallest piece of bread and cheese, or I can support myself no longer. Are we, or are we not, to have a morsel of breakfast this day?" He cut off about an inch long piece of cheese from that identical double Gloucester that you yourself, Mr North, chose for me, on your last visit to London, and declared that it had been rendered most poisonous by the anotta used to colour it. "There is here, Mrs Trollope, a quantity of red lead. Have you, madam, never experienced, after devouring half a pound of this cheese, an indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and of the stomach, accompanied with a feeling of tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food? Have you never felt, after a Welch rabbit of it, a very violent choleric?" "Yes! yes—often, often I exclaimed." "And did you use pepper and mustard?" "I did even so." "Let me see the castors." I rose from my knees—and brought them out. He puffed out a little pepper into the palm of his hand, and went on as usual, "This, madam, is spurious pepper altogether—it is made up of oil cakes, (the residue of linseed, from which the oil has been pressed) common clay, and, perhaps, a small portion of Cayenne pepper (itself probably artificial or adulterated) to make it pungent. But now for the mustard,"—at this juncture the servant maid came in, and I told her that I was poisoned—she set up a prodigious scream, and Mr Accum let fall the mustard pot on the carpet. But it is needless for me to prolong the shocking narrative. They assisted me to get into bed, from which I never more expect to rise. My eyes have been opened, and I see the horrors of my situation. I now remember the most excruciating choleric, and divers other pangs which I thought nothing of at the time, but which must have been the effect of the deleterious solids and liquids which I was daily introducing into my stomach. It appears that I have never, so much

as once, either eat or drank a real thing—that is, a thing being what it pretended to be. Oh! the weight of lead and of copper that has passed through my body! Oh! too, the gravel and the sand! But it is impossible to deceive me now. This very evening some bread was brought to me. Bread! I cried out indignantly—Take the vile deception out of my sight. Yes, my dear Kit, it was a villanous loaf of clay and alum! But my resolution is fixed, and I hope to die in peace. Henceforth, I shall not allow one particle of matter to descend into my stomach! Already I feel myself “of the earth, earthy.” Mr Accum seldom leaves my bed-side—and yesterday brought with him several eatables and drink-

ables, which he assured me he had analyzed, subjected to the test-act, and found them to be conformists. But I have no trust in chemistry. His quarter-loaf looked like a chip cut off the corner of a stone block. It was a manifest *sham loaf*. After being deluded in my Hollands, bit in my brandy, and having found my muffins a mockery, never more shall I be thrown off my guard. I am waxing weaker and weaker—so farewell! Bewildering indeed has been the destiny of

SUSANNA TROLLOPE.

P. S.—I have opened my mistress's letter to add, that she died this evening about a quarter past eight, in excruciating torments. SALLY ROGERS.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No XIV.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

MR KEAN has played Coriolanus; and he has played it very badly. We are not at all sorry for this. If the event had been much otherwise it would have gone nigh to overturn all our favourite theories respecting the nature of his genius.—The Roman character was a splendid work of art,—like the Apollo Belvidere. As grand and inspiring to look at; formed on nearly as fixed and precise rules, and of nearly as cold and hard materials. Coriolanus was a fair example of that character—though rather an extreme one: And Mr Kean can, therefore, no more represent Coriolanus than he can Apollo. Nature has forbidden him. The fault was not in failing, but in trying to succeed. We have been told that the experiment was made against Mr Kean's judgment; and we can easily believe this, because we wish to believe it. Coriolanus was but a repulsive sort of person, after all. If he was above his fellow beings in some things it was precisely because he was below them in others. He fought for his country like a god, so long as she treated him as one; but the instant she remembered that he was only a mortal, he forgot that she was his country; and then he fought against her for the very same reasons, and with the very same spirit that he had before fought on her side. And when he had conquered her, and she was lying bound before him, he forgave

her—not *because* she was his country, or because she deserved to be forgiven—but because *his* mother pleaded her cause, and because she lay bound and humbled at *his* feet. Wo to the state that can produce such men as this; still more to that which can glory in them. It was folly to give the people the power of banishing such a man; but it was wisdom in the people to use that power as they did. Mr Kean is exactly the last person in the world to play such a character as Coriolanus; and, accordingly, his performance was a total failure. We speak this in reference to our pre-conceived notions of the character. He was hot where he should have been cold—vehement where he should have been calm—angry where he should have been contemptuous—passionate where he should have been proud.—Thinking so highly as we do of Mr Kean's judgment, we should be at a loss to account for all this, if he had not treated us in a similar way once before. In fact, we ought not to have called the performance a *failure*. It was, like his Richard II., a splendid mis-representation. Mr Kean knew that he could not play Coriolanus; so he played something else: and the exhibition was in the highest degree powerful and interesting. The more interesting from its not disturbing our remembrance of the Coriolanus of Mr Kemble—which we would

not lose for any one thing that even Mr Kean could substitute for its place.

The opinion may seem bold ; but we really do think that Mr Kean has shewn more genius in *mis-representing* Shakspear as he has done in these two characters, and in parts of others, than any one else but Mrs Siddons has in representing Shakspear.—It is a perfect Transmutation of metals. He takes the dialogue of a character as it is written in Shakspear, and finding it not suited to his powers and purposes, he, by some “happy alchemy of mind,” transforms it into something which is—yet without diminishing its weight or value. This is the true Philosopher’s Stone, after all. We hope that the discovery is accompanied by that of the *Elixir Vita* : but we beg, nevertheless, that he will keep both the secrets to himself.

The Hebrew.

Ivanhoe has been dramatised at both theatres ; and has been successful at both without deserving to be so at either. In fact these adaptations of the great Novelist’s works are undertaken merely as money-getting speculations, and they succeed only because they administer to an idle and senseless curiosity. People go to see them because they “wonder what can be made of them on the stage ;” and to try if they can find out in what they agree with and differ from the originals. But those who truly admire and appreciate these splendid works feel that it is a species of profanation to touch and tamper with them at all—much more so to cut and carve them about, and *transpose* the language and sentiments, so as to adapt them to the *taste* of modern audiences, and the talents of favourite actors ! But how is it possible, and if it were, how is it desirable, to think of Meg Merrilies under the disguise of Mrs Egerton ?—

Mrs Fawcett, with all her good sense and spirit, interferes in a very troublesome manner with our recollections of Helen M’Gregor. We never see Miss Stephens without delight, except when she disturbs our conceptions of Effie Deans or Diana Vernon. And even the irresistible jokes of Liston’s face are rather impertinent when it is pained upon us as that of Dominic Sampson or the Baillie Jarvie.—And when the dramatisers of these works choose to depart from the originals in costume or spirit or character it becomes still worse. We will not say it is *like* falsifying the truth of history and of nature—for it *is* doing so. This latter is the chief fault of the drama of *The Hebrew* at this theatre. In order to adapt the character of Isaac of York to the talents of Mr Kean it has been totally changed and made what it could not by any possibility have been in the times during which he lived. He is bold, generous, sensitive, and grateful at first ; and towards the end he goes mad for horror at his daughter’s dangers, and at last dies for joy at her escape from them ! In like manner Ivanhoe is made to declare open and honourable love for Rebecca—the son of a Saxon noble for the daughter of a proscribed and polluted Israelite ! This *could* not have been. Love is almost omnipotent : but Nature—that “second Nature” which is created by Custom, and frequently becomes more powerful than the first—absolutely forbade it. For the rest,—the delicate and touching beauty of Rebecca’s character is, of course, totally destroyed by making the love between her and Ivanhoe mutual and avowed. And, to sum up the whole, Robin Hood is enacted by Mr T. Cooke !—So that we have, for the present, got quite out of conceit of our once favourite freebooter ; and are no longer disposed to question the assertion of Mr Wordsworth, that

“Scotland hath a thief as good.”

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The Antiquary.

Mr Terry has dramatised the Antiquary ; and it has been performed with considerable success. As a drama it pleased us better than Guy Mannering or the Heart of Mid-Lothian, but not near so well as Rob Roy. It would be superfluous to detail the particulars in which the play differs from or agrees

with the Novel. And indeed it is almost a pity that we are compelled to speak and think of the two together ; for however meagre and inefficient they may be as dramatic representations of the Novels themselves,—these dramas are certainly very obvious improvements on the wretched farrago of cant and common-place that we have

been obliged to endure whenever we were disposed to hear any of our delightful English singers.

Most of the characters in this opera are mere unfinished *etchings* of the originals: like those impressions which are thrown off from fine plates at an early stage of the engraving. This is not the case, however, with Mrs Fawcett's Elspeth—which is really a most finished and impressive copy of the original picture. Her costume and face are absolutely perfect. They are the only things in this or any of the preceding dramas which do not detract from our recollections of the same things in the novels. Mr Liston played Mr Jonathan Oldbuck with a good deal of chasteness and discrimination; and accordingly, the performance was neither very characteristic nor very entertaining: for the power of this actor's genius consists, not in embodying and illustrating the droll thoughts of others, but in exhibiting his own. It would be a fine thing to see a farce in which no part of Liston's character should be "set down for him," except the exits and entrances—the blanks being left to be filled up by the *inspiration* of the moment. It would be played every night for a month, and we should go to see it every time! We did not at all admire Mr Emery's Edie Ochiltree. It was much too bluff and blustering. This piece is also extremely deficient in the musical department of it—a circumstance difficult to be accounted for, considering the fund of Scottish and other national melodies which still remain absolutely unknown to a general audience; but which a general audience would be quite as able to appreciate and enjoy as a select one—if not better: for the beauty of old national music—and particularly of Scottish—is of a kind that demands nothing but an unsophisticated ear and heart to understand and feel it: And if musical science succeeds in improving the one of these requisites, it perhaps quite as often throws a wiry network over the other, which, while it excludes imitative beauty, obstructs the entrance of the true. The only striking song in the Drama before us, is one sung by Miss Stephens, in very slow time, to the air of Ally Croaker.

The New Farce.

THE Farce at this theatre is said to be by Mr T. Hooke; and it possesses his characteristic liveliness, impudence,

and common-place. It is called *Too late for Dinner*. The first part of it is droll enough. A younger brother—mad-headed, merry, and mischievous—but proud, pennyless, and named Poppleton—meets with a lovely girl at a ball—which is very likely; and falls in love with her—which is very natural; and gets half tipsy with champagne-punch on the strength of his passion—which is very pleasant; and gets taken to the watchhouse in consequence—which is very proper; and contrives to escape from it—which is very proper too—or we know nothing of casuistry: which, by the bye, is very probable. However, he does escape, and takes refuge in a house the door of which is accidentally standing open—probably in consequence of some one having gone in or out and neglected to shut it. (There's nothing like a habit of accounting for things.) This house happens to be the residence of his unknown fair one, who is living with her aunt—as many unknown fair ones do—the more's the pity! Frank (that is the scape-grace's name), finding no one stirring, lays himself down on a sofa—covers himself with a woman's pelisse which is at hand—and takes a little "horizontal refreshment," as he calls it. In the mean time the aunt has heard a noise—for your aunt is an animal gifted with uncommonly sharp ears when there are pretty nices, "and such small deer," in the case—so she comes down stairs, and mistaking Frank for the maid who had been sitting up for her young lady—rouses him from his nap. He, in turn, mistakes her for one of the watchmen about whom he was dreaming; and she, not to be behind hand, mistakes him for a thief; and the surprise, confusion, and terror are very mutual and very amusing. So far so good. But the rest of the Farce does not keep pace with the beginning. The fun—such as it is—consists in the younger brother Frank, being mistaken for his elder brother Fred, a sober, steady, quietly-disposed person, of moral habits and moderate income—who is saddled with all the expenses—mental, bodily, and pecuniary—of Frank's jokes and extravagancies.

Besides these characters there is a Cockney calico-printer, who is rather a "poor epitome" of Lubin Log. It is, of course, played by Liston.

This Farce is, upon the whole, rather indifferent. The dialogue is not so smart as Mr Hook's generally is;

but it has one very good hit—and only one. Mrs Thomson, the aunt, is the relict of an East India captain : but Frank thinks her husband is still alive, though abroad ; and in order to make friends with the old lady, pretends to be in correspondence with him. He says, “ I’ve heard from Captain T. since you did, I dare say.”—“ Heard from him !” she exclaims.—“ Yes,” F. adds, “ he complains very much of the heat where he is now !”—This told very well ; but Mr Hook must take care it does not tempt him into too intimate a familiarity with such ticklish subjects. We know what a smart hand Mr Hook is at practical jokes ; but the devil is a devilish deal smarter. We believe Mr H. though a dramatic author, does not yet know what it is to be damned.*

—
Ivanhoe, or the Templar.

The drama of *Ivanhoe*, or the *Templar*, is much better managed at this Theatre than that on the same subject at Drury Lane. The characters are better marked and sustained throughout—not excepting that of Isaac ; and the costume, scenery, &c. are much more carefully and skilfully attended to. But we are again compelled to think of the whole in connection with the novel ; and then all becomes comparatively feeble, flat, and spiritless. We might probably have been highly amused and interested by this drama, if we could have forgotten the novel—but, fortunately, that cannot be. *Ivanhoe* is given to Mr C. Kemble ; and though there is little for him to do, it is at all times a treat to see this gentleman in characters connected with the days of chivalry. His noble head and person, his fine voice, and his “ gallant bearing,” leave nothing to be desired. Mr Macready played Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, who is made a Templar ; and part of Sir Brian’s character is not unskilfully amalgamated with that of the Norman Baron. All the scenes with Rebecca are given to him instead of to Sir Brian ; and these—together with the remorse he feels at the remembrance of the events of his early life in connection with his murdered parent, and Ulrica—make his character the most prominent in the piece. Mr Macready played it with great judgment and ef-

fect ; and the last scene—where he is, confined in the burning turret by Ulrica, and left to perish in the flames—was very powerful and fine. The character of Isaac of York was most admirably played by Mr W. Farren. There was all the sordid and grovelling humility of the original—all the habitual appearance of age and helplessness till terror and misery had goaded him to despair ; and then his slumbering passions and paternal feelings seemed to burst and blaze forth with a strength and vividness proportionate to the power which had kept them down, and to the length of time they had remained in that condition. There were two or three very fine bursts of real passion in this performance—particularly where he starts up from his posture of humility on finding that no ransom will induce Sir Brian to release his daughter. On these occasions there is a total absence of that hard and wiry manner which is the only fault of Mr Farren’s acting ; but which at present very much detracts from the value of the most of his performances, and assimilates them too much to each other. If he could get rid of this—and he easily may, for he is still very young—he would be the most classical actor we have in his line. There can be little doubt that this gentleman has all his life fed on nothing but the Clerk of Copmanhurst’s ostensible fare of dried pease—he is so parched and withered. He is like one of those Italian figures of baked clay. We would advise him to addict himself a little more to the aforesaid jolly friar’s *real* fare of venison pasty and canary. Let him, by all means, dine two or three times a week at Brunet’s or George’s. But let him be moderate ; we limit him, in the article of wine, to a pint of Hock at dinner, a pint of old port after, and a pint of *La fitte* after that. (He will get all these in pints at George’s—rather slim ones, by the bye.) After these he may take one *demiet-lasse* of Coffee, and one *petit-ver* of marasquin. If this should encroach upon his salary a little too much at first, the effects of it will entitle him to demand a proportionate one hereafter. He has “ that within” which meagre diet and thin drink will never bring out. He should, also,

* Since writing the above we find that the Farce is by Mr Jones, who plays Frank Poppleton.

take the very first opportunity of falling in love. This will greatly assist in perfecting the good work.

The only remaining character necessary to be mentioned is Rebecca, which was represented by Miss Foote;—and a splendid appearance it was. In characters which admit of a fanciful costume the modern stage has seen nothing equal to this lady. She looks like one and all of the female beauties in Westall's illustrations of modern poetry. There is the same perfect levelness, with the same self-possessed and theatrical air about it. Miss

Foote seems to think that she was made to be the idol of all eyes; and she would be so if she did not *appear* to think that she deserves it.—She played Rebecca, as she plays every thing else, gracefully; but without any mixture of force or passion. We are not sorry for this. We would on no account see her perfect form disturbed in its movements beyond the limits of pure grace. There is a swan-like beauty about it; and the swan is seen to perfection only on smooth water.

ODE TO MRS FLANAGAN.

By an Irish Gentleman, lately deceased.

SIR,—A friend of mine died last month in Tralee, *sit illi terra levis*. He left behind him a large quantity of MSS. His wife, a woman of singular judgment, appointed me to prepare them for the press; and before I finally commit them entire to the public, I think it right to give a specimen of the poetical part. Your Magazine has been pointed out to me as the vehicle. The public in this incredulous age might not wish to purchase a couple of folios without some sample of their contents. I give, therefore, the first that comes to hand.

It happens to be a poem, written about 1817, to a Mr Flanagan of Youghall. Various passages in it requiring elucidation, I submitted it to the people who could give me most information on its topics. I have to thank Mr Roderick Mulshenan, Eugene Falvey mariner, Lieutenant Duperier, Mr Leigh Hunt, &c. The last gentleman took a very kind interest in the concern, as will appear by the notes furnished by himself and his friends; and I hereby return him my most grateful thanks. Every gentleman who assisted me in my commentary is duly mentioned, after the laudable custom of those *virī clariissimi*, the *variorum* editors.

I shall send you some more of these papers in prose and verse, with a life of the author, at some future opportunity. I remain, sir, your most obedient, and very humble servant,

PHILIP FORAGER.

Drumagillibeg, Feb. 29, 1820.

P. S.—I understand, that it is conceived by some of the critics who have perused this piece, that the hint is taken from Horace. Perhaps so—I accordingly subjoin the ode. I have some notes and annotations on the Latin text, which I at first intended to send to you, but, on mature reflection, I have transmitted them to Mr Kidd, who has promised to publish them in his *Curæ posteriores* in Horatii Carmina.

HORATII, *Carm. Lib. iii. Od. 7.*

Asteriem consolatur de Gygis absentia, et ad fidem hortatur.

QUID fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii,
Thynā merce beatum,
Constantis juvenem fide,

MSS. No I.

To Mrs Kitty Flanagan, comforts her on the absence of her husband, Jerry Flanagan, mate of the Jolly Jupiter, and drops a hint about a light dragoon.

WHY do cry, my sweet Mrs Flanagan,
When you will soon have your own dear
man again,
Whom the first wind will bring home from
the Delaware,*
Brimful of sovereigns, and such other yellow
ware?

* The Jolly Jupiter was in the Delaware in 1817 with a cargo of crokery. We sailed from that to Norfolk, in Virginia, where we took on board a cargo of tobacco, which we smuggled into the ports on the west coast of Ireland. We were but nine hands on board. Peter Bulger, who was shot last Christmas in the Shannon, in a run from a revenue cruiser, was our captain; and Jerry Flanagan, an Ardmore man born, was mate. He

Gygen ? ille, Notis actus ad Oricum
Post insana Capræ sidera, frigidas
Noctes, non sine multis
Insomnis, lacrimis, agit.

Atqui sollicitæ nuncius hospitæ,
Suspirare Chloën, et miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat mille vafer modis.
Ut Præsum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.

Narrat penè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens :
Et peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet :

He's driven in to some port to the west of
us,
(A thing that might happen, dear, to the
best of us.)
Where he is sighing, sobbing, and chatter-
ing,
Night and day long of his own dear Cather-
ine ;
Although his landlady, one Mrs Gallagher, †
Wants him to quit you, the rogue, and to
follow her.
She tells him the tale of the wife of old Po-
tiphar, ‡
Relating a fact that will ne'er be forgot of her.)
Who, from a feeling malignant and sul-te-ry,
Had Joseph near hanged for eschewing a-
dultery :
And from this basest, this vilest of women, he
Gets Mr Hunt's smutty story of Rimini, §
By which, 'tis plain she hopes to a surety,
Soon to corrupt his natural purity ;
But he resists her arts and her flattery,
Deaf and determined, just as a battery. ||

and Mrs Flanagan, a comely two-handed woman, have gone off to the Cape of Good Hope to settle among the Caffres and other such outlandish people. The Jolly Jupiter is about 280 tons burthen, a smart sailing brig, built by Hurly of Kinsale. This is all I know
his
about the matter.—EUGENE + FALVEY.
mark.

I may add, that the Jolly Jupiter is now for sale in Liverpool, as I perceive by Gore's General Advertiser. It may also be worth mentioning, that Mrs Flanagan was married in 1812 to Jerry, a good-looking stout fellow, about thirty. She is the daughter of Mullovny, a vintner in Youghall, and has had six children since marriage. It is right to be minute on interesting particulars.—PHILIP FORAGER.

* Dingle-i-couch, a celebrated harbour in the kingdom of Kerry, where, I am informed by my friend and correspondent, Mr Roderic Mulshenan, a name I mention with deserved respect, the brig Jolly Jupiter did actually put in, in March 1817 ; but through an unfortunate mislaying of his papers relating to this event, I cannot tell the precise day. Mr R. M. is preparing a history of Dingle, in which, among many other equally interesting particulars, we shall, no doubt, have this point decided. He has already half a ton of MSS. for this great work.—P. F.

† Mrs Gallagher (pronounced more Hibernico, Gollagher) keeps the sign of the cat-and-bagpipes in Dingle,—a woman irreproachable in her conduct, amatory in her disposition, fair in her dealings, and a good hand in running spirits. Touching the colour of her hair, it is red, and she was a widow (at the time of this poem,) of her third husband for nearly three months—she has been since married. Miss Skinandbone, a maiden lady in Dingle, tells me that her treatment of Flanagan was kind, and that he was *no* Joseph—but this may not be authenticated.—P. F. She appears to be a woman of taste and reading, by having my poem in her house.—LEIGH HUNT. It was left at her house by a Cockney barber, who was running away from his creditors, and taking ship on board the Yankiedoodle in Dingle ; he left it with Mrs G. as pledge for a tumbler of punch.—RODERICK MULSHENAN. Perhaps he found it too heavy to carry it any farther.—Z.

‡ This allusion to Scripture, I think profane and reprehensible, LEIGH HUNT. So do I, BYRON. So do I, WM HONE. So do I, BEDFORD. So do I, SUSSEX. So do I, T. MOORE. So also many more Whig wits, men conspicuous for respect for the Scriptures. Nobody understands profaneness better than they.—P. F.

§ The clear shown bay of Dingle rises, on my soul, with springy freshness from this circumstance. Mrs Gallagher made the use I intended of my poem : a rational piety and a manly patriotism should prompt a writer to excite those passions which nature has given us, and which tend to increase the population of the country. By smutty, is meant that I resemble Rembrandt in being dark, gloomy, and grand ; it is a dear coming-round metaphorical expression, quite feet-on-the-fenderish, and reminds one of a poker in the fire, and a chimney corner.—LEIGH HUNT.

|| Deaf as a battery, is not the proper phrase : it must have been put in *rythmi gratia*. I suggest the following :—

“ But he's as deaf—as deaf as the postesses
To the designs and the arts of his hostess's.”

JOHN KEATS.

Postesses, in the Cockney tongue, signifies *Posts*.—P. F.

Frustra; nam scopulis surdior Icarī
Voces audit, adhuc integer. At, tibi.
Ne vicinus Enipeus,
Plus justo placeat, cave;

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
Æquè conspicitur, gramine Martio;
Nec quisquam citus æquè
Tusco denatat alveo.

Primâ nocte domum claude: neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibie:
Et te sæpè vocanti
Duram, difficilis mane.

But there's a sergeant, one Patrick Hennessy,*
Keep away, Kitty, from all such men as he,
Though he's so smart, that he's always employed, as
Rough-rider to the old Marquis of Drogheda's,†
Though there are few so brawny and big,
my dear,
Or far better at dancing a jig, my dear,
Close down your windows when he comes
capering,
Shut both your doors and your ears to his
vapouring,
Mind not the songs or sighs of this Hannibal,
But, looking at him, cross as a Cannibal,
Cry, "come be off as light as a tailor, man,
I will be true to my own dear sailor-man."

* There is no such serjeant or rough-rider in the 18th hussars, H. DUPRIER, Lieutenant and Adjutant.

There must then be some mistake in the business, which I cannot account for.—P. F.

† The most noble Charles, Marquis of Drogheda, K. S. P. is Colonel of the 18th hussars. H. D. Lieutenant and Adjutant.

He is somewhat elderly, being born in 1730; he is now the eldest General in the army, and the only officer in the service who has received the commission he holds from George II., having raised the 18th in 1759. Long may he keep his rank.—P. F.

HACTENUS HÆC SED RESTAT ADHUC PARS ULTIMA CURÆ.

LETTER FROM THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

Eltrine, March 3, 1820.

I ENCLOSE you a very curious letter from a cousin-german of my own to his son, who still remains in this country. It has given me so much amusement that I thought it might be acceptable to you for publication in the Magazine. If you think proper to give it a corner, do not alter the orthography, or the writer's singular mode of grammar, in any other way than by pointing it. What he says with regard to the riches and freedom of America must be taken with reserve, it being well known here that he is dissatisfied, but that he wants the son, to whom he is writing, and others of his family, to join him. This indeed is apparent from the tenor of the letter.

The writer was a highly respected shepherd of this country, and as successful as most men in the same degree of life; but for a number of years bygone he talked and read about America till he grew perfectly unhappy; and, at last, when approaching his sixtieth year, actually set off to seek a temporary home and a grave in the new world; but some of his sons had formed attachments at home, and refused to accompany him.

He was always a singular and highly amusing character, cherishing every antiquated and exploded idea in science, religion, and politics. He never was at any school, and what scraps of education he had attained had all been picked up by himself. Nothing excited his indignation more than the theory of the earth wheeling round on its axis, and journeying round the sun; he had many strong logical arguments against it, and nailed them all with Scripture. When he first began to hear tell of North America, about twenty years ago, he would not believe me that Fife was not it; and that he saw it from the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. I remember, and always will, a night that I had with him about seventeen years ago. He and one Walter Bryden, better known by the appellation of Cow Wat, Thomas Hogg, the celebrated flying Etrick tailor, and myself, were all drinking in a little changhouse one evening. After the whisky had fairly begun to operate, Laidlaw and Cow Wat went to loggerheads about Hell, about which their tenets of belief totally differed. The dispute was carried on with such acrimony on both sides, that Wat had several times heaved his great cudgel, and threatened to knock his opponent down. Laidlaw, perceiving that the tailor and I were convulsed with laughter, joined us for some time with all his heart; but all at once he began to look grave, and the tear stood in his eye. "Aye, ye may laugh!" said he, "great gomersals! It's weel kend that ye're just twae that laugh at every thing that's good. Ye hae mair need to pray for the poor auld heretick than laugh at him,

when ye see that he's on the braid way that leads to destruction. I'm really sorry for the poor auld scoundrel after a', and troth I think we sude join an' pray for him. For my part I sal lend my mite." With that he laid off his old slouched hat, and kneeled down on the floor, leaning forward on a chair, where he prayed a long prayer for Cow Wat, as he familiarly called him, when representing his forlorn case to his Maker. I do not know what I would give now to have a copy of that prayer, for I never heard any thing like it. It was so cutting, that before the end Wat rose up foaming with rage, heaved his stick, and cried, "I tell ye, gie ower, Jamie Laidlaw, I winna be prayed for in that gate."

If there were different places and degrees of punishment, he said, as the auld hoary reprobate maintained—that was to say, three or four hells, then he prayed that poor Cow Wat might be preferred to the easiest anc. "We couldna expect nae better a place," he said, "for sic a man, and indeed we would be ashamed to ask it. But, on the ither hand," continued he, "if it be true, that the object of our petition cheated James Cunningham an' Sandy o' Bowerhope, out o' from two to three hunder pounds o' lamb-siller, why, we can hardly ask sic a situation for him; an' if it be farther true, that he left his ain wife, Nanny Stothart, and took up wi' another, (whom he named name and surname), really we have hardly the face to ask any mitigation for him at a'."

The tailor and I, and another one, I have forgot who it was, but I think it was probably Adie o' Aberlosk, were obliged to hold Wat by main force upon his chair till the prayer was finished. Such are some of the traits of character peculiar to the writer of the enclosed curious epistle.—Your's ever,

JAMES HOGG.

DEAR ROBERT,

York, September 9, 1819.

I WRITE you this, to let you know, that we are still alive, which is a great mercy. We Came hear on the 25th of Aprile; but, as there was no Land ready misered, we were obliged to take a House for this Summer, and an acare of a Garden; we had to Stay in it untill we get the Crop of the Garden. When we are for going to our Land, we have got Each of us one 100 acers; and Andrews is a little of from us; Walter and me has 200 acers in one Lott, as we had to Draw it all by Ballot in Two Hundred acers; Andrew and George Bell, from Eskdale, is in one Lott. We are Mostly all Scotts men, and has got a Township to be all togethor, or what is Called, a parish in Scotland. They give 60,000 Acers for one Township. There is a Great meny people Settling hear. Government bought a Large Tract of Cuntry from the Indians Last year. This End of it was only about 12 Mills of york, and very good Land, So that people was all for on it, it Being So near the Capital of the provence; but we were Two Long of getting our Grant, that the Land was all taken up Near the Town, So that we will be 30 Mills from york; but the Land is good, for Walter and Andrew has been on it. Andrew has a fine stream of water runs through the middle of his Lott; but I am afraid that Wat and me will be Scarce of

Water, unless we dig a well. We have Eighteen Mounths to do our settling deuties in, where we have to Clear five acers Each, and put up a House, and then we get our Deed for Ever to our Selvs and hirs. Robert, I will not advise you to Come hear, as I am afraid that you will not Like this place; So you may take your own will when you did not Come along with us. I do not Expect Ever to See you hear; I am very glad to hear that you have got a place for you and your wife. May the good will of him that Dwelt in the Bush rest on you and hir; and may you be a blissing to one another. If I had thought that you ould have deserted us, I should not have comed hear; it was my ame to get you all near me made me Come to America; but mans thoughts are vanity, for I have Scattered you far wider, but I Cannot help it now. Them that I have hear is far more Contented than I am; indeed I can do very Little for the Support of a family, for the work hear is very heavy; it is not a place for old men Lik me, altho it is a fine Cuntry, and produces plenty Robert, if this Comes to you, as I Expect it will, you may take it over to Wolfhope, and Let William See it, as I have Sent one to hith with the man that brings them to Scotland. We have had our health midling well Since we Came hear, untill Six weeks ago, that Wat was taken with the aque; he had it only about Two

weeks, when he got better ; then Andrew took it, and he has had it this mounth, but is now getting Better—but very weak ; they have wrought all this Summer with people in the Town for Six Shillings a-day, but did not get ther victules, they have made a good dale of money ; but we have to pay dear for the House ; but we have a good Garden that we Can Live upon, and has Sold a great dale out of it a 100 Duson of Cowcombres, and therty Bushels of potatoes. We had peas 10 foot High, and Beans 12 foot Some Hundreds after one. It has been a very warm Summer hear, and there is a fine Crop of Every kind of grain, and Hundreds of people Coming from the old Cuntry to eat of it ; we get the finest of the wheat hear ; Twelve Stone of it is 27 Shillings, and we are Expecting it will be at 20 in a month ; we took fifteen acers of meadow Hay to mow and wig from one Mr Macgill ; we had three Dollars the acre, and we made it in three weeks ; and he has given us as much Lea Hay for nothing as will winter our Cow, only we had it to mow and win. He is a very rieth man, and has befriended me more than all the farmers in Esther Kttrick or yearrow ould have Dun. The money here with Merchants and people of tread, is as plenty as Ever I Saw it any Town in Scotland. There is a market hear Every day for beef and mutton, and people Comes in from the Cuntry with Butter and Chease, and Eggs, and potatoes, onions, and Carrots, melons, and Skuashins, and pumpkins,—with many things unknown in Scotland. The people hear Speaks very good English ; there is many of our Scots words that they Cannot understand what we are saying ; and they Live far more independant than King George ; for if they have been any time hear, and got a few acers of there farm Cleared, they have all plenty to Live upon ; and what they have to Sell, they get always money for it, for bringing it to york. There is a road goes Straight North from york into the Cuntry for fifty mills ; and the farm Houses almost all Two Story High ; Some of them will have as good as 12 Cows, and four or five Horces ; they are Growing very rieth, for they pay no taxes, but Just a perfect trifell, and rids in ther gig, or Chire, Like Lords. We Like this place far better than the States ; we have got Sermon three times Every Saboth ; they are

the Baptists that we hear ; there is no Presbetaren minister in this Town as yet, but there is a Large English Chapel, and a Methidest Chapel ; but I do not think that the Methidests is very Sound in their Doctrine ; they Save all infants, and Saposes a man may be Justified to day, and fall from it to-morrow ; and the English Minister reads all that he Says, unless it be his Clark Craying always at the End of Every peorid, good Lord Dliver us. If Tom Hogg ould Come Over and hear the Methidests one day, it ould Serve him Craking about it for one Year ; for the minister prays as Loud as Ever he Can, and the people is all down on there knees, all Craying, Amen ; So that you Can Scarce hear what the prest is Saying ; and I have Seen Some of them Jumping up as if they ould have gone to Heaven, Soul and Body—but there Body was a filthy Clog to them, for they always fell down again, altho crying, O Jesus, O Jesus, Just as he had been to pull them up through the Loft. They have there field meetings, where they preach night and day for a week, where Some thousands atends ; Some will be asleep, and Some faling down under Convictions, and others Eating and Drinking ! Now, Robert, if this Comes to you, write to us how you are all, and all the News that you Can think of ; and if you think that William will Come hear or not, we have got as much Land as will Serve us all ; but neither you nor him will Like America at the first, as Every thing is New hear, and people has Every thing to Learn. There is not many Carts hear, they all waggons with four wheels. I have Seen three yoke of oxen in one waggon, and they plow with oxen ; many of there plewghs has but one Stilt, and no Colter : The wages is not So good hear as formerly on So many people Coming from Briton and Irland. Tell John Riddel that I have as much Hickery on my farm as will be fishing wands to thousands, and many of them a Hundred foot High, and they are for no Ewse to us but to Burn ; but it is the best fire wood in the world. I shall Say no more, but wish, that the god of Jacob may be your god, and may he be your gide, for Ever, and Ever, is the Sincer prayer of your Loving Father, till Death,

JAMES LAIDLAW.

Pay your Letters to the Sca, or they will not Come to us.

FROM THE ST PRIEST MSS.

AMONG the miscellaneous papers collected by the noble family of St Priest, of Languedoc, many of them of high interest, is a volume of the political correspondence of the ambassadors of France at the Ottoman Porte, comprising a space of 231 years, from 1547 to 1778. These curious materials for history were extracted from the chancery of the French palace at Pera, where the minutes of correspondence, and the original despatches of the ministers, were ordered to be lodged, by the Count de St Priest, he being then ambassador at the Sublime Porte, from the commencement of 1769, until the latter of the above dates. This was in contravention of the pledge by which he was bound, in his diplomatic character, not to risk the divulgement of the secrets of state; at the same time, however, he could not have entertained a suspicion of their eventually passing into other hands besides those of his own family. Such, however, owing to a sudden and unexpected casualty which befel his son, the Chevalier Charles Emmanuel de St Priest, has been their fate; and their genuineness being placed beyond a doubt, the intrigues they develope, and the lights they throw on the origin and progressive stages of the wars in which Europe was engaged, during the above protracted period, cannot fail to cause them to be regarded as valuable documents. This MS. volume is interesting in another point of view, inasmuch as it contains precise relations of the more remarkable events which passed at Constantinople, as they were transmitted to the French Court by the ambassadors during their embassies. It is proposed to give occasional extracts from this political correspondence, together with such subjects from the miscellaneous papers as may lay claim to the highest notice, on account of the information and amusement they may afford. We commence by presenting our readers with the particulars of the embassy of M. de Feriol, a personage who, it will be seen, as the first display of his address in diplomacy, makes a dashing attempt to *beard* the Grand Master of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, a Sovereign Prince, at his own Court. The original letter of Louis XIV., at the close of this correspondence, may be pointed out to the particular attention of the reader.

*Reign of Louis XIV., Embassy of M.
de Feriol.*

FIRST EXTRACT FROM THE POLITICAL
CORRESPONDENCE.

*From M. de Feriol at Malta to the
King.*

August 9, 1699.

I would not see the Grand Master unless on condition that I should take the right hand of him. (*Que je prendrais la droite sur lui.*) Having, however, assembled his council, this was refused, with an expression of his regret, and a pretext that he could not make any innovation in the customs of his order. He observed besides, that M. M. de Guillergues and de Girardin had not made any difficulty in taking his left. On this reply, I considered it to be my duty not to land.

From M. de Feriol to the King.

Jan. 2, 1700.

My audience of the Vizier has given rise to a difficulty. I demanded that I should be clad in a sable pelisse in-

stead of a caftan, an honour which has been bestowed on the ambassadors of Holland and England, and which will be also granted to the imperial ambassador; and, as I said, for this reason, that the ambassador of a great king who takes the lead of all others, ought not to be treated with less distinction than them. I was told in reply, that these ambassadors had not been clad in pelisses unless in private audiences, and that, with relation to the imperial ambassador, it was astonishing that I should pronounce on a fact which had not yet occurred. I insisted that I would not abate a jot of my demand; and, after several conferences, in which I was steady to my purpose, it was proposed to me that I should take my public audience in a caftan, under a promise that in the course of a few days I should have a private audience in which I should be clad in the pelisse. I consented to this, not conceiving it to be your Majesty's intention, at the first moment of my embassy, to push matters to an

extremity. It is very dangerous to give way to the Turks : they are, of all the people in the world, the most haughty with the humble ; and an ambassador who displays any degree of weakness at the commencement of his embassy, may assure himself that he will be only nominally so during the remainder of his stay. It would be very easy for your Majesty to bring the Turks to reason in two campaigns. For my part, I dread neither their threats nor their outrages !

From the same to the same.

January 8, 1800.

What has passed in the Seraglio is an event of too much importance not to induce me to send an extraordinary courier to acquaint your Majesty with the particulars. The same honours were paid to me as to my predecessors, nay, some others, of little importance, and of which it is useless to speak here, were even added, up to the moment when I was about to enter into the presence of the Grand Seigneur. The Chiaoux Bashi, who was offended at my not allowing him, in proceeding to the Seraglio, to take the right hand of me, pointed out that I had my sword. I was told to lay it aside, as it was not the custom to enter the Seraglio with arms. I defended myself by citing the example of M. de Castagnères and other ambassadors ; but the fact was denied that they had worn their swords at the audiences granted them. In reply, I pointed out that the sword made a part of the French dress ; and that, besides, if your Majesty in person should visit the Grand Seigneur, you would certainly not be subjected to the usages of the Seraglio, any more than would the Grand Seigneur to French usages, if he should come to your Majesty's court. It was, thus, I added, that your ambassador, by whom you are represented, ought to be treated. All the Capidgis, and all the Cadileskiens, were sent to me, to persuade me to lay aside my sword, and to ask advice of the officers who followed me—(his suite.) I replied, that this was useless, and that the orders of your Majesty were so clear, as to whatever concerned your glory, that they did not need any other interpreter beside him to whom they had been confided. The Turks at length resolved to have by surprise what they could not obtain by the me-

naces to which they had resorted. I was told that all was settled, and that I might proceed to the audience. I put my hand on my sword, which I covered with my coat, perceiving that I was not followed by my people. At the moment when I did this, a Capidgi, of a gigantic form, came to snatch it from me. I saluted him with a kick of the knee in the stomach, which made him recoil. He returned to the attack, and I called aloud to the drogoman at the door, to know whether it was thus that the law of nations was to be violated, and whether we were enemies. The Grand Seigneur, who heard the noise, sent the chief of the white eunuchs to say that no violence should be offered to me, and that, if I did not choose to lay aside my sword, I was free to return home, which I did, accompanied by the Chiaoux, in the same way as in proceeding to the Seraglio.

From the same to the same.

February 7, 1700.

The Venetian ambassador had his audience yesterday. My house was invited, and I sent thither sixty domestics, and a number of noblemen equal to that of the noble Venetians he has with him. The latter engaged in a dispute about precedence ; but the affair was settled otherwise. I asserted that the French nobility did not yield to any other, and that, as the entertainment was given by the Venetians, they were bound to do the honours.

From the same to the same.

February 9th, 1700.

The imperial ambassador arrived yesterday, and had extraordinary honours paid him, insomuch that it would appear in order to receive honours from the Turks, to be necessary to make them feel the weight of your authority. The ambassador's gentlemen did not hesitate to complain of his harshness, in the presence of my first secretary and drogoman, and to express their dissatisfaction at his having forced them to lay aside their dress, and to take another, which is neither Turkish, nor Hungarian, nor after the fashion of the Tartars. They are without hat and sword, and wear a round cap over their perukes. To this cap the ambassador himself has added an aigrette,

which renders him a very extraordinary figure.

From the same to the same.

September 23, 1700.

The Bedouin Arabs have plundered the caravan on its return from Mecca, on the pretext that they have not received a kind of tribute which the Porte pays them annually.

From the same to the same.

October 11, 1700.

The Grand Seigneur has levied Christian troops at Aleppo and in the vicinity, to send against the Arabs. This is perhaps the first time that arms have been put into the hands of the Christians against the Arabs, and

judged by a weak insinuation which your predecessor had instilled into your mind in this particular case, besides his other disagreeable manners of acting—you have thought proper to put off your audience to another time. Which is most worthy of astonishment? Whether that you were not permitted to enter the imperial chamber with a new manner, contrary to the ceremonial always observed; or, that you abandoned that illustrious assembly on a pretext which has not any example—and, as it is not meet to concede any point of the ceremonial of the Ottoman empire, it is also not just that good friends should undertake to infringe it in any degree.

2dly, The island of Scio is a reconquered country—and, according to the law, the possessions of those who united with the enemies of the Porte have been given away. Now, it is certain that the inhabitants who follow the Latin rite did unite with them, for this has been verified.

3dly, It is not the custom for any one to take a Mussulman into his service without permission; and the mariner in question, having invented here a new manner, has been slightly punished—however, to give a due satisfaction on this head, it has been represented to his Highness.

4thly, The repairs of the roof of the holy sepulchre were formerly ordered; but it having been found that they were not urgent, they were delayed—and persons will now be sent to see whether it has need of repairs, in which case an order will be given for that purpose.

5thly, The French consul had no sooner arrived at Jerusalem, than his conduct was so bad as to give suspicions to the men of the law that disturbances would ensue—but persons of probity, on whom a dependence can be placed, will be chosen to make inquiries, and come at the truth of this fact; and provided the Pacha should have been wrong, he will be deposed and punished.

The conditions of the alliance, and the articles contained in the capitulations, will be strictly observed.

From M. de Feriol to the King.

February 4, 1701.

The Jenissari Agassi having, without reason, arrested one of my janissaries, and sent him into exile, has been

to be sent into the world
seen by the sword.

The Janissari Bashli should
not be sent to you for his ill-
conduct, but the person who steered
him, and who ought to be con-
sidered as your domestic.

That the Porte should grant
an order for the re-establishment
of the churches of Scio.

That another order be given
for the rebuilding of the roof of the
holy sepulchre, which is threatened
with certain ruin. And,

That the Pacha of Jerusalem
should be punished for having, through
motives of avarice, treated a consul
who was at Jerusalem with indignity,
and having forced him, in a degrading
manner, to quit the place.

*Reply of the Grand Vizier to the above
Five Demands.*

We have fully comprehended all
the things which you have made
known to us.

1st, It is manifest that, on the side
of the Sublime Porte; nothing what-
ever has been done contrary to the
rights and to the friendship of the Em-
peror of France, with whom there has
subsisted for two hundred years a
reciprocity of friendship; but—
you having invented a new manner,
contrary to the Ottoman ceremonial—
the two supreme judges came to dis-
suade you from it—and you being pre-

obliged by the Vizier to recall him, to send him back to me, to beseech me to take him again into my service, to restore to him his pay, and to augment it by two aspres per diem, with an order not to interfere in future with the janissaries attached to my suite.

With respect to the affair of the holy sepulchre, the Vizier tells me, that, by the Ottoman law, the repairs of a temple are not allowed, unless it should have fallen in ruins, or been burnt; and that the roof of the holy sepulchre still exists.

From M. de Feriol to the Sieur Michel.

August 21, 1704.

If you had well examined the instruction I gave you, you would not have allowed it to be intimated to the Prince, and to the Hungarians, that the Turkish succour was about to march into Hungary. You yourself are fully aware that there was not any question of this when you left Constantinople, and you have committed me with the Hungarians more than you ought, and indeed more than you well could. I sent you into Hungary for no other purpose than to obtain certain information of the operations of Prince Ragotsky, of his designs, and of his wants, to the end that I might be useful to him.

From the same to the same.

August 22, 1704.

The reconciliation of the Hungarians is not so near as you think: the Austrians hold a very different language. They are considered here as great liars, on account of the news they have published relative to Elector of Bavaria; and the Porte called the Sieur Dalman to an for having circulated the report of his defeat and death. The ambassadors of Prince Ragotsky will be well received at the Porte. It is even said, that he will be declared Prince of Transylvania.

From M. de Feriol to the Grand Vizier.

Oct. 22, 1705.

I beseech your Excellency to send back to their native country the Hungarians who followed the deceased Prince Tekeli. There may be about fifty-five of them.

Mauro Cordato having been sent

by the Vizier, your predecessor, to speak to me of the limits which the Grand Scignor had established in the Archipelago, I ordered our privateers not to exceed them, which order was obeyed; and notwithstanding, our enemies have since that time captured several of our vessels within the said limits. As I am informed that we have five ships of war at the entrance of the Archipelago, I beg you to tell me whether there are any limits or not.

Copy of a Letter from M. de Feriol to the King.

SIRE, Sept. 17, 1706.

Three days ago I had a very long conference with the Grand Vizier, from whom I received more marks of honour and distinction than had ever been paid to me by any other Vizier. As I perceived that he was very courteous and affable, after having settled all the current affairs of religion and commerce to my satisfaction, I asked him if he would proceed to the subject of politics. He seemed desirous to do so, and I asked him whether he was well informed of the present state of Europe, and of all that had passed during this war, observing, that if he possessed this information I would cut the matter short. He answered me that he was informed; and I replied, that we had carried on the war for six years against the greater part of the Princes of Europe: That fortune, which had hitherto appeared doubtful, seemed to declare in favour of our enemies: That the commencement of this campaign, which may be said to have been favourable to us, we having driven the Germans from the banks of the Rhine, defeated them in Italy, and laid siege to Barcelona, where the Archduke had his quarters, had been entirely changed by the necessity we were under of raising the siege, and by the loss of a battle in Flanders: That almost the whole of Spain, and the greater part of Spanish Flanders, had acknowledged the Archduke: That the kingdoms of Italy were still faithful; but that it was to be feared they would follow the example of the other countries belonging to the Spanish monarchy. And that it behoved the Grand Scignor to make reflections on all these circumstances; and to judge whether it was his interest thus to leave the

Emperor to aggrandize himself, and to wait till the last extremity.

The Vizier told me that the treaties which had been concluded with the Emperor, bound the hands of his Highness; and that he was considered here as a friend, and as a Prince who had not given the smallest subject of complaint.

I replied, that the treaties merely referred to a suspension of arms; and that a Prince with whom there was not a positive treaty of peace, could not be considered as a friend.

The Vizier opposed to me the law of the Mussulmans, which did not permit them to break their promise without a legitimate cause.

I replied to him, that such causes were never wanted; and still less pretexts: that the first law resided in the safety of the people: that we were rather men than monks; and that if it were permitted to an individual to live without views, it was shameful in a great prince, and in a great minister, not to foresee events which were to happen thirty years hence. I added that, if the French troops had not entered Germany at the time when the imperialists were at the gates of Sophia, the Turks would not possess at this time a single foot of ground in Europe. I represented to him, that at the time of the union of the French monarchy with that of Spain, the Germans excited the jealousy of the Porte against that great preponderance; and that, at this time, when they occupy the greater part of the Spanish territory, what they said of us may be said of them. I explained to the Vizier the address of the house of Austria in constantly providing itself with a great number of allies: That it had waged war against the Ottoman empire, with the aid of the Poles, the Muscovites, and the Venetians; and that it now carried on a warfare against France, in concert with the English, the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the greater part of the princes of Germany and Italy: That this was done with no other view than to keep France in check, so as to be enabled one day again to assail that empire, without having to dread an enemy who might fall on its rear. At length, after having exhausted this subject, and perceiving, by the replies of the Vizier, that my reasons had not the effect I desired, that of bringing about a rup-

ture with the Emperor, I proposed to him succours for Prince Ragotsky. I spoke in the first place of open, and afterwards of secret succours, and told him that the Porte could not with honour reject an oppressed and neighbouring nation which demanded its support and protection.

The Vizier desired to know what the succours were.

I told him that the Prince had a sufficient number of light troops to make incursions, but that he demanded Albanese and Bosniacs, to be enabled to maintain his ground, and that he wished to have from ten to twelve thousand of them, whom he would levy and maintain at his own expense.

The Vizier replied to me, that it did not accord with the dignity of the Sultan to grant such a succour: That he would rather make an open declaration; but this he would not do, and would remain in an exact neutrality until the expiration of the truce. In saying this, he laid a particular stress on the treaties and on the law.

I demanded why the Turks, being so very scrupulous about their neutrality, permitted the Prince of Wallachia to assist the Germans with provisions and horses, and to supply all their wants.

The Vizier said, that the Prince had done so during the last war with the consent of the Porte, because he could not support himself otherwise.

I replied, that he had kept up the custom during peace, and that in reality he acted the part of a trader, not giving any thing without money; and also, that although the subject and dependant of the Porte, he did things which the Grand Viziers would not dare to undertake.

As the Grand Chancellor and Chiaoux Bachi were present at our conversation, and as the Vizier from time to time cast his eyes on them, I fancied that he made a difficulty of explaining himself in their presence, and that he dared not order them to retire. I therefore observed to him that, frequently in a conversation carried on through the medium of an interpreter, the parties did not understand each other well; that a single word might change the sense of things; and that, if he wished it, I would draw up for his perusal a memoir regarding our common interests.

He replied, that I had explained myself perfectly well; that he understood me well, and comprehended all my intentions; and that it was not necessary to put them into the form of a memoir; but in saying this he constantly adverted to the treaty and the law. He merely added these words: "We will speak of these matters in private, and will make our representations to his Highness of our sentiments, on which he will decide." During the whole of the conversation he shewed a great contempt of the Germans, and a great store of hatred towards them. For my part, I find that those who are contemptible are the Turks, for losing by their dastardy the finest opportunity in the world;—that they have been too tenderly dealt with; and that they ought to be treated with the same rigour with which they treat their subjects. I shall not cease my importunities, more especially as to what concerns Prince Ragotsky.

The King's Answer.

M. DE FÉRIOL, Feb. 15, 1707.

The last letters I have received from you inform me of what you have done for the good of my service, and of the conversations you have had with the Grand Vizier, to incite him to take advantage of a conjuncture so favourable to the Turks, to enable them to repair, by a new war, the losses they

sustained in the preceding one. The Emperor was for some time alarmed at the movements they are reported to have made on the frontiers of Hungary. I do not know whether they are to be ascribed to the counsels you have given; but, however, you may be aware of the utility of such a diversion; for the good of my service, you should be careful of the maxims you employ to persuade the Turks to re-commence the war. It is not meet to afford room to have it said, on good grounds, that infidels maintain that their law does not permit them to forfeit their engagements without a legitimate cause, and that my ambassador should say that pretexts are sufficient, and that we should recollect we are men, before we fulfil the obligations of the law. Beside the advantage afforded by such principles to a barbarous nation, those who pique themselves on an exact observance of their word are not to be persuaded; independently of which they are very glad to have a pretext to excuse the wish they entertain to remain in tranquillity.

It is a justice due to the Grand Monarque, as he was styled, to say, that immediately after this correspondence, M. de Fériel was recalled, and was succeeded by a more moderate, but equally subtle character, M. Desalleurs.

ON WIT AND HUMOUR.

*By the late Professor John Millar.**

LITERATURE was but the amusement of this distinguished man's leisure hours, and therefore his character as a writer cannot be greatly affected by any of his necessarily very imperfect compositions on such subjects. His range of reading was but narrow; and of the poetry, the eloquence, and the philosophy of the world of old, he had gathered his knowledge, not from the immortal originals, but from the writings of other men upon them; so that in place of those fine thoughts and sentiments which a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of literature breathes over all its disquisitions—in place of that lofty enthusiasm which springs from the communion between

soul and soul, we find, in the few fragments of philosophical criticism left behind him by this eminent person, little more than cold and formal theory—a few speculations on the products of mind, almost as unimpassioned as those of a political economist on manufactures and trade.

At the same time, such was the native sagacity of the man, that even in his speculations concerning the fine arts, for which it is manifest he had little true feeling, intellect not unfrequently supplies the place of genius, sensibility, and taste; and when he has occasion to treat of those principles of composition which, lying in intellect, are discernible to its ken, Millar

writes, as he did on other subjects more familiar and congenial to his mind, vigorously and well; and if he cannot be said ever to be profound, he is at least unconfused and clear, and suggests several useful and important hints to the student in literature.

We believe that his few Literary Essays are very little known, and we shall now give our readers an abstract or analysis of one on dramatic poetry, which seems, though left imperfect, to be the best of his efforts, and, in some respects, both amusing and instructive. The first part of the essay treats very slightly and superficially of tragedy—it is only when he gets to comedy that the author writes either with spirit or intelligence. His disquisition begins with this sentence: "The end of comedy, *properly so called, is to excite laughter.*" This we utterly deny. The first rude comic exhibitions among rude people might have had this end; but comedy, properly so called, has unquestionably a much more various scope; and many of its most important incidents, sentiments, and characters, reflect an image of human life, in which there is not, and cannot be, any thing of the ridiculous. Laughter is not the sole, nor yet the principal end of the comedy of any civilized nation, ancient or modern—nor could any kind of composition, whose scope was so mean and limited, have occupied such an important part in the literature of the world. Mr Millar is, we think, equally unfortunate in defining laughter "an emotion arising from a contrast in the mind between certain objects of an opposite description," and in afterwards asserting, "that to produce this emotion a sudden contrast of dignity and meanness is always necessary." In metaphysics he did not think so freely for himself as in politics—else had he not allowed other men to tell him, in direct opposition to what a very little reflection would have shewn him to be true, that he never had, in all the course of his life, once laughed—except at the contrast of dignity and meanness. Simplification was one of the great sins of the pseudo-philosophy of his day; and a foolish dogma once laid down, was re-echoed from treatise to treatise, till consciousness and self-experience were distrusted or disused, and reading people shut up their minds to all influences, save

the asseverations of a few shallow metaphysicians. What occasion was there to circumscribe the inclination to laughter, for example, within the narrow limits of one exciting cause? Or what could be more unphilosophical than to lay it down in the books of philosophers, that any one quality or relation of objects was, by the constitution of our natures, the sole source of any one emotion? Having laid down his dogma, however, Mr Millar is forced to adhere to it, and his essay therefore can be considered as affording merely some illustrations of one of the causes (by him supposed the sole) of that emotion which he considers (in our opinion erroneously) to be the end of comedy.

Of all the examples of contrast which are conducive to laughter, the richest and most extensive, he well remarks, is that which appears in the characters of men. It is the great object of us all to stand high in the opinion of others; and when it happens that a person, aiming at this, appears foolish, absurd, and despicable, he becomes a very natural object of scorn and ridicule. The talent of exciting laughter, by the exhibition of any impropriety or absurdity in human character and conduct, Mr Millar calls *humour*—while the talent of exciting mirth, by any contrast which has no dependence on the behaviour of mankind, is by him said to be *wit*.

It is needless to hint to our readers, that this definition of wit is extremely unsatisfactory—we do not hesitate to say, perfectly false. The behaviour of mankind has been the food of wit since the world began. Wit differs from humour, not in having a *different subject*, but in considering *the same subject differently*. Deprive wit of the relations of society, and you give us an example of its existence. The truth is, that humour is a far higher power than wit, and frequently draws its materials from far deeper sources in human nature. The *humours* of mankind are not only endless, but in their most interesting exhibitions they are inseparably blended with their affections, their happiness, and their whole moral as well as natural being: And what do we mean by humour in a writer, but the faculty of describing to the life the humours of human nature? In speaking of wit and humour, Mr Millar himself gives the precedence to the former

in the rank of powers, without intending to do so; for while he asserts that *contrast* is the subject matter of both, he also tells us, that the contrasts humour delights in are those exhibited by human character, and that those are the richest and the most extensive. Men of real wit have been more numerous in the world than men of real humour—just as men of fancy have been more numerous than men of imagination.

But leaving these hints to the reflection of our readers, let us accompany Mr Millar in his essay. Considering wit and humour as distinguished in the manner he has said, he remarks, that the latter has a much greater tendency than the former to excite violent and hearty laughter, and constitutes, for that reason, the chief province of comedy. "Human nature is a great laughing-stock, which we are pleased to see tossed about, and turned in all shapes, and with whose ridiculous appearance we are never tired." This, we think, is a very lively and clever sentence; but in what precedes it, Mr Millar has obviously been considering *humour* in its lowest and vulgar sense, and not at all in its poetical, moral, and philosophical sense. Still holding that the effect of *humour* is to excite excessive and outrageous laughter, Mr Millar observes, that though comic writing cannot be successfully cultivated until the liberal arts and sciences have, in general, made considerable progress, it is likely to attain its highest improvement at a period which precedes the most refined and correct state of taste and literature. Simple and ignorant people, he remarks, will laugh at a trifling or bad joke—while more refined persons are more fastidious and sparing of their merriment. This seems not to be very accurate, and is indeed a good instance of the formal gravity with which, when he supposes himself to be philosophizing, a very clever and acute man will oftentimes utter a most inane truism. But we suspect that there is no truth in this truism. A highly refined, that is to say, a highly cultivated, and vigorous state of society may not be given to laughter without a cause; but, nevertheless, they have many causes for laughter. And if humour be at all of the nature of that power which we have hinted at, it will be strongest

and most prevalent in that state of society where there are most humours. We suspect, that by "a refined and correct state of taste and literature," and also by the expression, "more refined persons," Mr Millar means that artificial and false taste whose strength lies in mere *manners* and *conventional circumstances*, and not genuine knowledge and power. We are convinced of this from what he says afterwards about "persons in the higher sphere of life," whose minds he supposes to be "filled with a greater store of ideas and sentiments" than those of other people, and whose conversation is said to be wittier and more diversified—in short, less low and humorous. Why, it is true that society may become so refined—that is to say, so polished that its strength is by attrition worn and attenuated, and doubtless *humour* will then be unknown. But society cannot be too *enlightened* to relish humour, and the finest specimens of humour have been produced during those periods when the mind of the nation, among whom they appeared, was in the fulness and perfection of its faculties.

We cannot therefore agree with this writer, in thinking that the higher advances of civilization, not only explode the ludicrous pastimes of a former age, but weaken the propensity to every species of exhibition. His argument in support of this assertion is singularly unfortunate. "To excite *strong ridicule*, the picture must be charged, and the features, though like, exaggerated. The man, who in conversation aims at the display of this talent, must endeavour to represent with peculiar heightening the tone, the aspect, the gesture, the deportment of the person he ridicules. To paint folly, he must for the time appear foolish." Here he confounds humorous or comic compositions—comedy itself—with the mere mimicry of individuals in conversation. And he also seems to think, that there can be no humorous mimicry, except of folly and absurdity. All this is quite away from the subject in hand. The entertainment arising from wit, he says, has no connexion with those humiliating circumstances which are inseparable from humour—and then he draws a very flourishing character of a person endowed with that quality, as vague as it is elaborate.

Notwithstanding the extreme con-

fusion of ideas throughout all that part of the essay which we have now glanced at, the latter part of it is really very excellent and conclusive. After observing, that in commercial countries, owing to the separation and multiplication of trades and professions, there must be the greatest diversity of character, and consequently of *humour*; he says,

“ It also merits attention, that the same varieties in character and situation, which furnish the materials of humour and ridicule, dispose mankind to employ them for the purpose of exciting mirth. The standard of dignity and propriety is different according to the character of the man who holds it, and is therefore contrasted with different improprieties and foibles. Every person, though he may not be so conceited as to consider himself in the light of a perfect model, is yet apt to be diverted with the apparent oddity of that behaviour which is very different from his own. Men of robust professions, the smith, the mason, and the carpenter, are apt to break their jests upon the weakness and effeminacy of the barber, the weaver, or the tailor. The poet, or the philosopher in his garret, condemns the patient industry, and the sordid pursuits of the merchant. The silent, mysterious practitioner in physic, is apt to smile at the no less formal but clamorous ostentation of the barrister. The genteel military man, who is hired, at the nod of his superior, to drive his fellow-creatures out of this world, is ready to sneer at the zeal, and starch-deportment of the Divine, whose profession leads him to provide for their condition and enjoyments in the next. The peculiarities of each individual are thus beheld through a mirror, which magnifies their ludicrous features, and by continually exciting that “ itching to deride,” of which all mankind are possessed, affords constant exercise to their humorous talents.”

He then applies this principle of the subdivision of professions to the comic compositions of different nations.

“ As in the most commercial of the Greek states, almost all the departments of trade and manufactures, and even many of those which in modern times are accounted liberal, were filled with slaves, the uniformity of character so prevalent in that class of men, was, in a great measure, extended to the whole body of the people, and produced a proportional deficiency of those objects which afford the chief materials, as well as the chief excitements of humour and ridicule. This was probably the reason why the Athenians, notwithstanding their eminence in all the other productions of genius, discover so remarkable a deficiency in comic or ludicrous compositions. The comedies of Aristophanes, written at a period when the nation had attained a high pitch of

civilization, are mere farces, deriving the whole of their pleasantry, not from nicely discriminated and well-supported characters, but from the droll and extravagant situations in which the persons of the drama are exhibited. It is true, that the style of what is called the *new comedy*, is said to have been very different; but of this we can form no judgment, unless from the translations or imitations of it by Plautus and Terence; from which the originals, in the article which we are now considering, do not appear in a very favourable light.

The comedies of those two Roman writers are also very deficient in the representation of character. An old avaricious father, a dissolute extravagant son, a flattering parasite, a bragging cowardly soldier, a cunning intriguing rascal of a slave; these, with a few trifling variations, make the *dramatis personæ* in all the different compositions of those authors. But though neither Plautus nor Terence appear to have much merit in describing those nice combinations of affectation and folly, which may be regarded as the foundation of true comedy, they seem happy in the expression of common feelings, and in exhibiting natural pictures of ordinary life.

“ The Romans, independent of their close imitation of the Greeks, had scarce any comic writing of their own. After the destruction of the commonwealth, we meet with few writers in this department; and none of any eminence. The age of elegant literature at Rome was very short: there was no commerce: the number of slaves was immense, as no free citizen would engage in any profession but those of the camp or the bar; and therefore it is probable that the Romans were still more deficient than the Greeks, in that variety of original characters which is the great spur to ridicule.

“ In modern Italy, the rise of mercantile towns was followed by the revival of letters, and by the introduction of ludicrous and somewhat licentious compositions; but the Italians lost their trade, and their literature began to decline, before it had risen to that height at which the improvement of comedy was to be expected. They displayed, however, in a sort of pantomimic entertainments, a vein of low humour, by grotesque exhibitions, which are supposed to characterize the citizens of different states; and in this inferior species of drama, they are said to possess irresistible powers of exciting laughter.

“ In France, the country which after Italy made the first advances in civilization, the state of society has never been very favourable to humorous representation. In that country, fashion has had more influence than in any other part of Europe, to suppress the oddities and eccentricities of individuals. The gentry, by their frequent intercourse, are induced to model their behaviour according to a common standard;

and the lower orders think it incumbent upon them to imitate the gentry. Thus a great degree of uniformity of character and behaviour is propagated through all ranks, from the highest to the lowest; and a French beggar is a gentleman in rags. Individuals, at this rate, have little temptation to laugh at each other; for this would be nearly the same thing as to laugh at themselves. From refinement of manners, at the same time, their attention has been directed to elegant sallies of pleasantry, more than to ludicrous and buffoonish representation; and the nation has at length come to occupy the superior regions of wit, without passing through the thicker and more vulgar medium of humour.

"It may, accordingly, be remarked, that among the numerous and distinguished men of genius whom France has produced, Le Sage, and Moliere, * are perhaps the only examples that can be adduced of eminent humorous writers. The high and deserved reputation of the latter as a writer of comedy, is universally admitted; though I think it can hardly be denied, that his characters are commonly overcharged and farcical.

There is, perhaps, no country in which manufactures and commerce have been so far extended as in England, or consequently in which the inhabitants have displayed such a multiplicity and diversity of characters. What is called a *humourist*, that is, a person who exhibits particular whims and oddities, not for the sake of producing mirth, but to gratify his own inclination, is less known in any other country. The English are regarded by their neighbours as a nation of humourists; a set of originals, moulded into singular shapes, and as unlike the rest of mankind as each other.

Political reasoners have ascribed this wonderful diversity of character among the English to the form of their government, which imposes few restraints upon their conduct. It is obvious, however, that, though an absolute government may prevent any great singularity of behaviour, a free constitution will not alone produce it. Men do not acquire an odd or whimsical character, because they are at liberty to do so, but because they have propensities which lead them to it. In the republican states of antiquity, which enjoyed more political freedom, and among mere savages, who are almost under no government at all, nothing of this remarkable eccentricity is to be observed.

"But whatever be the cause of that endless diversity of characters which prevails in England, it certainly gives encouragement to sarcastic mirth and drollery; and has produced a general disposition to humour and

railery, which is the more conspicuous from the natural modesty, reserve, and taciturnity of the people. To delineate the most unaccountable and strange appearances of human nature, they require not the aid of fiction; to conceive what is ridiculous, they have only to observe it. Each individual, according to the expression of a famous buffoon, is not only humorous in himself, but the cause of humour in other men. The national genius, as might be expected, has been moulded and directed by these peculiar circumstances, and has produced a greater number of eminent writers, in all the branches of comic and ludicrous composition, than are to be found in any other country. To pass over the extraordinary genius of Shakspeare in this as well as in other departments, with those other comic writers who lived about the commencement of English manufactures, and to mention only a few instances, near our own times; it will be difficult for any country, at one period, to match the severe and pointed irony of Swift; the lighter, but more laughable satire of Arbuthnot; the gentle railery of Gay; the ludicrous and natural, though coarse, representations of low life, by Fielding; the strong delineations of character, together with the appropriate easy dialogue of Vanbrugh; the rich vein of correct pleasantry, in ridiculing the varieties of studied affectation, displayed by Congreve; and, above all, the universal, equable, and creative humour of Addison.

There is much excellent matter in this long extract, mixed up, (in our opinion at least) with much nonsense; yet it can be valuable only to those who know how to separate truth from error. The comedies of the Athenians he calls "*mere farces!!*" but the truth is evidently, that the professor never read a line of them but in some miserable translation. He despised classical learning, and therefore remained ignorant of its real spirit.—Now, can he, consistently with his own theory, call the Athenians a wonderfully refined people in one sentence, and talk of their enjoyment of "*mere farces*" in the next? Had Mr Miller ever attended one of Professor Young's lectures on the '*Wit of Wits*,' he would not have talked thus. But the extract contains many more debateable points, that we shall, on a future occasion, take up the discussion of some of the most interesting.

* What was Rabelais, what was La Fontaine, what was Hamilton, &c. &c. &c.?

A SICILIAN STORY, WITH OTHER POEMS; BY BARRY CORNWALL.*

MR CORNWALL, in a dedicatory sonnet to a lady young and beautiful, almost insinuates that these Lays may be his last. This is all very natural, perhaps, in a poet dreaming of past happiness, and consecrating, as it were, his melancholy songs to the spirit that made bright the morn of life: but all such misgivings are transient, and we have little doubt that even now he is busy in preparing another volume for the press.

'Tis fit—for Saturn now is hurrying fast,
And thou mayest soon be nothing.

Let him write now that he is young and hopeful—while the "world is all before him where to choose," and imagination ever ready to lead him either into the sunshine or the shade. It is a blessed thing to see the scenery of life stretching far on before us—and to feel that we are but starting on a career. We are strong in the future, and rejoicing in our strength: weakness and despondency come upon us from the past: that which is before seems pregnant with bliss and brightness—that which is behind is the region of melancholy—it may be of despair. That poet is happy, who has just done enough, not to awaken the hopes of his friends only, but to kindle and justify and sustain his own. A breeze seems to breathe upon him with gradually increasing power—and borne along upon its wings, he is wafted, as in a dream, onwards and onwards into the expanding bosom of beauty and delight.

We know of no young poet in our day who stands in a more enviable state than Barry Cornwall. He has done nothing—and he has done much, nothing that he may not easily excel, much that not many will easily equal. We must not, therefore, hear him speaking seriously of giving over before he has fairly begun—every body seems to think kindly and hopefully of him—he has smoothed the raven face of periodical criticism till it has smiled—he has done more than that, he has acquired the friendship of all true lovers of poetry. We must not be unreasonable—let him write when, what, and how he chooses—but he must remember, that as the gift of

inspiration has been won, so can it be retained and strengthened only by constant, devout, and severe worship.

The Sicilian Story is but a short poem—and might have been written at a few sittings—but it is very delicately and beautifully finished—and full everywhere of the spirit of nature; its merit is also great as a work of art. It is a true Italian Tale, passionate and romantic—Guido and Isabel (can we praise them more lovingly) are almost a Romeo and Juliet. But the joy of this passion is left almost entirely to our imagination—we are made to look on its agonies and its despair. Ere sixteen of those ripening summers have past over their heads the lovers have been blest—miserable—dead. Joy and sorrow are crowded into that little span, and had they lived till their bright tresses had become din, what more could they have known of either—who had wept so many tears of bliss and of woe, and had exhausted all the passions of their hearts? It is the young only who die of grief, for what care the old for the extinction of that light which has been long glimmering, faintlier and faintlier, through the sad mists of time, and shewing nothing but the few wan objects near it, while all that charmed of yore lies buried in the black shadow of forgetfulness.

"One night a masque was held within the walls

Of a Sicilian palace: the gayest flowers
Cast life and beauty o'er the marble halls,
And, in remoter spots, fresh waterfalls
That 'rose half hidden by sweet lemon bowers
A low and silver-voiced music made:
And there the frail perfuming woodbine
strayed

Winding its slight arms round the cypress
bough,

And as in female trust seemed there to grow,
Like woman's love 'midst sorrow flourishing:
And every odorous plant and brighter thing
Born of the sunnyskies and weeping rain,
That from the bosom of the spring
Starts into life and beauty once again,
Blossom'd; and there in walks of evergreen,
Gay cavaliers and dames high-born and fair,
Wearing that rich and melancholy smile
Than can so well beguile

The human heart from its recess, were seen,
And lovers full of love or studious care
Wasting their rhymes upon the soft night air,

And spirits that never till the morning sleep.
 And, far away, the mountain *Etna* hung
 Eternally its pyramid of flame
 High as the heav'n's, while from its heart
 there came

Hollow and subterranean noises deep,
 And all around the constellations hung
 Their starry lamps, lighting the midnight
 sky,

As to do honour to that revelry."

There is one in this gay shifting
 crowd, sick at the soul with sorrow—
 for Isabel can no where find her Ita-
 lian boy, the dark-haired Guido—and
 while she is mournfully thinking up-
 on him, her brother Leoni fiercely
 upbraids her sullen silence, and whis-
 pers in her ear her lover's name, with
 a tone that strikes a nameless and pro-
 phetic terror into her heart.

"And to her room

Like a pale solitary flash she stole."

What a contrast is the dark and des-
 pairing night, of this day to the joy-
 fulness of its morn.

"That morn they sat upon the sea-beach
 green ;

For in that land the sward springs fresh and
 free

Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen

To break the glassy quiet of the sea :

And Guido, with his arm 'round Isabel,
 Unclassed the tresses of her chesnut hair,
 Which in her white and heaving bosom fell
 Like things enamour'd, and then with jealous
 air

Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton
 there ;

And then his dark eyes sparkled, and he
 wound

The fillets like a coronet around

Her brow, and bade her rise and be a queen.

And oh ! 'twas sweet to see her delicate hand
 Pressed 'gainst his parted lips, as tho' to check

In mimic anger all those whispers bland
 He knew so well to use, and on his neck

Her round arm hung, while half as in com-
 mand

And half entreaty did her swimming eye
 Speak of forbearance, 'till from her pouting
 lip

He snatched the honey-dews that lover's sip,
 And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully

She frowned, and wore that self-betraying air
 That women loved and flattered love to wear.

"Oft would he, as on that same spot they lay
 Beneath the last light of a summer's day,

Tell (and would watch the while her sted-
 fast eye),

How on the lone Pacific he had been,
 When the Sea Lion on his watery way

Went rolling thro' the billows green,
 And shook that ocean's dead tranquillity :

And he would tell her of past times, and
 where

He rambled in his boyhood far away,

And spoke of other worlds and wonders fair

And mighty and magnificent, for he
 Had seen the bright sun worshipp'd like a
 god

Upon that land where first Columbus trod ;
 And travelled by the deep Saint Lawrence'
 tide,

And by Niagara's cataracts of foam,

And seen the wild deer roam

Amongst interminable forests, where

The serpent and the savage have their lair

Together. Nature there in wildest guise

Stands undebased and nearer to the skies ;

And 'midst her giant trees and waters wide

The bones of things forgotten, buried deep,

Give glimpses of an elder world, espied

By us but in that fine and dreamy sleep,

When Fancy, ever the mother of deep truth,

Breathes her dim oracles on the soul of youth.

This is full of poetry, and also of ori-
 ginality, though the same kind of pic-
 ture has been drawn by Wordsworth
 and Campbell. No one who can read
 it, has forgotten the irresistible woo-
 ing of Ruth, "that infant of the
 woods," by the "youth from Geor-
 gia's shore," so perilously familiar
 with the strange tales of love and fear.
 That is indeed a poem that stands
 alone in its powerful beauty, nor was
 there ever on earth a mind but
 Wordsworth's from which could
 have risen into light so wild a crea-
 tion. Campbell had doubtless Ruth in
 his heart when he conceived of his own
 Gertrude—and he thought of him,
 "a military casque who wore with
 splendid feathers drest," when he
 raised up in the Pennsylvanian solitude,
 the wanderer of whom he says, "and
 well his Spanish plume those lofty
 looks became." So too in the whole
 story of that wanderer's adventures,
 faintly coloured by a light reflected
 from the picture by Wordsworth,—
 we see one poet creating in the spirit of
 another. The above vision of Barry
 Cornwall will bear to be pondered on,
 even after the kindred visions of those
 other great dreamers. Indeed, are
 they not all inspired by Shakspeare—
 for so was wooed and won "The
 gentle lady married to the Moor."

But Isabel is on her midnight
 couch.

"Her sleep that night was fearful,—O,
 that night !

If it indeed was sleep : for in her sight

A form (a dim and waving shadow) stood,

And pointed far up the great *Etna's* side,

Where, from a black ravine, a dreary wood

Peeps out and frowns upon the storms below.

And bounds and braves the wilderness of
 snow.

It gazed awhile upon the lonely bride

With melancholy air and glassy eye,
And spoke—'Awake and search yon dell,
for I,

'Tho' risen above my old mortality,
'Have left my mangled and unburied limbs
'A prey for wolves hard by the waters there,
'And one lock of my black and curled hair,
'That one I vowed to thee my beauty, swims
'Like a mere weed upon the mountain river;
'And those dark eyes you used to love so
well

'(They loved you dearly, my own Isabel,)
'Are shut and now have lost their light for
ever.

'Go then unto yon far ravine, and save
'Your husband's heart for some more quiet
grave

'Than what the stream and withering winds
may lend,

'And 'neath the basil tree we planted, give

'The fond heart burial, so that tree shall live

'And shed a solace on thy after days :

'And thou—but oh ! I ask thee not to tend

'The plant on which thy Guido loved to
gaze,

'For with a spirit's power I see thy heart.'

No poets of any other country see
such ghosts as do the British. They
alone at all times remember, that
ghosts are not flesh and blood,—but a
voice—a shadow—a something that
once was and scarcely is—that moans,
glimmers, and melts away.

He said no more, but with the dawning day
Shrunk, as the shadows of the clouds depart
Before the conquering sun-beams, silently.
Then sprung she from the pillow where she
lay,

'To the wild sense of doubtful misery :
And when she 'woke she did obey the dream,
And journey'd onwards to the mountain
stream

Tow'rd which the phantom pointed, and
she drew

The thorns aside which there luxuriant grew,
And with a beating heart descended where
The waters washed, it said, it, floating hair.

A murdered body never lay in a more
fitting place. There is something
mean and miserable in an outstretched
corpse lying bloody and gashed and
mangled on the common earth. Murder
ought to be perpetrated in such wild
and savage solitudes as those of Salvator
Rosa—places of fear—the haunts of
wild beasts—of men more fell than
they—of the fierce agencies of nature.
That trembling and blanching of the
cheek which would denote the fears of
our human heart, is not strange to
the emotion with which we look on
the pictured scene. Fear is an ele-
ment of that emotion. He whose
own courage would rise on such a spot
to quell his fear, looks upon the ima-

ginary scene with an acknowlegment
of its reference to his common
nature ; he recognises and allows its
meaning to human feelings—he owns
in his emotion something of that painful
sense which in nature belong to
agony, or danger, or death. There is
much of this high imagination in the
picture which follows ; an appeal is there
made to those feelings which are de-
rived from our acquaintance with pain—
from our fear of violence and death—
while we see also touches of wild ro-
mantic beauty, lonely grandeur, and
a sort of stern and wild magnificence
of nature.

"It was a spot like those romancers paint,
Or painted when of dusky knights they told
Wandering about in forests old,
When the last purple colour was waxing
faint

And day was dying in the west : the trees
(Dark pine and chesnut and the dwarfed oak
And cedar) shook their branches, 'till the
shade

Look'd like a spirit, and, living as it played,
Seem'd holding dim communion with the
breeze :

Below, a tumbling river rolled along,
(Its course by lava rocks and branches broke)
Singing for aye its fierce and noisy song.

Every step that Isabel took farther
down and down into this ravine, must
have dashed her soul with deeper ter-
ror. Yet even there she imagined
that hope could dwell.—And our read-
ers will not fail to be delighted with
the knowledge that Mr Cornwall here-
shews of the human heart. Love will not
believe in death till she sees it in his
own glazed eyes, and, as we think By-
ron somewhere says, "black hair
spread in utter lifelessness."

Oh ! till that moment none*
Could tell (not she) how much of hope the
sun

And cheerful morning, with 'its noises,
brought,

And how she from each glance a courage
caught,

For light and life had scattered half her fright,
And she could almost smile on the past night;
So, with a buoyant feeling, mixed with fear
Lest she might scorn Heav'n's missioned
minister,

She took her weary way and searched the
dell,

And there she saw him—dead. Poor deso-
late child

Of sixteen summers, had the waters wild
No pity on the boy you loved so well !
There stiff and cold the dark-eyed Guido lay,
His pale face upwards to the careless day,
That smiled as it was wont ; and he was
found,

His young limbs mangled on the rocky
ground,
And, 'midst the weltering weeds and shal-
lows cold,
His black hair floated as the phantom told,
And like the very dream his glassy eye
Spoke of gone mortality.

In the story of Boccaccio, on which
this poem is built, the lady takes the
head of her murdered lover, and buries
it, we believe, in an urn containing a
basil plant. Mr Cornwall represents
Isabella as, in like manner, burying
the heart—

“ In common earth,
Doomed like a thing that owned not human
birth.

And the tree grew and grew ; and brighter
green

Shot from its boughs than she before had seen,
And softly with its leaves the west winds
played :

And she did water it with her tears, and talk
As to a living spirit, and in the shade
Would place it gently when the sun did walk
High in his hot meridian, and she prest
The boughs (which fell like balm) upon her
breast.

She never plucked a leaf, nor let a weed
Within the shadow of its branches feed,
But nursed it as a mother guards her child,
And kept it shelter'd from the ' winter wild :'
And so it grew beyond its fellows, and
Tow'rd in unnatural beauty, waving there
And whispering to the moon and midnight
air,

And stood a thing unequalled in the land.
But never more along her favourite vale,
Or by the village paths or hurrying river,
Or on the beach, when clouds are seen to sail
Across the setting sun, while waters quiver
And breezes rise to bid the day farewell—
No more in any bowser she once lov'd well,
Whose sound or silence to the ear could tell
Aught of the passionate past, the pale girl
trod :

Yet *bove* himself, like an invisible god,
Haunted each spot, and with his own rich
breath

Filled the wide air with music sweet and soft,
Such as might calm or conquer Death, if
Death

Could e'er be conquer'd, and from aloft
Sad airs, like those she heard in infancy,
Fell on her soul and filled her eyes with tears,
And recollections came of happier years
Thronging from all the cells of memory.
All her heart's follies she remember'd then,
How coy and rash—how scornful she had
been,

And then how tender, and how coy again,
And every shifting of the burning scene
That sorrow stamps upon the helpless brain.

At length Leoni, having discovered his
sister's passionate love of her urn, and
its beautiful basil tree, and prompted
by some dim suspicions, arising from

the hauntings of his own guilt, digs
and finds the heart imperished,—Isa-
bel having

“ Wound it round with many an anxious
line,

And bathed it with a curious medicine.
He found it like a great spell where it lay,
And carried and cast it to the waves away.”

Then, and not till then, does Isabel
feel that Guido is indeed—dead. We
cannot forbear quoting the whole of
the remainder of the poem.—Some of
our correspondents complain of us for
not giving them enough of ‘ Original
Poetry.’ Cannot they use their eyes ?
Where will they find it, if not in
Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lloyd, Shelly,
and Cornwall ? Not a month passes over
their heads that we do not lay before
them a rich feast of poetry ; nor has
any Journal written of poets and poet-
ry in a more uniform spirit of love,
admiration, and enthusiasm. Is not
the following passage worth a thousand
Elegies from “ Constant Readers,” and
a thousand Odes to Love and Friend-
ship, by bands of young men, invis-
ible and anonymous, all faithful adher-
ents, heroic defenders, and punctual
subscribers to this work ?

That day the green tree wither'd, and she
knew

The solace of her mind was stol'n and gone :
And then she felt that she was quite alone
In the wide world : so, to the distant woods
And caverned haunts, and where the moun-
tain floods

Thunder unto the silent air, she flew.
She flew away, and left the world behind,
And all that man doth worship, in her flight ;
All that around the beating heart is twined ;
Yet, as she looked farewell to human kind,
One quivering drop arose and dimm'd her
sight,

The last that frenzy gave to poor distress.
And then into the dreary wilderness
She went alone, a craz'd heart-broken thing ;
And in the solitude she found a cave
Half hidden by the wild-brier blossoming,
Whereby a black and solitary pine,
Struck by the fiery thunder, stood and gave
Of pow'r and death a token and a sign :
And there she lived for months : She did
not heed

The seasons or their change, and she would
feed
On roots and berries as the creatures fed
Which had in woods been bred and nourish-
ed.

Once, and once only was she seen, and then
The chamois hunter started from his chase,
And stopped to look a moment on her face,
And could not turn him to his sports again.
Thin Famine sat upon her hollow cheek,
And settled madness in her glazed eye

Told of a young heart wrong'd and nigh to break,

And, as the spent winds waver ere they die,
She to herself a few wild words did speak,
And sung a strange and broken melody;
And ever as she sung she strew'd the ground
With yellow leaves that perish'd ere their time,

And well their fluttering fall did seem to chime

With the low music of her song: the sound
Came like a dirge filling the air around,
And this (or like) the melancholy rhyme.

There is a spirit stands by me:

It comes by night, it comes by day,
And when the glittering lightnings play,
Its look is pale and sad to see.

'Tis he—to whom my brother gave
A red unconsecrated grave.

I hear him when the breezes moan,
And, when the rattling thunders talk,
I hear him muttering by me walk,
And tell me I am 'quite alone.'
It is the daemon of the dead,
For all that's good hath upwards fled.

It is a demon which the wave
Hath cast abroad to scare my soul;
Yet wherefore did the waters roll
So idly o'er his hasty grave?
Was the sad prayer I uttered then
Unheard,—or is it due again?

Is 't not enough that I am here,
Brainstruck and cold and famished,
A mean remove above the dead,—
But must my soul be wild with fear
As sorrow now that hope is gone
And I am lost and left alone?

They told me, when my days were young,
That I was fair and born to reign,
That hands and hearts were my domain,
And witchery dwelt upon my tongue:
And now—but what is this to me
Struck on the rock of memory?

And yet at times I dream—aye yet,
Of vanished scenes and golden hours,
And music heard in orange bowers,
(For madness cannot quite forget)
And love, breath'd once to me alone,
In sighs, and many a melting tone.

Then curious thoughts, and floating things
Saved from the deluge of the brain,
Pass with perplexity and pain:
Then darkness, death, and murderings,—
And then unto my den I hie,
And vainly, vainly pray to die.

At last she wandered home. She came by night.

The pale moon shot a sad and troubled light
Amidst the mighty clouds that moved along.
The moaning winds of Autumn sang their song,

And shook the red leaves from the forest trees.

And subterranean voices spoke. The seas
Did rise and fall, and then that fearful swell
Came silently which seamen know so well;
And all was like an Omen. Isabel

Passed to the room where in old times she lay,
And there they found her at the break of day:
Her look was smiling, but she never spoke
Or motioned, even to say—her heart was broke:

Yet in the quiet of her shining eye
Lay death, and something we are wont to deem

(When we discourse of some such mournful theme,)

Beyond the look of mere mortality.

She died—yet scarcely can we call it death
When heaven so softly draws the parting breath—

She was translated to a finer sphere,
For what could match or make her happy here!

She died, and with her gentle death there came

Sorrow and ruin, and Leoni fell
A victim to that unconsuming flame,
That burns and revels on the heart of man;
Remorse—This is the tale of Isabel,
And of her love the young Italian.

There are many small compositions in the volume, exceedingly beautiful, but of which our limits prevent us from quoting any specimens. We have enabled our readers to judge for themselves of the power and tenderness of Mr Cornwall's genius, by giving them the greater part—the soul and essence—of the Sicilian story. There are two poems in the *Ottava Rima*—The ring of Gyges, and Don Diego Montilla. The first contains two or three splendid pictures—but is on the whole not very felicitous. The other is full of pathos—and is also at times pleasant and lively, for they both aim at those sudden contrasts and mixtures of imagery and sentiment characteristic of the old models, and of Byron, Frere, and Wastle. Don Diego loves Aurelia, and is slighted by her; at least rebuffed in his matrimonial suit, while he is beloved by her younger sister Aurora, but knows it not, or faintly knows it, till she dies of hopeless and concealed passion. Then his heart is fully awakened, and he too pines into the grave. In the first sixty stanzas, the Spaniard is something like a sort of cousin to Don Juan—there is an undefinable family likeness, and he is equally handsome and accomplished. His education, however, though far from having been conducted on the principles of Mr Owen of Lanark, seems to have been rather better than Don Juan's; and his mother, though a lady of less pretensions, would appear to have

been of more sterling worth than his aunt. Every man has his character formed for him, that is certain; and Diego did not escape the influence of his localities, any more than the proprietor and manager of the great cotton mills at New Lanark, or the Lord Chancellor of England; and accordingly, he no way resembled either that high manufacturing or that high legal authority. This will be manifest from the concluding stanzas of the poem, which are in Mr Cornwall's very best own style.

Ah, poor Aurora!—she is gone where never
Hate, passion, envy, grief can touch her
more;

And with her love, beside that famed river
That lashes with its waves the haunted
shore,

(Class'd with those radiant spirits who did
ever

Act nobly here, until—the play was o'er,)
She wanders in her long probation, 'till
Death shall decay and Sin, and Time be
still.

She faded like the soft and summer light
That mingles gently with the darkness,
and

Seems woo'd not conquer'd by the coming
night,
Meeting his dim embrace but not com-
mand,

Until it sinks and vanishes, and the sight
On mockeries of the past alone is strain'd.
Thus Jove, drawn out in all Corregio's
charms,

Wraps the sweet Io in his shadowy arms.

Alas! she was so young—but Death has no
Compassion on the young more than the
old,

She wore a patient look, but free from woe
Unto the last, ('tis thus the story's told :)
She never look'd reproachful—peevish, tho'
Her lady sister would not seldom scold,
Because the girl had fancied her old lover
For none could any other cause discover.

O, melancholy Love! amidst thy fears
Thy darkness, thy despair, there runs a
vein

Of pleasure, like a smile 'midst many tears—
The pride of sorrow that will not com-
plain—

The exultation that in after years
The lov'd one will discover—and in vain,
How much the heart silently in its cell
Did suffer 'till it broke, yet nothing tell.

Else—wherefore else doth lovely woman
keep

Lock'd in her heart of hearts, from every
gaze

Hidden, her struggling passion—wherefore
weep

In grief that never while it flows allays

Those tumults in the bosom buried deep,
And robs her bright eyes of their natural
rays.

Creation's sweetest riddle!—yet, remain
Just as thou art; man's only worthy gain.
And thou, poor Spanish maid, ah! what
hadst thou

Done to the archer blind that he should
dart

His cruel shafts 'till thou wast forced to bow
In bitter anguish, aye, endure the smart
The more because thou wor'st a smiling brow
While the dark arrow canker'd at thy
heart?

Yet jeer her not: if 'twere a folly, she
Hath paid (how firmly paid) Love's penalty.
Oft would she sit and look upon the sky,
When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds
sigh

That come like music at the close of day
Trembling amongst the orange blooms, and
die

As 'twere from very sweetness. She was
gay,

Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.
And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
A clear transparent colour sate a while:

'Twas like, a bard would say, the morning's
blush,

And 'round her mouth there played a
gentle smile,

Which tho' at first it might your terrors
hush,

It could not, tho' it strove, at last be-
guile;

And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue
vein

Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
Men love or women boast of was decay-
ing,

And one by one life's finest powers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seem'd
delaying,

As tho' he'd not the heart at once to call
The maiden to his home. At last, arraying
Himself in softest guise, he came: she
sigh'd

And, smiling as tho' her lover whisper'd,
died.

Diego—tho' it seem as he could change
From love to love at pleasure be it said
Unto his honour, he did never range

Again: I should have written that he fled
To her (some people thought this wondrous
strange)

At the first news of danger.—She was
dead.

One silly woman said her heart was broke.—
He look'd and listen'd, but he never spok'd,
He saw her where she lay in silent state,

Cold and as white as marble: and her
eye,

Whereon such bright and beaming beauty
sate,

Was—after the fashion of mortality.

Closed up for ever; even the smiles which
late

None could withstand, were gone; and
there did lie

(For he had drawn aside the shrouding
veil,)

By her a helpless hand, waxen and pale.

Diego stood beside the coffin lid

And gazed a while upon her: then he
bent

And kiss'd her, and did—'twas grief's
folly, bid

Her wait awhile for him, for that he
meant

To follow quickly: then his face he hid,

And 'gainst the margin of the coffin leant,

In mute and idle anguish: not a breath
Or sound was heard. He was alone, with
Death.

At last, they drew him, like a child, away;
And spoke in soothing sorrow of the dead,

Placing her sweet acts out in kind array,
And mourn'd that one so gracious should
have fled

As 'twere before her time; tho' she would
say,

Poor girl, (and often to that talk she led,)

That to die early was a happy lot,
And, cheering, said she should be 'soon for-
got.'

She left one letter for her love: they gave

The feeble scrawl into his hand, and told
How when she found that medicine could
not save

And love had come too late, she grew
more bold,

And bade, when she was quiet in her grave,
(I think the phrase was 'when her hand
was cold,')

That they should give that letter to the Lord
Diego, her first love; or some such word.

None heard the sad contents; he read it thro'
And thro', and wept and pondered on
each page.

At last, a gentle melancholy grew,
And touch'd, like sorrow at its second stage,

His eye with languor, and contriv'd to strew
His hair with silver ere his middle age:

But for the fiery passion which alone
Had stamp'd his youth with folly,—it was
gone.

Some years he liv'd: he liv'd in solitude,

And scarcely quitted his ancestral home,
Tho' many a friend and many a lady woo'd
Of birth and beauty, yet he would not
room

Beyond the neighbouring hamlet's church-
yard rude;

And there the stranger still, on one low
tomb,

May read '*Aurora*;' whether the name he
drew

From mere conceit of grief or not, none
knew.

VOL. VI.

P'rhaps 'twas a mere memorial of the past:
Such Love and Sorrow fashion, and de-
ceive

Themselves with words, until they grow at
last

Content with mocks alone, and cease to
grieve;

Such madness in its wiser mood will cast,

Making its fond credulity believe

Things unsubstantial. 'Twas—no matter
what—

Something to hallow that lone burial spot.

He grew familiar with the bird; the brute

Knew well its benefactor, and he'd feed

And make acquaintance with the fishes mute,
And, like the Thracian Shepherd, as we

read,

Drew, with the music of his stringed lute,
Behind him winged things, and many a
tread

And tramp of animal: and in his hall

He was a Lord indeed, belov'd by all.

In a high solitary turret where

None were admitted would he muse, when
first

The young day broke, perhaps because he
there

Had in his early infancy been nurs'd,

Or that he felt more pure the morning air,

Or lov'd to see the great Apollo burst

From out his cloudy bondage, and the night
Hurry away before the conquering light.

But oftener to a gentle lake that lay

Cradled within a forest's bosom, he

Would, shunning kind reproaches, steal
away,

And, when the inland breeze was fresh and
free,

There would he loiter all the livelong day,

Tossing upon the waters listlessly.

The swallow dash'd beside him, and the deer

Drank by his boat and eyed him without fear.

It was a soothing place: the summer hours

Pass'd there in quiet beauty, and at night

The moon ran searching thro' the wood-
bine bowers,

And shook o'er all the leaves her kisses
bright,

O'er lemon blossoms and faint myrtle flow-
ers,

And there the west wind often took his
flight

While heaven's clear eye was closing, while
above

Pale Hesper rose, the evening light of love.

How sweet it is to see that courier star

(Which like the spirit of the twilight
shines)

Come stealing up the broad blue heaven afar,

Silvering the dark tops of the distant pines,

Until his mistress in her brighter car

Enters the sky, and then his light declines:

But sweetest when in lonely spots we see

The gentle, watchful, amorous deity.

4 N

He comes more lovely than the Hours : his
look

Sheds calm refreshing light, and eyes that
burn

With glancing at the sun's so radiant book,

Unto his softer page with pleasure turn :

'Tis like the murmur of some shaded brook,

Or the soft welling of a Naiad's urn,

After the sounding of the vast sea-waves.

'Tis after jealous fears the faith that saves.

Then bashful boys stammer their faint fond
vows,

Then like a whisper music seems to float

Around us : then from out the thicket boughs

Cometh the nightingale's so tender note,

And then the young girl listens, and allows

(Mov'd by the witching of the sweet bird's
throat)

To passion its first kiss :—but of these things
He thought not in his moody wanderings.

'Twas solitude he lov'd, where'er he strayed,

No danger daunted and no pastime drew,

And ever on that fair heart-broken maid

(Aurora) who unto the angels flew

Away so early, with grief unallayed

He thought, and in the sky's eternal blue

Would look for shapes, 'till at times before
him she

'Rose like a beautiful reality.

—But he hath passed away, and there re-
mains

Scarcely the shadow of his name : the sun,
The soft breeze, and the fierce autumnal
rains

Fall now alike upon him : he hath done

With Life and cast away its heavy chains,

And in his place another spirit may run

Its course (thus live, love, languish, and
thus die,)

Thro' every maze of dim mortality.

One day he came not at his usual hour,

(He had long been declining) and his
old

Kind mother sought him in his lonely tower,

And there she found him lying, pale and
cold :

Her son was dead, and love had lost his
power ;

And then she felt that all her days were
told.

She laid him in his grave, and when she died

A stranger buried her by Diego's side. —

ON THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

THIS Work has a triple claim to indulgence ; it is a posthumous production ; it is published for the benefit of the author's family ; it has undertaken the defence of a disputed but interesting science. The introductory memoir, so affectionately drawn up by the Editor, represents the author as a good and a clever man. His goodness we will take for granted ; his cleverness must undergo a little examination, which, however, shall be conducted with all the lenity due to one who cannot now defend himself.

The author, in imitation of Lavater, his avowed model, endeavours to distinguish between physiognomy and pathognomy. It is said that physiognomy takes cognizance of the shapes, and pathognomy of the motions of the features. But the shapes and motions of the soft moveable parts of the face, which are allowed to be the only subjects of pathognomy, being both dependent upon the same muscles, must refer to the same passions or dispositions, with this difference, that the shapes indicate a permanence, whereas the sudden motions indicate an ebullition. There is a difference in the mode, not in the thing. The prin-

ciples, the subjects, and the objects of pathognomy and of physiognomy, so far as it relates to the moveable parts, being the same, the proposed distinction becomes unnecessary, if not impracticable. The physiognomist, on observing the muscles of the face to change from comparative rest to violent action, requires not to alter his plan of observation ; and, should the muscular violence extend to the arms, he then merely requires to bring up his own arms as an additional shade to his prying instruments of vision, which must still compute according to former principles, just as the naturalist applies the same chemistry to the investigation of Vesuvius, whether it be in a state of quiescence, or, as at present, in full irruption.

He next adopts Lavater's favourite doctrine, that the human body is what he calls so homogeneous—so adapted in all its parts—all the parts so much of a piece, as that, from any one feature, a physiognomist might compute what the rest of the body must be ; so that if the nose, or any other organ were given as a problem, he might find the whole body. This doctrine, however, is not easily reconcilable with the al-

* A Practical and Familiar View of the Science of Physiognomy, compiled chiefly from the papers of the late Mr T. Cooke of Manchester.

most infinite diversity of mankind—a diversity so complete, that no two individuals are exactly alike, is quite at variance with the frequent similitude of particular features in different persons, and would limit the diversification of the human race to the possible diversification of a single organ.

The greater part of the volume is devoted to the proving of physiognomy to be a science; as if a true science could be better proved than by its own exposition. The prefatory proofs of an incipient science are not only necessarily indirect and unsatisfactory, but are moreover somewhat suspicious, like the urgent asseverations of veracity with which a narration is prefaced. Under how much difficulty this author, and Lavater before him, have laboured, in endeavouring to set forth their works with preliminary proofs of the truth of physiognomy, may be judged from their pushing to the very foreground of the argument that hackneyed anecdote of Zopyrus pronouncing a false opinion of Socrates, an anecdote which must either prove the science to be false, or Zopyrus to have been destitute of physiognomical knowledge; for Socrates, notwithstanding his own modest admission, could never have been a dunce, and besides, whatever he might have been, was at that time the wisest of men. To the 112th page, and from the 202d, where the author again digresses into general rhapsodical remarks, he keeps aloof from his subject, and fights vehemently with the wind. How far in the intervening ninety pages, where he comes into contact with human faces, he succeeds in establishing physiognomy upon scientific principles, we come now to inquire.

He professes to treat of the face, which, after the example of Lavater, he denominated physiognomy, although it may be doubted, whether any thing has been gained by the importation of a Greek name, to express what is as well and more shortly expressed in our own tongue. The terms face, countenance, and visage, supersede the necessity of this new term, while its own ambiguity condemns it as deserving to be forever discarded. Though he professes to discuss the face, he omits the ears, evidently because on them his Lavaterian archetype was so scanty as not to be transmutable. As this author limits his observations to the face, we propose to term him, and

all such prosopologists, discoursers on the face, in contradistinction to craniologists, discoursers on the skull, who limit their observations to the head. But here a difficulty starts with regard to the line of demarkation between the face and the head. The craniologists lay claim to the brow, as the richest territory in the whole map of their craniological domain, upon the ground that the frontal bone is a part of that skull, which is an adapted covering to the brain. The prosopologists, on the other hand, confidently lay claim to the brow as their uppermost and most expressive feature, upon the ground, that it is naked and sensitive, like the rest of the face, and that it is even spoken of as part of the face by the neutral vulgar, who are frequently heard to say, that such a person must be clever, for he has *so much face above his eyes*. We think that the brow belongs both to the face and to the head; and, for the safety of the foreheads of the lieges, recommend a reconciliation between these mighty competitors, the more especially as the prosopologists care only for the surface, whereas, the craniologists being Germans, and therefore excellent miners, care only for what is below. Let it be understood then, that the craniologists may take their surveys upon the brow as the covering of the brain, provided they desist from converting the temporal muscles, which belong to the mouth, into organs for their schemes, and from fixing their *locality* in the frontal sinuses which belong to the nose; and that the prosopologists may form their estimates of the brain, as giving size and shape to the exterior parts of the forehead, provided they do not efface the cranioscopical landmarks drawn so geometrically by their rivals. Having settled these preliminaries, we must next prepare the readers for appreciating Mr Cooke's remarks upon the brow, which, on the authority of Lavater, he emphatically pronounces "the gate of the soul—the temple of modesty."

Of this preparation, the first and most important point is to ascertain the function of the brain, that great fountain and conflux of the nerves, whence they issue, as so many aides-de-camp, to the muscles, and whither they terminate, as so many scouts, from the surface; for, as Lord Bacon says, "of the concordances between

the mind and the body, that part of inquiry is most necessary which considereth of the seats and domiciles which the several faculties of the mind do take, and occupate in the organs of the body, which knowledge," he adds, "hath been attempted, and is controverted, and deserveth to be much better inquired." But to bring forward our arguments at present upon the functions of the brain, would be to anticipate an intended inquiry into a number of late works on that very organ. Suffice it, in the meantime, to take for granted the opinion generally received, from Plato down to the present day, that the brain is the organ or instrument of the intellect. If we err, therefore, we err with the majority, and enjoy this farther consolation, that, as truth generally lies in the middle between the extremes of human opinions, we must be in the fair way of finding her out; for we steer a middle course between Gall and Spurzheim, on the one hand, who have improved upon the ancient doctrine, that the whole man is a microcosm; and even upon the fantastical straining given to that doctrine by Paracelsus, and the alchemists, who went the length of finding, "in man's body certain correspondencies and parallels, which should have respect to all varieties of things, as stars, planets, minerals, which are extant in the world;" for Gall and Spurzheim have conceived the brain itself to be a complete microcosm, not merely endowed with general correspondencies and parallels with external things, but consisting of a congeries of distinct organs for weight, colour, shape, and every possible quality of external objects, as well as for a greater number of internal feelings and faculties than metaphysicians have yet dreamed of; and the unlearned antagonists of these most learned Thebans, the Edinburgh Reviewers, on the other hand, who, in their physiological wisdom, think that "sensation, thought, and volition are altogether independent of the central mass, and are confined entirely to the nerves."⁴ We proceed, therefore, to inquire what sizes and shapes of brain, viewing it as the organ of intellect, are most conducive to, and indicative of, intellectual functions.

It holds in the lower creation, that sagacity is generally proportional, other things being equal, to the mass of brain. This rule does not stop short

at mankind, but serves to shew how far they, as a race, transcend the lower tribes, and how far one man, other things being equal, is capable of surpassing another. The proverb, "a big head has little wit," is neither true nor is generally believed, and must have arisen, like many other absurd sayings, from mistaking the mere smartness, which belongs to persons with little round heads, for genuine wisdom.

It holds also in the lower creation, that activity is generally proportional, other things being equal, to the compactness of the brain, or to its concavity, if we may be allowed to contrive a useful word that more justly conveys our meaning. In mankind, also, we find that the activity of the intellect, or rather its natural adaptation for activity, whatever may be its powers, is generally proportional, other things being equal, to the smallness of the superficial measurement in relation to the cubical measurement of the brain, whatever may be its size. Now the surface upon which the brain rests being given, what shape upwards would be the greatest map, within the least area of enclosure? Undoubtedly that shape which approaches nearest to the globe, the very perfection of figures, according to the ancients. The skull, if it were extensible to a considerable degree in early life, and if an enlarging force within were acting equally against its whole external surface, would gradually approach nearer and nearer to the globular shape, and, in the progress of this approximation, would come to rise perpendicularly, before beginning to swell outwardly, and would naturally swell more outwardly at the sides where the longitudinal extent is greatest, than before or behind. (Here it must be recollected, that the existing surface of the cerebrum, the brain in question, extends backwards to the extreme point of the occiput.) Accordingly, we find that persons of a naturally acute and energetic intellect, have broad heads, sometimes even swelling considerably outward on both sides. If we consider that the brain is divided longitudinally by the falx, which at once holds the brow from being protruded, and, by dividing the front of the brain, diminishes the protruding force, we can easily see how the most luxuriant brain, swelling out at both sides, shall in front rise perpendicular-

ly, and then gradually fall back into globosity. What has been said of the shape which a growing brain would assume from a given basis, applies also to the shape of that basis, so far as it affects the shape of the brain; so that a broad basis, which conduces to the globosity of the brain, indicates a natural capability of intellectual energy, and, being accompanied with a corresponding broadness of face, is naturally calculated for exerting that intellectual energy to the best purpose.

But the brain, although its intellectual powers are great in proportion to its size, and are concentrated in proportion to its conjacency, must not be considered as one homogeneous mass. As the intellectual faculties are divisible into perception, memory, and judgment; so the brain seems to be divisible into three corresponding portions—into a perceptive, a remembering, and a reasoning portion. Waving arguments at present, for the reason already mentioned, we lay down as a hypothesis, to be afterwards converted into a theory, and ultimately, we flatter ourselves, into an undeniable truth, that the anterior portion of brain, lying within the sensitive brow, is devoted to perception; that the middle portion, lying under the parietal bones, is devoted to memory; and that the posterior portion, lying within the occipital bone, is devoted to judgment. Keeping to our present text, the brow, we remark, that the perceptive powers are proportional to the total dimensions of the brow, its breadth being referable to the force, and its height to the extensiveness of perception. As this portion of the scalp is hairless, evidently for the sake of being sensitive, and as this sensitiveness is the earnest to us of how much of the brain is devoted to external perception, so the more exquisitely sensitive the brow, the more exquisitely perceptive is the brain; hence, what is called a clear brow indicates a clear perception, and thus the *ἰαφαντὶνον μέτωπον* is at once a mark of beauty and of perspicacity. From the sensitive office of the brow, we are enabled to deduce an argument corroborative of our geometrical argument in favour of the perpendicular rise; for the more the brow slants, the less is it capable of coming into contact with objects; whereas, the more it projects, the farther does it keep back the rest of the face; but it is the better calculated for

both allowing and accomplishing the completest contact, the more it rises in the same plane with the rest of the face. Though the brow is little employed in sensitive offices, yet the solicitude of nature to extend the sensitive surface is not the less manifest.

In viewing the brow as a covering for the brain, we must make allowance for the temporal muscles, situated on the temples, and for the frontal sinuses,—those excavations in the bone of the brow,—or rather that separation of its two plates,—situated above, and communicating with, the nostrils, and extending less or more upwards and to either side, and sometimes pervading the whole lower half of the bone of the brow. It is only under these allowances that contours of the brow can be considered as contours of the fore part of the brain. During life, the thickness of the temporal muscles can only be computed from the force with which the nether jaw can be pulled up; and the size of the frontal sinuses, when they form no distinct bulging, can only be computed from the sonorousness of the voice, and from how far the general structure or character is masculine; for in children and women these sinuses are small, in men they are larger, and in the most robust and most courageous men they are largest.

Being now somewhat prepared, let us follow Mr Cooke through his scattered observations on the brow. We are told, that a long brow indicates a weak mind, and that a short brow indicates a strong mind. According to the foregoing principles we think, that short brows indicate a clouded perception, and are quite inconsistent with original genius, and have remarked the shortest brows belong to a certain description of naturals. On the contrary, the most elevated brows that occur to our recollection are those of Bacon, Shakspeare, and Walter Scott, in whom is also observable
 “The cast of thought upon the face,
 That suited well these foreheads high.”

Now, the question is, shall these men be still esteemed the paragons of intellectual perspicacity, or must mankind, as they improve in clear-sightedness, decrease in brow?

“And all be turned to barnacles or apes,
 With foreheads villainous low.”

We agree with the author, that a long narrow forehead is never accompanied with an energetic mind, not, however, on account of the length, but

of the deficiency in breadth; and venture to add, that if this narrow brow had also been short, it would have been accompanied with still less intellect. He says that "arched (round) contours, without angles, are indicative of gentleness and flexibility of character, but that straight contours are indicative of firmness and inflexibility." If this be true, then Bonaparte, whose brow is the segment of nearly a globe, must have a gentle and flexible character; nor must the rugged brow be any longer proverbial for ruggedness of character. We grant that "complete perpendicularity from the hair to the eye-brows never occurred along with great understanding, or along with little. He found superiority of intellect invariably attend a retreating forehead." We must here refer our readers to what has been said of the frontal sinuses; for we most decidedly pronounce, that a slanting brain is incompatible with superiority of intellect. He afterwards allows, that the perpendicular brow, if bent at the top, is capable of steady and profound reflection.—Are not all brows that rise perpendicularly less or more rounded at top? He says in one place, that prominent brows, starting in sudden projections, and overhanging the face, indicate a feeble and contracted mind: in another place, that brows rising perpendicularly, and then becoming "rounded and prominent above," indicate considerable judgment, vivacity, and irritability, but a want of sympathy. We have generally found, that brows projecting above, are accompanied with extraordinary memory, which so exclusively engrosses cultivation, and leaves the other faculties, from want of exercise, so comparatively inane, that the persons are often little better than changelings. He informs us, that newly-born infants generally have somewhat prominent brows, which recede in the progress of years. We deny that the generality of newly-born children have prominent brows, and most positively deny that they ever recede. The frontal sinuses and face, as they become developed in the progress of life, throw the upper part of the ~~face~~ into an apparent, not a real, ~~recession~~. Does he mean that the ~~face~~ undergoes diminution just when ~~se~~ is required; and that the ~~cerebral~~ brain is enlarged merely to accomplish the mother's doom? (Gene-

sis iii. 16.) If he thinks that the supposed original projection is merely a difference in shape from the supposed subsequent recession, and is intended to facilitate the "*processum parturienti*," he betrays "*ignorantian presentationum*." He says, that in men "straight foreheads" indicate profundity, but in women cannot indicate a quality which they neither have nor need. We are more certain that the fair ones have not straight foreheads, than that they have not profundity; and are farther certain that many women have considerable profundity, but that neither men nor women have straight foreheads. Straight and curved lines gently undulating, we do not understand. Perfect straightness and sharp-pointed angles are "incompatible with greatness of intellect" just because they are incompatible with nature. He says, that prominence of the bone of the eye indicates aptitude for mental labour, sagacity for great enterprises, and great foresight; but that foreheads whose lower part sinks like a perpendicular wall under horizontal eyebrows, and rounds towards the temples, indicate the more solidity that they want prominence of eyebrows. We think that where the orbits, those sheaths of the two visual instruments which direct us to all our objects of pursuit, have prominent, circular, well-marked edges, there we find an aptitude for activity of intellect, without regard to its powers. We are told that perpendicular foreheads, whether narrow and wrinkled, or smooth and very short, "which advance without resting on the root of the nose, indicate a destitution of wit, imagination, and sensibility." We think that the narrowness forbids wit, that the shortness precludes fancy, and that neither narrowness nor shortness, nor smoothness nor wrinkles, have any relation to the presence or absence of sensibility. He says that foreheads loaded with many angular and knotty protuberances, mark a fiery, unreasonable, and impetuous spirit;—Gall and Spurzheim have placed their destructiveness behind the ear. He says, that two arches, of which the lower one advances, are always accompanied with clear understanding and good complexion. As the lower arch must be caused by a bulging of the frontal sinuses, so this sort of brow, if we rightly understand the description, is most frequently seen

in persons of stout make and swarthy complexion. He says, that profound perpendicular incisions in the frontal bone, between the eye-brows, denote uncommon capacity and thought. We have found one deep perpendicular line of depression, appearing to divide the brow, in persons of great perspicacity of intellect,—Of this description were

the brows of Sir Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, and Lord President Blair. This interesting shape of brow seems to owe its production to the forepart of the brain swelling out the brow at each side, while the middle is held back by the falx.

(*To be continued.*)

ON SIR THOMAS URQUHART'S JEWELL.

Manchester, February 8, 1820.

MR EDITOR,

IT was with great pleasure I observed the notice of Sir Thomas Urquhart, in your review of the life of the admirable Crichton. As many of your readers may, perhaps, wish to be better acquainted with his Jewell, certainly one of the most curious works which ever issued from the press, some further account of this extraordinary production and its author may not be unacceptable to them.

The character of Sir Thomas Urquhart was singular in the extreme. To all the bravery of the soldier and learning of the scholar, he added something of the knight-errant, and more of the visionaire and projector. Zealous for the honour of his country, and fully determined to wage war both with his pen and his sword against all the defaulters who disgraced it; credulous yet sagacious, enterprising yet rash, he appears to have chosen the admirable Crichton as his pattern and model for imitation. For his learning he may be denominated the Sir Walter Raleigh of Scotland, and his pedantry was the natural fruit of erudition deeply ingrained in his mind. To this I may add, he possessed a disposition prone to strike out new paths in knowledge, and a confidence in himself that nothing could weaken or disturb; the former of which, however, often led him to contend against impossibilities, and the latter sometimes induced him to supply what was wanting in argument by empty gasconade. His diction, a truly Babylonish dialect, is such, perhaps, as it would be difficult in any author or in any language to parallel; it is, indeed, composed of particles taken from every language most fantastically intermixed. But if he has

made use of extraordinary expressions we must remember he had extraordinary thoughts to express; and as he himself observes, "the bonification and virtification of Lully Scotus's Hexcity and Albedineity of Suarez, are words exploded by those that affect the purity of the latine diction; yet if such were demanded, what other no less concise expression would comport with the neatness of that language, their answer would be *altum silentium*; so easy a matter it is for many to find fault with what they are not able to mend. For it boots not so much by what kind of tokens any matter be brought into our minde, as that the things made knowin unto us by such representatives be of some considerable value; not much unlike the Innes-a-court-gentlemen at London, who, usually repairing to their commons at the blowing of a horne, are better pleased with such a signe (so the fare be good) than if they were warned to coarser cates by the sound of a bell or trumpet."

For his life there are, I believe, few materials. We are informed that he was a partizan of king Charles, was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and that, during his imprisonment, the greatest part of his productions were published—some of them probably to procure a subsistence.—Nothing is more truly illustrative of his character than the method he took to propitiate the parliamentary side, and free himself from his imprisonment. Too steady a loyalist to sacrifice his integrity to his safety; too much of a cavalier to degrade himself by a mean-spirited submission, he hit upon expedients which few, perhaps, besides himself could have invented, or would have adopted. To induce

his enemies to spare his life; he traces up his genealogy, step by step, to Adam, in order to convince them that the last remaining branch of so ancient a stem ought not to be prematurely cut off; to procure his liberation, he proposed to discover and make public an universal language invented by himself, which, amongst its many other advantages, would save to scholars two years out of five; "a saving, (says the author) which cannot be appreciated at less than ten thousand pounds English a-year." But all his management was in vain.—A length of genealogy was but a poor protection against the indignation of the parliament; the usurper and his saints were busied in other studies than the learning old languages, or the formation of new ones; and Sir Thomas, notwithstanding his pedigree and universal language, would, in all probability, have continued in prison till the end of the usurpation, had he not been fortunate enough to make his escape to the continent, where he continued till his death.

The account of the plunder of his manuscripts, in the preface to his book, is so whimsical and entertaining, I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it.

"No sooner had the total rout of the regal party at Worcester given way to the taking of that city, and surrendering up of all the prisoners to the custody of the marshal-general and his deputies; but the liberty customary at such occasions, to be connived at in favour of a victorious army, emboldened some of the new levied forces of the adjacent counties, to confirm their conquest by the spoil of the captives. For the better achievement of which design, not reckoning those great many others that in all the other corners of the town were ferreting every room for plunder, a string or two of exquisite snaps and clean shavers (if ever there were any) rushing into Mr Spilbury's house, (who is a very honest man, and hath an exceeding good woman to his wife, broke into an upper chamber, where, finding besides scarlet cloaks, buff suits, arms of all sorts, and other such rich chaffer, at such an exigent, escheatable to the prevalent soldier,) seven large portmanteaus full of precious commodity; in three whereof, after a most exact search for gold, silver, apparel, linen, or any whatever adornments to the

body, or pocket implements, as was seized upon in the other four, not hitting on any thing but manuscripts in folio to the quantity of six score and eight quires and a half, divided into six hundred forty and two quinternions and upwards, the quinternion consisting of five sheets, and the quire of five and twenty; besides some writings of suits in law and bonds, in both worth above three thousand pounds English; they, in a trice, carried all whatever else was in the room away save those papers, which they then threw down on the floor as unfit for their use; yet immediately thereafter, when upon carts the aforesaid baggage was put to be transported to the country, and that by the example of many hundreds of both horse and foot, whom they had loaded with spoil, they were assaulted with the temptation of a new booty, they apprehending how useful the paper might be to them, went back for it and bore it straight away; which done, to every one of those their comrades whom they met with in the streets they gave as much thereof for packeting up of raisins, figs, dates, almonds, caraways, and other such like dry confections, and other ware, as was requisite; who doing the same themselves, did, together with the others, kindle pipes of tobacco with a great part thereof, and threw out all the remainder upon the street, save so much as they deemed necessary for inferior employments and posterior uses. Of these dispersedly rejected bundles of paper, some were gathered up by grocers, druggists, chandlers, pie-makers, or such as stood in need of any cartpaciatory utensil, and put in present service, to the utter undoing of all the writing thereof, both in its matter and order, &c." p. 13.

The first part of the treatise itself relates to Sir Thomas Urquhart's project for constructing an universal language; of which your readers will judge from the following extracts:

"Now, to the end the reader may be more enamoured of the language wherein I am to publish a grammar and a lexicon, I will here set down some few qualities and advantages peculiar to itself, and which no language else (although all other concurred with it) is able to reach unto. First, there is not a word utterable by the mouth of man which, in this language, hath not a peculiar signification by it-

self. Every word in this language signifieth as well backward as forward, and however you invert the letters, still shall you fall upon significant words. There is no language in the world but for every word thereof it will afford you another of the same signification, of equal syllables with it, and beginning or ending, or both, with vowels or consnants as it doth. By virtue hereof, there is no hexameter, elegiack, saphick, asclepiad, iambick, or any other kind of Latine or Greek verse; but I will afford you another in this language, of the same sort, without a syllable more or less in the one than the other, spondee answering to spondee, dactil to dactil, cæsure to cæsure, and each foot to the other with all uniformity imaginable. * In the framing of rime, the well versed in that language shall have so little labour, that for every word therein he shall be able to furnish, at least, five hundred several monosyllables of the same termination with it. In translating verses of any vernacular tongue, such as Italian, French, Spanish, Slavonian, Dutch, Irish, English, or whatever it be, it affords you words of the same signification, syllable for syllable, and at the closure of each line a rime is in the original. The language affordeth so concise words for numbering, that the number for setting down whereof would require, in vulgar arithmetic, more figures in a row than there might be grains of sand containable from the center of the earth to the highest heavens, is in it expressed by two letters. In the denomination of the fixed stars it afforded the most significant way imaginary; for by the single word alone which represents the star, you shall know the magnitude, together with the longitude and latitude, both in degrees and minutes, of the star that is expressed by it.—In matter of colours we shall learn, by words in this language, the proportion of light, shadow, or darkness, commixed in them. This language will be so convenient, that if a general, according to the rules thereof, will give new names to his soldiers, whether horse, foot, or dragoons, as the French used to do their infantry by their noms de guerre, he shall be able, at the first hearing of the word that represents the name of a soldier, to know of what brigade, regiment, troop, company, squadron or division, he is,

and whether he be of the cavalry or of the foot, a single soldier or an officer, or belonging to the artillery or baggage. The greatest wonder of all is, that of all the languages in the world it is the easiest to learn, a boy of ten years old being able to attain to the knowledge thereof in three months space."

Of the practicability of projects never completed, and of the reality of discoveries never divulged, it is difficult to judge; yet it is hardly possible to avoid placing Sir Thomas Urquhart's invention with the discoveries of many other men of heated imaginations and sanguine temperaments, who prosecute with avidity a search after impossibilities, and become themselves the first dupes of their folly. That he actually believed himself capable of constructing a language uniting so many and such opposite and contrary properties—and comprehending all the facility of the most barren with all the variety of the most complex and extensive languages, there is no reason to doubt; but whatever we concede to his sincerity will be at the expense of his judgment. Yet, as a mind curious and sagacious as Sir Thomas Urquhart's cannot but produce something worthy of notice, it is to be lamented that his project was never further prosecuted. His observations show, that he had considered the subject with much and mature deliberation, and that literature has suffered no small detriment by the failure of his scheme. It matters little, whether his invention, when made public, would have answered to the character he has given it; for, as a great author observes, "in an hypothesis it is not always the theory itself which is to be regarded, but oftentimes the sparks and scintillations which irregularly fly off from it."

He next proceeds, syllogistically, to demonstrate how reasonable a recompense his liberation would be in return for the benefit which his project, when completed, would produce. "And," says he, "the invention is to be estimated at a rate much inferior to the inventor, from whose brains have already issued offsprings, every whit as considerable with parturience for greater births, if a malevolent time disobstetricate not their enixibility." Amongst which inventions, to use his words a little before, "I ascribe unto

myself the invention of the trissotetrail trigonometry, for facility of calculation by representatives of letters and syllables; the proving of the equipollencie and opposition, both of plain and modal enunciations by rules of geometry; the unfolding of the chieffer part of philosophy by a continued geographical allegory, and above a hundred other several books on different subjects, the conceit of so much as one whereof never entered into the brains of any before myself." And I may here observe, that, as I have good reason to believe, Sir Thomas was the real author of that singular production, "A century of names and scantlings of inventions," the credit or discredit of which was dishonestly assumed by the Marquis of Worcester.

In the remainder of the book, which consists of an account of eminent Scotsmen, Sir Thomas complains most heavily of the injuries he had suffered from some of the presbyterian ministers, and of the covetousness of his countrymen, of whose conduct he gives the following bitter account:—"There hath been in London, and repairing to it for these many years together, a knot of Scottish bankers, collybists, or coin coursers of traffickers in merchandize, to and again, and of men of other professions, who by hook and crook, *fas et nefas*, slight and might, (all being as fish their net could catch,) having feathered their nests to some purpose, look so idolatrously upon their Dagon of wealth, and so closely (like the earth's dull center,) hug all unto themselves, that no respect of virtue, honour, kindred, patriotism, or whatever else, (be it never so recommendable,) will they depart from so much as one single penny, whose emission doth not, without any hazard of loss, in a very short time supertuerate beyond all conscience, an additional increase to the heap of that stock which they so much adore; which churlish and tenacious humour hath made many that were not acquainted with any thing else of that country, to imagine all their compatriots infected with the same leprosie of a wretched peevishness; whereof those quomodo cunquizing clusterfists, and rapacious valets, have given of late such cannibal-like proofs, by their inhumanity and obdurate carriage towards some, (whose shoestrings they are not worthy

to untie;) that were it not that a more able pen than mine will assuredly not fail to jerk them on all sides, in case, by their better demeanour for the future, they endeavour not to wipe off the blot wherewith their native country, by their sordid avarice and miserable baseness, hath been so foully stained. I would at this very instant blaze them out in their names and surnames, notwithstanding the vizard of presbyterian zeal wherewith they make themselves; that, like so many wolves, foxes, or Athenian Timons, they might in all times coming be debarred the benefit of any honest conversation." And the zealous knight further declares, "that to wipe off its obloquy, I would undertake a pilgrimage to old Judea, visit the ruins of Jerusalem, and trace the footsteps of Zedekiah's fellow-captives to the gates of Babylon."

Amongst the eminent Scotsmen he commemorates, are the Earl of Bothwell, Colonel Douglas, Critchton, Sir John Hume, Francis Sinclair, Alexander Ross, Doctor Seaton, Cameron, called the universal library, Dempster, Arthur Jonstoun, Doctor Liddel, Sir William Alexander, and Doctor William Forbes. Of these, the account of Critchton is the longest and the most entertaining; but from this, as it has frequently been quoted, I shall not give any extract.

A good general places his best forces in the rear, and in like manner Sir Thomas plants his chief battery of hard words at the end. For whatever sesquipedalia verba occur in the preceding part of the book, are certainly nothing when compared to the following tremendous explosion.

"I could truly," says the author, "have enlarged this discourse with a choice variety of phrase, and made it overflow the field of the reader's understanding, with an inundation of greater eloquence, and that one way, tropologically by metonymical, ironical, metaphorical, and synecdochical instruments of elocution, in all their several kinds, artificially affected according to the nature of the subject; with emphatical expressions in things of greater concernment; with catachretical in matters of meaner moment; attended on each side, respectively, with an epilectick and exegetick modification; with hyperbolical, either epittically or hypocoristically,

as the purpose required to be elated or extenuated with qualifying metaphors, and accompanied with apostrophes; and lastly, with allegories of all sorts, whether apologetical, affabulatory, parabolary, enigmatical, or paroemial. And on the other part, schematologically adorning the purposed theory with the most especial and chief flowers of the garden of rhetoric, and omitting no figure either of diction or sentence, that might contribute to the ear's enchantment or persuasion of the hearer. I could have introduced in case of obscurity, synonymal, exargastick, and palliogetick elucidations; for sweetness of phrase, antimetathetic commutations of epithets; for the vehement excitation of a matter, exclamations in the front, and epiphonemas in the rear. I could have used for the prompter stirring up of passion, apostrophal, and prosopopœial divisions; and for the appeasing and settling of them, some epanorthotick revocations, and aposiopetick restrains. I could have inserted dialogisms, displaying their interrogatory part, with communicatively pismatic and sustentative flourishes; or proleptically, with the refutative schemes of anticipation and subjection; and that part which concerns the responsory, with the figures of permission and concession. Speeches, extending a matter beyond what is auxetically digressively transitously by ratiocination, etiology, circumlocution, and otherways, I could have made use of; as likewise, with words diminishing the worth of a thing tapinotically periphrastically, by rejection, translation, and other means, I could have served myself. There is neither definition, distribution, epitrochism, increment, characterism, hypotyposis, or any scheme, figurating a speech, by reason of what is in the thing to our purpose thereby signified, that I needed to have omitted; nor had I been so pleased, would I have past by the figurative expressions of what is without any thing of the matter in hand, whether paradigmatical, ironical, symbolical by comparison, or any other kind of simile, or yet paradoxical, paramolegick, paradiastolary, antipophoretick, cromatic, or any other way of figurating a speech by opposition, being formulas of oratory, whereby we subjoin

what is not expected, confess something that can do us no harm, yield to one of the members that the other may be removed, mix praise with dispraise, and so look through all manner of illustration and decorament of purposes, by contrariety and repugnance."

From the preceding extracts, my readers will perceive that good Sir Thomas was the prince of pedants; yet certainly never was pedant so amusing. Always whimsical, often ingenious and acute; sometimes sensible, yet ever entertaining, his productions combine more attractions than those of many others far his superiors in wisdom, ingenuity, and wit: Though fanciful, prevented from disgusting by his occasional sagacity; though pedantic, yet never tiresome; from the sound sense which frequently leaves his observations, he has the address to give even to his greatest faults the power to please. In whatever he writes or says, there is a martial air, and something military always appears to mix itself with his remarks; if he assaults an argument or propounds a syllogism, it is as if he were storming a trench, or spreading around some besieged city his lines of circumvallation. And let me here remark, how much the phraseology of that worthy personage, Captain Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket is indebted to Sir Thomas Urquhart and his Jewell.

Another singularity which distinguished him, was his propensity to extravagant humour; and this it is which has rendered his translation of Rabelais the most perfect transfusion of an author from one language into another, that ever man accomplished. In short, the characters of the humourist, the bragadochio, the schemer, the latinist, the wit, the pedant, the patriot, the soldier, and the courtier, were all intermingled in his, and together formed a character which can hardly ever be equalled, for excess of singularity or excess of humour, for ingenious wisdom or entertaining folly.

Heartily, therefore, do I wish to see published the life of him who has so inimitably written the life of the admirable Crichton, and who deserves no less than the admirable Crichton to be remembered.—I am, &c. your obedient servant,

J. C.

Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh.

No III.

THE PROGRESS OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

MR EDITOR,

It is a curious circumstance, that, although the Romans held for several ages possession of the greatest part of this island, there is not among all the British antiquities a single monument of the fine arts which can be regarded as the work of that magnificent people.*

We have many traces of their military stations; a few fragments of Mosaic pavements belonging to Baths; but temple† or portico, idol or altar, not one has ever been found; and yet Tacitus says, that during the administration of Agricola, that distinguished commander excited among the Britons a taste for the Roman arts and customs: their towns were adorned with stately temples and porticoes, and their youth imitated the fashions of Rome. What renders the circumstance the more wonderful, is, that there are several British remains, which are considered of an anterior date to the invasion of the Romans. The *Arx diaboli* at Castleton in Derbyshire, was a ruin in their time, and its origin unknown.

Nor should it be forgotten, that Adrian, who adorned so many remote parts of the empire with the most sumptuous edifices, resided some time in this island; but no relic of his visit, or of the architecture of his age, remains. In a word, the historian of the arts, who undertakes to relate their rise and progress in this country, must commence his narrative at a period subsequent to the recall of the Roman legions.

In reflecting on this matter, it has sometimes occurred to me, that what our old chronicles say respecting the very early establishment of Christianity in Britain, is deserving of more reference than is commonly paid to it, and that it helps to throw some light on a question in itself extremely curious. You are aware, sir, that among the first effects which flowed from the establishment of Christianity

in other parts of the Roman empire, was the awakening of a spirit in the public, adverse alike to the belief, ritual, and pageantry, of idolatry; that it tended to bring the amusements of the theatre into disrepute, and to banish from the stage all dramatic performances in honour of the mythologic deities, without substituting any other exhibitions; so that the theatres became deserted, and in the end totally ruined.

About the time that the preaching of the gospel began to affect the public mind throughout the eastern provinces of the empire, the Romans acquired their first firm footing on the shores of this island. When they had established themselves in the interior, Christianity was so generally diffused, that it is not probable they attempted to introduce dramatic representations among the Britons, in any such way as to require the use of large buildings. This will account for the total extinction, if the term may be applied to what I conceive never had any existence, of all theatric monuments of the Romans in the list of our national antiquities. Mr Curwen, in his letters from Ireland, describes the models of two ancient theatres in the museum of Dublin, said to have been recently discovered, still existing in that island; but nothing of the kind, nothing in reality, which indicates any effectual civil domiciliation of the Romans in Britain, has yet been found.

With regard to temples and idols, the question is susceptible of a satisfactory explanation, if we admit the authority of the chroniclers; and I know not why, in many things, and this among others, they are not deemed as deserving of credit as the Roman historians, or those of any other ancient people. It appears, by them, that Lucius, who succeeded his father in the British throne in the year 165, was with his courtiers and nobles converted to Christianity, and that he not

* The small bridge in Dumbartonshire, lately repaired at the expense of Lord Blantyre, is too rude a work to be placed in the class of refined art.

† Arthur's Oven was in all probability a bath.

only abolished paganism, but in the stead of three arch-flamins, and twenty-eight flamins, as they are called, procured from Cleuthorius, then bishop of Rome, the appointment of as many Christian archbishops and bishops to instruct his people in the divine religion; thus becoming the first monarch who gave a national establishment to Christianity. It is also related of Lucius, that he converted the pagan temples into churches, and built several new ones; among others, one where St Peter's Cornhill London now stands. Now, sir, if we admit that the establishing of Christianity was followed in Britain by the same immediate effects that subsequently took place elsewhere, namely, the casting down of the idols, and breaking them and their altars to pieces, we need not be perplexed to account for the extinction of all Roman remains of this kind.

I am not satisfied that much light has yet been thrown on the origin of what is called the Saxon style of architecture; but it is matter of historical fact, that with the Saxons a new species of idolatry was introduced, and perhaps, some of the old aboriginal paganism revived, in so much, that a second public conversion to Christianity subsequently took place in the person and courtiers of Ethelbert king of Kent, at which epoch the bishop of Rome was grown into the Pope. The Christianity of this latter period was accordingly infected with the corruptions of the church. Instead of the simple preaching of that meek and lowly religion, which won the affections of Lucius from the gods of his fathers, the gorgeous harlot came with her blandishments, arrayed in the abominations of crimson and fine linen, attended by a train of friars, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery."

By the conversion of Ethelbert, Christianity, as the Roman Catholic religion is still called, was established, and idolatry finally abolished in Britain. It is therefore not assuming too much, to say, that if we consider the first suppression of paganism by Lucius, the restoration of idolatry in the time of the Saxons, and the reconversion during the heptarchy, it is not difficult to conceive how it has happened that there are no remains of the sacred architecture of the Romans

now existing in this island, especially, when we reflect that the temples erected by them probably were never numerous.

But still there is something very unaccountable in this matter; for in a period comparatively short, we find the art of architecture, and of course the art of drawing, necessary to form architectural designs so far advanced, that in less than five hundred years from the accession of Ethelbert the cathedral of Durham was built, and it is still one of the greatest and noblest piles in the island. Within the last five hundred years, with the single exception of St Pauls, no temple of equal magnitude of design and grandeur of architecture has been attempted in England.

But to consider the subject more generally, I would ask if it ever has been investigated, whether any of those churches which are esteemed the earliest specimens of Saxon architecture, do not contain within them portions and fragments of Roman temples? The sacred architecture of the Greeks and Romans was exterior in its object and composition. Their religious ceremonies consisted of processions and of rites, which their climate permitted them to perform in the open air; their temples were in consequence small, and the ornaments arranged on the outside of the building. In this island, we are obliged to adopt another method; our ritual is constrained by the uncertainty of the weather to be performed under cover; our temples have accordingly been erected of vast properties to accommodate a great number of worshippers, and our chief ornaments have been displayed in the interior of the pile. The distinction, although important, requires no particular elucidation.

Upon the supposition, then, that some of the temples built in the Roman taste introduced by Agricola (allowing what Tacitus has said to be true), have been, in the course of time, enlarged to cathedrals, or other distinguished churches, the process of their conversion would be simple and obvious. The parallelogram of that taste would easily admit of being changed into such a building, for example, as that of Durham-minster.—By removing the roof, and flinging arches from column to column, and raising on those arches a superstruc-

ture with windows in it, to support the new roof, the middle aisle of the church, with its lateral insulated colonnades would be formed, and by merely building round the original edifice a wall with windows in it, and carrying a roof from the top of that wall to the base of the superstructure raised on the arches, a perfect specimen of a church in the Saxon style would be obtained. For the cell of the classic temple would stand for the choir. It is not however probable, that such an alteration as I have described would be effected at once. I have only adverted to the likelihood of the thing, in converting a temple into a church; and would only infer from it, that if Agricola and the Romans did introduce into this island the taste and arts of Rome, it is probable, that what is called the Saxon architecture took its rise from endeavours on the part of inhabitants to adapt the exterior style of the Romans to those interior purposes, which were rendered necessary by the uncertainty of the weather in the climate of Britain.

To the Saxon succeeded the Gothic, or pointed-arch style. It is the dotage of antiquarianism to effect to trace the origin of this style to any particular era or country; and it is, at best, but an amusing ingenuity which endeavours to discover in it the imitation of a grove of trees. The history of it, as connected with that of the arts in this country, admits of being divided into two epochs. The first terminates in the reign of Edward III., when the style of the acute-pointed arch was brought to the greatest perfection, and of which the relics about the House of Commons are the finest specimens extant. The second, dating from the same reign, is closed in that of Henry VIII., when the obtuse-pointed arch was brought to the greatest perfection, and of which the finest specimen is the mausoleum completed by that monarch for his father, and known as Henry VII.'s Chapel, attached to Westminster-Abbey. The Chapel of King's College, at Cambridge, is also a very noble example of this style, but, owing to the foundation having been laid by Henry VI., it is commonly ascribed to his time. It was not however finished till late in the reign of Henry VIII., and ought properly to be classed among the great edifices of that age.

From the reign of Henry VIII. architecture, for many years, declined. A barbarous attempt to ingraft the classic orders upon edifices in the Gothic taste commenced; nor was it confined to this country, but extended over all Europe. It probably originated in the revival of the ancient Roman style of building, which took place in the pontificates of Julius II. and Leo X., and perhaps derived encouragement from the views of classic edifices with which it was common at that period to ornament books. We find the earliest indications of it in a multitude of pillars and pilasters on tombs, constructed somewhat in the style of the triumphal arches of the Romans. But, although the taste deserves condemnation, yet it was not incompatible with beauty of effect, a very imposing example of which we have in Burleigh-house, near Stamford.

This mixture of the Classic and Gothic styles, with a gradual tendency to more simplicity, prevailed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. of Great Britain. In Charles I.'s time the Classic architecture was decidedly in fashion; and the fragment of the palace intended for him by Inigo Jones, although far from being fine, cannot be contemplated without pleasure.

The change in the public taste was still more generally expressed when Sir Christopher Wren came forward as an architect. In his buildings there are some fine instances of the proper adaptations of the style of the building to its uses, but the greatest of all his works, and, indeed, the greatest pile of the fine arts, in some respects, ever raised by one man, St Paul's Cathedral, is in its details lamentably defective. The main body of the building is, in its principle, taken from the design of Inigo Jones' for Whitehall, and the dome, the best part of the whole, is not in unison with the rest of the building. It is a superb edifice of itself, set on the top of another; taken as a whole, the Cathedral of St Paul's does not certainly harmonize in its parts, and it possesses the radical defect of being unadapted to the climate; the exterior being covered with ornament, while the interior is mean, and unworthy of the grandeur without.

Of Sir John Vanburgh's style* it is

impossible to speak too contemptuously or too highly. He was a man of magnificent ideas, and the picturesque forms, in which the outlines of his buildings cut against the sky, are so extremely beautiful, that they may be said to be full of poetry, so singular and superb are the associations which they awaken in the minds of those who see them for the first time.—Blenheim is considered his greatest work; but, for myself, I prefer Castle-Howard.

The next great pile erected in this country, after Blenheim, was Somerset-House; but, although in the grammar of the art, it is more correct than either St Paul's or the great work of Sir John Vanbrugh, a littleness of conception pervades it throughout, that must ever prevent it from being highly esteemed as a work of art, and the architect, Sir William Chambers, from being considered as a great artist.

It is impossible to notice the number of fine buildings in the Classic style raised in the long course of his late Majesty's reign. For the most part, however, they have not been conceived in a good taste, and consist of abortive attempts to unite the grandeur of the temple with the elegance of the villa. Hence the origin of those vast

and ponderous porticos, which give to the houses of the nobility the air of capitols rather than of habitations. Our architects still seem to think, that there are not only beauties in architecture, independent of fitness, but even that ornaments may be stuck on, without any apparent utility either to the plan or in illustration of the purposes of the building. One of the most remarkable examples of this is in the mansion of the late Sir Francis Baring, near Southampton; and it is the more deserving of notice, as some of your correspondents have been urging that the Parthenon of Athens ought to be taken as the model of the proposed National Monument of Scotland. It is no less than an exact copy, inch for inch, of one of the porticos of that celebrated structure. Nothing can be finer of its kind, or more absurd than its application.

It was my intention to have taken some notice of the architectural taste which prevails in Scotland at this time; but I have already occupied too much of your paper, and the subject, in itself, deserves to be treated more in detail than the matter which forms the substance of the cursory observations of this letter.

D. B.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No III.

MARK MACRABIN, *the Cameronian.*

(Continued from Last Number.)

My Cameronian friend pondered for some time ere he ventured to commence the history of his own adventures. He was not one of those of whom the poet complains—"Fond to begin, but for to finish loath." He was as tardy to commence as he was tedious in continuing his narratives. Were I a lover of brevity, I would have to make the same abatement in Mark's memoir which the peasant made in the sermon of John Rowat the Cameronian professor—"Take the whole as it came," said he, "and it would heap the bushel, deduct the coughs—the draws—the intrusive 'well thens'—and above all—

The but again, and the furthermore—
The henceforth and the heretofore—

and it would scarcely fill the forpit." I shall not however adopt this rustic mode of abridgement, it is not always agreeable to fly as an arrow to the mark—there be pleasant lingerings and sojournings by the way. I shall follow my friend's conversation with a faithful hand and a sure pen; and though I may not set down a cough at full length—a promise I most unwillingly make—I can make no omissions—I shall give it with the rough mint stamp of nature, and my confiding Cameronian full and legibly upon it.

From the manner in which Mark pondered with the punch-spoon in his hand, it was evident he proposed some express and particular exordium. He added water to the punch—a token of deep abstraction, for the liquor needed it not—he added an equal quantity of whisky—a proof of returning reflection—still he obtained not the mastery of his subject. Finally, he admonished the dull inward man, with a reeking cupful of the social beverage, but it denied the inspiration to him it has conferred on so many. He then turned to contemplate a huge blue Lowland bonnet, which hung over a large sheep-headed sword, as a target of old over a chieftain's claymore in some mud fortress in the Highlands. A single feather from the wing of the heron, contrary to all usage, true or traditional, adorned its stem, and a steel-hilted dirk was just visible under this azure canopy. Though the large brand and its lesser companion had furnished subjects for many a tale—being chosen heir-looms of the ancient house of Macrabin—yet, as their virtues pertained more to the peroration than to the exordium, they evidently failed in suggesting a commencement.

Mark turned to me, and said, “Miles Cameron, there be sundry ways of beginning a story, and though I began the world but in one way, and though truth is truth, whether she appear in figured silk or in coarse plaiden—still I feel some difficulty concerning the precise garb she should wear, and the way of introducing her. Should I commence my pilgrimage with a measured step, and salute wayfaring men with lofty words and with choice classical sentences—truly my natural step would be constrained and my language artificial. Or, should I come forth among men—my ellrod in my hand, with a kindly Scottish “peace be here” on my lips, as I was accustomed to enter the abodes of the peasants of Caledonia—then verily, I might be accused of vulgar and unseemly homeliness, and men might say of Mark Macrabin, as my favourite Cowper said of my bosom-favourite Burns, “This man hides his genius in a dark lantern.” Suppose now, I should give you the two stiles time and time about, like riggs of run-dale on the hip of Tinwald hill, or

card them through each other like black wool and white hawslock to make parson gray stockings—a professional simile. Truly the latter seems precisely the kind of manner I must adopt—its mixed nature accords with the motley matter; but as I see by these two homely similes, that my leaning is to the native, still I shall merely use the other as an agreeable seasoning to elevate and enliven. But even as sparingly as dounce Doctor Hunter did the lime, when he manured or rather powdered his land with it out of a sowing sheet.—“Give me back, said he, a bonny crop of corn, for faith I have warned the heart of thee.” And now the beginning comes as naturally to my hand as the loop of this ladle—I have always admired the first verse of the Ballad of Barbara Allen—it introduces the subject—tells the place, the time of the year, and the names of the luckless heroine and her more luckless lover, in a manner of unequalled simplicity and brevity. So I shall even press the beginning of the bonny ballad into my memoir, as the devout people of Scotland impressed the lovely heathen songs into the devotional service of the kirk—and conscience! “John, come, kiss me now,” or, “Coming through the rye,” were ticklish auxiliaries.

In the middle of a lovely night of August, with the new-risen moon for my guide—and the world which she looked on for mine inheritance, I turned my steps in sorrow and in anger from my father's door. Whither to wander, or what vocation to pursue, I knew not—the east—the west—the north or the south had all alike charms for me—so I even set up my staff—and followed the road it fell to. I'll not deny, that I think my staff had a kind of sympathy for a road I had frequently walked—for it fell with its head as straight for the dwelling of Henney Haining as if I had laid it parallel with the long lines of light which came towards me from her window. At her window I arrived, and out came Kimmer so ripe and so rosy, with a kind kiss, and a “preserve me! Mark, this can never be Thursday night.” “I shall say nae ill, my bonny lass, of the night—though it is a black ane for me.”—and so I told her briefly and boldly what had happened—called it a trial of true love, and spake something about bridal

vows and a justice of the peace.—“My certe, said she, ye're a sweet chield—heard ever lugs the like o' that—that I should love ane of the *fremitt* as dear as my father or my mother!” And so we parted.—I took my forlorn and lonely road—and she took “*her ain gray gute*,” a way many walk who slight a first leal love.”

My Cameronian confidant made a full pause—busied himself with the quaigh which he lifted empty to his lips—and drank my health, without observing perhaps the ominous circumstance of a health drunk dry. He proceeded. “In the pastoral parish of the Keir is a lovely hill, round and high, called the hill of Lagg. At its foot on the western side, commanding the narrow pass between the green valley of Dalgoner and the richer vale of Nith, stands a square tower—the roof shared between pigeons and jackdaws, and the rest lying in utter desolation—once the residence of a man—dreaded in his own time, and detested in all that followed—even Grierson of Lagg, the noted persecutor. I seated myself on a fallen stone of this ruined tower, with which, in the bitterness of repentant affliction, I could not help comparing myself. The ascending buoyancy of spirit, which a father's sternness and a maiden's scorn had conjured up, began to subside, and left my heart in hopeless desolation. To return and humble myself, like the prodigal in the parable, never entered my mind—such is not the way of the house of Macrabin.—But there is amusement in all things if a man is ingenious enough to pick it out. While I sat there, I frightened swearing Jock of the Sware out of a year's growth, and what he liked worse, a Scotch pint of burnt brandy, as he was hastening to his aunt's “lyke wake.” Up came Jock, boldly crooning the march of Montrose in preference of his favourite, “When she came ben she bobbet,” and which he concluded might be more congenial to the airy forms with which popular belief, at unthrifty hours, had tenanted this mansion. He turned the corner and got a glimpse of me—stood statue still, breathing and snorting fast and audibly—and taking me for a spirit of some slain Cameronian come to rejoice over the ruin of his destroyer's house—homewards he flew, vowing as he went, and vowing aloud, never to

taste brandy more—except, said he, giving voice to his mental reservation as he crossed his own threshold—except at fairs, preachings, bridals, house-eatings, kirns, funerals, and daimen-times.

The night was mild and balmy—the heaven above glimmered with innumerable stars, and the earth beneath was veiled with that gauzy mist so lucid and silvery, which softens but does not shroud the scenery over which it hovers. I thought then, as I have often thought, on that divine Psalm the eighth, and I repeated aloud :—

“When I look up unto the heav'ns,
Which thine own fingers fram'd,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
Which were by thee ordained ;
Then say I, What is man, that he
Remember'd is by thee ?
Or what the son of man, that thou
So kind to him should'st be ?
For thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made ;
With glory and with dignity
Thou crowned hast his head.”

At this moment, many voices mingling wild and deep and melodious, in one full strain, came down from the hill of Lagg. It was a strain rather of exultation than of solemnity or sadness ; and the silence of the night, and the loneliness of the hour, gave it a wildly impressive and mysterious effect, which a commoner occasion would have failed to produce. From whom this could come I could not conceive, but the mixture of voices of various kinds of harmony, made me conclude it was an anthem warbled forth from earthly lips ; and having a love of music, and a spirit for adventure, up I started, and began to ascend the hill. As I continued to climb, the music proceeded, and it differed greatly from all other music I had ever heard. It wanted the grave simplicity and deep pathetic tone of some of the fine tunes of the Scottish kirk ; but in variety, sweetness, and rapidity, it was far surpassing, and ornamented too with innumerable grace-notes, which are to music what conceits are to poetry. In this it differed from all our native devotional melodies—its chief fault was excess of ornament. Still it was decidedly devout ; but it was devotion in a snood of pearls—trinkets in her ears, and slippers with gilded heels. The way up the hill was rough and difficult—on all sides

it was closely bearded with impassable thickets of green juniper, a beautiful and rather uncommon native plant, and at that time, studded with its famous and fragrant berries. Through these plantations, an interrupted and broken path sought the summit of the Lagg, by many a turn and loop. As I ascended, the music now unsoftened by distance, was flung from the hill-top in harsher swells, and I could distinguish sundry words of the hymn—it seemed one of fervent entreaty—some immediate and visible token of divine affection was demanded. I halted to hearken and deliberate—but I thought tongues which sung so sweetly and tenderly, could never belong to the ungodly, and so I scaled the hill like a new feed shepherd. I reached the summit, and shrouded by a stunted hawthorn, I obtained a full view of a large congregation of nocturnal and enthusiastic worshippers. I immediately remembered that a devotional emigration from the westward had for some time been the theme of conversation. Rumour had flown before and prepared the way, and painted their persons and their principles in colours which brightened or darkened according to the fancy or faith of the peasants whom Rumour had made her avant couriers. “They are a horde of ignorant creatures,” said an old man, “led by a cunning and lascivious woman, and a turncoat priest—they will lay a heavy tax on superstitious devotees, and on hen roosts.” “Malice, pure spite and malice,” said a young shepherd—“they are all lovely young women, and tall handsome men—genteelly clad, and their manners decorous—their chieftainness is a ripe sonsie quean, with a prophetic gift of the tongue—there’ll be a gallant change in the world soon—we’ll have nought to do but court and skip behind the bonny green knowes, and hearken to the sound of streams, and the lilting of the laverocks.” Upon this congregation, on whom Rumour had employed her brightest and her blackest colours, I was evidently gazing.

I have seen and mingled in many devotional assemblies; I have mourned for the giddy gazings round of the fiddlers and dancsels of the kirk of Scotland, and the demurer and more secret conversations of the men and maidens among mine own Camero-

nians; and I have lamented the unedified and motionless repose of the scanty congregations of the lady of Babylon: but no where, save on that hill-top, did I ever contemplate the intense and overflowing enthusiasm which the consciousness of immediate communication with divine powers excited. The first thing that appeared, was a hedge of green boughs encircling the summit of the hill, planted as regular as a garden fence, rising breast-high from the ground, and the leaves had not begun to wither. Lining the inside of this verdant fortification, stood three close ranks of men bareheaded, with their faces inward, and each holding a small peeled rod in his hand. Beyond these bareheaded devotionals, stood three ranks of women, mostly in the bloom of youth, all barefooted, and dressed in the simple garb of the peasant-maidens of Scotland. Over their dark petticoats, there were white jackets, or short gowns, fitted close to the bosom, reaching nigh the knees, buttoned under the chin, and terminating in a neat and narrow ruffle. They were bareheaded, and their locks permitted to grow unusually long, were restrained from falling in a fleece over back and bosom by small buckling combs. Two tresses alone were allowed to escape from this confinement, which falling over the temples, hung curling on either cheek, and their name among the young men was the “love locks.” In the middle of them all, and on the very summit of the hill, stood a Lady who seemed to be the chieftainness of the tribe or congregation. She was remarkably handsome—not so slender as those who wish men to span their waists, and then spoil them; nor so plump and mussy as those drop-ripe beauties who crowd the canvas of painters like hillocks of rosy flesh. When the fervour of devotion subsided, and the sparkling moisture in which her dark hazel eyes swam, emitting a kind of ethereal light, was passed and gone, she might seem a dame of some forty years.—But as she appeared to me, with her locks long and unbound, profusely curling over back and shoulders, her white arms stretched out to heaven, and her large eyes beaming with divine enthusiasm amid their liquid light, she certainly seemed no older than twenty-six. In this attitude she stood, as a prophet of old, expecting to

be caught up in a cloud—as she raised her hands, all the congregation raised their hands, and followed every motion she made with ready and attentive exactness. This, I can tell you, was a sight worth looking at by the light of the harvest-moon, on a lonely hill, and truly I thought she was even worshipping that lovely luminary. I have many a time blessed it myself, and I may just as well say it as think it, that at that time of life, among the wilful teens, I might have met with something less to my liking than a rosy lass talking to the moon on a lonely hill side. But she was no worshipper of planets—she had been interceding for some visible token of the affection of providence—asking for some sensible sign of the divinity of her calling and election—and truly, a person who mistakes matters so far as this, is easily satisfied with the signs. And even so it happened. Up rose a beautiful white cloud in the east, and the breathing of the wind being easterly, the cloud sailed slowly, enlarging and reddening as it came, till it hung like a golden canopy over the hill of Lagg, and all the people it contained. But who can describe the hails and hosannahs with which this familiar sign in the sky was welcomed—they startled the wood-pigeons for three miles at least—and there was such opening of ladies' arms and waving of men's hands as if the cloud would rain down love and gold. This joy, though loud and rapturous, hindered not the cloud from passing away, and its parting benediction could not be mistook—if it was not rain it was something so like it—I'll not be positive, however, in asserting that it was really rain—an hundred and fifty people felt it as well as I, and believed it to be something much better. This increased the joy of the lady of Lagg hill and her congregation, and when the sign of the cloud had sunk in the west, a demand arose for a sign more important and certain—something the wicked could not misinterpret, or the unwise mistake—and to obtain this they prayed—and a prayer more figurative and presumptuous perhaps was

never poured from hill or habitation as was poured that night to heaven. Surely, thought I, if thunder hears not this I shall drop my faith in the long mirk Monday—the day of terrible punishment. Ere the thought had passed me there appeared a rod of living fire hanging right above our heads—it gleamed so red and bright that I could count the flocks for five miles round—see the fish in the river—and the cushats on the tree tops. Miles Cameron, ye dare not laugh—an Englishman would—when I tell you that I fell on my knees and prayed fervently till the terrible fire departed—it went wavering along the sky, lessening its fearful light, and fell in Solway so ruddy that I saw the ships as far as Barnhouree bank, and all the white houses of Allonby.—The coming of this warning-brand increased their presumption and kindled up their enthusiasm. The men leaped repeatedly from the ground, crying, “Come! come!” the women leaped also and clapped their hands till, with the fury of their enthusiasm, the combs dropped from their hair, and their locks waned wild and wide over their shoulders, shrouding or showing their necks and bosoms with every motion. Amid them all the voice of their chieftainess was heard calling loud and repeatedly, “Faithful! faithful!” silence was at last obtained. “The sign (said she) of the “dropping cloud” has come, so has the token of the “burning brand”—assuredly we shall have another token that all may understand—and that soon and suddenly. Meanwhile let us lift our voices on high, that our belief in the coming of the golden time may be manifested.” So saying, she sung, accompanied by all the congregation, a kind of wild hymn of rejoicing—if I had a voice like hers I would sing it to you myself, for the words and air I shall never forget—but to have a voice so deeply and meltingly melodious as hers, may be prayed for, but scarcely expected, so you must be even content with having said what cannot be sung.

“Sing aloud ye ripe vales, all ye green hills on high
Lift your voices and sing—let the fountains reply—
And thy dark groves, Dalswinton, their heads to the strain
Stoop in gladness,—the axe shall ne'er smite them again.”

For the full moon no more from yon hill's grassy crown
On weeping and wail shall look mournfully down,
War, famine, and plague, are as things passed away,
And peace shall dwell with us for ever and aye.

"Go leap as the roc, as the lark sing and soar,
The reap-hook shall gleam 'neath the ripe ear no more—
Doves shall roost with the falcon, the stag-hound shall stay
In the lair with the red-deer, nor chase him to bay.
The grave shall be closed—nor the marble take trust
Of the righteous man's fame, or the wicked one's dust.
From the fowl in the sky, and the fish in the brook,
From earth and from mankind the malison's took.

All hail to our lady, loved, lovely, and blest—
Hail the home that she came from, the sweet sunny west;
Her path is in gladness, her fair hand of snow
Wipes the tear from the cheek and the sweat from the brow.
On love we shall feast, while the birds in the bowers
Shall shower on us songs, and earth scent us with flowers.
While Criffel's a mountain, and Clouden a river,
Love and song shall be ours, yea! for ever and ever.

It is my opinion that psalm and song singing was predestined to be a chief affliction to the last of the ancient house of Macrabin. A psalm, and one of the best in the book, a wide word, caused me to be driven from my father's house—the same psalm, blessed be the maker, brought on me the ignorant and intrusive folly of that doited and deidden bodie Grunstane,—conscience! he deserved to have had his shoulders measured with that accurate ellwand of mine. And the very song I have now repeated, smooth verse and harmless to brute or body, as one of our northern critical chippers and hewers would say, had nearly sent me with a false prophet's rod in my hand to angle for ever in the lake of darkness! I had kept my mind as close as a maid's thoughts in the morning ament the merits of the song, during the singing of the first verses; but when the last verse commenced, and the full and swelling association of voices had flung it to heaven, and heaven had returned it mellowed down to earth, I began to forget myself, and my voice, at that time soft and flexible, slipt modestly into the anthem, swelling and swelling by degrees. When the last four lines of the concluding verse were repeated with unabated warmth—increased melody of voice, and more elevated enthusiasm—when the women, like creatures possessed, all waved their hands, and the chieftainess held hers to heaven, adding to the whole the full and

passionate powers of her unrivalled voice, I was carried fairly off my feet—I leaped from my lurking-place—heaved my bonnet down the hill—and giving my voice, suppressed so long, full and free swing, fairly rivalled, in height and in harmony, the unmatched powers of the Lady of the Lagg herself. The sudden apparition of this unexpected auxiliary startled the maidens, and some of the men felt strong dispositions for flight—they were not quite certain of the region that had sent me as a delegate.—But the chieftainess alone seemed easy and unembarrassed. She had a mind ready prepared to fasten upon, exalt, and enlist into her service, all kinds of curious casualities. She instantly motioned her followers into silence, and descending from her throne of turf, advanced through the wondering and opening ranks with a slow step and great dignity, to meet me. I cannot say that I advanced with corresponding dignity, but I did advance in fear and in wonder, measuring step and step with her, adopting her manner as a token of submission and respect. "Favoured one," said she, taking my unresisting hand, "welcome to this hill,—welcome to earth,—welcome to the community of the chosen." So saying, she threw her long white mantle over me, allowing my head alone to be bare, and my hair, at that time long and curling, fell upon the mantle in thick black masses. All heads bowed low as we passed. "Children,"

said she, addressing her followers, "Wonders have been multiplied to-night. Behold the third sign!—the third, the sure, the long looked-for sign, even a sign sensible to the touch, the golden time is at hand." All heads were again bowed to the ground. Descending from our place, we passed through the congregation, and walking down the western side of the hill, found ourselves in the midst of a rustic encampment. This was a circular village of booths or tents, fenced round

and glossy as polished marble, and her face had that native, and meek, and gentle composure, which men have so much admired in the lovely twin children from the chisel of immortal Chantrey, over whom so many mothers have wept. Seating herself in silence beside us, we made a rapid inroad on "Mercy's Property;" and by repeated applications to the comforter,—worthy of the name,—we drained it dry; for you may guess it partook not of the excellent virtue of the famous fairy cup of Auchenerieth which was

I soon found was neither inelegant nor incommodious, I entered with the chieftainess. No one followed. The interior was laid out in that style of simplicity which poets call patriarchal. A table of green turf neatly cut, and seated round with the same native material, occupied the middle; a part of the tent was curtained off, and through a kind of side door I observed a couch, covered with blankets which the white fleece of the Cheviots could alone rival. The rest of this devotional establishment was past all praise; for the white hands of the chieftainess produced from a large bottle called the "Comforter," and from a sack labelled "Mercy's Property," sundry infallible restoratives, after the enthusiastic and violent exercises I had lately witnessed. The said Comforter yielded pure and powerful wine, and the scrip of mercy yielded charming viands, even two fat, broiled, barn-door hens, and abundance of knuckled cakes, well browned on the embers. The chieftainess placed me on a seat, saying in an under-tone, "Yout! I have long looked for thee:—mind my words, be prudent and be wise;"—then raising her voice, she said, "Damsel come forth;" and lo! from the curtained recess came forth a tall and lovely young woman. Her dress was the same as her sister-devotees; her locks, a glistening golden brown, came clustering in masses over a neck long and round,

and the thirstiest lips could never diminish, till that sighing saint, Sandy Dargavel, unbounneted and blessed it ere he would drink; at every word of the grace it inlaked an inch, and was as dry ever after as the fool's throat when he finished his ill-timed benediction. There is a time for all things, said a wise man; and even so say I, that never pretended to wisdom.

After this grateful refreshment, I stretched myself on the grass of the tent-floor, carefully wrapped in the large white wool mantle of the chieftainess. These mantles of undyed wool were the favourite production of the lowland loom in ancient times. For the manufacture of her pure and delicate "Whytes*," Dumfries was once famous over Europe; but now she has taken to the devouring of luxuries, and left off fabricating them. Truly she can do nought but eat and drink and dance:—Goodly accomplishments!

Early in the morning I was awake by the whispering of some one near me. I lay quiet, and I immediately distinguished the voice of the elder lady of Lagg. She was addressing her younger companion. "I tell thee this sleeping youth is the latest token before the coming of the happy time. But beware damsel, even by thy baptismal name I warn thee to beware—beware Jenny Jimpanisma, thy dominion is not one of loving

* "In Niddisdail is the Toun of Dunfries, quhair mony small and delegat Quhytes are made, halden in gret daynte to Marchandis of vncouth realms." DESCR. ALBION, c. 5.

"In ea oppidum est Dumfries, insigne laneis pannis candidissimis subtilissimoque contextis filo, Anglis, Gallis, Flandris, Germanisque, ad quos ferunt in deliciis."

BOETHIUS.

We quote these two unquestionable authorities to support and illustrate the traditional testimony of Mark Macrabin.

looks, and the worship of young men's eyes. When I am translated,—and that time is nigh,—thou shalt have my mantle and my rule; but if thou mixest worldly rule with thy dominion, thy power shall fade as fast as these boughs have withered, and they were plucked green yesternight." So saying they departed, and I walked forth into the beaming of the new-risen sun, and the fragrance of the mountain air. The wild enthusiasts of last night existed only in my remembrance, for assuredly the altered scene which I now witnessed might have gone far to persuade me, that the unbridled devotion I beheld at midnight was the visioned pageant of some disturbed dream. Nature and all her works wore the sober and sedate livery of simple rusticity and labour. On a swelling knoll at the sunny side of the hill, I found the women all orderly and silently ranged, and seated on the grass. They were busy with roke and with wheel, manufacturing flaxen thread. Others were summing the amount of their companions' labours on the check reel, at that time not a very old invention, but a very excellent one, and which superseded the ancient mode of numbering the threads audibly as the reel turned round. It's worth hearing how it was invented.—Honest Johnie Tamson of Tupthairm, whose boast it was that he could make a wheel and spin on't—and make a fiddle and play on't, happened once to return home from a market-day carousal rather late, and found his wife numbering her threads in the primitive manner. The thrifty dame, unwilling to stay her labour even for the pleasant pastime of scolding, mingled her admonition and her numbers together, "Where have ye been a' day?—seven-and-twenty—synding yere hawse wi' my thrift—auht-and-twenty—if ye get a sark o' this—nine-and-twenty—may the deel rive't off yere back—and that makes thirty." And so he invented the check reel, and ever after obtained his matrimonial admonishments pure and unmingled. To talk of a check reel is no great digression in a tale about thread; so, as I was saying, these maidens were busy making thread, and thread more evenly, firm, and fine, never came cross the haddles. All the male devotees had departed, and on looking down the hill I observed them marching off in groupes in

various directions, with their sickles in their hands, to the neighbouring corn-fields, for harvest was generally begun; and these men, many in the morn, and all in the vigour of life, were willing and excellent labourers. Nor have I heard, that the expected coming of the golden times on earth ever relaxed their exertions—so necessary is labour for man, and so conducive to happiness is the possession of some useful or visible employment. The earnings of the congregation were deposited in the tent of "our Lady," so they invariably styled their conductress; and as their wants were few their money increased. The capacious Sack of Mercy, and the Gard-duvin, called the Comforter, were often replenished by the open hospitality of neighbouring lairds, who came to examine our lady's rural encampment, and oftener by the private donations of opulent dames, who held a half, or kind of twilight belief, in the stability of the prophecies so plentifully scattered over the country from the Hill of Lagg. On another part of the hill, two brothers, as it happened by birth as well as belief, were employed in manufacturing spinning wheels—the larger as well as the less, and likewise reels and rokes. This latter implement no longer graces the bosoms of the young maids; and it is rare to meet with one unless in the hand of some very old person, who wishes to be singular, or has an ancient affection for this portable, ladylike, but dilatory instrument. Such at that time were the staple commodities of the district. The ingenuity and beauty of the works of the two brothers, together with the fame of this singular and harmless people, brought many purchasers, and the wealth of the congregation began to grow proverbial.

As the golden time was reckoned nigh—when care and sorrow would cease on earth—when heaven would extend its limits, and mortals would become immortal, marriage was reckoned an idle and a barren ceremony. Children were works of supererogation; or as one of the female disciples said, as she gazed down the vale of Nith, and saw the whole fragrant vista, as far as Dumfries, moving with children playing in the sun as thick as that luminary "motts," "The Pot of Nith," said she, "shall soon cease to swarm with these dancing deevils." But though

wedlock made no part of their institutions, and children mixed not in the train of this moving camp, yet the decorum of their conduct was remarkable and exemplary. Nor was this excursion over the hill-tops of Dumfriesshire undertaken for the purpose alone of picking up men of loose faith, or women of weak and docile belief; of these they attracted few, and though they obtained the personal attendance and support of some men of education, yet they made few permanent converts. The charm of novelty soon wore off, and the prophetic powers of our Lady received some notable and alarming checks, which staggered men of infirm or imperfect faith, and diminished the chance of swelling her congregation with rustic and enthusiastic recruits from the dales of Dumfries. There were other motives for this inroad than the love and the hope of conversion. Many of our Lady's followers were men of substance, whom the sorcery of her conversation had carried from wealthy farms and lucrative callings. Though, in matters of faith, they did not act like wise and prudent men, yet this infirmity they carried not into less elevated speculation, they had regularly surveyed the unappropriated farms as they proceeded, with the resolution of selecting some retired pastoral valley or hill where their wanderings might find a home. As they were scrupulously just and equitable in their dealings, and intruded not upon the faith of their neighbours, they began to obtain extensive respect; and many who lamented the folly of their faith, courted their acquaintance from their dispositions, and the active morality of their Lady. It was eagerly expected by the congregation, that the Lagg hill, with a suitable accompaniment of lowland, would be obtained on lease, and in this they would probably have succeeded, had not an ominous accident obliged them to remove into Galloway.

On the evening before I commenced my acquaintance with these respectable enthusiasts, the whole congregation, with our Lady at their head, moved to the summit of a neighbouring hill to feel the pulses of the stars, and had already begun to plant their circular palisade of boughs. Meantime a crowd of peasants from a neighbouring parish, hearing that the rarest

fortune-teller that ever cut cards, or consulted horny palms, had pitched her tent on Lagg Hill, and that a swarm of bonny lasses always attended her, to be in the way of men, anxious to be married, immediately scudded the encampment, calling out for our Lady. In vain Jenny Jimpansma, a douce and determined damsel, who had been left behind, assured them, that the Lady was a prophetess, commissioned to reveal to men more important and mysterious matters than any regarding cattle, or the domestic joys of wedlock. Some of them laughed; but the majority, incensed at this intrusion of people of motley faith, on the very dominions of the kirk, declared they would break up her establishment, and began to pluck up the palisade of boughs, while others, who professed a more tractable system of morality, plundered the Sack of Mercy, and even drained the Comforter to the lees. One of them, a tippling blacksmith, began to examine and prove the merits of the lock which secured the coffer that contained the accumulated wealth of the people, when he was impeded by the guardian damsel, who, seizing him by the hair of his head, fairly plucked him out of the tent. He uttered an oath, (which, as it was no common one, and might become current in this land of hard swearing, I shall forbear to repeat) and, breaking from the maiden's hands, assailed the coffer with a fist and a gripe nearly rivalling in hardness and force, his own hand hammer and vice. On this the damsel lifted up her voice three successive times, and the whole congregation, quitting their orgies, hastened to the rescue. When they arrived, the rustic invaders had retreated down the eastern side of the hill; and as they had taken nothing that could be retrieved, no pursuit took place.

Many of the neighbouring farmers, incensed at this unprovoked attack on the property of peaceable people, pursued the delinquents with hue and cry. Our lady, with infinite kindness, instantly interposed, said the young men had taken nothing but what they were welcome to take; and if they would oblige her by another visit, she would give them a sound advice and a good supper. This occurrence, however, made her resolve to leave Nithsdale—it was inauspicious and

ominous, and orders were issued that in three days they were to pass the water of Dalgoner, and encamp in the centre of ancient Galloway. This announcement did not stop for a moment the industry of the women, or the labours of the men; and on the evening following, it was resolved, that forty of the prime of the reapers, with our lady at their head, should, in return for the kindness of a Nithsdale farmer, proceed in the morning to reap one of his largest and ripest fields. The men, accustomed to obedience, began to whet their sickles, and the lady proceeded to select forth one of her finest mantles, and one of her richest hoods, in order that she might be seen among men of a different faith in proper state and dignity. In the midst of this preparation, the approach of two strangers was announced—the congregation quitting their labours, assembled on all sides, with our Lady in the middle; who, seated on a chair of turf, began to preach, and admonish, and instruct, evidently with the wish of presenting an imposing and solemn front to strangers. The heads of two men rose above the summit of the hill, and halting, one of them expressed a wish to converse with our Lady—the audience was granted, and the strangers were conducted into the inner circle of devotees, close to the Lady's chair. The eldest stranger, a tall stately man, in the prime of life, said he was sorry to find that some foolish young men had forgot the courtesy and kindness that all men owed to each other, and had plundered her Ladyship's tent; as a small atonement he had brought some of the common comforts of existence, which he would feel grateful in finding were thought worthy of acceptance." "Miles Cameron," said our Lady, "for this was thy own father, thy gifts are welcome—thy visit is welcome still. It is my wish, and the wish of my people, to respect and esteem gentle maidens, and generous men. I know thee, and I have known thee long. Thou art worthy of becoming even as one of us; but thy time, perchance, is not yet come. With tomorrow's sun we descend even into thy corn fields to shew our liking of thee by our deeds; and on the following day, we worship upon this hill; and then with the next sun, we pass into Galloway." Thy father said, "any thing from thy

hand—I am sorry we are to be so soon deprived of the excellent example of thy people, and the precepts of thyself." So saying, he withdrew to bring forward his presents, which twelve strong rustics had found a hardship to drag up the hill. "James, James," said our Lady, addressing thy father's companion, who was a north country gardener, and a shrewd man, "leave off tilling Mr Copland's garden, and come and dig in the garden of the Lord," "Eh! conscience!" said the irreverent highlander, "he was nae owre kind to the last gardener he had," referring, no doubt, to the expulsion of Adam from Paradise. On your father's return, our Lady seated him beside her, and informed him of her wishes to obtain the lease of an extensive farm, far removed from town or village, where they could follow their calling, and practise their religious duties and rites free from fear or intrusion. She then descended upon the extensive commission confided to her alone, of preaching the coming of the golden time, and drew a glowing picture of the future delights of man on earth. She was much impeded, she said, in accomplishing this goodly toil, by the sorry clinging of men to their gains and their traditional delusions; nor did this world lack men, who, pretending to conform to her tenets, and measure their conduct by her rules, were secretly plotting the ruin of all morality and faith. On uttering this she arose, and looking round in silence on her people, seated herself again, and said, "Among us, even on this hill, there is one with an unhallowed foot, who follows us as the raven doth the flock, to fatten on the fairest. But the croak of the evil bird is a warning one—the song of this false follower may be mistaken for that of love." She then pulled forth a paper, and, slanting it to the moon-beam, read, with an audible voice, the following ballad.

JENNY JIMPANSMA.

1.

A CROWN of gold's a world of care,
Ambition's but a shining snare;
Man mools and sweats, and sighs and
snools,
For graceless gold 'mang dirty mools;
And kings the will o' wisp of war
Hail as their true and stedfast star—
A dewy knowe and gloamin' fa'
I ask—and Jenny Jimpansma.

2.

I've dreamed ambition's darling dreams,
I've mused on high and lofty themes,
And round my forehead deemed the muse
Twined her green chaplet, dropping dews,
But sweeter summer's scented ground,
My neck with two white arms enwound;
Ripe lips, and eyes of love and awe,
The eyes of Jenny Jimpanana.

"Young man," said our lady, "I shall not name thee, I wish thee to remain unknown—thou hast done an evil thing and an unwise—thou hast made foolish rhymes, and exalted, as thy God, the frail and fleeting perfections of a weak and fickle being. Woman may be young—woman may be lovely, but woman is no object to adore. Verse, too, is one of the first and one of the latest follies of mankind. Contemptible as the calling is, the world is too wise and well informed to tolerate or applaud sinful and palpable fictions. You cannot, as of old, invent a region, and people it with imaginary beings—the chart and the map are consulted by the critic, and your paradise is not found. The day of fiction is passed and gone—your steps are regulated by the compass and the quadrant; and also your great deeps have felt the plummet sound. History holds over your head the severity of unalterable truth, and allows no sport for fiction among her exact and invariable narratives. Even in my remembrance, much of the poetry of human life is departed—when time was computed by the sun's shadow, or the fixed lights, a shepherd recited a poem in telling the hour—the bughting star and her sister lights are expressions fit for poetry. Now the ploughman plucks out his watch and laughs at the sun and moon and all the seven stars. The poetry is departed from travelling, your journey is on gravelled roads, accurately meted with mile-stones—to wind your way by hill, and dale, and brook, and stream, and castle, and fold, and battle-field, was poetical. The mail coach is come, and the poetry of travelling is departed. Witchcraft, the poetry of superstition, is not allowed as a refuge

to the aged and infirm; ghosts, the poetry of fear, have forsook the land; and the fairies, the "good folk" of our grandmothers, the poetry of the imagination, have been expelled, even from our winter tales. Even from religion is poetry removed. A sister country trusts not in the songs and hosannas of her peoples' lips, but worships God by means of a mechanical process called the organ. I have patience for no more warning words—let thy voice be mute—repent, for thou hast done a thing worthy of repentance, else depart from this congregation."

Of this people, my friend, and this peoples' ways, you have heard more than enough; I have little more to add to this protracted account. With their devotion and their faith, it was impossible I could ever mingle; and on the third day of my abode on the Hill of Lagg, when they were striking their tents and finishing their farewell hymn to this rural residence, I went up to our lady, who was superintending their movements, thanked her for her courtesy and tenderness to a poor outcast, and said, I wished to bid her farewell. She took me by the hand, and said, "Young man, the son of man cometh, and the son of man goeth—such is the will of Heaven—and it is not for one piece of dust to stay the will of another—while thou lovest to stay, thou art welcome—thou canst keep a commendable silence, and thou wilt live to be a prudent man and well esteemed—go in peace, and receive this mark of my respect." So saying, she gave me a guinea of gold, and saluted me on the brow, and at midnight, as I had joined, so at midnight, I forsook the Lagg Hill and the camp of the enthusiastic and kind-hearted BYCHANITES.

The history of our lady and her congregation demands a few parting words. They took the farm of Auchengibardhill in Galloway, where Mrs Buchan did not live long to practise the open charity of her nature.* She failed in her grand speculation of esta-

* Listen to the rhymes of a travelling and tippling Irish bard, called Harry Macdouall—

"Ye Buchanites, ye've lost your lights
On Auchengibard Hill,
For luckie Buchan's ta'en her flight,
Full sore against her will."

blishing the belief of her immediate intercourse with heaven. Janet Jimpansma forsook the limited society of people where there was neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and united herself to a staunch Cameronian, and a wealthy farmer. I have sold hose to her children. The fame of their thrift, their spinning wheels, and general industry, still adheres to the diminished remnant at Auchengi-

bardhill. And I can aver on my personal faith and practice, that the Sack of mercy continues to hold, on the same generous tenure as of old, abundance of choice viands, and the famous Comforter still yields to favoured lips some of the rarest liquor ever distilled or preserved from grain or from fruit. Peace be with the dead, and peace be with the living.

REMARKS ON THE DIVERSITY OF GENIUS.

" Different minds

Incline to different objects : one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild :
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty."

AKENSIDE.

NOTHING is more remarkable in nature than its variety. The flowers of the field, and the leaves of the forest have, each and all, their general likeness, and their particular dissimilarity. It is easy for a botanist to determine the species of a plant from its specific and invariable outlines, when examined by itself; yet no leaves on the same stem, or indeed on any other stem, will be found exactly correspondent. It would be endless to specify and particularize. The same holds true with respect to all the other works of the Creator, and constitutes the eternal distinction between nature and art. The one is bounded and imitative, the other infinite.

The human face is another remarkable and striking illustration. It is scarcely comprehensible by our limited faculties, how, within such a narrow compass, there could possibly exist such a variety of modifications—such a diversity of lines and lineaments—such a general resemblance—and such an individuality. Nevertheless, such holds true with respect to all the families, and kindreds, and cities, and kingdoms, and regions of the earth, from Zembla to the Tropics, from the swarthy Moor to the blue-eyed Russ. Though an inhabitant of an extensive metropolis is in the daily habit of seeing a thousand different faces, we are bold to affirm that no one, even allowing him to have lived to the age of Thomas Parr, ever beheld two human beings exactly the reflected shadows of each other.

We may turn from the physical to

the intellectual world. Mankind differ not more in external features than in mental physiognomy. That all men of sound minds possess a range of faculties in common, may be laid down as an axiom: yet in no two individuals will be discerned those minute peculiarities, those undefinable tendencies, which, however trifling in themselves, go far, when taken in the aggregate, in forming the conduct, and stamping upon the character that complexion which it is destined to bear in the eyes of the world.

When the principles are different, so must necessarily be the produce. We never gather gooseberries from an apple-tree, nor figs from a thorn bush. Circumstances and situations, no doubt, have their peculiar effects, both in regard to the direction and improvement of the intellectual faculties; but there are inherent varieties of disposition, and inherent tendencies of mind, which neither time nor art are sufficient to counterbalance or eradicate. Children, at the most tender age, frequently exhibit the dawnings of that disposition which is to characterize them through life; while, in other cases, the utmost excellencies of mind have lain dormant and unmarked for a very long period, even the greater portion of life, and have, perhaps, been only at length called into exhibition by a fortuitous circumstance. It has been a matter of dispute for half a century among critics, to whom the palm of superiority should be allotted, Dryden or Pope. The powerful minds of these two men modelled the litera-

ture of the age in which they flourished; and when we speak of a certain cast of thought, and a certain manner of expressing that thought, we designate it as an imitation of the school of Pope or Dryden. Yet such was the diversity in the development of the faculties of these two men, that the one literally "lisp'd in numbers," while the other exhibited few tokens of excellence till an advanced period of life. When we are told that, in the falling of apples from a tree, the theory of gravitation, from which such stupendous discoveries arose, suggested itself to the comprehensive soul of Newton; or that, to the tones of a Welch harp, posterity are indebted for the bard of Gray, we are not for a moment to suppose, that the like results would have followed from the same circumstances, in any other conceivable situations. They are not links in the chain of invariable sequences; they do not stand in the relation of cause and effect; for every one does not look on nature with the eyes of a philosopher, or draw from the melody of sweet sounds the inspiration of poetry.

Allowing even, the groundwork to be the same, the objects of thought, whether relating to the physical or intellectual world, are tinged by the very mood of mind in which they are dwelt upon; the scene is coloured by the eye that views it. A foreigner does not look on the landscape around with that keen relish and partiality displayed by the native. The bloomy vales of Languedoc do not appear, in the eyes and estimation of the Swiss emigrant, equal to his own Alpine scenery; not because bare rocks, and cold lakes, and mud cabins, are preferable to rich pastures, and gardens, and palaces, but because with the former are associated a thousand endearing recollections.

"Our first, best country, ever is at home."

A European looks with pity on the helplessness, and with contempt on the acquirements, of an African negro. The negro, on the other hand, looks upon us as the serpents of mankind, as the very embodied essences of cunning and cruelty. They paint their devils white.

Some Kamskatdales were brought to the capital of Russia, that they might be educated, and carry back to their tribes some notion of the accomplish-

ments of civilized life. But the purpose was defeated; for they pined in spirit, and died of ennui. The American-Scotsman kindles to flame at the recital of the martial achievements of his ancestors; and while his hand is guiding the plough on the banks of the Mississippi, his heart is far away, among the hills of Athole or Argyle—while he sees, in thought,

"The lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that bear the loud Corbiechtan
10at."

Even the smallest thing in a foreign land that bears reference to the land of nativity is treasured up; the likeness of a face—of a tree—of a stream—of a mountain. In the journal of Park's second Travels in the interior of Africa, we are told that the heart of that illustrious man was, in the extreme, affected by the loss of a soldier, who was wont to amuse their evening loneliness by singing the ballads and songs of his native land. The anniversary of Burns' birth is fondly commemorated by his countrymen in India. Lord Byron, in his travels through the mountainous tracts of Albania, passes over many a more important topic, to remark, that the dress of these Greeks resembled that of the Scottish Highlanders. Nothing is more delightful than to hear the accents of our native clime beneath far foreign skies. This has always been, and well it may, a favourite theme for poets. Scott compares the tone of a mournful melody to

— — "the lament of men,
Who languish for their native glen."

The author of *Childe Harold*, in his splendid description of the Dying Gladiator, transports himself back to the barbarous shows of Rome, and portrays the slave, as he sinks into the embrace of death, in the midst of the Circus, forgetful of the gazing throngs around, beholding, in thought, his young barbarians at play, their Dacian mother, and the banks of the Danube. Campbell has given scope to the same train of sentiment, in the beautiful lyrics of "the Harper," and "the Exile of Erin." Grahame, in his "Birds of Scotland," has, in his own person, given vent, in the most rapturous and passionate language, to the same patriotic feelings; and Wilson, in his fine sketch of "the French Exile," has represented the blind man lifting up his hoary head in ecstasy,

at hearing the accents of his native tongue :

“ He seemed as if restored to sight
So suddenly his eyes grew bright,
When that music touched his ear ;
The lily fields of France, I ween,
Before him swam in softened light,
And the sweet waters of the Seine
They all were murmuring near.”

Let us turn from fancy to fact.— Let us traverse the regions of history and science, and we shall be convinced that it is the same in all. Scotland claims Ossian ; and Ireland claims him. England has no shadow of claim to him, and, therefore, does not hesitate to declare, that he never existed.— Let us take, for example, the annals of our native country. How fabulous in their commencement ! how contradictory in their progress ! And to what is this owing, but to the sympathies or antipathies of the narrators. Look to the legends of Blind Harry and Barbour, to the histories of Boethius and Buchanan ; how seemingly plausible they are, and yet how deplorably chimerical and groundless. Lord Hailes puts the whole unconcocted mass into his crucible, and, behold, there are nine parts of baser metal, for one of gold. Like the enchanted castles of romance, the whole pageant vanishes, and a desert wilderness remains. Rinaldo blows the horn of Truth, and the magic structures of Fancy disappear.

It was owing to this circumstance that Voltaire remarked, that a historian ought to have no country. That is to say, he must divest himself of every prejudice, consider himself as a citizen of the world, and look on the land that gave him birth, not with the fondness and feelings of a patriot, but as a branch of the general family of mankind. But where shall such a character be found ? We may as well set to the task, which it is said the enemy of man prescribed to Michael Scott, and commence our operations in twining cables from the sea sands.

There seem to be two great varieties of mind, in which excellency is equally inherent, but in which the development of genius is extremely different. The former is remarkable for strength, and energy, and precision ; the latter for softness, harmony, and grace. The one delights in the tempests and tornadoes of passion ; in the roaring of the ocean ; and the bursting

of the volcano : the other, in the gentler emotions of the soul ; in tenderness, in pity, and in tears ; in the smiling of the pastoral landscape, and the smoothness of the summer sea.— Nor is this variety, in the temperament of genius, discernible only in the authors, who appeal chiefly to imagination. It pervades the whole commonwealth of intellect. Demosthenes, for example, takes the heart by storm ; he overrules our convictions, and tyrannizes over the judgment with a despotic sway ; he overpowers us by the strength of his appeals, and, after having silenced the voice of reason itself, rouses us from a trance, and incites our passions to take a share in the contest. Cicero, on the other hand, endeavours to gain the feelings to his side ; he appeals to our bosoms by every effort of persuasive eloquence. He convinces the understanding ; he elevates us into the regions of fancy. He enlists reason in his cause, and shews us, that the arguments he adduces are accordant with its dictates. In the same opposition of excellence, stand Homer and Virgil ; Dante and Spencer ; Johnson and Addison ; Chalmers and Alison. Not, perhaps, opposed in the exact attributes which we have pointed out in the Grecian and Roman orators, but, in the general tone and contexture of their compositions. In painting, likewise, as an illustration of our position, we may adduce the examples of Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorraine. In the drama, of Kean and Kemble.

There seem to be an order of minds, indeed, in which the whole faculties have exhibited extraordinary development, and which are not more distinguished for inventiveness of imagination, than for strength of judgment. Proudly pre-eminent stands Shakspeare, the prince of poets, and supreme sovereign of the human heart. In him, it is utterly impossible to say, where lay his strength, or where lay his weakness. We hear of the manner of Chaucer, of the manner of Spencer, of the manner of Pope, of the manner of Cowper, but we never hear of the manner of Shakspeare. His excellencies are of every conceivable kind ; he is a giant in all his faculties. Lay his forte in strength, he was more delicate than Fletcher ; lay it in tenderness, he was more masculine than Ben Jonson. He draws us to him

"with the cords of a man;" he rouses us into horror, or melts us into tears; he convinces the understanding, or, if it suits his purpose, overthrows reason, and seizes upon the passions. His scene is on earth, or in air. His personages embrace the sum of human society, and are of all ages and nations. "He exhausts worlds, and imagines new." After having explored every creek in the spacious ocean of the human soul, "the haunt, and the main region of his song," he turns to the spiritual and superhuman world. Incomparable Shakspeare! "Take him for all in all," the world has never seen his like, and, most probably, shall never see his like again. There are others of the same class, but not in the same rank of excellence. Walter Scott and Goëthe are the only two men we dare mention in the same breath.

Leaving the manners of individuals, we may generalize, for every age has its characteristic and specific marks. The tone of English literature, in the age of Elizabeth, was of a far more lofty and majestic character than that of the age that followed. In the writings of Milton, Isaac Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor, there is a capacity and a comprehensiveness, combined with an extent of illustration, which we shall find in vain look for in Addison, Pope, Swift, and the other "wits" of Queen Anne's reign. Thirty years ago, the literature of Great Britain was as different from what it is at the present time, as it is possible almost to imagine. About the commencement of the French revolution—but whether connected with it or not, we do not pretend to say—our authors exhibited, in dawning vigour, an originality of thought, a boldness, and a latitude of expression, together with a freshness of observation, of which their more immediate predecessors afford no examples. Perhaps the grand error of our present system is diffuseness; but we have some excellencies which will counterbalance that. No one whose mind is penetrated with a deep sense of beauty will lay aside Scott, Wordsworth, or Southey, because they sometimes indulge in unnecessary prolixity of detail; while, to the most fastidious,

we can safely bring forward Mackenzie, Campbell, and Rogers. The writings of Byron alone, even though we could adduce no more, are of themselves a host, and are sufficient to carry down, to remotest posterity, a powerful impression of the genius of the age that produced them.

Moreover, the different lights in which actions and events are viewed, do not refer exclusively to historians; the same principle extends to every branch of philosophy and literature, and not in the substance alone, but in the very words in which the ideas are embodied. Look to the prose style of Addison, to that of Sterne, to that of Goldsmith, to that of Johnson, more especially to the first and last mentioned—the one, plain, elegant, chaste, and perspicuous, classically pure, and beautifully simple; the other, lofty, impetuous, and majestic, conveying the highest aspirations of mind in tones of the most delightful melody and music. The same age has produced "the Pleasures of Hope," of Campbell, and "the Auncient Mariner," of Coleridge. It is the same with the colourings of painters; it is the same with the expression of poets. "The blank verse of Thomson," says Johnson, "is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley." "Compare the blank verse of Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, with that of Milton," says Hazlitt, "and it will be found to be little better than lumbering prose." "Lord Byron," says Jeffrey, "has not the variety of Scott, nor the delicacy of Campbell, nor the absolute truth of Crabbe, nor the polished sparkling of Moore; but in power of expression, and in unextinguishable energy of sentiment, he clearly surpasses them all." We need go no farther; let part of the living genius of Britain speak for itself. We shall select a theme, for example, of which several of them treat—pictures of desolation. We must, however, limit ourselves to three specimens. The first is from "the Giaour" of Lord Byron, and completely worthy of his powerful genius.

The steed is vanished from the stall,
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall,
The lonely spiders thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The bat builds in his Haram bower,
And in the fortress of his power,

The owl usurps the beacon tower,
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountains brim,
 With baffled thirst and famine grim,
 For the stream hath shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
 The last sad shriek that filled the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail,
 That quenched in silence, all is still,
 Save the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill,
 Tho' raves the gust, and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.

If any thing can surpass this sublime description, it is the following, from "*Gertrude of Wyoming*." After the funeral of Albert and his daughter, Outalissi, the Indian, thus pours out the fervour and enthusiasm of his spirit to the drooping survivor Waldegrave.

To-morrow let us do or die !
 But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
 Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
 Seek we thy once-loved home ?
 The hand is gone that cross'd its flowers
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes, and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead !

The next, though in a very different style from either of the preceding, is equally characteristic of its author, and possesses that peculiar tone of simple pathos, which forms one of the great excellencies in the compositions of Wordsworth.

Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
 Its customary look, only I thought,
 The honey-suckle, crowding round the porch,
 Hung down in heavier tufts ; and that bright weed
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew
 Blinding the lower panes,——

—— I return'd,
 And took my rounds along this road again
 Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
 Peep'd forth, to give an earnest of the spring,
 I found her sad and drooping ; she had learned
 No tidings of her husband ; if he lived
 She knew not that he lived ; if he were dead
 She knew not he was dead. She seem'd the same
 In person and appearance ; but her house
 Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence.

Meantime her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
 Was sapp'd ; and while she slept the nightly damp
 Did chill her breast ; and in the stormy day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the winds
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
 She loved this wretched spot ; and here, my friend,
 In sickness she remained ; and here she died
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

How sweet and solem, all alone,
 With reverend steps, from stone to stone
 In a small village church-yard lying,
 O'er intervening flowers to move!
 And as we read the names unknown
 Of young and old to judgment gone,
 And hear in the calm air above
 Time onwards softly flying,
 To meditate, in Christian love,
 Upon the dead and dying!
 Across the silence seem to go
 With dream-like motion, wavery, slow,
 And shrouded in their folds of snow,
 The friends we loved long long ago!
 Gliding across the sad retreat,
 How beautiful their phantom feet!
 What tenderness is in their eyes,
 Turned where the poor survivor lies
 'Mid monitory sanctities!
 What years of vanished joy are fanned
 From one uplifting of that hand
 In its white stillness! when the shade
 Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
 From our embrace, how dim appears
 This world's life through a mist of tears!
 Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!

Such is the scene around me now:
 A little Church-yard on the brow
 Of a green pastoral hill;
 It's sylvan village sleeps below,
 And faintly here is heard the flow
 Of Woodburn's summer rill;
 A place where all things mournful meet,
 And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
 The stillest of the still!
 With what a pensive beauty fall
 Across the mossy mouldering wall
 That rose-tree's clustered arches! See
 The robin-redbreast warily,
 Bright through the blossoms, leaves his nest:
 Sweet ingrate! through the winter blest
 At the firesides of men—but shy
 Through all the sunny summer-hours,
 He hides himself among the flowers
 In his own wild festivity.
 What lulling sound, and shadow cool
 Hangs half the darkened church-yard o'er,
 From thy green depths so beautiful
 Thou gorgeous sycamore!
 Oft hath the holy wine and bread
 Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
 Where many a bright and hoary head
 Bowed at that awful sacrament.
 Now all beneath the turf are laid
 On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.
 Above that consecrated tree

AUTUMN.—A SONNET.

Now mellow Autumn reigns ; the garden teems
 With golden fruitage, and with fading flowers ;
 The leaves are sere upon the jasmine bowers ;
 And from the west the sun in glory streams
 His crimson radiance on the mossy wall,
 Where, netted o'er, and shelter'd from the reach
 Of boy and bird, hang nectarine and peach,
 And plumb, and apricot, delicious all.
 Thrice hath the swallow sought wild Obi's shore,
 And bath'd his annual wing in Niger's wave,
 Since last this pebbly walk I travers'd o'er,
 Or rested in this flower-enwreathed cave ;
 A thousand images before me rush,
 And o'er my heart-strings like a torrent gush ! 4

HYMN TO THE MOON.

How lovely is this silent scene !
 How beautiful, fair lamp of Night,
 On stirless woods, and lakes serene,
 Thou sheddest forth thy holy light ;
 With beam as pure, with ray as bright,
 As Sorrow's tear from Woman's breast,
 When mourning over days departed,
 That robbed her spirit of its rest,
 And left her lone, and broken-hearted.
 Refulgent pilgrim of the sky,
 Beneath thy march, within thy sight,
 What varied realms outstretching lie !
 Here landscape rich with glory bright ;
 There lonely wastes of utter blight ;
 The nightingale upon the bough
 Of cypress, here her song is pouring ;
 And there, begirt with mounts of snow,
 For food the famished bear is roaring !
 What marvel that the spirits high
 Of eastern climes, and ancient days,
 Should hail thee, as a deity,
 And altars to thine honour raise !
 So lovely wert thou to the gaze
 Of shepherds on Chaldean hills,
 When summer flowers around were springing,
 And when to thee a thousand rills,
 Throughout the quiet night were singing
 And, lo ! the dwarfish Laplander,
 Far from his solitary home,
 Dismayed beholds the evening star,
 While many a mile remains to roam ;
 Thou lightest up the eastern dome,
 And, in his deer-drawn chariot, he
 Is hurled along the icy river ;
 And leaps his sunken heart to see
 The light in his own casement quiver
 Nor beautiful the less art thou,
 When Ocean's gentlest breezes fan,
 With gelid wing, the feverish glow
 That daylight sheds on Indostan !
 There, on the glittering haunts of man,

And on the amaranthine bowers,
 The glory of thy smile reposes,
 On hedgerows, white with jessamine flowers,
 And minarets o'erhung with roses.

The exile on a foreign shore
 Dejected sits, and turns his eye
 To thee, in beauty evermore,
 Careering through a cloudless sky ;
 A white cloud comes, and, passing bye,
 Veils thee a moment from his sight :
 Then, as he rests beneath the shadows,
 He thinks of many as sweet a night,
 When glad he roamed his native meadows.

Though years in stayless current roll,
 Thou art as full of glory yet,
 As when to Shakspeare's glowing soul,
 —Where taste, and power, and beauty met.—
 Thou shon'st upon his Juliet ;
 Tipping with silver all the grove,
 And gleaming on the cheek of Beauty
 Who durst forsake, for Romeo's love,
 The mandates of paternal duty.

Enthroned amid the cloudless blue,
 Majestic, silent, and alone,
 Above the fountains of the dew,
 Thou glidest on, and glidest on,
 To shoreless seas, and lands unknown.
 The presence of thy face appears,
 Thou eldest born of Beauty's daughters,
 A spirit traversing the spheres,
 And ruling o'er the pathless waters.

A.

THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Auchindown, on my way to the Manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiring in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm—and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. Sometimes the wind stopt of a sudden, and then the

air was as silent as the snow—not a murmur to be heard from spring or stream, now all frozen up over those high moorlands. As the momentary cessations of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening vallies, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation ; and the barking of a dog, attending some Shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter-life, that helped me gladly onwards over many

miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fireside—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making “auld claes look amaisht as weel’s the new”—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditional tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks;—but above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the Peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the Shepherd into the Temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it—as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour’s walk, before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the Manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that grey-headed Shepherd who had, for fifty years, abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

As I was ascending a knoll, I saw before me on horseback an old man, with his long white hairs beaten against his face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my father, of whom I had been thinking—for my father had I called him for twenty years—and for twenty years my father had he truly been. My surprise at meeting him on such a moor—on such a day, was but momentary, for I knew that he was a

Shepherd who cared not for the winter’s wrath. As he stopped to take my hand kindly into his, and to give his blessing to his long-expected visitor, the wind fell calm—the whole face of the sky was softened, and brightness, like a smile, went over the blushing and crimsoned snow. The very elements seemed then to respect the hoary-head of fourscore—and after our first greeting was over, when I looked around, in my affection, I felt how beautiful was winter.

“I am going,” said he, “to visit a man at the point of death—a man whom you cannot have forgotten—whose head will be missed in the kirk next Sabbath by all my congregation—a devout man, who feared God all his days, and whom, on this awful trial, God will assuredly remember. I was going, my son, to the Hazle-Glen.”

I knew well in childhood that lonely farm-house, so far off among the beautiful wild green hills—and it was not likely that I had forgotten the name of its possessor. For six years’ Sabbaths I had seen the ELDER in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit—and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his stedfast countenance during sermon, psalm, and prayer. On returning to the scene of my infancy, I now met the Pastor going to pray by his death-bed—and with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and the beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, resignation, and death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the Pastor’s face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale cheeks, that otherwise were blooming in health and beauty,—and I recognized, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man whom we understood was now lying on his death-bed. “They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is,” said the Minister to me, looking tenderly on the boy; “but love makes the young heart bold—and there is One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.” I again looked on the fearless child

with his rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, so unlike grief or sorrow, yet now sobbing aloud as his heart would break. "I do not fear but that my grandfather will yet recover, soon as the Minister has said one single prayer by his bed-side. I had no hope, or little, as I was running by myself to the Manse over hill after hill, but I am full of hopes now that we are together; and oh! if God suffers my grandfather to recover, I will lie awake all the long winter nights blessing him for his mercy. I will rise up in the middle of the darkness, and pray to him in the cold on my naked knees!" and here his voice was choked, while he kept his eyes fixed, as if for consolation and encouragement, on the solemn and pitying countenance of the kind-hearted pious Old Man.

We soon left the main-road, and struck off through scenery that, covered as it was with the bewildering snow, I sometimes dimly and sometimes vividly remembered; our little guide keeping ever a short distance before us, and with a sagacity like that of instinct, shewing us our course, of which no trace was visible, save occasionally his own little foot-prints as he had been hurrying to the Manse.

After crossing, for several miles, morass, and frozen rivulet, and drifted hollow, with here and there the top of a stone-wall peeping through the snow, or the more visible circle of a sheep-bught, we descended into the Hazel-Glen, and saw before us the solitary house of the dying Elder.

A gleam of days gone by came suddenly over my soul. The last time that I had been in this Glen was on a day of June, fifteen years before, a holiday, the birth-day of the king. A troop of laughing schoolboys, headed by our benign Pastor, we lanced over the sunny braes, and startled the linnets from their nests among the yellow broom. Austere as seemed to us the ELDER'S Sabbath-face when sitting in the kirk, we schoolboys knew that it had its week-day smiles—and we flew on the wings of joy to our annual Festival of curds and cream in the farm-house of that little sylvan world. We rejoiced in the flowers and the leaves of that long, that interminable summer-day; its memory was with our boyish hearts from June to June; and the sound of that sweet

name, "Hazel-Glen," often came upon us at our tasks, and brought too brightly into the school-room the pastoral imagery of that mirthful solitude.

As we now slowly approached the cottage, through a deep snow-drift, which the distress within had prevented the household from removing, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared, and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing, by her raised eyes and arms folded across her breast, how thankful she was to see, at last, the Pastor beloved in joy and trusted in trouble.

Soon as the venerable Old Man dismounted from his horse, our active little guide led it away into the humble stable, and we entered the cottage. Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock. The matron, who had silently welcomed us at the door, led us, with suppressed sighs and a face stained with weeping, into her father's sick-room, which even in that time of sore distress was as orderly as if health had blessed the house. I could not help remarking some old china ornaments on the chimney-piece—and in the window was an ever-blowing rose-tree, that almost touched the lowly roof, and brightened that end of the apartment with its blossoms. There was something tasteful in the simple furniture; and it seemed as if grief could not deprive the hand of that matron of its careful elegance. Sickness, almost hopeless sickness, lay there, surrounded with the same cheerful and beautiful objects which health had loved; and she, who had arranged and adorned the apartment in her happiness, still kept it from disorder and decay in her sorrow.

With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed, and there, supported by pillows as white as the snow that lay without, reposed the Dying Elder. It was plain that the hand of God was upon him, and that his days on the earth were numbered.

He greeted his Minister with a faint smile, and a slight inclination of the head—for his daughter had so raised him on the pillows, that he was almost sitting up in his bed. It was easy to see that he knew himself to be dying, and that his soul was prepared for the

great change;—yet, along with the solemn resignation of a Christian who had made his peace with God and his Saviour, there was blended on his white and sunken countenance, an expression of habitual reverence for the minister of his faith—and I saw that he could not have died in peace without that comforter to pray by his death-bed.

A few words sufficed to tell who was the stranger—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bed-side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The Pastor sat down near his head—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law; a figure, that would have graced and sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief. But Religion upheld her whom nature was bowing down; not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put into practice, for I saw that she was clothed in deep mourning—and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had not been only irreplicable but lofty, with fear and hope fighting desperately but silently in the core of her pure and pious heart.

While we thus remained in silence, the beautiful boy, who, at the risk of his life, had brought the Minister of Religion to the bed-side of his beloved grandfather, softly and cautiously opened the door, and, with the hoarfrost yet unmelted on his bright glistening ringlets, walked up to the pillow, evidently no stranger there. He no longer sobbed—he no longer weeped—for hope had risen strongly within his innocent heart, from the consciousness of love so fearlessly exerted, and from the presence of the Holy Man in whose prayers he trusted, as in the intercession of some superior and heavenly nature. There he stood, still as an image in his grandfather's eyes, that, in their dimness, fell upon him with delight. Yet, happy as was the trusting child, his heart was devoured by fear—and he looked as if one word might stir up the flood of tears that had subsided in his heart. As he crossed the dreary and dismal moors, he had thought of a corpse, a shroud, and a grave; he had been in

terror, lest death should strike in his absence, the old man with whose gray hairs he had so often played; but now he saw him alive, and felt that death was not able to tear him away from the clasps and links and fetters of his grandfather's embracing love.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man, after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the kirk-yard." This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy—and with a long deep sigh, he fell down with his face like ashes on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength to lay itself upon his head. "Blessed be thou, my little Jamie, even for his own name's sake who died for us on the tree!" The mother, without terror, but with an averted face, lifted up her loving-hearted boy, now in a dead fainting-fit, and carried him into an adjoining room, where he soon revived: but that child and that old man were not to be separated; in vain was he asked to go to his brothers and sisters; pale, breathless, and shivering, he took his place as before, with eyes fixed on his grandfather's face, but neither weeping nor uttering a word. Terror had frozen up the blood of his heart; but his were now the only dry eyes in the room; and the Pastor himself wept, albeit the grief of fourscore is seldom vented in tears.

"God has been gracious to me a sinner," said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an Elder in your Kirk, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me—it was on a Tuesday she died—and on Saturday she was buried. We stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God—she commanded me to do so the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng. Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there; so was my heart; but Thou, whom, through the blood of Christ, I hope to see this night in Paradise, knowest, that from that hour to this day never have I forgotten Thee!"

The old man ceased speaking—and his grandchild, now able to endure the scene, for strong passion is its own

support, glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small soft hands to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, "Come closer to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thine own and thy father's sake;" and as the child fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child at last sobbing in his bosom.

"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father nor thy mother, for that thou knowest and feelest is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the old loving man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees and hid her face with her hands. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never desert his dying father!" and I now knew that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time the minister took the Family-Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth Psalm," and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses.

Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.

The small congregation sung the noble hymn of the Psalmist to "Plaintive martyrs worthy of the name." The dying man himself, ever and anon, joined in the holy music—and when it feebly died away on his quivering lips, he continued still to follow the tune with the motion of his withered hand, and eyes devoutly and humbly lifted up to Heaven. Nor was the sweet voice of his loving grand-child unheard; as if the strong

fit of deadly passion had dissolved in the music, he sang with a sweet and silvery voice that to a passer by had seemed that of perfect happiness—a hymn sung in joy upon its knees by gladsome childhood before it flew out among the green hills, to quiet labour or gleesome play. As that sweetest voice came from the bosom of the old man, where the singer lay in affection, and blended with his own so tremulous, never had I felt so affectingly brought before me the beginning and the end of life, the cradle and the grave.

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirgelike music, he sat down on a chair—and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazle-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways. Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the House of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home soon as I heard that the Minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover—and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come nearer to me, William, kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand find the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul—aye, too much the pride, for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. Could I die for thy sake—could I purchase thy salvation with the outpouring of thy father's blood—but this the Son of God has done for thee who hast denied him! I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?" "Oh! press him not so hardly," said the weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame, "spare, oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to me;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as that solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did that unhappy man decline encircling with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in-

spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven."

The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hand seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, oh God, I commit my spirit."—and so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long deep silence, and the father, and mother, and child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the Figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

EREMUS.

EXTRACTS FROM MR WASTLE'S DIARY.

No I.

February 28. Finished *GERALDINE*. This is the best written novel, except *Anastasia*, that has been published in London for several years. The story is not much, but very pathetic and skilful so far as it goes. The conversational style, one of the best I have seen—clear, natural, and unaffectedly elegant, and full of the spirit of good society. Religion is uppermost in the writer's mind; but in these pages religion wears a character so pleasing, that no novel reader will turn from them on account of their serious import. It is said to be written by a lady—if so, she must be a charming woman, full of grave thoughts and graceful feelings—the very model of an accomplished, reflective, and affectionate English matron.

March 5.—I have been reading *M'Crie's Life of Andrew Melville* these three days past. I began it with a feeling of aversion—for the Doctor's puritanism is too much for my nerves—yet I lay the book down with regret, and with the utmost admiration for the talents of the author. There is less of remarkable incident, and less of strong commanding force of character, displayed in this work than in the *Life of John Knox*; but it is a book which will interest a much larger class of readers—it is not written for Presbyterians merely, but for all the scholars in the world.

Andrew Melville was born in 1543, of a genteel family in Fife, and, losing his father two years after (he fell at Pinkie), was educated by an uncle with all paternal care and affection. He studied first at Montrose under Marselliers, a Frenchman—then at St Andrews—last of all at Paris—which last university was then every way the first in Europe. Here his first zealous love of learning was, it would seem, derived from hearing the lectures of Ramus, and his celebrated colleagues, Turnebus, Duretus, and the rest. From thence he went to Geneva, and became Professor of Humanity in the academy, but devoted himself chiefly to theological studies, and profited, as might be expected from a man of his ardent temper, by the familiar con-

verse of such men as Beza, Joseph Scaliger, and his own illustrious countryman Scrimgeour. He returned to Scotland a zealous Calvinist, and a most accomplished scholar, being invited over by his friends to take part in the great concerns of literary and ecclesiastical improvement which then occupied the attention of his countrymen. He was a great leader in the Presbyterian party, and contributed more than any other individual to the long series of triumphs which terminated in the establishment of their favourite form of church government, anno 1574. The aversion, however, felt by King James towards the doctrine of Presbyterian parity, once more overthrew this system, soon after his accession to the throne of England; and Melville suffered many personal evils, in consequence of the stubborn resistance he opposed to the measures of the court. He lay for four years in the Tower, and was then suffered to go into exile in France, where he became Professor of Divinity in the Protestant University of Sedan. There he died in the year 1622, at the age of 77—his health having suffered miserably from the confinement and other hardships he had undergone.

During the long period of his middle life in Scotland, Melville was successively placed at the head of the two universities of Glasgow and St Andrews, and contributed most important services to the whole literature of his country, by the great improvements he introduced into the management of both these seminaries. Dr M'Crie has written this part of his history not a whit less *con amore* than that of Melville's violent struggles against Prelacy; and surely it will afford much greater pleasure to the majority of his readers. In fact, it is the most valuable piece of literary history that has ever appeared in Scotland; and, taken along with Dr Irving's excellent *Life of George Buchanan*, completes a view of the literary spirit and habits of that age, which cannot fail to impress every mind with a pleasing mixture of respect for the talents, and affection for the persons, of the first great promoters of classical

learning in Scotland. It is melancholy, however, to think how utterly the exertions of these enlightened men are now-a-days forgotten by their countrymen; and that the land which once boasted a Buchanan and a Melville, to say nothing of a host of minor contemporary luminaries, should now be the last of all European countries in point of classical attainments. If any thing is likely to revive the too long forgotten spirit, surely it must be the animating portraiture of its living effects, which meets the eye in these delightful and most instructive pages.

I wish I could sympathize with Dr M'Crie's feelings on all other subjects as heartily as I do in regard to these, but although I am sure I have read the far greater part of his book with every disposition to go along with my author, I cannot, for my soul, believe that this is the sort of temper in which an accomplished scholar and divine of the nineteenth century ought to write history. One can easily understand how a man of Melville's fiery temper should have spoken, and acted in the stormy periods in which he so often directed the storm, with an apparent harshness, not much at harmony with his elegant accomplishments and pursuits. But now that all is quiet in church and state—now that there is no fear of popery—and that the most bigotted Scottish presbyterian can scarcely have any fear of the encroachments of prelacy before his eyes—it is lamentable to see that the dissensions and the bigotries of a former, and, in most respects, a ruder age can so deeply influence a person of M'Crie's pitch and compass of intellect. The hot and burning wrath with which Melville might be, in some measure, pardoned for regarding the champions of episcopacy, against whom he was for so many years opposed in continual warfare—is revived with an effect most unhappy and most unworthy in the pages of a modern student who has had so many opportunities (and used them too) for cooling and refining his judgment.—Every now and then he stops the thread of his interesting story to deal some odious sarcasm against the polity, the ritual, even against the practical discipline of the English church. We all know that Dr M'Crie is the zealous, affectionate, and useful mini-

ster of a small congregation of dissenters from the established church of Scotland—and thus we can easily understand that the circumstances of his education and life may have been such as to entitle him to some measure of indulgence on the score of liberality. But when I turn from him and the small circle within which his honourable exertions as an active clergyman have been confined, to survey the wide expanse over which the high and beautiful spirit of the English church has for ages shed its solemn, soothing, and saving lustre, it is impossible to prevent some thoughts of pity (to use the softest word) from blending with those which I should always wish to preserve unmingled towards such a man and such an author as Dr M'Crie. It is much to be regretted, as I have said, that so much of a book, which every one must read, should have been written in a tone that must give pain to the far greater part of those best able to appreciate the merits of its author.—One of the best specimens of M'Crie's style is the conclusion of his book, in which he sums up the character of its hero.

March 12. A whole bundle of reviews and magazines this morning—many thanks to friend Ebony, but I cannot read them. My taste in literature is entirely of the old school, I prefer the joint to the *hachis*, with whatever delicacy of sauce and condiment it may be seasoned. It is clear, however, that great improvement has, of late, taken place in the management of almost all these works. You can take up few of them without finding something either to instruct or amuse you, and the impression one receives from turning over this great monthly budget of novelties is certainly a pleasing one—it shows completely what a high place literature now occupies in the minds of this people—how reading has swallowed up, over the large space of the land, almost all other kinds of amusements.

There is a great bustle, I suppose. Ebony is at the bottom of the whole of it, in the department of Magazines. Three years ago, there was not a tolerable Magazine in Britain; and now, it can scarcely be said, that there is a bad one. Such are the effects of one animating model, and of the glorious principle of competition. Baldwin's second Number, however, is a

sad falling off from the first; without the gentleman that wrote the Review of the Scottish Novels, this work is nothing—with him it may produce us much amusement. I see Colburn also is brushing up wonderfully—I suspect he has got a new Editor. It was a pity to see him wasting so much fine paper printing and puffing upon such trash as he used to give us—this number is much better. Both of these works, however, want the spring of originality—as yet, neither of them has begun any thing—and they will not thrive merely by refacciamentos, however ingeniously executed they may be. Gold and Northhouse also are better this month.

I suppose, by the way, Leigh Hunt wrote that Essay of his, in the Indicator, about the great authors that have been born and bred in London—in order to connect himself with them, and carry back, if possible, the sceptre of Cockayne into “the venerable shade of ancient years.” It is very absurd of him to suppose, that he is called the head of the Cockney School, only because he lives in London—we all know how many of the prime spirits of England spent their days and are now spending them in the metropolis.

The truth is, that the Cockney School has nothing to do with London, considered as the magnificent and refined and intellectual capital of the first nation of the earth. He and his school are (largely speaking) just as

little known in London as in the country. Their sphere lies entirely among a set of half-educated, would-be elegant clerks, and apprentices, and superfine shopkeepers, and shopkeepers' ladies—all of whom are creatures of the present age, and totally unlike any thing that ever London harboured till now. I wish old Daniel Defoe were alive once more—what a strong plain convincing letter he would write to the pupils of this new school, upon the folly, and conceit of which they are guilty. Z. has made Hunt the laughing-stock of all gentlemen and ladies; but Daniel would have carried the war into the back shop, and thrown the story of Rimini right over the counter. Had he been alive, there would have been a dethronement in Cockayne long ere now.

March 14. I have this day sent my nephews a copy of Mr Ainslie's little book, the Father's Second Present to his Family—it is a manual which no religious family should be without—and is a fit companion to his admirable little compendium of the Evidences of Christianity.

March 16. Have you seen Mr Nicolson's Etchings of the distinguished men of Scotland, from pictures by himself? If not, buy them immediately—they are coming out in numbers—and exquisite things they are. The head of William Allan, in the last Number, is by far his masterpiece—it is full of truth and case, and has all the effect of a Rembrandt.

LORD MELVILLE'S MONUMENT.

[We are happy to have this opportunity of correcting the inaccuracy in point of fact contained in last Number; but assume it as admitted, that a *verbal communication* was made on that occasion with regard to withdrawing the opposition to the Monument being placed in St Andrew's Square. Our readers, in consequence, will adopt the animated account of the facts now given by “One of the Committee” as the correct one; and, from that basis, we think the reasoning given in our former article follows even more conclusively than we could possibly have expected.—EDITOR.]

MR EDITOR,

IN absence of our convener, Sir William J. Hope, I feel myself not only excusable, but authorized to take public notice of an article in your Magazine for February: not with any intention of combating the opinions of the writer, as to the eligibility of particular sites for the erection of the intended Monument to the late Lord Melville, but to correct a gross misstatement of facts, which renders the writer equally blamable (by abusing

the public ear at the expense of the Committee), whether it proceeded from wilful misrepresentation or want of information.

He says (page 566, second column), “Since the preceding pages were written, we have heard, with mingled grief and astonishment, that the Committee have, BY A MEETING ON THE 9TH CURRENT, resolved on erecting the Monument at the end of Melville Street; and that this was done both after the whole objections to its being placed

in St Andrew's Square were WITHDRAWN by those who had formerly made them, and in spite of a most vigorous and public-spirited resistance on the part of the leading characters of this city !"

"Now mark how a plain tale shall put him down."

SHAKESPEARE.

The Committee, after more than two years fruitless efforts, being driven from Arthur Seat, Salisbury Craigs, Calton-hill, and at last from the most eligible site of any, St Andrew's Square, finally determined on *Melville Street*, so long ago as July 1819, (as may be seen in the public newspapers,) and the meeting on the 9th of February was not called for the purpose of again deliberating on the choice of a site, but to examine the plans and specifications; and also to fix the time for laying the foundation stone, which had been delayed from October to a more proper season. Could the Committee, then, after the illiberal opposition it met with, and the futile objections made by two individual proprietors of St Andrew's Square, recede from its purpose with any regard to consistency of conduct, and without manifest injustice to the gentleman who had so liberally and gratuitously made the offer of the situation resolved on, even if it were true that such opposition was withdrawn? But I assert, that no such offer was ever made to the Committee; true, there were two letters read at the meeting from a learned gentleman, one to our secretary, and the other, through a third person, to Sir William Hope, in which he says, "that after a long conversation with Mr — and his brother, HE WAS INDUCED TO THINK that they might be brought to withdraw their objections!!!" And this is what this candid writer calls making the *amende honourable*! So the Committee was to begin again, at the uncertain suggestion of another person (had the matter continued open to negotiation, which I have shown it did not), and go over the same ground of cavil, which it had done for more than two years, with the same person! If those gentlemen had really wished to withdraw, or felt ashamed of their opposition, why did they not explicitly do so, and communicate the recantation under their own hand, when it might have been available? And this

they had many opportunities of doing through the channel of a learned Lord, who had taken infinite pains, in vain, to gain their acquiescence to our wishes. As to the motives which the writer chooses to ascribe to the Committee, he is as far from the fact as in his other assertions, for the public may be assured, that the illiberal conduct of the dissentient proprietors was calculated to produce a very different sentiment from either splenetic feeling or ill humour. Having shown, by a plain statement of facts, how unfounded this writer's opinion is in what regards the *amende honourable*, I reply to what he, with as little foundation, calls the most vigorous and public-spirited resistance on the part of MANY of the leading characters of this city to the adopted site; and which consisted entirely in a strong remonstrance against it by a learned Lord already alluded to, (which he was fully entitled to make from the active and zealous part he took in the discussions with the proprietors;) and a strong recommendation of the north end of the Mound in preference (for *even he* had no hopes of St Andrew's Square). Where the writer found the *legion* of leading characters who resisted so vigorously is best known to himself, for no one spoke on the subject but the learned Lord. In regard to the Mound, it was observed as an insuperable objection, had we been at liberty to choose, that making a foundation would probably cost £400 or £500; and the amount of the funds being little more than £3000, would with difficulty be made adequate to the structure itself; to this the learned Lord replied, that he was sure £1000 would be subscribed by the city, or inhabitants, if the site he recommended was adopted. Judging the future by the past, however, there is little reason to suppose that any such sum could have been raised; else, why was it not subscribed before?—for although the structure bears to be a Naval Monument, the subscriptions never were, nor meant to be, confined exclusively to Naval Officers. And why, also, did not this writer, who is of such exquisite taste in the fine arts (*in which gallant Admirals are, in his opinion, so woefully deficient*), why did he not become, in his spirit of patriotism, a contributor? Then he would have had a legitimate

right to give his advice, though unasked; and also might have benefited the Committee (which was always an open one) by his sentiments delivered *viva voce*; perhaps by his powers of persuasion, or ringing an alarm-bell, he might even have induced the dissentient proprietors to abandon their opposition while it was yet time; but this would have lost him the opportunity of such a famous *diatribe* on

"Shakspeare's Taste, and the Musical Glasses."
GOLDSMITH.

And the recommendation of *himself* no doubt among others, on any future occasion, "to be consulted *as persons who have directed their talents to such subjects, and learned, from an acquaint-*

ance with foreign countries, the principles on which the embellishment of our own must depend." The gallant Admiral, however, whose *deplorable want of taste* is so freely arraigned by this writer, has, I doubt not, good sense enough to despise so illiberal an attack; which savours more of a reclus book-worm of a university, who has studied Greek more than good manners, than a man of the world. I shall only add, that it is much easier to write in a closet fine-flowing periods respecting countries which the writer never visited,* and of pillars which he never saw, than to open his purse and pay five or ten guineas for a purpose which will bring no return.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

* Here "One of the Committee" is incorrect. He ought to keep to facts, and leave conjectures to less judicious persons. EDITOR.

THE MONASTERY.*

THE two most remarkable men of the present day are unquestionably the Duke of Wellington and the Author of *Waverley*; and in the history as well as in the extent of their reputations, it strikes us there may be discovered many points of coincidence. When Sir Arthur Wellesley sent home the despatches of *Vimeira*, and, in like manner, when *Waverley* was published, no one appeared to have the least suspicion what magnificent doings were in the hour of commencement. The most sanguine of true-hearted Englishmen never dreamt that the star of *Vimeira* was to shed its glory over *Talavera*, *Vittoria*, and *Toulouse*, and at last quench, in excess of light, at *Waterloo*, the long ascendant planet of Bonaparte. Nor did the most enthusiastic admirer of Scottish genius dare to prophecy, when he was first conducted into the castle of *Bradwardine*, that the same hand which had led him thither would guide him through a thousand successive scenes of equal or superior enchantment.—Every body admired the new novelist, and every one talked of him, but it was not even surmised among us that he was destined to overtop, as he has since done in all the noblest attributes of his art, all British novelists, and take his place at the summit of the most delightful, if not the loftiest, peak of the mountain of inspiration, with no peer at his side, save only the

kindred genius of Cervantes. The frequency of triumph has, in both cases, diminished wonder—for it is a troublesome thing to be always on the stretch of astonishment;—so the readers of romances now, like the readers of gazettes a few years ago, seem to have made up their minds to take all miracles as matters of course. Had the author given us only one or two of his works, we should have thought and talked of them, as a poor man would of a fortunate lottery ticket, or an excavated pot of gold nobles—but his liberality has made us come to think of his productions as of things that are simply our due;—if he did not give us two or three novels every year, we should probably be found accusing him of keeping back something from our lawful income;—at all events, we testify no more surprise, and not much more gratitude, when another three months bring another masterpiece, than a tradesman does when he is desired to carry home a stamp receipt to a good customer at Christmas. As for the critics—they are fairly left behind—the payments are made faster than they can register them, and they may say with *Othello*, that "their occupation is gone."

This new tale of *THE MONASTERY*, for after all we must say something of it, relates to the period of the reformation, and hinges, in some measure,

* Three Volumes 12mo. Edinburgh, Constable & Co., and John Ballantyne. 1820.

upon that event; but it by no means derives its chief interest from representing the collision of opinions which then took place. It is rather a sort of border legend, in which the Monks have only an incidental part to act; and its chief beauty consists in the fine fresh picture it reveals of the ordinary life and manners of various classes of Scottish society, not much, at all events, not very immediately or very consciously concerned, in the great decisions of thought which agitated the busy upper intellect of the age of Elizabeth and Mary. The scene lies chiefly at an old tower or *fortalice* situated among the heathy solitudes of the southern parts of Scotland; and the passions moved by the tale are such as might be expected from its locality. The scene, the incidents, the manners, and the passions of the piece, have all the appearance of being intensely familiar to the imagination of the writer—more so, indeed, we are inclined to think, than in any of his former works. It was probably the extraordinary exertions to which he had put himself in the composition of *Ivanhoe* that induced him to linger so very near home for a time after it was finished—to indulge himself after his bold and successful inroad into the rich fields of England, with the comparatively quiet enjoyments of his own Tweedside—to luxuriate over the silence of his own pastoral glens, the music of his own haunted mountain-brooks—and the calm domestic magnificence of that unrivalled landscape where the eye dwells with never-ceasing delight in the stately beauty of Melrose—

“Seen far and dim amid the yellow light.”

In a certain sense, too, (although there is no want of action and interest in the piece) it may be said, that the *reading* of the *Monastery* is a calm enjoyment compared with the reading of *Ivanhoe*. Nothing can be more delightful; but nothing at the same time can be more quiet. The different scenes spread themselves out in a fine variegated and easy succession; and there are few things in the progress of the plot that require either much stretch of attention or much exercise of recollection. No character entirely of a new species (with a single exception soon to be noticed) is brought upon the field; most of the personages indeed have a resemblance to some of those which have appeared

in the author's 'own novels or poems' before, and therefore the interest felt by the reader proceeds chiefly from the incidents by which the characters are put in motion. Now this is the species of novel which exacts least mental exertion from the peruser, and carries him smoothly along, by taking hold of his personal sympathies. To be amused with new combinations of character is a mere intellectual exercise; but the strongest excitement that can be drawn from reading is produced by being enthralled with the interest of events and of passions springing from situations. A good fiction of the latter sort (and the *Monastery* is an admirable one) goes through the mind like a salutary storm: It in some measure expends the activity of the passions without doing any mischief, supposing the incidents are so contrived as to bring the feelings which have been excited to a just and proper conclusion. Whatever violent emotions may have been awakened in the course of the narrative, its catastrophe should, if possible, beseech us to restore the mind to a state of equilibrium, and dismiss the reader satisfied with having seen out the moral tendency and natural results of the different impulses to which his feelings have been subjected—and in that point of view the saddest morals are very frequently the best.

The tale opens with a view of a little mountain *fortalice* on the domain of the Monastery of Kennaquhair—that is to say, of Melrose, tenanted by the widow of a church vassal, who has just been slain at the battle of Pinkie. The disturbed state of the country, during the occupation of a great part of its frontier by the English army of Protector Somerset, is dangerous, but doubly dangerous to those who have no guide or guardian like the inmates of this solitary mansion. The casual visit, therefore, of an English foraging party is sufficient to throw the widow of Simon Glendinning into deadly fear for herself and her children—but the commander of the troop, Stawart Bolton, has pity on the family of a soldier, and grants them a protection, which not only secures themselves from future insult, but attracts the envy of neighbours that had hitherto been accustomed to regard them as in all things greatly their inferiors. In the number of these is found no less a person than the lady of Avenel—the

widow of a powerful Baron, who also had fallen in the slaughter of Pinkie. This lady has only one child, a daughter, the rightful heiress of her father's possessions, but extruded from them (as was the custom of these turbulent days) by a fierce and cruel uncle, Julian of Avenel, the brother of the deceased Baron. The high-born dame, and her injured orphan, meditate only a temporary refuge in the favoured tower of Glendearg; but by degrees the two widows find themselves happy together, and Mary Avenel grows up to the verge of womanhood beneath the same roof with the two boys of Simon Glendinning, sharing in all their lessons and in most of their sports; the sisterly arbitress of all their disputes—and by degrees the object of more than brotherly love to them both. Halbert, the eldest of the boys, is high, haughty, active, spirited—Edward, the younger, calm of temper, studious, retreating, but both are generous, and both in their several ways are beautiful youths. Mary herself, timid and delicate, leans with the natural instinct of her sex to the robust stay; but the inequality of rank prevents either of her foster-brethren from expressing in words, feelings which, as yet, indeed, they themselves can scarcely be supposed to understand; their rivalry is not only quiet but almost unconscious, and scarcely disturbs for a moment the purity of their brotherly affection for each other. Their pursuits, however, are from infancy different, like their dispositions; and excepting the flow of domestic affections, and the warmer flow of their love, the boys have little in common.

Mary Avenel is about fifteen years old, when her mother's health, long feeble, begins entirely to give way, and a priest is sent from Melrose (for the Benedictines were willing to shew respect to the blood of a family that had of old enriched their Monastery) to attend her deathbed. But the Confessor discovers in her chamber a copy of the Bible in black letter, and clasped with silver, which he hears with grief and astonishment the lady has been in the custom of reading, and loses no time in returning to his abbey, with this alarming proof of the extent to which the new doctrines of the Reformation had been gaining ground, even in regions most within the control of the church. As he is about to ford the Tweed with the Bible in his arms,

a female, alone and in sorrow, requests him to convey her over; and the good-natured Monk allows her to mount on his horse behind him. They reach the middle stream in safety; but, suddenly, the horse plunges into the deepest water, and the female, standing up and singing, as he swims downward, in wild and fearful accents, is suspected by her companion to be some being of no mortal mould. He is plunged over head in the waters, and gives himself up for lost; but, by-and-by, finds himself lying safe on the shore, by the side of his Monastery, having lost nothing but the Bible, which has vanished along with his mysterious companion. The account he gives of his adventure is received with suspicion by his brethren, who naturally enough suppose that his fears had taken away from the accuracy of his perceptions; but the discovery of the Bible, in the Tower of Glendearg, is a thing not so easily to be got over; and to inquire into the history of that dangerous volume, and the extent to which it had been studied by the two families of the tower—the Sub-prior, who is in truth the moving and guiding spirit of his convent, immediately undertakes a journey in person. He arrives too late to witness the death of Lady Avenel; but, to his astonishment, if not to his terror, he finds the same book, which Father Philip had carried away, again lying in safety by the side of the bed on which her remains are extended. Unable to account for what he sees—for the whole family agree in saying that the book had been removed by Philip, and restored they knew not how—he once more gets possession of the clasped volume, and sets off on his return. The sagacious Sub-prior, however, fares no better than simple Father Philip. A strange form glides once and again before him on his path—he is thrown from his horse; and on reaching the abbey, finds that the Bible of Lady Avenel has been taken from him by the way. Having lived for many years in Rome, the accomplished and learned Eustace is free from the grosser superstitions of his order in Scotland; but there is something in all this that baffles his penetration. More than half convinced that some supernatural agency watches with peculiar attention over the family at Glendearg, he repeats his visits from time to time to that deserted

tower, and, by degrees, becomes deeply interested in the daughter of the house of Avenel, and the sons of Simon Glendinning. Edward, the younger of the boys, in particular, displays a turn and talent for study which captivates the zealous churchman, and he lends his best aid in directing his education.

The supernatural appearances, in the mean time, which first brought Father Eustace to be a visitor at Glendearg, have not been confined to him and Father Philip. Mary Avenel was born on All-hallow's Eve, and once, in privilege of that favoured hour, had seen the shade of her father—"a gentleman with a light breast-plate, like what I have seen lang syne when we dwelt at Avenel—* * * black-haired, black-eyed, with a peaked black-beard," said the child; "and many a fold of pearly round his neck and hanging down his breast over his breast-plate; and he had a beautiful hawk, with silver bells standing on his left hand, with a crimson silk-hood upon its head"—Twice had Halbert Glendinning seen a White Lady sitting by herself in the glen, wringing her hands and lamenting, and vanishing into thin air when he drew near. Once had he heard her voice. The first of these apparitions was nothing but what was quite in conformity with the popular belief concerning the mystical character of the Hallowed E'en;—the other—the apparition of the White Lady—was a circumstance more peculiar. The manner and occasion of the vision coincided with and confirmed the belief of the country-people, that a creature of some mysterious nature watched over the fortunes of the house of Avenel. Filled with this belief, young Halbert, in his love for the orphan of that lineage, dares to seek the scene of the White Lady's supposed abode, and to try the efficacy of a spell which, as she had herself told him, possessed the power of commanding her appearance.

"In the beginning of their studies, Halbert had been their school companion. But the boldness and impatience of his disposition, soon quarrelled with an occupation, in which, without assiduity and unremitting attention, no progress was to be expected. The Sub-prior's visits were at irregular intervals, and often weeks would intervene between them, in which case Halbert was

sure to forget all that had been prescribed for him to learn, and much which he had partly acquired before. His deficiencies on these occasions gave him pain, but it was not of that sort which produces amendment.

"For a time, like all who are fond of idleness, he endeavoured to detach the attention of his brother and Mary Avenel from their task, rather than to learn his own, and such dialogues as the following would ensue.

"Take your bonnet, Edward, and make haste—the Laird of Colmslie is at the head of the glen with his hounds."

"I care not, Halbert," answered the younger brother; "two brace of dogs may kill a deer without my being there to see them, and I must help Mary Avenel with her lesson."

"Ay, you will labour at the Monk's lessons till you turn monk yourself," answered Halbert—"Mary, will you go with me, and I will shew you the cushat's nest I told you of?"

"I cannot go with you, Halbert," answered Mary, "because I must study this lesson—it will take me long to learn it—I am sorry I am so dull, for if I could get my task as fast as Edward, I should like to go with you."

"Should you, indeed?" said Halbert; "then I will wait for you—and what is more, I will try to get my lesson also."

"With a smile and a sigh he took up the primer, and began heavily to con over the task which had been assigned him. As if banished from the society of the two others, he sat sad and solitary in one of the deep window recesses; and after in vain struggling with the difficulties of his task, and his disinclination to learn it, he found himself involuntarily engaged in watching the movements of the other two students, instead of toiling any longer.

"The picture which Halbert looked upon was delightful in itself, but some how or other it afforded very little pleasure to him. The beautiful girl, with looks of simple, yet earnest anxiety, was bent on disentangling those intricacies which obstructed her progress to knowledge, and looking ever and anon to Edward for assistance, while seated close by her side, and watchful to remove every obstacle from her way, he seemed at once to be proud of the progress which his pupil made, and of the assistance which he was able to render her. There was a bond betwixt them, a strong and interesting tie, the desire of obtaining knowledge, the pride of surmounting difficulties.

"Feeling most acutely, yet ignorant of the nature and source of his own emotion, Halbert could no longer endure to look upon this quiet scene, but starting up, dashed his book from him, and exclaimed aloud—"To the fiend I bequeath all books, and the dreamers that make them—I would a score of Southrons would come up the

glen, and we should learn how little all this muttering and scribbling is worth.'

"Mary Avenel and his brother started, and looked at Halbert with surprise, while he went on with great animation, his features swelling, and the tears starting into his eyes as he spoke.—"Yes, Mary—I wish a score of Southrons came up the glen this very day, and you should see one good hand, and one good sword do more to protect you than all the books that were ever opened, and all the pens that ever grew on a goose's wing."

"Mary looked a little surprised and a little frightened at his vehemence, but instantly replied affectionately, 'You are vexed, Halbert, because you do not get your lesson so fast as Edward can, and so am I, for I am as stupid as you—But come, and Edward shall sit betwixt us and teach us.'

"'He shall not teach me,' said Halbert, in the same angry mood; 'I never can teach him to do any thing that is honourable and manly, and he shall not teach me any of his monkish tricks.—I hate the Monks, with their drawing nasal tone like so many frogs, and their long black petticoats like so many women, and their reverences, and their lordships, and their lazy vassals, that do nothing but paddle in the mire with plough and harrow, from Yule to Michaelmas. I will call none lord but him who wears a sword to make his title good; and I will call none man but he that can bear himself manlike and masterful.'

"'For Heaven's sake, peace, brother,' said Edward; 'if such words were taken up and reported out of the house, they would be our mother's ruin.'

"'Report them yourself then, and they will be your making, and nobody's marring save mine own. Say, that Halbert Glendinning will never be vassal to an old man with a cowl and a shaven crown, while there are twenty barons who wear casque and plume that lack bold followers. Let them grant you these wretched acres, and much meal may they bear you to make your *brochan*.' He left the room hastily, and instantly returned, and continued to speak with the same tone of quick and irritated feeling. 'And you need not think so much, neither of you, and especially you, Edward, need not think so much of your parchment book there, and your cunning in reading it. By my faith I will soon learn to read as well as you; and—for I know a better teacher than your grim old Monk, and a better book than his printed breviary; and since you like scholar-craft so well, Mary Avenel, you will see whether Edward or I have most of it.' He left the apartment and came not again.

"'What can be the matter with him?'

said Mary, following Halbert with her eyes from the window, as with hasty and unequal steps he ran up the wild glen.—

'Where can your brother be going, Edward?—what book?—what teacher does he talk of?'

"'It avails not guessing,' said Edward. 'Halbert is angry—he knows not why, and speaks of he knows not what; let us go again to our lessons, and he will come home when he has tired himself with scrambling among the crags as usual.'

"But Mary's anxiety on account of Halbert seemed more deeply rooted. She declined prosecuting the task in which they had been so pleasingly engaged, under the excuse of an head-ache; nor could Edward prevail upon her to resume it again that morning.

"Meanwhile Halbert, his head unbattered, his features swelled with jealousy, and the tear still in his eye, sped up the wild and upper extremity of the little valley of Glendearg with the sped of a roebuck, chusing, as if in desperate defiance of the difficulties of the way, the wildest and most dangerous paths, and voluntarily exposing himself an hundred times to dangers which he might have escaped by turning a little aside from them. It seemed as if he wished his course to be as straight as that of the arrow to its mark.

"He arrived at length in a narrow and secluded *clough* or deep ravine, which ran down into the valley, and contributed a scanty rivulet to the supply of the brook with which Glendearg is watered. Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the tower, nor did he pause and look around him, until he had reached the fountain from which the rivulet had its rise.

"Here Halbert stopped short, and cast a gloomy, and almost a frightened glance around him. A huge rock rose in front, from a cleft of which grew a wild holly-tree, whose dark green branches rustled over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was in its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he now stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unwonted reflection of the sun was dancing in the pellucid fountain.

"'It is the season and the hour,' said Halbert to himself; 'and now I—I might soon become wiser than Edward with all his pains. Mary should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she reads, and point out every word and every letter—and she loves me better than him—I am sure she does—for she comes of noble blood, and scorns sloth and cowardice—and do I myself not stand here slothful and cowardly as any priest of them all?—Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape?—Already have I endured the vision, and why not again?—What can it do to me, who

am a man of lith and limb, and have by my side my father's sword? Does my heart beat—do my hairs bristle at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I face a band of Southron in flesh and blood? By the soul of the first Glendinning I will make proof of the charm!"

"He cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:

" 'Thrice to the holly brake—

Thrice to the well—

I bid thee wake

White Maid of Avenel.

Noon gleams on the Lake—

Noon glows on the Fell—

Wake thee, O wake,

White Maid of Avenel."

"These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a lady clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.

" 'I guess 'twas frightful there to see

A lady richly clad as she—

Beautiful exceedingly."

We have no inclination to damp the reader's curiosity by telling him all that passes between the spirit and Halbert after dinner. It is enough to know, that from the hours of this interview, the nature of the young borderer is entirely changed. High hopes, high ambitions, and high resolutions, fill his breast; and when he wonders at the conscious transformation, and some time after demands from the White Lady herself an explanation of its cause, it is thus she answers him:

"Ask thy heart, whose secret cell

Is fill'd with Mary Avenel!

Ask thy pride, why scornful look

In Mary's view it will not brook?

Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise

Among the mighty and the wise,—

Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—

Why thy pastimes are forgot,—

Why thou would'st in bloody strife

Mend thy luck or lose thy life?

Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,

Sighing from its secret cell,

'Tis for Mary Avenel."

But busier scenes of action are soon opened on him, in which he has abundant opportunity for displaying the elevating changes that have taken place in his character.

The solitude of the tower of Glendearg is broken, at the beginning of

the second volume, by the arrival of a succession of visitors. Of these, the first are the Miller of the Monastery (old Happer is his name) and his daughter, a rustic beauty and coquette, Mysie Happer, the queen of all the May-poles on the borders of the Tweed. The Miller's journey has been undertaken solely with the view of looking after his *mulctures*, but the hospitality of widow Glendinning is soon warmed into the excess of cordiality, by a notion which comes into her head of marrying Halbert and Mysie, and so putting a stop to those wild and unsettled longings after travel and adventure, which she is afraid may soon deprive her of the company of her son. The Miller seems to have no objections to this plan, which he soon detects; and on his return to the mill, leaves behind him his blooming damsel, to spend a few weeks at the Tower. The affections of the Maid of the Mill, however, are destined to be captivated by a more courtly swain.

This is Sir Piccie Shafton, a gallant of the highest fashion of the day, from the stately court of the virgin Queen of England; who, in consequence of his having been implicated in some of the plots of the Catholic noblemen of the northern counties, is forced to seek refuge for a season, from the vigilance of the English land marchers, in the territory of Scotland. The close connexion between Regent Murray and the government of Elizabeth, prevents him from putting himself within reach of the Scottish court, but he seeks and obtains such assurance of safety as the Monks of Melrose may be able to afford to a good Catholic, suffering under the effects of his aversion to the new doctrine of Protestantism. The Monks, however, dare not openly receive the fugitive within the walls of their Monastery, but they commend him to the hospitality of their remote vassal in the Tower of Glendearg, and he arrives there one fine summer morning, under the guidance of a bold borderer, Christie of the Clint-hill, (a modification of William of Deloraine) to astonish all the natives with his Italianized fopperies, and above all, to work sad havoc in the susceptible heart of Mysie Happer. This maiden is by far the best Scottish lassie the author has ever painted. She inspires, indeed, less respect than Jeanie Deans, but she is infinitely

more captivating; and, on the whole, her love for the gay Sir Piercie Shafton, and his mulberry-coloured velvets, slashed with white satin, is viewed by the reader with more sympathy than the attachment of Jeanie to Reuben Butler, the Dominie of Libberton. Accustomed only to the sight of country herds and border marauders, she has the misfortune to contemplate Sir Piercie in one of his most irresistible suits, and gazes so long that her whole soul loses itself among the hues exhibited by this glowing Phœbus. The Knight, in the meanwhile, is far from dreaming of the effect his charms are producing on the heart of the "Molendinary Rustical," (for so in his Euphuistic tongue he calls her) he condescends to make his court to no less a person than the young lady Avenel, and even that is merely *pour passer le temps*. Mary listens to the fine hyperbolic unintelligible phraseology then in fashion among the dandies of England, with perfect indifference; but not so her lover, Halbert Glendinning. Stung to madness by the cool contempt with which himself is treated by the new inmate of his paternal Tower, and jealous of the effect of his finery in the eyes of his mistress, the boy does all he can to provoke a quarrel,—but in vain. At last he has recourse once more to the well-known spell, and the White Lady of the Fountain. She gives him a silver bodkin from her hair, the sight of which, she assures him, will effectually rouse the wrath of the stranger; and Halbert is not long of trying the efficacy of this expedient. The history of this charmed influence is not explained; but the moment Sir Piercie sees the bodkin, certain it is his rage passes all bounds, and a challenge forthwith is given and received, to fight out the quarrel at day-break in the glen. The same day the Abbot of Melrose comes in person to meet Sir Piercie at the Tower, and the visit is described with much truth and humour.

"The smoking haunch now stood upon the table; a napkin, white as snow, was, with due reverence, tucked under the chin of the Abbot by the Refectoryer; and nought was wanting to commence the repast, save the presence of Sir Piercie Shafton, who at length appeared, glittering like the sun, in a carnation-velvet doublet, slashed and puffed out with cloth of silver, his hat of the newest block, surrounded by a hat-band of goldsmith's work, while around his neck he wore a collar of gold, set with rubies and

topazes so rich, that it vindicated his anxiety for the safety of his baggage from being founded upon his love of mere finery. This gorgeous collar or chain, resembling those worn by the knights of the highest orders of chivalry, fell down on his breast, and terminated in a medallion.

" 'We waited for Sir Piercie Shafton,' said the Abbot, hastily assuming his place in the great chair which the Kitchener advanced to the table with ready hand.

" 'I pray your pardon, reverend father and my good lord,' replied that pink of courtesy; 'I did but wait to cast my riding slough, and to transmute myself into some civil form meet for this worshipful company.'

" 'I cannot but praise your gallantry, Sir Knight,' said the Abbot, 'and your prudence also, for chusing the fitting time to appear thus adorned. Certes, had that goodly chain been visible in some part of your late progress, there was risk that the lawful owner might have parted company therewith.'

" 'This chain, said your reverence?' answered Sir Piercie; 'surely it is but a toy, a trifle, a slight thing, which shews but poorly with this doublet—marry, when I wear that of the murrey-coloured, double-piled Genoa velvet, puffed out with cyprus, the gems, being relieved and set off by the darker and more grave ground of the stuff, show like stars giving a lustre through dark clouds.'

" 'I nothing doubt it,' said the Abbot, 'but I pray you to sit down at the board.'

"But Sir Piercie had now got into his element, and was not easily interrupted.—'I own,' he continued, 'that slight as the toy is, it might perchance have had some captivation for Julian—Santa Maria!' said he, interrupting himself; 'what was I about to say, and my fair and beauteous Protection, or shall I rather term her my Discretion, here in presence—Indiscreet hath it been in your Affability, O most lovely Discretion, to suffer a stray word to have broke out of the pen-fold of his mouth, that might overleap the fence of civility, and trespass on the manor of decorum.'

" 'Marry!' said the Abbot, somewhat impatiently, 'the greatest discretion that I can see in the matter is, to eat our victuals being hot—Father Eustace, say the Benedicite, and cut up the haunch.'

"The Sub-prior readily obeyed the first part of the Abbot's injunction, but paused upon the second.—'It is Friday, most reverend,' he said in Latin, desirous that the hint should escape, if possible, the ears of the stranger.

" 'We are travellers,' said the Abbot in reply, '*et viatoribus licitum est*—You know the canon—a traveller must eat what food his hard fate sets before him.—I grant you all a dispensation to eat flesh this day, conditionally that you, brethren, say the Confiteor at curfew time, that the knight

give aims to his ability, and that all and each of you fast from flesh on such day within the next month that shall seem most convenient; wherefore fall to and eat your food with cheerful countenances, and you, Father Refectioner, *da mixtus*."

"While the Abbot was thus stating the conditions on which his indulgence was granted, he had already half finished a slice of the noble haunch, and now washed it down with a flagon of rhenish, modestly tempered with water.

"Well is it said," he observed, as he required from the Refectioner another slice, that virtue is its own reward; for though this is but humble fare, and hastily prepared, and eaten in a poor chamber, I do not remember me of having had such an appetite since I was a simple brother in the Abbey of Dundrennan, and was wont to labour in the garden from morning until noon, when our Abbot struck the *cymbalum*. Then would I enter keen with hunger, parched with thirst, (*da mihi vinum quæso, et merum sit*), and partake with appetite of whatever was set before us, according to our rule; feast or fast-day, *caritas* or *penitentia*, was the same to me. I had no stomach complaints then, which now crave both the aid of wine and choice cookery, to render my food acceptable to my palate, and easy of digestion."

"It may be, holy father," said the Sub-prior, "an occasional ride to the extremity of Saint Mary's patrimony, may have the same happy effect on your health as the air of the garden at Dundrennan."

"Perchance, with our patroness's blessing, such progresses may advantage us," said the Abbot; "having an especial eye that our venison is carefully killed by some woodsman that is master of his craft."

"If the Lord Abbot will permit me, said the Kitchener, "I think the best way to assure his lordship on that important point, would be to retain as a yeoman-pricker, or deputy-ranger, the eldest son of this good woman, Dame Glendinning, who is here to wait upon us. I should know by mine office what belongs to killing of game, and I can safely pronounce that never saw I, or any other *coquinaris*, a bolt so justly shot. It has cloven the very heart of the buck."

"What speak you to us of one good shot, father," said Sir Piercie; "I would advise you that such no more maketh a shooter, than doth one swallow make a summer—I have seen this springald of whom you speak, and if his hand can send forth his shafts as boldly as his tongue doth utter presumptuous speeches, I will own him as good an archer as Robin Hood."

"Marry," said the Abbot, "and it is fitting we know the truth of this matter from the dame herself, for ill-advised were we to give way to any rashness in this matter, whereby the bounties which heaven and our patroness provide might be unskilfully

mangled, and rendered unfit for worthy men's use.—Stand forth, therefore, Dame Glendinning, and tell to us, as thy liege lord and spiritual Superior, using plainness and truth, without either fear or favour, as being a matter wherein we are deeply interested, Doth this son of thine use his bow as well as the Father Kitchener avers to us?"

"So please your noble fatherhood," answered Dame Glendinning, with a deep courtesy: "I should know somewhat of archery to my cost, seeing my husband—God assolvie him!—was slain in the field of Pinkey with an arrow-shot, while he was fighting under the Kirk's banner, as became a liege vassal of the Halidome. He was a valiant man, please your reverence, and an honest; and saving that he loved a bit of venison, and shifted for his living at a time as Border-men will sometimes do, I wot nought of sin that he did. And yet, though I have paid for mass after mass to the matter of a forty shilling, besides a quarter of wheat and four firloths of rye, I can have no assurance yet that he has been delivered from purgatory."

"Dame," said the Lord Abbot, "this shall be looked into heedfully; and since thy husband fell, as thou sayest, in the Kirk's quarrel, and under her banner, rely upon it that we will have him out of purgatory forthwith—that is, always providing he be there. But it is not of thy husband whom we now devise to speak, but of thy son; not of a shot Scotsman, but of a shot deer.—Wherefore I say, answer me to the point, is thy son a practised archer, ay or no?"

"Alack! my reverend lord," answered the widow; "and my croft would be better tilled, if I could answer your reverence that he is not. Practised archer!—marry, holy sir, I would he would practice something else—cross-bow and long-bow, hand-gun and hack-but, falconet and saker, he can shoot with them all. And if it would please this right honourable gentleman, our guest, to hold out his hat at the distance of an hundred yards, our Halbert shall send shaft, bolt, or bullet through it, (so that right honourable gentleman swerve not, but hold out steady,) and I will forfeit a quarter of barley if he touch but a knot of his ribbands. I have seen our old Martin do as much, and so has our right reverend the Sub-Prior, if he be pleased to remember it."

"I am not like to forget it, dame," said Father Eustace; "for I knew not which most to admire, the composure of the young marksman, or the steadiness of the old mark. Yet I presume not to advise Sir Piercie Shafton to subject his valuable beaver, and yet more valuable person, to such a risk, unless it should be his own especial pleasure."

"Be assured it is not," said Sir Piercie Shafton, something hastily, "be well as—

sured, holy father, that it is not. I dispute not the lad's qualities, for which your reverence vouches. But bows are but wood, strings are but flax, or the silk worm excrement at best; archers are but men, fingers may slip, eyes may dazzle, the blindest may hit the but, the best marker may shoot a bow's length beside. Therefore will we try no perilous experiments."

"Be that as you will, Sir Piercie," said the Abbot, "meantime we will name this youth bow-bearer in the forest granted to us by good King David, that the chase might recreate our wearied spirits, the flesh of the deer improve our poor commons, and the hides cover the books of our library; thus tending at once to the sustenance of body and soul."

"Kneel down, woman, kneel down," said the Refectioner and the Kitchener, with one voice, to Dame Glendinning, "and kiss his lordship's hand, for the grace which he has granted to thy son."

"They then, as if they had been chaunting the service and the responses, set off in a sort of duetto, enumerating the advantages of the situation.

"A green gown and a pair of leathern gally-guskins every Pentecost," said the Kitchener.

"Four marks by the year at Candlemas," answered the Refectioner.

An hogshhead of ale at Marttemas, of the double strike, and single ale at pleasure, as he shall agree with the Cellarer."

"Who is a reasonable man," said the Abbot, "and will encourage an active servant of the convent."

"A mess of broth and a dole of mutton or beef, at the Kitchener's, on each high holiday," resumed the Kitchener.

"The gang of two cows and a palfrey on Our Lady's meadow," answered his brother officer.

"An ox-hide to make buskins of yearly, because of the brambles," echoed the Kitchener.

"And various other perquisites, *quæ nunc præscribere longum*," said the Abbot, summing, with his own lordly voice, the advantages attached to the office of conventual bow-bearer."

Halbert Glendinning, however, having resisted all these fascinating offers, leads out Sir Piercie at dawn of day, on pretence of a hunting-match, and conducts him instinctively, as it were, to the brink of the haunted fountain in the glen of the fairies. On reaching that sequestered spot, both are alike astonished to find a grave ready dug by the side of the mysterious well, but Halbert, more accustomed to wonders, soon believes that this is the work of the White Lady, and never doubts that it is destined to receive either his own corpse or that of his antagonist.

They fight.—And in spite of the skill of the Euphuist, Halbert runs him through the body at one bold pass. The Knight lies weltering in gore upon the sod, and the agony of the peasant is as impetuous as his rage had been before.

"He spurned his bloody shoe from his foot, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impatience of his despair, and with the rash hardihood which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud, 'Witch!—Sorceress!—Fiend!—art thou deaf to my cries of help, and so ready to appear and answer those of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy holly-bush, and leave thy haunt as waste and bare, as thy fatal assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!'—This furious and raving invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a hollo, from the gorge of the ravine. 'Now may Saint Mary be praised,' said the youth, hastily fastening his sandal, 'I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this fearful extremity.'"

He rushes down the valley, and ere long meets a solitary traveller, whose aid he implores for the wounded Englishman. The traveller is old, however, and feeble, and sometime elapses ere they reach the scene of strife—where, strange to tell, almost all traces of the work of blood have already vanished—the grave, which had been seen open before the combat, is filled up and covered again with its dissevered sod—and Halbert shudders at the rapidity with which the fate of his adversary has been buried in dust and oblivion. He is comforted in his despair by the old traveller, who turns out to be Henry Warden, one of the early reformers then newly arrived in Scotland to assist in completing the great work of Knox. Halbert understands little, and cares less, about the new creed preached to him by the gospel, but he easily perceives that the old man has reason on his side, when he points out to him the necessity of avoiding the tower of Glendearg, and the territories of the Monastery which he has so grievously profaned—and joins the journey of Warden, who conducts him, by the close of the same evening, to the castle of Avencel, the residence of Mary's uncle Julian. A quarrel, however, which occurs between the reformer and this ferocious

baron, in consequence of the freedom with which the former rebukes the latter for the licentiousness of his life, converts the castle of Avenel into a place, not of refuge, but of captivity, for both Halbert and his companion. Unable to make any bodily exertion in his own behalf, the old man submits, for the present, to his fate, but the ingenuity and strength of Halbert place escape within his reach.—He receives, from Warden, letters of recommendation to the Regent Murray—and having swam the loch in which the castle is situated, sets out on his journey to the capital of Scotland.

The family at the tower, in the meantime, are waiting, hour after hour, in anxious suspense for the return of Halbert and their guest—of neither of whom any thing has been seen or heard during the whole space of the day. The reader already knows what has become of Halbert, but he will be surprised to hear that Sir Piercie Shafton is the first, after all, who returns to the tower. It is night-fall ere he arrives—he comes in alone, sound in health to all appearance, save one scar on his breast, which has not the look of a new one, but his clothes betray traces of blood, and the suspicion of the family is naturally excited that his quarrel of the evening before has terminated in combat, and that the young peasant has fallen by the hand of this accomplished swordsman. In vain does Shafton invoke all the powers of Heaven to witness that the only wound received in the combat had been that on his own breast. The appearance of the scar gives the lie to what he asserts, and Edward Glendinning assuming, in his turn, a character of unwonted ardour and determination, prepares to sacrifice the stranger to the manes of his murdered brother. Eustace, the sub-prior, however, has learned, as we have seen, to believe in the presence of some more than natural influences in the valley of Glendearg. Without believing the story of the Englishman, he cannot help thinking that it deserves, at least, to be examined into, and insists that Sir Piercie shall be kept in safe durance till morning, when the scene of strife may be examined, and the offender handed over to the arm of the Lord Abbot's jurisdiction. By the weight of influence

he has acquired over his pupil Edward, he at last, with great difficulty, prevails—and Shafton is guarded, during the night, by the brother and a strong party of his kinsmen and neighbours, all, like him, burning to revenge the death of Halbert. The widowed mother fills the tower with her lamentations—while Mary of Avenel retires to her solitary chamber to devour her yet deeper grief in silence.

It is now that the love of Mysie Happer is to show itself in all its force. While thoughts of grief or of vengeance fill all the rest, her gentle breast is penetrated with fears for the gallant Euphuist, for whose violence, even supposing it to have terminated in the death of Glendinning, she thinks there is much excuse to be made, on account of the rudeness with which that rash youth had provoked his temper on the evening preceding the duel. By some accident she has been shut up in an inner closet, communicating with the rest of the house only through the apartment in which the prisoner passes the night—her maidenly modesty and awkwardness prevent her from coming forth in proper time before the knight goes to bed; but being there, and knowing what is to be done on the morrow, she gradually begins to think that she ought, if possible, to convert her own casual confinement into a means of extricating Sir Piercie from his more serious and more dangerous durance. Having, at length, summoned up resolution to arouse him from his slumber, she communicates, in a whisper, the plan that has occurred to her, and being seconded by the dexterity of Shafton, contrives to have him shuffled out along with herself, after she has prevailed on the guards of the door to open and permit her exit from a place which she represents as pregnant with innumerable terrors to her modest imagination. Having once got him fairly out of his chamber, his escape from the tower itself is a matter of comparative ease. After a variety of skilful manœuvres, she gains possession of the keys of the *fortalice*—sets Sir Piercie free—locks and double locks the gates upon them that might pursue, so as to retard them, at least, some hours—and it ends by her mounting, *en croupe*, behind the Euphuist, whom she offers to con-

duct beyond the limits of immediate danger.

Her behaviour during this ride is admirably represented; but at last they must part—they have reached the open country on the Tweed, and Shafton may easily pursue his course without her aid.

We regret that we have not room for this most animated and amusing picture, but we cannot think of destroying it by abridgment.

The end of it is, that Sir Piercie, in spite of his high blood, begins to be in love with Mysie—she assumes the disguise of a peasant lad, and attends him on a borrowed nag on the road to Edinburgh, for within the walls of that capital the Englishman has now resolved to take his chance of safety.

Halbert Glendinning, meantime, has joined the train of the Regent, and attended him in an expedition against some feudal disturbers of the public peace in Galloway. The company he keeps here—the sense of his obligations to Warden—and his remembrance of the black-letter Bible of the mother of Mary Avenel—gradually make him in heart a Protestant—and there is good prospect of his gaining some preferment in the employment of the Lord James. One morning, while he is waiting in the Regent's anti-chamber, Lord Morton arrives with news which deeply interest his master—and no less deeply interest him. A variety of events have been taking place in the southern part of Scotland, which loudly call for the Regent's personal presence in that quarter—and the seat of disturbance is no other than the Halidome of Melrose—the native scene of young Glendinning.

The protection afforded by the Monks of Melrose to Sir Piercie Shafton, having reached the ears of Sir John Foster the English Warden, he resolves, in compliance with the strict commands of his queen, to make an inroad upon the Scottish border, and obtain the body of the fugitive, dead or alive, *vi et armis*. The Monks are thrown into the utmost alarm by the news of his preparations. The abbot, in particular, a good natured man, designed only for quiet days, is utterly confounded by the accumulation of troubles which are now gathering around him—a Protestant count on one side, watching only for an opportunity to rob his Monastery of its

possessions—heresy spreading fast and far among the lower orders of the people in his neighbourhood—and last not least, an English armament, about to levy war upon the Halidome. In the despair to which these entangled evils reduce him, he feels his own unfitness for wearing the mitre in such turbulent days, and with the approbation of his community, resigns in favour of the active, intrepid, and unwearied Sub-prior Father Eustace. The new Abbot loses no time in making what preparations he can for the defence of his possessions—the Vassals of the Monastery are all summoned, and Julian of Avenel is hired by him to take the command of a force, not unequal to that which Sir John Foster is expected to lead over the Border. Sir Piercie Shafton having been overtaken by the Abbot's emissaries, as a fugitive from justice, is now in the Monastery—and offers his aid, which the churchmen do not think it prudent to refuse in this day of danger, whereof he himself has been the chief cause. The news of these active preparations on both sides being brought to young Glendinning's master, the Regent is anxious to hurry on and prevent effusion of blood between the Scots, and the subjects of his own ally, the English Queen. They make a forced march—but ere they reach the territories of the Monastery, they meet numbers of Scottish kinsmen flying visibly from a yet unfinished field; and unable to push on his main body, the Regent despatches Halbert with a score of horse to visit the scene of slaughter, and if possible, arrest the fury of the combatants.

He arrives not in the field till the battle is over, and it is strewn with its bloody relics. Among these, he discovers upon the heath, Julian of Avenel, dying in the arms of a woman whose honour he had abused, and whom he had thrown from him in scorn, but who, like the Clare of Marmion, is the only attendant of his last moments of agony. While he is witnessing this terrible scene, the whole of which is in the author's very grandest manner, a party of English horsemen surround him, and he is conducted into the presence of Sir John Foster—whom he informs, to his confusion, of the near approach of the Regent. That wary statesman, however, although much offended with the pro-

ceedings of the English captain, has no inclination to carry the feud farther, reserving the whole affair to be arranged between himself and the English queen hereafter. The whole party then proceed to the Abbey of Kennaquhair, where the Abbot Eustace proposes to meet them, not with any demonstration of resistance, but with the true weapons of his order, *precibus et lacrymis*. For the time he and his Abbey are spared, in spite of the indignation manifested by the more violent Protestant lords and ministers in the train of the Regent. The Novel concludes with the marriage of Halbert Glendinning and Mary Avenel, who has now, in consequence of the death of Julian, been replaced in her rightful inheritance, and whom the indulgence of Murray enables to please herself in the disposal of her hand. Sir Piercie Shafton, we are sorry we must tell this part of the story so briefly—enters at the same time into the same blessed state. His pride has in various ways been sorely humbled, and he is contented in his humbler mood to make the Maid of the Mill Lady Shafton, and to settle with her on the soil which has afforded him protection amongst many dangers. Edward Glendinning, the brother of Halbert, buries the disappointment of his love in the cloister of Kennaquhair, while the reformer Warden, who had fallen into the hands of Abbot Eustace, and been gently treated by him, on account of old friendship at college, regains his liberty, and sets off for Edinburgh in the company of Moray. Such is the conclusion of the present tale, but there are various circumstances which lead us to suspect that we shall hear more of some of its most important personages. The Abbot Eustace, and the fate of his community—the future progress of Warden, and the work of the Reformation—these, and many other things, on which the imagination of the reader is compelled to dwell at the very close of the narrative, are destined, we would hope, to be taken up again in the next Novel of the series—whose title, we already hear it whispered, is to be *THE ABBOT*. The troubles of the Catholic churchmen, are as yet only opened upon our view. In the beginning of the Monastery, we find them as in Ivanhoe, living in all luxury—their eating especially, is inordinate—and the Abbot,

as we have seen, carries his sentiments of cloister piety so far as to consider it a sin and an abusing of the bounties of Providence to taste any thing ill dressed, or a whit out of season. But as the tale goes forward, we behold these scenes of tranquil enjoyment grievously disturbed by the rising storms of the Reformation, whose first champions and preachers must no doubt have been regarded by the Monks as dreadful opponents, not only in their quality of controversialists, but on account of their Spartan severity and simplicity in living. The specimen of the manners of these new adversaries, given us in Warden, is probably a very favourable one. His character is such, as to impress us with the utmost respect—but, perhaps, the author has had this effect too exclusively in his view—and, as it is the gospeller, leaves by no means so vivid an image on the mind as was done by some of the covenanting Puritans of “Old Mortality.”

In the hour when the last heir male of the house of Avenel dies, the White Lady terminates her mysterious existence. A girdle which she wears, originally of thick and twisted gold, has now, in the course of ages, been worn to a single gossamer thread—and that snaps in twain at the moment when Julian breathes his last upon the field of combat; and every obstacle is thereby removed from before that union of Halbert and Mary Avenel, for which her own early counsels had paved the way. The whole conduct and language of this strange creature are most beautifully conceived; and surely the termination of her career is no less so; yet we know not whether, after all, her agency is perfectly in harmony, either with the scene or the time of the Novel. She seems to be of nature somewhat similar to the fairy order of beings, or rather, she is like the fountain nymphs of the ancients, who attached themselves to some particular spring; but then she is the solitary spirit of her spring and holly-tree, and thus the idea is more solemn and romantic than that of the Naiads, who were supposed to dwell together in groups among the watery pools, and could scarcely therefore be conceived of, as residing, like a spiritual presence, in the physical objects to which they attached themselves. It is probable, that the author might have done well to engraft this idea of such a personage

more closely upon some of the native superstitions of Scotland, for wherever the præternatural is made use of, it is an object of great importance to draw it from some popular idea, generally recognised, and well established in common association. But certainly the idea of an unknown spirit attaching itself to a solitary fountain, is one so natural and so fine, that it can never be felt as remote from the taste of any people where the natural beauties of

the earth have not been changed by any human cultivation, and where the gentle characteristics of virgin nature are impressed with the fervour of passion on the young imaginations of dwellers in the wilderness. Critics may dispute—but the fancy of him that reads to be delighted, will often return with a pensive awfulness to the ethereal vision which watched over the deep blue waters of the well of Corri-nan-shie.

THE WARDER.

No V.

HE THAT SOWETH INIQUITY SHALL REAP VANITY; AND THE ROD OF HIS ANGER SHALL FAIL.
PROVERBS XXII 8.

DISCOMFITURE and misfortune seem to be the unfailing portion of our modern Whigs. They cannot venture upon a few pages of speculation but there instantly arrives some untoward event to rend the goodly fabric to pieces; they must not dare to prophesy, for there seems to be an invariable sequence established betwixt their prediction and the most mortifying refutation: An eternal war prevails betwixt the train of their thoughts and the actual course of affairs; and the very breath of their maledictions against government seems to waft to it some new element of strength and of triumph. The Whigs will never do as practical statesmen, till they can either obliterate every trace of their parole and written wisdom for the last thirty years, or cancel from the volume of history the memorable transactions of that bold and busy period. The text and the comment—the argument and the illustration—the prediction and the event—stand in such uniform and merciless hostility to each other, that nothing short of the magnanimity of the Whigs themselves could witness the collision with composure. Not to go back upon the countless struggles of this kind of an earlier date, which—like the pigmy skirmishes of the Saxon barbarians, that baffled the grasp of Milton—defy even all intelligible enumeration, we shall confine ourselves for the present to a very fresh and notable example of the Whiggish fatality to which we allude, given in the number of the Edinburgh Review just published—which contains an elaborate piece of mockery of “the recent alarms;”

manufactured, no doubt with infinite toil, just when the London conspirators were preparing for the work of blood,—and felicitously coeval in the date of publication with the discovery of the most hideous plot that has been hatched for centuries past in the bosom of England.

The near approach of a general election, in which the Whigs have already desecrated the indications of their further and rapid decline, has no doubt inspired this act of fatal temerity. They feel that they are descending fast in public opinion. In their despair this unhappy writer rushes to their aid; but so rude and clumsy is his grasp, that instead of raising, he only pushes them farther into the abyss. The fatal fondness and destructive co-operation of some sorts of friendship, was never more strikingly exemplified than in this instance. Just when all the thoughtful and truly able men of the party were ruminating in repentant seriousness over the errors committed by them during the last Session of the Parliament now dissolved—errors which have planted a deep distrust of them in every patriotic bosom, and severed from their confederacy some of its most vigorous and noble limbs;—just when the rebuked and drooping genius of opposition was meditating some shew of atonement for the past, and preparing some plausible explanation to meet the frowning aspect of its offended constituents—out comes this well-timed and judicious manifesto, in which the entire policy of the very wildest of the party, during the last Session of Parliament, is indiscri-

minately vindicated, and the alarms which shook the universal loyalty and patriotism of the country are treated with coarse and characteristic derision. The unstained purity—the blameless innocence of motive and of action on the part of the radical reformers, are boldly assumed, in this elaborate tissue of Whiggism, at the very moment that their daggers were beginning to bristle through its apertures, and were just about to be buried in the heart of the commonwealth.

Next to the manner in which the Whigs treat their country in its greatest perils, the most revolting feature in their character is, the coarse and insolent way in which they are accustomed to demean themselves towards such of their friends as, in obedience to the call of patriotism, dare, in some great emergency, to abandon their unholy alliance. How Lord Grenville should have ever become a *Whig*, is, we confess, past our comprehension, except upon the hypothesis now daily verifying, that the name is without meaning, and that, in enduring the appellation, you are neither required to adopt a principle nor to change an opinion. *That* must be a generic term of very wide and indiscriminate comprehension indeed, which could include at once Lord Grenville and Mr Brougham—or Mr Waithman—or Sir Robert Wilson. What community of sentiment or of aim can subsist betwixt the high-spirited and accomplished baron, and the bustling third-rate commoner—or the stirring and loquacious citizen, pure alike in his elocution and his patriotism—or the radical chevalier, full of that beautiful equality presented to his supernumerary speculation in the Guerilla bands or Cossack hordes with which his genius has been so deeply conversant? Lord Grenville must indeed have felt strange in the trammels of so unnatural a connexion. He could not forget the distinguished part which he had formerly acted, or the mighty spirits with whom he had consulted for the safety and the glory of his country; and while he found himself surrounded with the vanity and the vulgarity of the underlings of opposition, the disciple of Burke, and the honoured coadjutor of Pitt, must have felt an inward shrinking from the profane contact, and sighed for the hour which was to rescue him from the intolerable bondage.

VOL. VI.

In revenge of this defection, the Edinburgh Reviewer exhausts his ill-suppressed rage against the conduct and character of the noble Lord. He draws a melancholy picture of the present state of Lord Grenville's understanding, which, he insinuates, has been utterly wrecked and overthrown by the influence of the most groundless and womanish terrors. With what sensations must the proud baron listen to the plaint of this semi-jacobin critic over the imaginary ruins! With what indignation and remorse must he learn, that the laborious advocate of the Whiggish cause, which he recently honoured with the sanction of his name, has dared to make the free exercise of his judgment upon a great crisis of his country's affairs, the pretence for an imputation against him of insanity, springing from the most ignoble of all causes, the immeasurable and helpless imbecility of fear! Lord Grenville has thus been enthroned, by the zeal of his Whig friends, as the prince of alarmists,—the hoary monarch of all that is antiquated, credulous, and doting, in the land. He must be more or less than man ever to forget this,—the more especially as the unenviable distinction has been the reward of his firm adherence to principles which formed the very *pith* of the earliest shoots of his political genius, and belonged to the essence of his system, in the freshest and most vigorous period of his career. It is honourable to this distinguished Statesman, that, in the great and leading articles of his political creed, there has been no change or relaxation; for the most severe and unanswerable censor of the Mr Grenville of other times, would have been the Lord Grenville of this day, leagued with the opposition in their patronage of the radical reformers. Then, indeed, might the Pitt and Grenville bills have been denounced as measures of the most unblushing tyranny, upon the evidence of their only surviving author,—the terrors of Jacobinism might have been ridiculed as a mere pretext,—and the long and deadly war of principle would have been waged in vain. For if he who was at that troubled season foremost to decry and to avert the danger—who saw deepest into its nature, and made the largest demands upon the national vigour for repelling it—had been also

the first and most conspicuous to cover with ridicule the apprehension of its renewed assaults, and to do all but welcome its kindred forms—the danger indeed would not have been the less real or terrible; but the people would have been slow to take the announcement of its advance from the presiding minds of their statesmen, whom it might have been difficult, in such circumstances, to avoid regarding either as the guilty instruments or the compassionate victims of delusion.

The opinions of Lord Grenville, however, have undergone no change upon the leading points of our national policy, which must deeply infuse themselves into, and visibly colour the whole tenor of the practical administration of affairs. In what manner the Noble Lord could reconcile this profound and unswerving consistency with his recent personal and party affinities—how the most resolute foe of Jacobinism could endure even the most temporary alliance with its English defenders—how he could suffer himself to be eulogised by the panegyrist of the ferocious Carnot, and the advocate of the ultra-jacobin Bonaparte, who is, peradventure, the same redoubted journalist and orator that has returned, in the paper before us, to his more natural vocation of abusing one of the most distinguished anti-jacobins of England—how the champion of institutions and of order could brook an alliance with the bigots of experiment and mutation—we profess not to explain or understand. Surely the alliance was pre-eminently unnatural:—that it has suffered recent disruption, is not so much a matter of surprise as that it should have admitted of so long an apparent conservation. It was at the mercy of every breath of popular discontent, in which the one party to this strange connexion was pledged upon principle, to recognize only the rightful spirit of freedom, while the other could not help occasionally perceiving the tainted blast of anarchy. We know of no question of state almost, with which those irreconcilable principles ought not to have mingled; and when we are now informed, upon the authority of Lord Grenville himself, that his apprehensions of danger from the gathering elements of popular discontent have suffered no abatement of intensity throughout the course of his political

career,—that they draw back to the beginning of Europe's troubles, and have been deepened and aggravated by the whole course of her recent history,—that while side by side with William Pitt, he guarded the ramparts of Britain's power, no less than in his mysterious retirement with his new associates, they have been the constant inmates of his breast,—while we must know what to think of the spurious defence of this memorable coalition, which has been reiterated *ad nauseam* in the Edinburgh Review, and which ascribed it to the fortunate extinction, produced by the course of events, of all the material differences of opinion that had so long separated the great party-leaders,—our wonder must only be increased, that so radical a division of sentiment should have admitted of a moment's compromise, while our confidence is rendered complete, that the mighty breach has at last been opened, never again to be closed.

The political offences of Lord Grenville are traced up by his reviewer to their source, in the school of Edmund Burke, whose hallowed shade is impiously evoked to sustain the insolence of Whiggish derision. The student of his works, upon whom the loftiness of his imagination, and the serene grandeur of his intellect, have left a suitable impression, will fancy to himself the scornful composure with which he would have bidden away from him the tame vulgarity of his assailant's arguments, and the impertinent freedom of his buffoonery. He will imagine how the high and haughty thought, solicitous of the real dignity, and prescient of the coming destiny of the species, would, as it rushed through the fervid spirit of the sage, have embraced and dissolved the petty cavils of the earth-born critic. He will imagine him absorbed in high communion with the spirit of wisdom, undisturbed by the inaudible murmurs of dissent, as they rise from the immeasurable depths, at the bottom of which it has been the will of nature to station this pert censor of his opinions, and forward detractor from his fame. It is not to the man who can quibble about the failure of emigrant expeditions, or exult over the partial success of Jacobin audacity, that it has been given to fathom the mighty mind of Burke—to sound the depth, or appreciate the magnificence of his views. It was Burke's to grapple with the un-

dying and all-pervading spirit of the mighty evil of which he devoted himself to the abatement; the power of this narrow and acrimonious censor is bounded to the humbler function of toiling after the material shapes and sensible details in which it develops itself. The critic is "of earth, earthy,"—and let him not be forgetful, therefore, of the humility of his *caste*, and the insuperable mediocrity of his destination. Although, with the common perspicacity of a peasant's gaze, he may have marked the movements and recorded the vulgar epochs of revolution, let him not presume, in any other attitude than that of reverence, to approach the mighty spirit of him who has left in his works an entire chart of the interesting phenomena, exact in science, perfect in comprehension, and richly illuminated with the unfading colours of genius.

We know not, we confess, why the partial abandonment of Mr Burke's system by the restored government of France, should be welcomed with such an air of triumph as it appears to be by this reviewer. The unmeasured abuse of the French emigrants has ever been a favourite topic with our English Jacobins, just because they have been unfortunate, we suppose, and may, it is thought, be abused with impunity. The gentle and forgiving temper of the Revolutionists and Bonapartists, so fully exemplified in the late history of Europe, has ever been discreetly and modestly contrasted with the bloody and vindictive spirit of the Royalists, thirsting for power and plunder, and eyeing in perspective the mangled victims of their superannuated rage. The Jacobins of France knew well that they had committed crimes to satiety, and that some slight retaliation might be expected, even from the subdued and broken spirit of their Royalist victims; and while their hands were yet red with blood, and their hearts all but glutted with plunder, they began to set up a cry about the horrors of retaliation, which they pretended to deprecate, although they did not dread them, just that they might have a pretext for trampling in the dust those who had already been so long bowed down by adversity. The English Jacobins loudly echoed the cry of their French brethren, and have endeavoured to misrepresent the Royalists as an epi-

toime of all that is stupid and implacable. The restored monarch of France, if he did not, as indeed he could not, believe those vulgar and revolting calumnies, seems, however, to have been intimately persuaded, from the moment of his return to France, that he was treading upon half-extinguished embers, and to have been treacherously advised that the admission of the Royalists to favour would prove the spark which should rekindle the flames of rebellion. The result of such councils upon his first restoration was to enclose him in a circle formed of all the putrid glitter of revolution, which was quickly dissolved for the exemplification of new and frightful treasons. But terror or infatuation appears to have mastered his better understanding—experience has lost with him its ordinary power of instruction. The same fatal empiricism has made him reiterate the experiment of alienating himself from the steadfast and persecuted friends of his house, and confiding in the treachery of a gang of adventurers, whose hearts overflow with the blackest hatred of his name and dynasty; and the natural result has been, that, after a series of giddy rotations, ominous to the stability of his throne, and of which the King himself has been the sport rather than the constitutional spring, the array of high and titled traitors round his person, rather appearing to vouchsafe to him their protection, than to win his favour by their merit or fidelity, has nerved the murderous hand of a kindred but vulgar being to perpetrate a frightful crime, of which the avowed object was the utter extinction of the Bourbon race. It was with its usual felicity that the Edinburgh Review seized such a moment to boast the partial triumph of the Revolution—to assert the preferable claims of its worthies over the insulted and persecuted Royalists—and to exult in the abandonment thus far of Mr Burke's system, to whose sound and honest advice, as deducible from his immortal works, had the restorers of the French monarchy listened, they would not assuredly have left to the world the revolting spectacle, or the contagious example, of successful crime—nor to the unhappy King of France the odious protection of insolent and menacing villany.

We scorn to wade through the details brought forward by the Reviewer relative to the recently buoyant, and we suspect, yet lurking spirit of discontent in this country. Here he is quite at home, intrenched in documents to the teeth, and quietly performing behind the curtain all the usual party operations of misrepresenting, extenuating, distorting, and confounding evidence. To reconsider, in detail, a cause upon which the Parliament and the people of England have pronounced their solemn judgment, and upon which events have so recently spoken in terrible confirmation of the award, accords with the distinguished modesty of the Edinburgh Review alone, but would scarcely be reconcilable with the pretensions of any other journal. That there was nothing to create alarm or to justify precaution in the state of the country at the meeting of last Session of Parliament, is a proposition bearing so much absurdity in its very announcement, that after all that has already passed upon the subject, it is difficult to know how to deal with it. Would our readers *now* endure an operose and technical dissection of the evidence with which they have for months past been made acquainted through speeches, pamphlets, newspapers, and all sorts of publications, and which, after all, only vouches for events of which the spectacle was familiar to many, and the horrid din audible to all whose ears were not sealed in factious incredulity?

But without descending to the now unprofitable details, or disturbing the deep conviction of the public mind by examining the solitary scruples of an Edinburgh Reviewer, we may notice one or two points of a more general nature, which mark the spirit of this impartial censor of public measures, and decide the confidence to be reposed in his conclusions. He does not complain that the evidence laid before Parliament is scanty, or that the mass of discontent which it embraces was not sufficient to excite reasonable apprehension; but he insinuates that the evidence is not *credible*; and why? Because, *forsooth*, it did not pass the ordeal of cross-examination, and come forth to the public purified by the and the sarcasms of opposition. et committee and a green bag

are the eternal theme of such battered jokes as the genius of the Whigs is competent to supply; and yet it is only in a committee that witnesses can be interrogated, or the secrets of treason effectually extorted. The recent case which demanded the notice of Parliament was of a different nature; government was in possession of conclusive evidence, composed in general of deliberate statements proceeding from the magistracy of the land, and communicating full and circumstantial information of transactions, of which, in their appalling outline, no human being could be entirely ignorant. These documents they accordingly laid before Parliament, and demanded its interposition. But this open and public form of procedure has not satisfied the Reviewer:—nay, with the most whimsical inconsistency, he appears all of a sudden to have caught an affection for secret committees and green bags, so lately the objects of his abhorrence. They are better, he thinks, than the official and solemn reports of magistrates who have not been personally subjected to the acute and sifting cross-examination of Mr Brougham (we suppose); and who, it seems, are not to be believed, because they have been allowed to give their deliberate narration without the interruption of captious remark, and, it might be, of studied insult. The notable proceeding of a full inquiry and examination of witnesses, not by committees, but by Parliament itself, being no less indispensable, in the opinion of this Reviewer, to the credibility of the story, than it is, for obvious reasons, unsuited to the urgency of a great crisis, and impracticable in the prospect of an approaching insurrection, it seems to follow, that discontents and plots must just be put down without being either proved or believed by a sound Whig, and that the legislature must even go on to provide for the safety of the country, while the Reviewer continues *his* appropriate function of cavilling at its encroachments.

There are one or two other points which deserve notice. This sagacious censor travels through the evidence applicable to large and thickly peopled districts of the country, as if he were talking of some paltry village or depopulated parish, or as if it were necessary to the vindication of the mea-

sures which he assails, that the whole or the greater part of the country, should be proved to have been in a state of actual insurrection. No one ever insinuated any thing so absurdly alarming, or which, in the reality, would have been so fatal to the prosperity of the commonwealth. The mighty interests which are bound up with the preservation of the public tranquillity require, that we should watch the smallest dot on the horizon, indicative of the coming storm. The ministers would be traitors to their country, who could permit sedition to increase in boldness and in strength, till, with the erect front of actual rebellion, it should dare to grapple with the laws. The conflict must be begun; a decisive blow must be struck; while there is yet an immeasurable inequality betwixt the contending parties, or the warfare can close only in disgrace and

ruin. That, in the case before us, there was rather more of questionable forbearance than of censurable temerity on the part of government, will be acknowledged by all who, in their estimate of the game of revolution, do not forget to reckon its cost and its perils. Nor will their conviction be greatly staggered by recollecting, that the same amazing wiseacre who has recorded his mockery of the alarms of 1819, has also, with singular felicity, revived his long buried joke about "the Magazine in the foot of an old stocking," of 1817, just when some of the owners of that Magazine, with a few kindred spirits, were quietly assembled in Cato Street, over a Magazine a little more various and formidable, and were commencing the proof of their *innocence* amid the emblems of conspiracy rapidly to consummate it in assassination and blood.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Jamson's Geognosy.—Professor Jamson's elementary work on geognosy, will appear, we understand, in the month of May. A work of this description is at present rather a desideratum in our mineralogy, and is more particularly demanded at present, as the publication of the learned Essays of the distinguished President of the Geological Society of London has, we believe, induced many, through want of attention to the scope of Mr Greenough's views, to abandon this important and beautiful branch of natural history as vague and unsatisfactory.

Discovery of the Oriental Emerald Mines. It is very interesting to learn, with accuracy, the situation of the oriental mines of the emerald, to be able to explain where the Greeks and Romans found this mineral, as they could not be acquainted with the only place where they are now found in Peru. From the latest accounts, M. Cailliot, who has been sent by the Pascha of Egypt to look for the ancient emerald mines, has been so fortunate as to discover them in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea, which pretty nearly agrees with their site as given by ancient writers.

New set of Rocks discovered in Iceland.—Menge, a German mineralogist, has discovered in Iceland an extensive formation of rocks, resembling basalt on the one hand, and cava on the other, and which he proves to have been formed by the agency of hot springs.

An Institution is about to be formed in Glasgow for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts. It is proposed to have apartments for the display of productions of Painting, &c., and an annual exhibition. Much may be expected from this, considering the well-known liberality and intelligence of the Glasgow public.

Cadmium.—Dr Clarke of Cambridge has discovered the metal named Cadmium, in the radiated blende of Derbyshire.

Imitation of Cameos, Agates, &c.—There is something very curious in the conception, and very fortunate in the success, if it be at all equal to what is reported of an attempt to imitate cameos of different colours as they appear in certain antique gems. It has occupied the attention of M. Dumerlan of Paris, and his endeavours have succeeded. This amateur has long been conversant with divers branches of antiquities; particularly with medals and engraved stones. After having taken impressions by means of moulds, from the original cameos, he gives them the various colours of agates and sardonyxes, by a faithful imitation of the layers of colouring matter interposed, or even *superposed*, with their clouds and other accidents. Under a glass these copies represent their originals so perfectly as to deceive the eye; and connoisseurs may now indulge themselves, not, as before, with simple impressions, but with *fac similes* of these antiquities. The inventor has formed an extensive collection; and sells selections,

more or less numerous, at the pleasure of the purchaser.

Earthquake at Copiapo.—Three dreadful earthquakes took place at Copiapo, on the 3d, 4th, and 11th of April. The whole city is said to have been destroyed by these awful visitations. More than three thousand persons were traversing the neighbouring plains, flying from the desolation which had been produced. It appears, according to all the accounts, that the inhabitants had time to save their lives, but only their lives.

Petrified City.—The enterprising traveller, Mr Ritchie, who proceeded, some time since, with an expedition from Tripoli, for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, writes as follows, "As one of my friends desired me to give him, in writing, an account of what I knew touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days journey from Tripoli by caravan to the south-east, and two days journey south from Ouguela, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that is to say, That it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small streets therein, furnished with shops, with a large castle magnificently built: That he had seen there several sorts of trees, the most part olives and palms, all of stone, and of a blue, or rather lead colour: That he saw also figures of men, in postures of exercising their different employments; some holding in their hands staffs, others bread; every one doing something; even women suckling their children; all of stone: That he went into the castle by three different gates, though there were many more: That there were guards at these gates, with pikes and javelins in their hands. In short, that he saw in this wonderful city, many sorts of animals, as camels, oxen, horses, asses, and sheep, and various birds, all of stone, and of the colour above-mentioned."

Mineral Animal Matter.—Zoogene.—Sig. Carlo di Gimbernat has discovered a peculiar substance in the thermal waters of Baden and of Ischia, of which he gives the following description in the *Giornale di Fisica*. This substance covers, like an integument, many rocks in the valleys of Senagalk and Negroponte, at the foot of the celebrated Epomeo, beneath which mountain the poets confine Typhon. It is remarkable, that in this very place should be found a substance very similar to skin and human flesh. One portion of this mountain, that was found covered with this substance, measured 15 feet in length by 24 in height. It yielded, by distillation, an empyreumatic oil; and, by boiling, a gelatine, which would have sized paper. I obtained the same results at Baden. It may therefore be considered as confirmed, that an animal matter is present in these thermal springs, which, being evaporated, becomes condensed in

their neighbourhood. To this principle I give the name of "Zoogene."

The editors of the *Giorn. Fis.* state, that they have seen the substance obtained by M. Gimbernat, and that, externally, it has the appearance of real flesh covered with skin.

Isle of Elba.—Magnetism.—Baron de Zach announces in his "Correspondence," vol. i. that the opinion long entertained, that the Isle of Elba, from the quantity of iron ore found on it, and especially Mount Calamita, (supposed to be a solid mass of loadstone,) has a sensible effect on the mariner's compass, is unfounded. Mr Charles Rumker in 1818 could not find, at the distance of two or three or four nautical miles, the declination of his needle affected in the least by the action of the island.

Mean Temperature of the Earth.—According to Laplace, any actual diminution of the mean temperature of the earth would be detected by a diminution of the length of the day. It appears by computation, that one degree of Fahrenheit's Thermometer would make an alteration of nearly one second in the length of a day, and four or five minutes in that of a year.

Comparative Strength of Europeans and Savages.—M. Peron, the naturalist, has had occasion to observe, that men in a savage state are inferior in strength to men civilized; and he has demonstrated, in a very evident manner, that the improvement of social order does not, as some have pretended, destroy our physical powers. The following is the result of experiments which he has made on this subject with the Dynamometer of M. Regnier (described Phil. Mag. Vol. I.)

Comparative Experiments on the Strength of Europeans and Savages.

		For	
		With	Hands.
Savages	Of D'emen's Land	50.6	0 0
	New Holland...	51.8	14.8
	Timor	16.2	16.2
Europeans	French	69.2	22.1
	English	71.4	25.8

Conversion of Wood, &c. into Sugar.—Dr Vogel, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has submitted to a careful examination, in the Laboratory of the Academy of Munich, the surprising discovery of Mr Braconnot of Nancy, of the effects of concentrated sulphuric acid on wood and linen. He has not only fully confirmed this discovery, so as to lay before the Academy an essay on the subject, and show the products resulting from the original experiments, but also extended his own experiments, with equal success, to other similar vegetable substances—such as old paper, both printed and written upon, and cut straw. By diluting the sulphuric acid with a due addition of water, saw dust, cut linen, paper, &c. were converted into gum and saccharine

matter. It must excite great interest in all reflecting minds, to see an indissoluble, tasteless substance, like the filaments of wood, converted, by chemical re-action, into two new bodies, and chemistry thus exercise a power, which, but lately, appeared to belong to nature alone, and in particular to vegetation. For this artificial formation of sugar and gum, now discovered, must not be confounded with the extraction of these two substances from bodies in which they already existed, a process which has been known from time immemorial. What has now been discovered, is a transformation, a metamorphosis, of which the most ingenious chemist had previously no idea; and it affords a new proof of the boundless extent of the domain of practical chemistry. A paper upon Dr Vogel's repetition and investigation of Mr Braconnot's experiments, and those added by himself, is promised in one of the next numbers of the *Journal of Arts and Manufactures*, published by the Bavarian Polytechnic Society.

Dry Rot.—This destructive enemy of buildings, which generally commences its ravages in the cellars, may be prevented, or its progress checked, by white-washing them yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

New Rockets.—Capt. Schumacher, brother of Professor Schumacher, astronomer royal at Copenhagen, has invented a new kind of rocket, which is said greatly to surpass the Congreve rockets, both in their force and in the accuracy with which they may be thrown. The king of Denmark has established a new corps of artillery (*Roketer corps*), commanded by Captain Schumacher, whose business is to throw these rockets. They ascend to a very great height in the air, and when they have reached the highest point, a globe of fire makes its appearance, which is so vivid, that it may be seen at the distance of 70 miles. From an experiment made with them in the island of Hjelms, they were seen distinctly by his brother at Copenhagen, a distance of 17½ German miles.

Ancient Copy of Homer.—There has recently been discovered in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, a manuscript copy of the *Iliad* of Homer, of the fourth century, with sixty pictures, equally ancient. The characters are square capitals, according to the usage of the best ages, without distinction of words, without accents or the aspirates; that is to say, without any sign of the modern Greek orthography. The pictures are upon vellum, and represent the principal circumstances mentioned in the *Iliad*. M. ANGELO MAIO, professor at the Ambrosian College, has caused the manuscript to be printed in one volume, with the engravings from the pictures, and the numerous *scholia* attached to the manuscript. These new *scholia* fill more than thirty-six pages in large folio; they are all of a very ancient period, and the greater part of them are by

authors anterior to the Christian era, and to the school of Alexandria. The authors quoted, are one hundred and forty in number, whose writings have been lost, or are entirely unknown. The manuscript, however, does not contain the *Iliad* entire, but only the fragments which relate to the pictures.

Death of Ritchie the African Traveller. We lament to state, that Ritchie, the English gentleman employed by the African Association, has fallen a sacrifice to the climate of Africa a few weeks after his departure from the coast. We trust the African Society will henceforth abandon all future attempts in this quarter, and employ those willing to embark in their desperate although highly meritorious undertakings in some other part of Africa, where the climate is less fatal, and the chance of success greater.

New Kind of Bank Note which cannot be Forged.—Among the improvements of the day, not one appears to attract more notice than the Siderographic Art, which has been introduced into this country, by Messrs Perkins and Fairman.

The principal object to which this invention has been applied, is to secure paper currencies from forgery; and, we believe, the most sanguine expectations of the inventors have been realized, as in no one instance has a successful attempt been made to counterfeit their most simple notes.

A short account of the invention will illustrate the value which is attached to it, and the advantages that will result from its introduction into this country.

The chief merit of this invention consists in its power to multiply engravings of the most exquisite, as well as those of inferior kinds, and substituting steel in place of copper-plates in certain cases.

This process of stereotyping the fine arts, is simple, and easily understood, and is effected in the following manner:—Steel blocks or plates are prepared in a peculiar way, of sufficient softness to receive the tool of the engraver, who is able to produce upon them even better and sharper work than upon copper. This block or plate is then hardened by a new process, without injury to the most delicate lines. A cylinder of steel, of proper diameter and width, is then prepared to receive the impression on its periphery in relief. This is effected by being applied to a singularly constructed press, invented expressly for the purpose. The cylinder is then hardened, and fac-similes may be produced upon steel or copper-plates *ad infinitum*; and in this way, bank note plates may have the talents of the most eminent artists in England transferred to them. The great advantage of this invention, as applied to secure bank notes from forgery, is, that it produces perfect identity in all the notes, and admits of a test, whereby each note may be identified, as all the notes may be perfectly alike, except the de-

nomination ; and every individual who will take the trouble to furnish himself with an original impression from any one of the *test dies*, may, by comparison, determine whether the note is genuine or not.

This invention appears capable of putting an entire stop to the forgery of *all* paper securities, of whatever description.

We understand with pleasure, that the proprietors of this patent have formed a connexion with Mr Charles Heath, an eminent engraver of this metropolis, and intend to have an extensive and permanent establishment in London, for the purpose of executing work for public or private Banking Institutions, and also *all* engravings of which a great number of impressions are required, which will enable them to furnish the work of the best artists at the price paid for that of a very inferior kind.

Messrs Perkins and Fairman, it was generally expected, would have had the contract with the Bank of England for furnishing their new notes. Their plan has received the approbation of the most eminent artists of this country, who have signed a testimonial of its excellence and its capability of answering the end proposed.

The report, however, from the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty, precludes that hope for the present.

Iron Bridges.—A memorial of some interest has been presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, on the subject of wrought-iron bridges, by M. Poyett, architect to the Minister of the Interior, and to the Chamber, and a member of the Institute. "I propose," says he, "to

substitute for stone bridges, (the enormous expense of which renders the construction of an adequate number impracticable,) bridges of wrought iron, which are as strong as stone bridges, and may be built at one-fifth of the expense. If, instead of constructing these iron bridges on stone piles, wood were substituted for the stone, the expense would be diminished one-half ; and thus we might have ten wooden bridges for one of stone. The principal advantages of the bridges are : 1. Great strength ; each arch bearing the weight of a million of killogrammes, (984 tons, 7 cwt.), without the necessity of constructing abutments for the support of the last arch. 2. The piles may be raised at the distance of thirty or forty metres, (98 to 130 feet,) from each other, which must of course diminish expense, and facilitate navigation. 3. The bridge may be constructed with great expedition, because the iron is wrought in the usual way, and only a slight scaffold is requisite for raising it. 4. It may be repaired without obstructing the foot-path or carriage-way. 5. It may be raised or lowered at pleasure, leaving only the piles standing, which must prove a vast advantage on frontier rivers in time of war. 6. A portion of the bridge may be raised between two piles, sufficient for the passage of ships."

Shower of Black Dust.—During the night of Tuesday, 16th November, there fell, in the township of Broughton, North America, on the south shore, so great a quantity of a black powder, as completely to cover the snow which was then on the ground.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE *Memoirs* of the late Richard Lovell Edgeworth, which will soon appear, are by himself, and continued by Miss Edgeworth. In a former Number it was erroneously stated, that they were written entirely by that distinguished Female.

The Third and Fourth Cantes of Don Juan are advertised by Mr Murray as in the press.

Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, with twenty-four coloured views ; by E. E. Vidal, Esq.

Two additional Books of the Historical *Memoirs* of Napoleon, by himself, may be soon expected.

Coronalia ; or an Historical Account of Crowns and Coronations ; by Mr Scott, author of the *Digest of Military Law*, &c.

A new and uniform edition of the *Works* of Dr Jeremy Taylor, in fourteen octavo volumes, with a life ; by the Rev. Reginald Heber, A. M.

An *Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance* ; by Mr Forster, author of *Essays on the Decision of Character*, &c.

A new edition of Bisset's *Reign of George III.* in seven octavo volumes.

In great forwardness, at the Lithographic Press, a series of characteristic Portraits of the Cossacks attached to the Russian army in 1815 and 1816, with ample details of the history, manners, and customs of the different tribes to which they belonged, in one volume, imperial octavo.

Mr Sharon Turner's third edition of the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, in three volumes octavo, is nearly ready. It will contain an addition of several observations and dialogues of our King Alfred on the subjects discussed by Boethius—a fuller analysis of the heroic poem on Beowulf—a larger view of the Witena-gemot or Anglo-Saxon Parliament—and a detail of the population of the Anglo-Saxons.

A Picturesque Tour over Mount Sempion, from Geneva to Milan, in one volume royal octavo, with thirty six coloured engravings.

Cromwell; or the Adventurer; by Mr Corry.

Sketches from St George's Fields; by Giorgioni di Castel Chiuso, with twenty vignettes.

Remarks on the Church and Clergy; by Mr J. E. Shuttleworth.

The Christian Family Assistant; by H. L. Popplewell; with An Historical Essay on Prayer, by Ingram Cobbin.

A second edition of Dr Aikin's Annals of George III. brought down to the present time.

The third and fourth volumes of the Rev. Robert Stevenson's Scripture Portraits, will appear in the Course of the spring.

A new edition of Mr Jolliffe's Letters from Palestine, will soon be ready.

The final volume of Mr Morell's Studies in History, will be published in April.

The Rev. J. Gibbart of Dublin, will shortly publish a series of connected Lectures on the Holy Bible.

An edition of Cicero's Works, complete in 11 volumes; by Dr Carey, Editor of the Regent's Pocket Classics.

The History of the Zodians; a fictitious narrative, designed to illustrate the natural origin of public institutions; by the Rev. J. Clark, author of the Wandering Jew.

A Series of Portraits of the most eminent Foreign Musical Composers, with a short Biography, No 1. 7s. Proof impressions of the plates, 9s. each.

The personal history of King George III. undertaken with the assistance of persons officially connected with the late King; and dedicated, by permission, to his present Majesty; by Edward Hawke Locker, Esq. P. R. S., handsomely printed, with portraits, fac-similes, &c. in 4to.

The Fall of Jerusalem, a Dramatic Poem; by H. H. Milman, M. A. author of Fazio, 8vo.

An account of the Abipones, an equestrian people in the interior of South America, translated from the original Latin of Martin Dobrishoffer, one of the Ex-Jesuits, twenty-five years a Missionary in Paraguay, 2 vols 8vo.

"The Abipones have been in one thing fortunate above all other savages; for the

history of their manners and fortunes, by Martin Dobrishoffer, a German Jesuit, who devoted the prime of his years to the task of converting them, and in old age, after the extinction of his order, found consolation in recording the knowledge which he had so painfully acquired, and the labours which had been so miserably frustrated, is, of all books relating to savage life, the most curious, and, in every respect, the most interesting."—SOUTHEY's *History of the Brazils*.

Royal Military Calendar, Army Service Book, and Military History of the last Century. Containing the Services of all the General and Field Officers of the Army, Narratives of all the Battles and Sieges of the last Century, Biographies of deceased and retired Officers; &c. &c. By Sir John Philippart, Librarian to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. Third Edition. 5 vols 8vo.

In the press, Memoirs of his late Majesty George III.; by John Brown, Esq. author of the Northern Courts.

The Orientalist; or, Electioneering in Ireland; a Novel; in two volumes.

A Treatise on the Nature of Scrofula, in which an attempt is made to account for the Origin of that Disease, on new principles, illustrated by various Facts and Observations, explanatory of a method for its complete Eradication, &c.; by William Farr, (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London) Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

Early in the month will be published, Chevy Chase, the second edition, with other Poems.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, in 1819; by James Strachan, bookseller, Aberdeen.

Dr Charles Hastings, physician to the Worcester Infirmary, has in the press, in 1 vol. 8vo, a Treatise on Inflammation of the Mucous Membrane of the Lung, to which is prefixed, an Experimental Inquiry into the General Nature of Inflammation, and the Contractable Power of the Blood Vessels.

In the course of the month will be published, the First Part of a History of England, during the reign of George III. The work will be written with the strictest impartiality, and embellished with numerous Portraits and other Engravings.

EDINBURGH.

THE Abbot, by the Author of the Monastery, we understand, is already in the press.

An Account of the Fishes found in the River Ganges and its Branches, with Engravings, executed in the best manner, from original Drawings; by Francis Hamilton, M.D. F.R.S. Lon. and Edin. 4to.

Dr Cook, Laurence Kirk, has for several years been preparing, and has now nearly ready for the press, "A General and Historical View of Christianity," comprehend-

ing its origin and progress—the leading Doctrines and forms of Ecclesiastical Polity that have been founded on it, and the effect which it has produced upon the moral and political state of Europe. The work will be comprised in 3 vols 8vo.

The History of the Indian Archipelago. By John Crawford, Esq. F.R.S. Late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java. 3 vols 8vo. With illustrative Map and Engravings.

An Account of the Arctic Regions, including the Natural History of Spitzbergen and the adjacent Islands, the Polar Ice, and the Greenland Seas; with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. Chiefly derived from Researches made during Seventeen Voyages to the Polar Seas. By William Scoresby, Jun. F.R.S. E. 2 vols 8vo. With numerous Engravings.

A Journey in Carniola and Italy, in the Years 1817-1818. By W. A. Cadell, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols 8vo. With numerous Engravings.

Preparing for publication, the Theological Lectures of the late Rev. Principal Hill of St Andrew's.

Dr Cook also intends to submit to the public, a Biographical Memoir of the late Venerable Principal Hill.

The Poetical Decameron; or Conversations on English Poets and Poetry, particularly of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple. 2 vols post 8vo. (Nearly ready.)

In the press, and shortly will be published, Sermons, by Ministers of the General Associate (Antiburgher) Synod, in 2 vols 12mo.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, by the Rev. W. M. Wade, (Author of "Walks in Oxford,") a Second and concluding volume to the History of Renfrewshire. The work will be published in a 4to volume of 400 pages, with 24 plates, drawn and engraved by W. H. Lizars. Demy quarto, L.1, 11s. 6d. Royal, L.2, 12s. 6d. or with Proofs on India paper, L.3, 13s. 6d.

Tales of the Sempstresses. 2 vols post 8vo.

The Poems of Alexander Montgomerie, Author of The Cherrie and the Slae.

These Poems will be accurately printed from a MS. presented by the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, to the Library of the University of Edinburgh. As the impression is to be very limited, gentlemen wishing to secure copies are requested to send their names to the publishers, without delay. The price will not exceed 12s.

The Rev. William Taylor, Jun. D. D. of St Enoch's Church, Glasgow, has in the press a Sermon, occasioned by the death of his Majesty, King George the III.

Mr G. A. F. Jehring, a native of Germany, residing in Glasgow, has now in the press a German Grammar, on an entirely new plan. This work presents, in a tabular arrangement, at one view, the declensions and conjugations—the governing and compounding prepositions—the transpositive conjunctions, and various orders of constructions. The whole is illustrated under appropriate divisions, by copious examples printed in italic characters, and with the pronunciation marked in a way so simple, as to be easily understood even by the youngest pupils, and thereby rendering it peculiarly adapted for private as well as for public study. Several literary persons who have seen the MS. are of opinion, that it is superior to any existing grammar; and that it will effectually remove the difficulties which the English student has had to encounter, in acquiring a perfect knowledge of that language.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

A New System of Cultivation without lime, or dung, or summer fallow; by Major-General Beaton. 8vo.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A general Catalogue of new and second-hand Books, by J. Dowding, 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

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The public and domestic life of his late Majesty, George III.; by Edward Holt, Esq. 8vo.

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The Life of John Sebastian Buck, by Dr Forkel; translated from the German, 8vo. 6s.

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On the present and past Participles of the French Language; by M. Maillard, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Stephens' Greek Thesaurus, No IX. It will be seen by this Number, that the Editors have adopted a new arrangement, calculated greatly to accelerate the future progress

of the Work, and insuring its completion within narrower limits.

The copies which belonged to deceased subscribers may be had at L.1, 5s. small, and L.2, 12s. 6d. large paper. The price will be soon raised to L.1, 7s. and L.2, 15s. Subscribers, of course, remain at the price at which they originally enter. Each part will contain 200 pages on an average, after this. Nos I. to IX. contain about 9000 words omitted by Stephens. The copies printed are strictly limited to the number of subscriptions. Total subscribers, large and small, 1083.

The Delphini and Variorum Classics, Nos XI. and XII. Containing the conclusion of Caesar, and the commencement of Juvenal. The present price is L.1, 1s. small, and L.2, 2s. large paper. The prices will be shortly increased, as very few copies remain unsold.

Nos. XIII. and XIV. will appear at the end of March.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—March 13, 1820.

Sugar. There has been some fluctuation in the price, and demand for this article. At the date of our last report, the market wore a favourable aspect. It afterwards became languid, and prices depressed. Within these few days the demand has, for Mascavadoes, become more animated, and the prices more steady. From the last advices from the Continent, the Refined market is become more languid.—*Molasses* are steady, and in fair request. As we anticipated, the accounts from the islands are by no means favourable. The crops must both be short and unusually late. From this circumstance we may fairly calculate upon the Sugar market remaining steady, and its business in general revives, that the demand and prices will increase.—*Cotton.* The market for Cotton continues languid and depressed. The importations have of late been considerable, and the quantity of East India Cotton on hand is so great, that it must, for a long time to come, keep the market in a languid state. The quantity expected from America is very considerable. The demand for internal consumpt also cannot be increased.—*Coffee.* This article continues to fluctuate greatly: every thing concerning it depends upon the advices from the Continent, which must fluctuate greatly, according as the supplies arrive from different parts of the world. These are lately become very great, and a large portion of the Coffee trade is now wrested from our hands. The consumpt on the Continent of Europe continues to increase.

In all the other articles of Commerce it is scarcely possible for us to make a single remark. Every thing continues in the former languid state, nor is there the smallest appearance of any immediate revival, at least to any considerable extent. In the manufacturing districts more work has lately been doing, but at no advance for the price of labour. The accounts from foreign markets continue dull and unsatisfactory, without any cheering rays to dispel the gloom. We stated our opinion on these matters at such length in our last report, that it is unnecessary for us again to enter upon the subject. Every thing since has but tended to confirm what we there said. Some time must yet pass before we see any material revival of trade.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 25th Feb. 1820.

	1st.	8th.	11th.	22d.	25th.
Bank stock,	221 20	222 1/2	—	223 1/2	—
3 per cent. reduced,	68 1/2	68 1/2 9	68 1/2 9	69 1/2 4	68 1/2 1
3 per cent. consols,	67 1/2	68 1/2 8	68 1/2 1	68 1/2 1/2	68 1/2 1
3 1/2 per cent. consols,	76 1/2 7	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
4 per cent. consols,	80 1/2	81 1/2 5	81 1/2 4	81 1/2 3	81 1/2 2
5 per cent. navy ann.,	102 1/2 3	102 1/2 3	102 1/2 3	103 1/2 1/2	103 1/2 1/2
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.,	—	67 1/2	—	—	—
India stock,	209	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	15 13 pr.	14 15 pr.	14 pr.	15 14 pr.	13 12 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d. paid,	3 4 pr.	4 2 pr.	2 2 pr.	1 pr. 1 dis.	2 dis. 1 pr.
Consols for acc.,	—	—	—	—	—
American 3 per cent.,	63	63	66	—	—
French 5 per cent.,	—	73 fr. 80 c.	72 fr. 90 c.	—	—

Course of Exchange, March 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Ex. Hamburgh, 36 : 5. Frankfurt, 152 Ex. Paris, 25 : 20. Bordeaux, 25 : 50. Madrid, 34 effect. Cadiz, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ effect. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 17. Genoa, 41 $\frac{1}{2}$. Malta, 16. Naples, 38 $\frac{1}{2}$. Palermo, 116s. per oz. Oporto, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$. Rio Janeiro, 55 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dublin, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. per cent. Cork, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, 1530m. 20 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. New doubloons, £3 : 15 : 6. New dollars, 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

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	LIVERPOOL.			GLASGOW.			LONDON.		
SUGAR, Musc.	60	to	65	58	to	61	51	to	54
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	76		80	65		70	54		57
Mo. 1000, and fine ind.	81		85	—		—	58		61
Fine and very fine, . . .	81		85	—		—	58		61
Refined Brown, Loaves . .	150		155	—		—	—		—
Do. for India, . . .	158		162	—		—	90		111
Do. for India, . . .	160		162	—		—	—		—
Small, cwt.	92		98	—		—	100		—
Large, cwt.	92		98	—		—	98		—
Curried, cwt.	18		20	—		—	2		—
Noted As. 18, 1820, cwt.	70		71	60		60	—		—
Noted As. 18, 1820, cwt.	70		71	60		60	—		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	90		122
Mo. 1000, and fine ind. . .	—		—	—		—	128		145
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	115		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	116		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	117		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	118		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	119		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	120		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	121		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	122		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	123		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	124		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	125		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	126		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	127		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	128		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	129		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	130		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	131		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	132		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	133		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	134		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	135		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	136		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	137		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	138		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	139		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	140		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	141		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	142		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	143		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	144		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	145		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	146		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	147		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	148		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	149		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	150		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	151		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	152		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	153		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	154		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	155		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	156		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	157		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	158		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	159		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	160		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	161		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	162		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	163		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	164		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	165		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	166		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	167		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	168		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	169		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	170		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	171		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	172		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	173		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	174		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	175		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	176		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	177		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	178		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	179		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	180		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	181		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	182		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	183		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	184		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	185		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	186		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	187		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	188		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	189		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	190		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	191		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	192		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	193		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	194		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	195		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	196		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	197		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	198		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	199		—
Curried, cwt.	—		—	—		—	200		—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of January and the 23d of February 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Amistead, W. Snyland, Halifax, worsted-spinner
 Balmie, J. Gomersal, Yorkshire, woolstapler
 Bennet, S. A. Worship-street, coach-manufacturer
 Beaton, H. West Camel, Somerset, maltster
 Beckwith, C. Preston, draper
 Bease, R. Altringham, flour-factor
 Bonstead, M. M. Devonshire-street, dealer
 Bolingbroke, H. Great Yarmouth, merchant
 Bracewell, J. Bramley, York, innkeeper
 Briant, W. Kennington, wine-merchant
 Brander, J. & J. Barclay, Size-lane, merchants
 Brown, W. A. Wentworth-place, brewer
 Brooke, J. Huddersfield, tanner
 Bunyer, J. Whetstone, dealer
 Buer, W. Church-street, Greenwich, butcher
 Buck, J. Arundel-street, Strand, stationer
 Carrington, S. Ashborne, Derby, mercer
 Carnes, W. Canal-row, Bermondsey, rope maker
 Cattell, E. Milverton, Warwickshire, mealman
 Chapman, R. Beccles, Suffolk, iron-founder
 Chance, J. Worcester, maltster
 Clarke, J. P. Drayton, Warwickshire, dealer
 Clarke, F. Leicester, hoot and shoe maker
 Cowell, S. Sutton at Horne, miller
 Collier, T. Newport, Salop, liquor-merchant
 Davies, W. Caerphilly, Glamorgan, woollen-manufacturer
 Davies, T. King-street, tea-dealer
 Danro, G. Linton, Kent, butcher
 Dwyer, F. Worcester, silk-mercier
 Dutton, S. & J. Dunn, Liverpool, merchants
 Dundas, J. Carlisle, cattle-dealer
 Dickens, E. Eynsford, Kent, draper
 Dye, S. Norwich, grocer
 Dymall, D. White Horse tavern, Fetter-lane
 Elliot, H. Chippingham, Wilts, clothier
 Endicott, J. sen. Exeter, builder
 Farmer, J. Skimmer-street, victualler
 Ford, E. Lime-street, wine-merchant
 Fowle, R. Blandford, draper
 Fox, W. Exchange-buildings, stock-broker
 Ford, G. Oxford-street, silversmith
 Fream, T. Worcester, cabinet-maker
 Fullames, A. Greenhithe, baker
 Fullarton, J. Manchester, saddler
 Gallant, W. Leadenhall market, fishmonger
 Gibson, T. Whitehaven, butcher
 Giles, D. Syford, Berks, mealman
 Gribbell, N. & M. Hellyer, East Stonehouse, Devon, builders
 Green, T. Liverpool, auctioneer
 Green, J. Exeter, wine-merchant
 Gregson, T. Ormskirk, Lancashire, vintner
 Greenland, E. Old Kent-road, carpenter
 Gundry, T. Goldsmithy, Cornwall, merchant
 Gundry, J. & W. Goldsmithy, merchants
 Gundry, J. Goldsmithy, merchant
 Hayzelden, W. Milton-next-Sittingbourne, Kent, saddler
 Harper, J. Edgeware-road, cowkeeper
 Hayton, J. W. Greenfield, Flintshire, wire and iron manufacturer
 Haffner, M. Cannon-street, St George's, carpenter
 Henley, W. Holywell-street, silk-mercier
 Hannah, T. Liverpool, builder
 Hughes, J. & J. Clare, Liverpool, grocers
 Hull, J. Bristol, straw hat-manufacturer
 Holroyd, J. Bradford, Yorkshire, calico-manufacturer
 Hutchinson, E. Nottingham, confectioner
 Jardine, J. C. Sheffield, draper
 Johnson, J. Llandaff, shopkeeper
 Johnson, R. Francis-street, watchmaker
 Jones, W. Eastcheap, wine-merchant
 Jones, W. jun. Burscoagh, innkeeper
 Kendall, J. Brigham, Cumberland, miller
 Kennard, C. Pett, near Hastings, tailor
 Knight, J. Fore-street, cheesemonger
 Langworthy, F. Cannon-street, packer
 Lawton, T. & S. Roe, Straley-bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, machine-makers
 Le Chevalier, Wotton-under-edge, Gloucestershire, brewer
 Locand, L. R. Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, carver and gilder
 Ledwich, N. R. College-hill, merchant
 Liphsham, T. St James's-street, confectioner
 Lynch, M. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer
 Marks, W. St Michael's, Worcester, carver and gilder
 Maund, J. New-street, Covent-Garden, mercer
 Martin, P. Little Harrowden, baker
 Mcderott, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, jeweller
 Merriman, W. H. New Bond-street, master mariner
 Millard, S. Gloucester, linen-draper
 Millard, J. Minories, bellows-maker
 Morling, W. Heybridge, Essex, brewer
 Nappier, T. Poterne, Wilts, mealman
 Norris, T. Ransgate, grocer
 Norris, W. Rousey, Southampton, timber merchant
 Nossiter, C. Grimbury, Northamptonshire, tanner
 Ostler, R. Horstorth, Yorkshire, dry-saler
 O'Neill, T. Newcastle-street, wine-merchant
 Owens, J. Kingston, Herefordshire, ironmonger
 Patrick, T. C. Austin-frairs, insurance-broker
 Pearson, J. Beeston, Roydes, Yorkshire
 Pencey, H. Brighthelmstone, grocer
 Peach, D. Canberwell, merchant
 Parry, T. sen. Boddicott, Oxfordshire, nurseryman
 Powles, M. Ross, Herefordshire, mealman
 Raine, T. Bear-street, Leicester-fields, pertuner
 Richardson, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Richmond, T. Nottingham, grocer
 Ritson, J. Carlisle, tallow-chandler
 Roscoe, W. J. Clarke, and W. S. Roscoe, Liverpool, bankers
 Rutherford, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper
 Rutledge, F. W. Lucas-street, corn-dealer
 Sargent, J. Great Warner-street, brewer
 Saville, S. Stayles, Cheshire, cotton-spinner
 Shaw, J. Micklehurst, Cheshire, clothier
 Shuttleworth, T. Ipswich, linen-draper
 Shuttleworth, J. & T. Stevens, Torkington, Cheshire, dealers
 Simpson, A. St Swithun's-lane, merchant
 Smith, T. L. Ramsdon Cray, butcher
 Solomon, G. Leman-street, Goodman's-field, hardwareman
 Spence, T. Maryland-point, Stafford, dealer
 Spencer, S. Cumming-street, Penonville, brick-layer
 Speirin, T. Thornbury, Gloucester, tallow chandler
 Stevens, J. Cherrington, Cambridgeshire, gardener
 Stevenson, J. Broad-street, con chandler
 Stammers, T. & W. Button, Sudbury, miller
 Stewart, C. Hull, spirit-merchant
 Swan, W. New-street, Commercial-road, master mariner
 Taylor, F. Preston, Lancashire, tea-dealer
 Taylor, J. Moreton in Marsh, wine merchant
 Thomas, J. Manchester, bookseller
 Thomas, B. B. Plymouth-dock, brewer
 Tipping, T. Warrington, Lancashire, miller
 Tuson, W. Christ-church, Southampton, innholder
 Todd, A. Catherine-court, Tower-hill, merchant
 Turner, N. J. Tower-street, merchant
 Watson, J. & H. Friar-street, warehouseman
 Walton, R. Wood-street, Chapside, hosier
 Walker, J. jun. Axbridge, Somerset, brewer
 Weston, J. Tenterden, Kent, printer
 Wpse, W. P. Tooley-street, hat-manufacturer
 Wilkinson, C. Wormwood-street, dealer
 Williams, J. Crowland, grocer
 Williams, B. Birmingham, chemist
 Wilson, R. Birmingham, merchant
 Wilson, W. Seven Houses, Rotherhithe, corn-factor
 Wilson, R. Bridge-street, Vauxhall, linen-draper
 Witherbottom, J. Manchester, druggist
 Wire, J. Colchester, grocer
 Wincant, T. Bridgeton, Devon, woollen manufacturer
 Wood, J. Nottingham, hosier
 Worthington, J. Warton, Lancashire, coal-merchant
 Wormell, W. Downton, Wilts, linen-draper

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 29th February 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette:

Bute, William, wright and builder, Glasgow
 Cowan, William, flesher and horse-dealer, Paisley
 Cotton, Stephen, china and earthen-ware merchant, Glasgow
 Dods, J. wright and builder, Greenside-row, Edin.
 Douglas, James, merchant, Stirling
 Ewing, Miller, & Co. merchants, carrying on business as a company in Greenock; and it Newfound-land under the firm of Miller, Fergus, & Co.
 Glen, William, coal-master, merchant, and cattle-dealer, Arnsheugh
 Gordon, James, cooper and fish-curer, Aberdeen
 Gray, A. cloth-merchant and haberdasher, Irvine
 Henderson, T. jun. merchant, Anstruther Easter
 Howie, John & Joseph, merchants, spirit-dealers, shoemakers, and leather-merchants, Irvine
 Lang & Cochran, merchants, Glasgow
 Lawrie, George & John, & Co. surgeons and druggists, Edinburgh
 McKellar, Dugald, merchant, Greenock
 Murray & Bonnar, booksellers and stationers, Glasgow

Neilson, J. merchant, Wauke-mill-store, near Andrie
 Plimpton & Co. merchants, Edinburgh, and John Plimpton, sole partner of the firm
 Robertson, Robt. & Co. spirit-dealers and umbrella-manufacturers, Glasgow
 Whyte, Alex. merchant and candlemaker, Dundee

DIVIDENDS.

Bradie, Geo. merchant, Leith; a dividend on the 11th March
 Carle, John, merchant, Arbroath; a final dividend 31st March
 Henderson, Thomas and William, & Co. merchants, Edinburgh; a dividend 15th March
 Johnston, Dav. the late, manufacturer, Glasgow; a final dividend 25th March
 M'Alister & Bryson, merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 15th March
 Sm, G. M. & Co. merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 15th March
 Stewart, John, general agent, Aberdeen; a dividend 5th April

London, Corn Exchange, March 6.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, red	64	to	68	
Fine ditto	68	to	70	
Superfine ditto	72	to	76	
White	61	to	68	
Fine ditto	70	to	74	
Superfine	76	to	80	
Old ditto	0	to	0	
Rye	32	to	34	
Barley	28	to	31	
Fine	34	to	36	
Superfine	38	to	42	
Malt	50	to	60	
Fine	60	to	72	
Hog Pease	39	to	42	
Maple	15	to	16	
White-pease	43	to	46	

Seeds, &c.—March 7.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Must. Brown	10	to	11	
White	10	to	11	
Tares	10	to	11	
Turnips	8	to	10	
New	0	to	0	
Yellow	0	to	0	
Carraway	6	to	7	
Canary	0	to	0	

Rapeseed £7 4 to £7 6.

Liverpool, Feb. 29.

Wheat,	s.	d.	s.	d.	Pease, grey	s.	d.	s.	d.	
per 70 lbs.					— white	50	0	to	46	0
English, new	10	0	to	10	Flour, Eng.	20	0	to	58	0
American	9	0	to	9	fine	46	0	to	17	0
Dantz	9	6	to	10	Irish	45	0	to	15	0
Dutch Red	9	0	to	9	Amer. p	196	10			
Riga	8	6	to	9	Sweet, 1	38	40	to	12	0
Archangel	8	6	to	9	Do. m bond	52	0	to	54	0
Canada	9	0	to	9	Sou	35	0	to	77	0
Scotch	9	8	to	10	Oatmeal, per	240	10			
Irish, new	9	0	to	9	Barley	52	0	to	51	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	5	5	to	5	Scotch	28	0	to	51	0
Eng. gind.	5	5	to	5	Irish	26	0	to	51	0
Malt	6	0	to	6	Beam, p24 lb.	11	1	to	12	0
Scotch	5	0	to	5						
Irish	1	6	to	1	Butter, Beef, &c.					

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, per cwt.	80	to	82	
Bellard	79	to	80	
Newry	79	to	80	
Waterford	70	to	71	
Cork, pick.	26	to	27	
5d dry	65	to	65	
Beef, p. tierce	100	to	110	
Tongu p. frik.	75	to	80	
Pork, p. bbl.	81	to	85	
Bacon, per cwt.	57	to	58	
Short middles	57	to	58	
Flour, dry	55	to	58	

EDINBURGH.—MARCH 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 6d.	1st,.....24s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.
2d,.....35s. 6d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 6d.
3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 15 : 5 6-12ths.

Tuesday, March 7.

	Os.	6d.	to	Os.	8d.		Os.	9d.	to	Os.	10d.
Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os.	6d.	to	Os.	8d.	Quarter Loaf	Os.	9d.	to	Os.	10d.
Mutton	Os.	6d.	to	Os.	8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	Os.	8d.	to	Os.	0d.
Lamb, per quarter	10s.	0d.	to	14s.	0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s.	8d.	to	Os.	0d.
Veal	Os.	8d.	to	1s.	0d.	Salt ditto	1s.	0d.	to	Os.	0d.
Pork	Os.	6d.	to	Os.	8d.	Ditto, per stone	16s.	0d.	to	Os.	0d.
Tallow, per stone	9s.	0d.	to	9s.	6d.	Eggs, per dozen	Os.	8d.	to	Os.	0d.

HADDINGTON.—MARCH 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....37s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 6d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.
2d,.....35s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 14 : 6 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, to the Week ended 26th Feb. 1820.

Wheat, 6s. 10d.—Rye, 58s. 10d.—Barley, 55s. 5d.—Oats, 21s. 1d.—Beans, 11s. 11d.—Pease, 48s. 9d.—Beech of Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 11d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Tray, or 140 lbs. Avordupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Feb. 1820.

Wheat, 51s. 9d.—Rye, 36s. 5d.—Barley, 27s. 1d.—Oats, 21s. 3d.—Beans, 52s. 2d.—Pease, 51s. 11d.—Beech of Big, 21s. 1d.—Oatmeal, 17s. 11d.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. MILITARY.

- Army. Lieut. Col. Hon. John Ramsay, of hp. late
 Clan-Alpine Pen. Inf. Colonel
 12 Aug. 1819
- 3 Dr. G. Ass. Surg. Williamson, from hp. 7 Dr. G.
 As. Sur. vice Coleman, exc. 3 Feb. 1820
- 5 — Foster, from hp. Assist. Surg.
 do. vice Maginn, exc. do.
- 4 Dr. Lieut. Alp. to be Captain by purch. vice
 Wright, ret. 15 Jan.
 — Fendall, Captain by purch. vice
 Fayer, ret. 3 Feb.
 Cornet Towushend, Lieut. by pur. 15 Jan.
- 8 — Hawkins, Lieut. by purch. 3 Feb.
 G. T. Hooker, Cornet by purch. 15 Jan.
 R. De Lisle, Cornet by purch. 3 Feb.
- Troop Quar. Mast. M. T. Donahoo, Reg-
 Quar. Mast. vice Masters, dead. do.
- 10 Lt. Gen. Lord Stewart, G.C.B. Colonel do.
- 12 Lieut. Gage, from 51 F. Lieut. vice Har-
 mond, exc. do.
 — Foster, from hp. 25 Dr. Lieut. vice
 Ormsby, exc. 10 do.
- 15 — Dixon, Captain by purch. vice Bel-
 lairs, ret. do.
 Cornet Elton, Lieut. by purch. do.
- Gen. G. Ensign and Lieut. Erskine, Lt. and Capt.
 by pur. vice Lord C. Fitzroy, 55 F. do.
 — Glanville, fm. hp. Ens.
 and Lieut. do.
- Cold. G. Captain H. J. W. Bentneck, Adjutant, vice
 C. Bentneck, res. Adjutant only do.
- 5 F. G. Lt. and Capt. Wigston, Capt. and Lieut.
 Colonel by purch. vice Stewart, ret.
 31 Dec. 1819
- Lieut. Anson, Lieut. and Capt. by purch.
 20 Jan. 1820
- Gent. Cadet Dixon, from Roy. Mil. Coll.
 Ensign and Lieut. by purch. do.
- 1 F. Gen. Marquis of Huntly, Colonel 29 do.
 Ensign Stephens, Lieut. vice Vaughan,
 dead 10 Feb.
- E. Muller, Ensign do.
- 6 J. W. Stuart, Ensign, vice Chambers,
 dead do.
- 8 Ensign Cotter, from hp. Ensign, vice
 Wannwright, exc. vice diff. 27 Jan.
- 9 Captain Barnwell, from hp. 58 F. Capt.
 vice Stirling, exc. 10 Feb.
- 27 Lieut. Maclean, Capt. by purch. vice Mol-
 loy, ret. 20 Jan.
- Ensign Beuteclerk, from 62 F. Lieut. by
 purch. vice M'Lean, prom. 3 Feb.
- 31 Lieut. Hammond, from 11 Dr. Lieut. vice
 Gage, exc. do.
- 37 Capt. Perry, from hp. 56 F. Captain vice
 Stephens, exc. do.
- 38 — Hardman, from hp. 83 F. Captain,
 vice Galbie, exc. vice diff. do.
- 42 Gen. Earl of Hopetoun, G.C.B. Colonel
 29 Jan.
- 44 Lieut. Gen. Gore Browne, Colonel do.
- 46 Ensign Campbell, Lieut. by purch. vice
 Vincent, 89 F. 3 Feb.
- C. L. Leslie, Ensign do.
- 50 Major Poe, from hp. 99 F. Maj. Wemyss,
 exc. 10 do.
- Captain Baldwin, from 83 F. Capt. vice
 Poitier, 61 F. do.
- Lieut. Seward, from hp. Lieut. vice Doug-
 las, cancelled 27 Jan.
- N. Power, Ensign by purch. vice Cabbage,
 cancelled 20 do.
- 55 Brevet Lieut. Col. Lord C. Fitzroy, from
 Gen. G. Major by purch. vice Hog, ret.
 27 do.
- 57 Lieut. Dix, Captain, vice Montgomerie,
 dead 10 Feb.
- Ensign Montgomerie, Lieut. do.
- J. W. Taylor, Ensign do.
- 58 Ensign Hedden, from hp. 2 Gar. Bn. Ens.
 vice Baynes, exc. 27 Jan.
- 61 F. Bt. Lieut. Col. Potter, from 50 F. Major,
 vice Owen, dead 10 Feb.
- 62 R. Power, Ensign by purch. vice Beau-
 clerk, 27 F. 5 do.
- 67 W. M. P. Sweedland, Ensign, vice Mac-
 Daniel 20 Jan.
- 68 Lieut. Stretton, from hp. vice Sloan, exc.
 vice diff. 3 Feb.
- 73 — Lloyd, Capt. by purch. vice Coane,
 ret. do.
 Ensign Monck, Lieut. vice Murphy, dead
 2 do.
- Williamson, from 45 F. Lieut. by
 purch. vice Lloyd 3 do.
- P. Primrose, Ensign, vice Monck do.
- 79 Lieut. Cameron, from hp. Lieut. vice
 Thomson, exc. vice diff. 27 Jan.
- 84 — Westby, from hp. Lieut. vice St
 3 Feb.
- Clare, exc. vice diff. do.
- Brockman, from hp. 84 F. Lieut.
 vice Bowser, exc. vice diff. 10 do.
- 85 — Thomson, from hp. Paym. vice
 Biggard, cashiered 27 Jan.
- 90 Capt. Holmes, from hp. 78 F. Capt. vice
 Holland, 1 R. V. Bn. 9 Feb.
- Lieut. Maclean, from hp. 3 F. G. Lieut.
 vice Grant, exc. vice diff. 27 Jan.
- 91 Ensign M'Intyre, from hp. 5 W. I. R.
 Ens. vice Campbell, exc. 10 Feb.
- 92 Lieut. Gen. John Hope, formerly of 60 F.
 Colonel 29 Jan.
- Lieut. Madden, from 15 F. Captain, vice
 Hines, dead 10 Feb.
- Rifle B. Capt. Stewart, from hp. Capt. Beckwood,
 exc. 27 Jan.
- Gent. Cadet G. V. Creagh, from R. Mil.
 Coll. 2d Lieut. vice Peel 6 do.
- 1W.J.R. Lt. Chads, Captain by purch. vice
 ret. 27 do.
- 2 Ensign Myers, Lieut. by purch. 3 Feb.
- Hosp. Mate B. O'Brien, Assist. Surg. vice
 Dunn, staff do.
- Cape C. Lt. Stockenstrom, from hp. of the late
 Regt. vice Stockenstrom, exc. 10 do.
- 1R.V.B. Brevet Major Holland, from 90 F. Capt.
 vice Chapman, cancelled 3 do.
- Lieut. Dean, from hp. R. Wag. Tr. Lieut.
 vice Gilbert, cancelled do.
- Fothergill, from hp. 97 F. Lieut.
 vice Fuller, cancelled do.
- Ensign Mackenzie, from hp. 8 W. I. R.
 Ensign, vice Gordon, 7 V. Bn. do.
- Paym. Briggs, from hp. 58 F. Paym. do.
- Lieut. Bambrick, from hp. 43 F. Lieut.
 vice Walker, cancelled do.
- 2 — Young, from hp. 25 F. Lieut. vice
 Dickenson, cancelled do.
- O'Connell, from hp. 82 F. Lieut.
 vice Green, cancelled do.
- Ensign Ellar, from hp. 55 F. Ensign do.
- 5 Brevet Maj. Wood, from 90 F. to be Capt.
 vice Mansfield, cancelled do.
- Lieut. Stewart, from hp. 2 G. Bn. Lieut.
 vice Atkinson, cancelled do.
- Lynch, from hp. 93 F. Lieut. vice
 Challis, cancelled do.
- Fleming, from 90 F. Lieut. vice
 Goslett, cancelled do.
- Black, from hp. 50 F. Lieut. vice
 Elliott, cancelled do.
- M'Cauley, from hp. 1 G. Bn. Lieut.
 vice Bateman, cancelled do.
- Qua. Master Buchanan, from hp. 5 G. Bn.
 Quarter Master 10 do.
- 4 Lieut. Stobie, hp. Sicilian Regt. Lieut.
 vice Pigott, cancelled 3 do.
- Cayendish, from hp. 3 Gar. Bn.
 Lieut. vice Groves, cancelled do.
- 7 Brevet Major Ross, from hp. 6 W. I. R.
 Capt. vice Gordon, cancelled do.
- Lieut. Warren, from 4 R. V. Bn. Lieut.
 vice Perry, cancelled 1 Nov. 1819
- Ensign Gordon, from 1 R. V. Bn. Ensign,
 vice Alexander, cancelled do.

- 7 Ensign Gardner, from 5 R. V. Bn. Ensign
vice Johnston, cancelled 1 Nov. 1819
- 8 Lieut. and Adj. Crawford, from 90 F.
Lieut. and Adjutant 5 Feb. 1820
- Ensign Skimer, from hp. 45 F. Ensign
vice Martin, cancelled do.
- Troop Quar. Master Jackson, from hp. 35
Dr. Ensign, vice Mac Math, cane. do.
- 9 Lieut. Burke, from hp. 48 F. Lieut. do.
- Stewart, Adjutant do.
- Quar. Master Hogan, from hp. 14 F. Ens.
vice Nickson, cancelled do.
- Ensign Maclean, from late 6 R. Vet. Bn.
Ens. vice Fraser, cancelled 1 Nov. 1819
- Quar. Master Sloane, from hp. 2 W. I. R.
Ens. vice Komareck, cane. 5 Feb. 1820

Royal Artillery.

- Gent. Culet R. Luaird, 2d Lieut. 8 Dec. 1819
- H. G. Teesdale, 2d Lieut. do.
- J. Gore, 2d Lieut. do.

Garrisons.

- Gen. Earl of Chatham, K.G. Governor of Gibraltar
29 Jan. 1820
- Lieut. Gen. Lord Beresford, G.C.B. Governor of
Jersey do.
- Sir Brent Spencer, G.C.B. Governor
of Cork do.
- Hart, from 73 F. Governor of Lon-
donderry and Culmore do.

Medical Department.

- Hosp. Assist. Teevan, from hp. 110 F. Assistant
16 Dec. 1819.
- Kemble, M.D. from hp. Hosp. Assist.
do.

Store-keeper General's Department.

- Assist. Store-keeper General J. Hare, Dep. Store-
keeper General 20 Dec. 1819
- Thos. Broadbank Parr, As. Store-keeper Gen. do.
- Amos Foster, do. do.

Exchanges.

- Major Buck, from 8 F. with Major Browne, hp.
98 F.
- Brevet Major Milner, from 18 Dr. with Capt. De
Montmorency, 1 F.
- Wilkie, from 38 F. with Capt. Frank-
lyn, hp. 40 F.
- Lane, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
Lynch, hp. R. W. I. Ban.
- Lieut. Jyers, from 8 F. with Lieut. Lord Bingham,
hp. 3 F. G.
- Usher, from 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Macdonell, hp.

- Sadler, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Campbell, hp. 1 F. G.
- O'Connor, from 88 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Follett, hp. 97 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Colonel Stewart, 3 F. G.
- Major Molloy, 27 F.
- Captain Wright, 1 Dr.

Appointment Cancelled.

- Ensign Cuppage, 50 F.

Deaths.

- Gen. Hon. Sir A. Matland, Bart. 49 F. Feb. 1820
- Sir D. Dundas, G.C.B. 1 Dr. G. and Rifle
Brig. at Chelsea College 18 Feb.
- Maj. Gen. John Ludsey, formerly Lieut. Colonel
5 F. Brighton 16 do.
- D. Dewar 9 Oct. 1819
- Lt. Col. Sir J. Bontem, hp. Kelso Regt. 25 Dec.
- Maj. Owen, 61 F. Up Park Camp, Jamaica 8 Nov.
- Vallance, 75 F. Batticola, Ceylon 8 Aug.
- St Leger, 89 F. 11 May
- Gomersall, hp. late 2 Gar. Bn.
- Capt. Butler, 1 F.
- Dupont, Royal Art. Demarara 25 Dec.
- Lieut. Cameron, Adj. 1 F.
- A. Macpherson, 59 F. Isle of France 11 May
- Innes, 92 F. Up Park Camp, Jamaica 19 Nov.
- Jones, 67 F. Mullingauni 17 July
- Hunt, Royal Engineers
- Crouchley, hp. 85 F. 29 Dec.
- D'Arcy, hp. 91 F. 7 do.
- Beecher, 6 R. V. Bn. 25 do.
- Ens. Tottenham, 1 F.
- Chambers, 6 F. Pina 20 Dec.
- Chamberlain, 21 F. Ghazepore, Bengal 12 Aug.
- Lowe, 2 W. I. R. Gambia 24 June
- Young, hp. European Gar. Company
- Fredericks, hp. German Legion, Hanover 10 Jan. 1819
- Paymaster Boyes, hp. 26 F. Dec. 1819
- Quarter Master Parke, 1 F. Wallyahbad, Madras 28 Aug.
- Assist. Surgeon Swindell, hp. 1 Dr. Gds. Amherst
burgh, Upper Canada 1 Sept.

Commissioned Department.

- Assist. Com. Gen. Belson, Demarara 27 Nov.
- Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Howie, Jamaica 7 do.

Medical Department.

- Hosp. Assist. Cusins, Jamaica 11 Nov.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE mean temperature of February is considerably above the average of the same month during the last four years, and the mean daily range of the Thermometer is upwards of a degree less. The temperature, therefore, has been more equable than is generally experienced in this climate. The warmest period of the month was the 6th, 7th, and 8th, when the Thermometer rose above 50, the coldest was after the 18th, when the temperature of the night was frequently below 32. The mean of the daily extremes coincides exactly with that of 10 morning and evening. The fluctuations of the Barometer are somewhat less than the annual average fluctuations, and the mean height is fully 3 tenths higher than that of February for the last four years. The state of the Hygrometer indicates an unusually dry atmosphere, owing to the prevalence of cold north-east winds towards the end of the month. It will be found, on looking back to the first Number of this work, that there is a striking coincidence between February of this year and the same month of 1817. The difference both in temperature and dryness is in favour of the latter. From the mild state of the weather about the 7th, it was expected that the severe winter was to be followed by an early spring. These hopes, however, have been partially disappointed by the stormy weather that set in towards the end of February, and which still continues (March 2d.) with increasing severity.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.*

FEBRUARY 1820.

<i>Means.</i>			<i>Extremes.</i>		
THERMOMETER.		Degrees.	THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,		45.5	Maximum, 7th day,		54.0
..... cold,		51.8	Minimum, 18th		27.0
..... temperature, 10 A.M.		59.6	Lowest maximum, 5d		55.0
..... 10 P.M.		58.6	Highest minimum, 7th		46.5
..... of daily extremes,		59.1	Highest, 10 A. M.		52.5
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.		59.1	Lowest ditto, 19th		52.5
..... 4 daily observations,		59.1	Highest, 10 P. M.		51.0
Whole range of thermometer,		246.0	Lowest ditto, 19th		51.0
Mean daily ditto,		8.5	Greatest range in 24 hours, 18th		16.5
..... temperature of spring water,		59.5	Least ditto, 20th		5.5
BAROMETER.		Inches.	BAROMETER.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 47)		29.840	Highest, 10 A. M.		50.500
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 47)		29.858	Lowest ditto, 29th		29.420
..... both, (temp. of mer. 47)		29.859	Highest, 10 P. M.		50.525
Whole range of barometer,		6.220	Lowest ditto, 29th		29.150
Mean ditto, during the day,		1.105	Greatest range in 24 hours, 28th		5.50
..... night,		1.112	Least ditto, 15th		0.45
..... in 24 hours,		2.15	HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
HYGROMETER.		Degrees.	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 25th		50.0
Rain in inches,		1.198 Lowest ditto, 5d		0.0
Evaporation in ditto,		1.210 Highest, 10 P. M. 29th		20.0
Mean daily Evaporation,		0.045 Lowest ditto, 2d		1.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.		10.0	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 7th		46.0
..... 10 P. M.		7.8 Lowest ditto, 25th		10.0
..... both,		8.9 Highest, 10 P. M. 7th		45.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.		55.0 Lowest ditto, 25th		20.0
..... 10 P. M.		53.7 Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M. 5d		100.0
..... both,		53.5 Least ditto, 25th		57.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.		80.8 Greatest, 10 P. M. 2d		98.0
..... 10 P. M.		84.6 Least ditto, 25th		59.0
..... both,		82.7 Mois. 100 cub. m. Greatest, 10 A. M. 7th		215
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. m. air, 10 A.M.		1.115 Least ditto, 25th		106.7
..... 10 P. M.		1.141 Greatest, 10 P. M. 6th		1208
..... both,		1.141 Least ditto, 20th		1099

Fair days, 21; rainy days, 5. Wind west of meridian, 10; east of meridian, 11.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after noon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom	Attach Ther.	Wind		Ther.	Barom	Attach Ther.	Wind		
Feb. 1	M. 32.2	29.572	M. 12	S.W.	Dull, fair.	Feb. 16	M. 51	29.317	M. 10	S.W.	Dull & cold, but fair
	A. 42	437	A. 45				A. 58	776	A. 41		
2	M. 53	564	M. 12	N.W.	Ditto.	17	M. 28.5	712	M. 12	S.W.	Very cold, sunshyne.
	A. 40	725	A. 41				A. 11	751	A. 10		
3	M. 26	822	M. 58	N.W.	Frost morn. foggy day.	18	M. 27	768	M. 59	N.W.	Fair, cold.
	A. 55	822	A. 37				A. 55	867	A. 39		
4	M. 27	739	M. 57	Cble.	Dull morn. sunshyne day	19	M. 25	963	M. 56	E.	Keen frost, sunshyne.
	A. 55	512	A. 10				A. 51	969	A. 58		
5	M. 32.2	552	M. 59	E.	Dull, fair.	20	M. 20.5	999	M. 57	S.E.	Sleet morn. fair day.
	A. 58	454	A. 59				A. 55	946	A. 47		
6	M. 26.5	454	M. 59	S.W.	Rain morn. fair day.	21	M. 29	870	M. 59	E.	Sleet & rain.
	A. 58	490	A. 45				A. 55	751	A. 58		
7	M. 58	515	M. 50	S.W.	Fair.	22	M. 59.5	569	M. 58	Cble.	Dull, fair.
	A. 57	447	A. 49				A. 57	657	A. 59		
8	M. 40	457	M. 50	N.W.	Ditto.	23	M. 51	567	M. 59	E.	Foggy day, rain night.
	A. 49	514	A. 19				A. 58	720	A. 10		
9	M. 39.2	526	M. 19	W.	Fair. cold aftern.	24	M. 25	555	M. 55	N.E.	Frost, with snow.
	A. 46	553	A. 51				A. 50	527	A. 56		
10	M. 51	588	M. 50	N.W.	Ditto.	25	M. 25	641	M. 55	N. E.	Keen frost, showers, hail.
	A. 40	689	A. 15				A. 55	980	A. 55		
11	M. 51	571	M. 45	S.W.	Dull morn. slight shrs.	26	M. 20	989	M. 55	Cble.	Snow foren. mild aftern.
	A. 44	571	A. 46				A. 54	50.110	A. 56		
12	M. 52.5	810	M. 47	Cble.	Mild, sunsh.	27	M. 27	151	M. 56	N. W.	Frost morn. fair day.
	A. 44	829	A. 41				A. 45	105	A. 56		
13	M. 29.4	705	M. 45	S.W.	Dull, fair.	28	M. 22.5	20.810	M. 28	Cble.	Fair, cold.
	A. 40	735	A. 41				A. 55	851	A. 56		
14	M. 52	899	M. 41	S.W.	Mild, sunsh.	29	M. 26	571	M. 58	N.W.	Keen frost.
	A. 10	999	A. 11				A. 57	295	A. 56		
15	M. 29	911	M. 11	S.W.	Dull, fair.						
	A. 40	999	A. 11								

Average of Run, 1 216 mch.

Average of Rain, 1.216 inch.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 27, 1819. At Madras, Mrs Simpson, relict of late William Simpson, Esq. a daughter.

Jan. 1, 1820. At Rome, the lady of Henry Harvey, Esq. a daughter.

18. The lady of Thomas Lauder Dick, Esq. of Relugas, a son.

19. At Boulogne, the lady of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Glastulch, a daughter.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart of Castlehill, a son.

— Lady Petre, a son.

28. At the manse of Kinglassie, Mrs Cunningham, a son.

— The lady of G. A. Fullarton, Esq. of Fernhill, Berks, a son.

— At Newington, Mrs J. R. Skinner, a son.

31. The Viscountess Duncan, a son.

— The Marchioness of Sligo, a son and heir.

Feb. 1. The Countess of Clonmell, twin daughters.

— Mrs Patrick Robertson, a daughter.

5. At Kinkaddy, Mrs Robert Kirk, a son.

4. At Ayr, Mrs D. D. Boswell, a daughter.

— Mrs Forrest of Comiston, a daughter.

7. At Portobello, Mrs Douglas, Great Kingstreet, a son.

8. At Milkington, Mrs Scott, a son.

— Mrs Terrot, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

9. At Peebles, Mrs McGowan of Winkston, a son.

— At the Union Hotel, St Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Horrocks, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, a daughter.

15. At Wellington-place, Leith, Mrs John Macle, a daughter.

17. At Island Bridge, near Dublin, the lady of Captain H. G. Jackson, a son.

18. At Hilton, Mrs Pearson of Myicarnie, a daughter.

— At Newmans, Mrs David Syne, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Wemyss, Abbey, a son.

— At Salisbury-street, Edinburgh, Mrs John Gray, a daughter.

19. Mrs Crosbie, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Lathrid House, Fifeshire, the lady of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk and Bawlaw, a son and heir.

— Mrs Cathcart, Gayfield-square, a son.

21. At Culloden, Mrs A. Gordon, a son.

22. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, a daughter.

25. Mrs James Borthwick, Abertromby-place, a daughter.

— Mrs John Wandrop, 105, George-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

25. Mrs Charles Pawse, Gayfield-square, a son.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Stevenson, Albany-street, a daughter.

— Lady—At London, the Countess of Cowper, a daughter.

— At the house of her father, Lieutenant-General Macleod, St James's Park, London, Lady Gardner, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone of Alva, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 23, 1819. At Calcutta, Henry Manning, jun. Esq. of the civil service, to Caroline, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Russell, of the Bengal establishment.

Dec. 18. Hugh Fraser, Esq. assistant-surgeon in his Majesty's 12th regiment, to Mary, second daughter of Patrick O'Hennessey, Esq. Ennis, county of Clare.

Jan. 1, 1820. At Perth, Mr P. Milne, to Mary, daughter of John Tams, Esq. writer, Crieff.

17. At Cloosburn, G. Johnstone, Esq. factor at Eginton, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr William Guthrie.

19. At Fulham, William Wilberforce, jun. Esq.

the eldest son of William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. to Mary Frances, second daughter of the Reverend James Owen, rector of Paglesham.

— At Hamborough, Thomas George Gregson, Esq. Warren House, to Miss Bogg.

21. At Turnberry Lodge, William Crawford of Littleton, to Jane Ronald, eldest daughter of Charles Angus, Esq. Turnberry Lodge.

— At Bridgeforte, Archibald Wallace, Esq. writer, St Andrews, to Miss Ann, youngest daughter of the late Dewar Lauder.

— At Kington, Lieutenant James Nairn, R.N. to Miss Sophia Sprunt, daughter of Mr James Sprunt, manufacturer there.

25. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Henry Robert Westcra, M. P. to Anne Douglas Hamilton, daughter of the late Douglas Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.

— At Bellevue, Captain G. A. Vetch, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late George Hoggan, Esq. of Waterside.

— At Docketown, Lochabh, Donald Matheson, Esq. of Achmadareoch, to Mary, daughter of Mr Duncan MacRae, late of Couchna.

27. At Glenman, Neil Campbell, Esq. to Matilda, daughter of the late Duncan Macdougall, Esq. of Ardintyre.

31. At Glasgow, Gavin Hamilton, Esq. of Springbank, parish of Avondale, to Miss Nancy Paterson, youngest daughter of the late William Paterson of Oldhill.

— Mr James Slak, printer in Glasgow, to Maria, seventh daughter of the late George Kinloch, Esq. Stonehaven.

— At Prestonhall, near Cupar Fife, Capt. Allan Briggs, of the Elizabeth of Kirkcaldy, to Miss Swan, daughter of the late John Swan, Esq. of Prestonhall.

Feb. 8. At St George's, Hanover-square, the Earl of Sandwich, eldest son of the Marquis of Anglesea, to Eleanor, second daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, having been previously married on the 31st August last, at Altyre, in Scotland, the seat of her brother-in-law, to W. G. Cumming, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr Peldie, Mr Thomas Craig, mason, to Stewart, second daughter of Mr Matthew Craig, Charles Street.

— At Inverness, J. McLennan, Esq. of the colony of Baber, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Reverend Angus Bethune, minister of Abness.

9. At Inverary, Ludovick Cameron, Esq. writer there, to Miss Alice Macneil, daughter of the deceased Reverend Donald Macneil, minister of Lennoxe and Appin.

— At Devonbank, the Reverend William Brash, Glasgow, to Miss Jane Dick, youngest daughter of James Dick, Esq. of Devonbank.

11. At Blantyre, Mr Robert Caldwell, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Jean Binning, eldest daughter of Mr James Binning, jun. Blantyre.

17. At Spylaw, Mr Mark Turnbull, of Southmuir, farmer, to Miss Barbara Robertson, fourth daughter of Mr James Robertson, Spylaw.

— At Aldmar Castle, G. R. Nuttall, M. D. of London, to Marion, third daughter of James Macleod, Esq. of Midmar.

— At Hampstead, John Lock, Esq. to Rubina Marion Cullen, youngest daughter of Archibald Cullen, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel.

— At Kensington church, Anthony Macdonald, Esq. of Lochgarry, to Miss Macdonald of the Grange, Brompton.

18. At St John's chapel, Edinburgh, Captain Charles S. J. Hawtayne, R.N. to Anne, second daughter of the late Charles Hope, Esq. commissioner of the navy.

21. Fred. W. Campbell, Esq. of Barbree, to Sophia, daughter of the late Sir Edward Waddington, Bart. of Stamford Court, Worestershire.

22. At Edinburgh, Robert Hartsburn Barber, of Hayton Castle, in the county of Nottingham, Esq. barrister at law, to Sarah, only daughter of Samuel Wordsworth of Nottingham-place, Esq.

— At Pinkston, James Harvey, Esq. writer, Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of John Coull, Esq. of Cowan.

DEATHS.

- May 5, 1819. At the island of Banca, Mr Francis Buchan Fraser, merchant in Calcutta, youngest son of Mr William Fraser, senior, merchant tailor, High-street, Edinburgh.
28. At Lodiana, Nepaul country, John Balfour, Esq. surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company.
- June 6. At Gyal, in Bengal, Major Colin Campbell, of the 4th regiment of native infantry; and, on the 8th, two days after, Mrs Campbell, his dow.
12. At Calcutta, Major Peter Lewis Grant, 12th native infantry, Acting Town and Fort Major of Fort William, Bengal; and on the 2d September following, Anne, his wife.
- July 25. At Furrackabad, East Indies, William Rennell, Esq. Collector of Government Customs at that station, and youngest son of Major Rennell.
- Aug. 8. The Honourable Colonel J. A. Bannerman, Governor of Prince of Wales Island.
- Sept. 18. Near Aislebad, on the route from Nagpoor to Hyderabad, Major P. G. Blair, of the artillery. He was cut off by the fatal epidemic.
- Oct. 11. On board his Majesty's ship Sapphire, in the West Indies, of a malignant fever, in the 22d year of his age, Edward Cockburn Ross, Esq. Lieutenant, R. N. youngest surviving son of John Cockburn Ross, Esq. of Shandwick.
- Nov. 1. At Antigua, Lieutenant-General Ramsay, governor of that island; and on the 18th, Lieutenant-Colonel Kirby, his successor, commander-in-chief.
1. At Belmont, Jamaica, John Jameson, youngest son of the late John Jameson, town-clerk of Dysart.
8. At Up-Park Camp, Jamaica, John Owen, Esq. major in the 61st regiment.
- Dec. 1. At Exeter estate, Vere, Jamaica, of a few days' illness, Mr Alexander Ross, fourth son of Mr William Ross, late tacksman of knock-shorty, Ross-shire.
21. At Kingston, Jamaica, Robert, the Robert Bogle, Esq. of Gilmore Hill.
22. At Kingston, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, Mr Edward Richardson, aged 16, son of the late Gabriel Richardson, Esq. of Dumfries.
- Jan. 1, 1820. At Paisley, aged three years and eight months, Agnes, the only daughter;—and on the 29th of the same month, aged six months, John, the only son, of the Rev. Mr Burns, one of the ministers of Paisley.
5. At Nice, Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Farholme, Esq. of Cl.
4. At Doeraw, in the parish of Both, Lieutenant William Leavach, of the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers.
6. At Merchiston Bank, Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Knox, wife of Mr John Fletcher.
11. At Lasswade, Crichton Strachan, Esq. late shipbuilder, Leith.
- At Greenhill, near Sheffield, aged 85, M. John Fox, who has left children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, to the amount of one hundred!
12. Mr Thomas Ayre, aged 86, many years keeper of the castle in Newcastle. He was present at the siege of Quebec, and was one of the men at the gun from which the celebrated General Montgomery received his death-wound.
- At Dumfries, aged 101, Mrs Janet M'Naught, relict of the last of the male line of the Lords of Milwhanthy.
- At Quebec, William Scott, Esq. younger of Woolf.
13. In the 82d year of his age, Mr John Thomson, parish schoolmaster, Muthil.
15. At Lockerby, William Martin, Esq. of Blackford, writer.
- At Dundee, Mr A. Pitcairn, jun. wine-merchant.
- At Jedburgh, at an advanced age, Mrs Elliot, sen. of Harwood.
16. At Dumfries, Mr R. Halliday, surgeon.
- At Nether House, Lismahagow, Lieutenant-Colonel Nasmyth, late of the 7th West India regiment.
17. At Glasgow, Archibald Campbell, Esq. merchant in Glasgow, wife of the island of Jamaica.
- At Gosport, Robert Grierson, Esq. royal navy, eldest son of Alexander Grierson, Esq. younger of Lag.
- At Bath, Mrs Helen W. Wauchope, daughter of the deceased John Spottiswood, Esq. and relict of John Wauchope, Esq. of Falmouth, county of Devon.
17. At No 29, Libberton's Wynd, Edinburgh, after a lingering illness, James Murray, compositor, aged 58. By his death, a widow and a family of eight daughters have been left in a very destitute situation.
- In London, Lieut.-General James Campbell, aged 71.
- Mr Philip T. Meyer, the eminent composer and professor of the harp, in the 58th year of his age.
18. At Minto, Jane, youngest daughter of the Hon. Captain Elliot, R. N.
- James Bruce Dundas, son of Mr Dundas, Albany-street, Edinburgh.
- William Scott, attorney at law, &c. &c. Calcutta, aged 32, son of Mr Alexander Scott, Ormiston.
19. At Carlisle, of apoplexy, Isabella, wife of Mr Jeremiah Jollie, printer, in the 36th year of her age.
- At Moyhall, Sir Æneas Macintosh of Macintosh, Bart.
- At Kilmarnock, Mr J. Thomson, of the Kilmarnock woollen manufactory, and treasurer of that town.
20. In his 79th year, John Mackenzie of Torrion, in the county of Ross, Esq.
21. At Abernethy Manse, the Rev. John Grant, minister of Abernethy.
- At Arlincroft, John Spink, Esq. aged 81.
- At Kirkcubright, in the 86th year of his age, and 50th of his ministry, the Rev. Dr Robert Muter, one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal and Chaplain Ordinary to his late Majesty.
22. The Rev. Henry Gamcock, Canonate, Edinburgh. He died suddenly and in the prime of life. From the very able and acceptable manner in which he discharged the duties of a clergyman, his loss is deeply and justly lamented.
- At Droughm Mac, Aynshire, the Rev. Andrew Haldan.
- At Haddington, Mrs Isabella Knox, late of Mayshel, wife of Thomas Hingle, senior, late provost of the burgh.
- Ident., at Kirkcaldy, Mrs Cecilia Walker stone, wife of Mr David Stone, saddler there.
- At Houschill, Mrs Dunlop, wife of Colonel Dunlop of Houschill.
- At Batigate, the Rev. Patrick Connel, minister of the Associate Congregation there, in the 53th year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.
- At his seat at Charlton House, in the county of Wilt, John Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Viscount Andover, and Baron Howard of Charlton, General in the army, Colonel of the 44th regiment of foot, Governor of Londonderry and Culmore forts in Ireland. His lordship was in the 81st year of his age. He is succeeded by his son Thomas Viscount Andover, born in 1770.
21. At Kinning House, Glasgow, Mrs Jane Harle, relict of John Dixon, Esq. of Knightsbridge, Miss Ruthvenford, only daughter of the late Henry Ruthvenford, Esq. of Huntly.
- In board the Castle Huntly East India for Bengal, James, eldest son of James Hay, W.
23. At Seone, Mrs Brodie, widow of the Rev. John Brodie, late minister of Kinloch.
26. At Nice, Eliza, the wife of John Stern, Esq. of Connell, Ireland.
- At Dumfries, Gabriel Richardson, Esq. of Rosebank, late provost of that burgh.
- Viscountess Gormanston of Gormanston Castle, county of Meath.
- At Royston, Hert., in his 71th year, Mr Henry Andrews, the editor of "Moore's Almanack." He was an able astronomer, and was for many years engaged by the Board of Longitude to compute "The Nautical Ephemeris."
27. At Tenant, the Rev. Robert Shirreff, in the 66th year of his age, and 12d of his ministry.
- At Edinburgh, J. H. C. Dallaway, wife of Patrick Dallaway, Esq.
28. At Edinburgh, Christian, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Greig, W. S.
- At his house, Fyfe-place, Donald M'Laure, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.
- At the manse of Cleish, Miss Elizabeth Dalling.
- At Edinburgh, after a few days' illness, Mrs Hathorn of Castlewigg.

29. At his house, George's-square, Edinburgh, David Blair, Esq. merchant.

— At Sunning Hill, Berks, Miss Grace Campbell, daughter of the late Robert Campbell of Monzie, Esq.

50. At Plewlands, near Edinburgh, in the 19th year of his age, Alexander, eldest son of Mr Alex McCallum, farmer.

— At Meeting-house Green, Leith, Mrs Christian Henderson, spouse of Mr John Sanders, merchant there.

51. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-General William Robertson of Lude.

— At St Andrews, Mrs Helen Murray, relict of Mr Andrew Wallace, shipmaster there, in the 85d year of her age.

— At Kinross, Miss Christian Stark, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Stark, minister of the gospel there.

— At Camberwell, on the day he completed his 98th year, the Hon. Colonel Peter Frye, Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts previous to the revolution.

— At Paris, Robert Alexander, second son of the late Lieut.-General Sir James Leith, G.C.B.

Feb. 1. At Gayfield Square, Mr Robert Horsburgh.

— At her house, Perth, of an apoplexy, Mrs Wilhelmina Monieret, relict of Mr John Andrew of Marfield.

2. At Berwick, James Hogarth, Esq. aged 76.

— At his house in York-place, London, Joseph Madocks, Esq. of an inflammation in his chest. This gentleman (who was well known in the gay world some years since, as the "gayest of the gay," he being the life of every circle), died so suddenly as to preclude the loss of his friends.

Mr Madocks was the first agent, actor of his day.

5. At York-place, Edinburgh, Gordon Duncan, Esq. Assistant Commissary-General.

— At Leith, Jessica Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James Ker, Esq. Judge of the Court of King's Bench, &c. Quebec.

4. At Queensferry, William Mackenzie Henderson, in the 51st year of his age, son of the Rev. John Henderson, minister of that parish.

— At Blithfield, in Staffordshire, Louisa, Lady Bagot, relict of the late, and mother of the present Lord Bagot.

5. At Frederick-street, Magdalene, youngest daughter of the late Mr Andrew Bailie, solicitor at law, Edinburgh.

— At Manley, Devonshire, Mrs Manley of Manley.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Alison, bookbinder.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ramage, wife of Captain William Ramage, R. N.

8. At his house in Russel-square, London, the Right Hon. Sir Vicary Gibbs, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

10. At Paxton-house, George Home, Esq. of Wedderburn.

— At Berlin, her Royal Highness the Princess Anne-Elizabeth-Louisa, widow of his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, at the advanced age of 82. She was in good health the day previous.

11. At St Andrews, David Todd, senior, Esq.

— At Dalvey, Miss Flora Macleod, daughter of A. Macleod, Esq. in her 17th year.

13. At Edinburgh, Jane, the youngest daughter of John Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore, P.C.S.

— At Sturche, Roxburghshire, Gilbert, youngest son of Gilbert Cuthshon, Esq. of Sturche.

11. At St Andrews, the Rev. Dr Henry David Hill, Professor of Greek in that university.

— At his house, Albany street, North Leith, Charles Gordon, Esq. late Collector of Excise, Kelso.

— Suddenly, near Kilsyth, on his way from Glasgow to Edinburgh, Mr John Smith, shipowner, Leith.

15. At Rosehill, Totteridge, Hertfordshire, in his 98th year, General the Hon. Sir Alexander Maitland of Clifton, Bart.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr William Bell, merchant, Nicolson-street.

— At his house in Harcourt-street, Dublin, Leonard Macnamy, Esq. of the Irish Bar. He was in the 65th year of his age, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1773.

16. At Letchestown, near Fochabers, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel George Gordon.

— At her house in Curzon-street, Mayfair, London, the Right Honourable Lady Mary Henrietta Erskine, sister to the Earl of Rosslyn.

17. At Edmlairgh, Alex. Scrymgeour, eldest son of Henry Scrymgeour Wedderburn, of Wedderburn and Birkhill, Esq.

— At Kelso, Miss Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Dr Christopher Douglas.

18. At Edinburgh, George Kinead, Esq. second son of the late John Kinead, Esq. of Kinead.

— Mr Thomas Ritchie, at his house, Calsells' place, Leith.

— At Ellleston, Thomas Tulloh, Esq. youngest son of the late Thomas Tulloh, Esq. of Ellleston.

— At his house in Chelsea College, London, the Right Hon. Sir David Dundas, Esq. of Beechwood, K.C.B. and Governor of Chelsea Hospital, &c.

19. At her house, Hill street, Edinburgh, Mrs Joanna Hamilton, relict of Edward McCormick, Esq. advocate, Sheriff-depute of Ayrshire, and solicitor of Teinds for Scotland.

— At Stirling, Mr George Taylor, merchant.

21. At Selkirk, in the 71st year of his age, the 49th of his ministry, and the 52d of his professorship, the Rev. George Lawson, D.D. pastor of the Associate Congregation of that town, and Professor of Divinity under the appointment of the Associate Synod.

24. At Kilmarnock Castle, Mrs Johnston, widow of the late Major Johnston, 61st regiment of foot, and mother of the Right Hon. Lady Gray.

Lately, At Petchenel, John Anderson, a few hours after he had completed his 100th year. He was a staunch Jacobite—fought under the banner of Prince Charles at Inverury, where he was wounded. He took great pleasure in relating his adventures, and in singing Jacobite songs. He was not only a firm, but also of a cheerful temper—so much so, that he regularly attended a ball, at least once every year, at all of which he danced, even the last, which happened only a few months before his death.

— At his porte-house, in Gresham-street, Dublin, in consequence of the bursting of a blood vessel, Daniel Donnelly, the celebrated Irish pugilist. He was in the 11th year of his age, and had always enjoyed excellent health.

— At his palace, county Cork, at a very advanced age, Dr Banett, Bishop of Cloyne, being the senior bishop of Ireland since the death of the late Archbishop of Tuam.

— On board his Majesty's ship, Sapphire, in the West Indies, Mr Andrew Hutchison, surgeon, second son of Andrew Hutchison, town-clerk of Burntisland.

— At Bombay, on his way to the Persian Gulf, Mr George Miller, chief officer of the country ship Sulmanat Rasool, only son of Captain William Miller, R.N. late of Belmont place, Kelso.

— At Belfast, in the 60th year of his age, Dr Drennan, the celebrated Irish patriot.

— At Aird, Isle of Skye, Mrs Isabella Macdonald, widow of the late Capt. C. Macdonald.

— At Jamaica, Mr Alexander Thomson, eldest son of the late James Thomson, Esq. Oatridge.

— At her house, St John street, Mrs Phillips, widow of Richard Ellison Phillips, Esq. late one of the Commissioners of the Customs for Scotland.

— At Drumbuo, Ireland, Mr Henry Hamilton, at the advanced age of 104. Until within these two last years he had the use of all his faculties.

— At Bristol Howells, the Dowager Countess of Granard.

— At London, Lieutenant-Colonel Handfield, formerly of the 22d regiment of foot.

INDEX TO VOLUME VI.

- ABSTRACT** of Meteorological Observations for 1819, 505.
Accum on Adulterations of Food, review of, 543.
Acted Drama in London, notices of, 51, 174, 386, 624.
Alastor, and other Poems, review of, 148.
Amsterdam, fragment of the Mad Banker of, 391.
Ana, 46.
Anatomical Plates, Barclay's, notice of, 341.
Analogy between the Growth of Individual and National Genius, 375.
Ancestress, the, a Tragedy, by Grillparzer, 247.
Andalla's Bridal, a Moorish Ballad, 487.
Annals of Peterhead, review of, 393.
Antiquity of Indian Dramatic Poetry, 417.
Apparitions, De Foe on, 201.
Appointments, Promotions, &c. 115, 229, 355, 478, 605, 722.
Architecture, on its progress in England, 660.
Arctic Land Expedition, letter from an officer in the, 305.
Aurora Borealis, the, a sonnet, 524.
Bank Notes, notice of a new one invented to prevent forgery, 711.
Bankrupts, list of English and Scotch, 112, 225, 353, 475, 601, 720.
Barlow on Magnetic Attractions, remarks on, 507.
Bathing in the Dead Sea, effects of, 214.
Bird, remains of an enormous one found in Siberia, 215.
Births, lists of, 118, 230, 358, 479, 606, 725.
Bonspiell, the, of Closeburn and Lochmaben, 568.
Bowles, Rev. W. L., review of his Poem, the Missionary, 13.
Boxiana, No IV. 66—No V. 279—No VI. 610.
Bridges of Iron, notice of, 711.
Brown, Sir Thomas, character of, as a writer, 197—Remarks on, 485.
 — Charles Brockden, and Washington Irving, on the writings of, 554.
Brucce, King Robert, on the discovery of the remains of, at Dumfermline, 297.
Brumal Scene, reflections on a, 381.
Buchan, Mr, review of his Annals of Peterhead, 393.
Buchanites, account of the, 663.
Bullers of Buchan, description of the, 396.
Bull-fight of Canzul, a Moorish Ballad, 488.
Calcareous Formations, notices respecting, 580.
Campbell, Thomas, expostulatory epistle to, 504.
Cameronians, remarks on the, 169, 513.
Cape of Good Hope, on Emigration to the, 78.
Carrier Pigeons, notice of, 214.
Chalmers, Dr, review of his Economy of Large Towns, 18—Remarks on, 177.
Chevy Chase, a Poem—Idem Latin Redditum, 199.
Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, review of, 18—Remarks on, 177.
Cinq-Mars and de Thou, Messieurs, account of their death at Lyons, in 1612, 494.
Civil Appointments, 479.
Closeburn and Lochmaben, the Bonspiell of, 568.
Clydesdale Yeoman's return, the, a ballad, 321.
Cockney School of Poetry, No VI. 70.
Coleridge, on the Poetry of, 3.
Commercial Reports, 107, 223, 351, 473, 589, 718.
Cornwall, Barry, review of his poem, 643.
Cotton's Voyage to Ireland, review of, 284.
Crocodile's Flesh used for Food, 579.
Cronick's Remains of Nithsdale and Gal-loway Song, review of, 314.
Culinary Poisons, and Adulterations of Food, review of Accum's treatise on, 542.
Curious old Books, notices of reprints of, 24.
Cyprus Crown, the, a tale, review of, 525.
Dancing, on the vice of, 43.
Deaths, lists of, 119, 231, 359, 480, 607, 726.
Death-bed, the Elder's, 682.
Decorations of Edinburgh, 76.
De Foe on Apparitions, remarks on, 201.
Diana, Hymn to, 240.
Diary, extracts from Mr Wastle's, 688.
Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, transactions of the, No I. 89—No II. 276—No III. 660.
Discovery of the Remains of Bruce at Dumfermline, on the, 297.

- Drama, Acted, in London, notices of the, 51, 174, 386, 624.
 — the, on the relation of Music to, 430.
 Dramatic Poetry immemorially ancient in India, 417.
 Dramatists, the Old English, analytical Essays on, 409.
 Dream, a, 257.
 Dunton, John, the Life and Errors of, 21.
 Earthquakes in America, 215—One at Comrie, 341.
 Ecclesiastical Appointments, 115.
 Economy of Large Towns, by Dr Chalmers, review of, 18—Remarks on, 117.
 Edinburgh, Decorations of, 76—Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of, 89, 276—On the Musical Festival, 183—On the Public Buildings of, 370.
 Elder's Death-bed, the, 682.
 Elysium, a Sonnet, 680.
 Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, remarks on, 78.
 Emma, a Tale, 382.
 England, on the progress of architecture in, 660.
 English Dramatic, the old, analytical Essays on, 409.
 Errors, Military, of the Duke of Wellington, on the, 291.
 Erskine, Lord, Timothy Tickler's remarks on the dinner given to, 615.
 Essays on the Lake School of Poetry, No III. 3—Pohnean, entitled the Warbler, 208, 323, 418, 701—On the Old English Dramatists, No VIII. 409.
 Ettrick Shepherd, the, Letters from, 390, 630.—Sonnet by, 464.
 European National Tribunal, a, 45.
 Expedition to the Arctic Regions, Letter from an Officer in the, 305.
 Extracts from the "Prato Fiorito," on the Vice of Dancing, 43—From the "Historia Major" of Matthew Paris, 84, 273—From a volume of Poems by John Wilson, 432—From the papers of the St Priest family of Languedoc, 633—From Mr Wastle's Diary, No I. 688.
 Fairy Land, a Lay of, 432.
 Fancy, Sketches of Pughism, by one of the, 66, 279, 610.
 Fatal Ring, the, an Indian Dramatic Poem, review of, 117.
 February, the Twenty-ninth of, a tragic sketch, review of, 398.
 Flight from Granada, a Moorish ballad, 491.
 Food, review of Accum on the Adulterations of, 513.
 France, curious extracts from the correspondence of its Ambassadors at the Ottoman Porte, from 1547 to 1778, 633.
 French Royalists and Louis XVIII. 42.
 Gall and Spurzheim on the Imitative Principle, and other Faculties, remarks on, 309.
 Genius, Individual and National, on the analogy between the growth of, 375—On the Diversity of, 671—Examples of from living authors, 677.
 Geography, proposed new system of, 311.
 Geological Society in Cornwall, notice of the, 99.
 George III. the late, retrospect of the public character of, 575.
 Germany, review of Travels in, 536.
 Glen-avon, a day in, 58.
 Gordon, the late Dr, letter relative to, 307.
 Greece, a Sonnet, 521.
 Grillparzer, review of his Tragedy of the Ancestress, 247.
 Guilt, or the Anniversary, a Tragedy, by MaJner, review of, 121.
 Heathfield, Richard, on his plan for the liquidation of the National Debt, 411—Is but a sort of Half-measure, 447—And is neither Practicable nor Safe, 448.
 Hebrew Language, on Professor Leslie's knowledge of the, 501.
 Historia Major, of Mathew Paris, extracts from, 84, 273.
 Hodgskin's Travels in Germany, review of, 536.
 Horæ Cantabrigiensis, No IV. 47.
 Horæ Germanicæ, No I. 121—No II. 247—No III. 397—No IV. 525.
 Horæ Hispanicæ, No I. 481.
 Horæ Scoticæ, No I. 568.
 Imagination, works of, on public lectures on, 162.
 Imitative Principle, and some other faculties, pointed out by Gall and Spurzheim, remarks on the, 309.
 Indian Dramatic Poetry immemorially ancient, 417.
 Individual and National Genius, on the analogy between the growth of, 375.
 Irving, Washington, and Charles Brockden Brown, on the writings of, 554.
 Ivanhoe, a Romance, review of, 262.
 Jewell, the, on Sir Thomas Uryghart's work so called, 655.
 Juan, Don, unread, 194.
 Kean, Mr, on his acting of Coriolanus, 624.
 King George III. Reflections on the Character of, 574.
 Krisuvik, in Iceland, Lines on the Church of, 435.
 Laidlaw, James, letter of, from America, 631.
 Lake School of Poetry, Essays on the, No III. Coleridge, 3.
 Lamentation of Granada, a Moorish ballad, 490.
 Language, on the impossibility of a standard of, in metaphysics, 39.
 Language, Hebrew, Leslie, versus the, 501.
 Leslie, versus Hebrew, 501.
 Letter from the Arctic Expedition, 305.
 — relative to the late Dr Gordon, 307.
 — from an elderly gentlewoman, to Mr Christopher North, 620.
 Letters from the Ettrick Shepherd, 390, 630.
 — from a liberal Whig, 288, 492.
 — of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to eminent literary characters, No VI. 615.
 Literary Institutions, on public lectures at, 162.

- Literary Pocket Book, review of the, 235.
 ——— and Scientific Intelligence, 98, 213, 341, 465, 579, 709.
 Lloyd, Charles, review of his Poems, 151.
 Lochmaben and Closeburn, the Bonspiel of, 568.
 London, Notices of the Acted Drama in, 51, 174, 386, 624.
 ——— in September and October, 55.
 ——— the Scotchman in, 64.
 ——— Walks round, 244.
 Louis XVIII. and the French Royalists, 42.
 Lyons, death of Messieurs Cinq-Mars and de Thou, at, 491.
 Machine for crossing Rivers, 580.
 Macrabin, Mark, the Cameronian, 513, 663.
 Mad Banker of Amsterdam, fragment of the, 391.
 Magnetic Attractions, remarks on Barlow on, 507.
 Mamuniferous Animals, notice of a splendid work on, 342.
 Marianne's Dream, 240.
 Market Tables, 113, 226, 354, 476, 721.
 Marriages, lists of, 118, 230, 358, 480, 606, 725.
 Mary Stewart, a Tragedy, notice of, 386.
 Melville, Lord, on the proposed Monument for, 562, 690.
 Metaphysics, on the impossibility of a standard of language in, 39.
 Meteorological Reports, 111, 227, 356, 477, 603, 723.
 ——— Observations for 1819, abstract of, 505.
 Military Promotions and Appointments, 115, 229, 355, 605, 722.
 ——— Errors of the Duke of Wellington, 291.
 Millar, the late Professor, on Wit and Humour, 638.
 Missionary, the, a poem, review of, 13.
 Monastery, the, a novel, review of, 692.
 Monument for Lord Melville, remarks on the, 562—Answer to the remarks, by one of the Committee, 690.
 Moon, Hymn to the, 681.
 Moorish Ballads, 481—Don Raymond of Butrago, 484—The Death of Queen Blanche, 485—Andalla's Bridal, 487—Zara's Ear-rings, ib.—The Bullfight of Ganzul, 488—The Lamentation of Granada for the death of Cein, 490—The Flight from Granada, 491.
 Morris, Peter, his remarks on the theory of Gall and Spurzheim, 309.
 Mulner, Adolphus, review of his Tragedy of Guilt, 121—Of his Twenty-Ninth of February, 398.
 Music, on the relation of, to the Drama, 430.
 Musical Queries, 69.
 ——— Festival of, Edinburgh, remarks the, 183.
 Musings, 525.
 National Tribunal, a European, 45.
 National Monument, on the proposal to take the Parthenon as the model of, 137.
 ——— and Individual Genius, analogy between the growth of, 375.
 ——— Debt, remarks on Heathfield's plan for the reduction of the, 441.
 Naval Promotions and Appointments, 116, 478.
 Nithsdale and Galloway Song, review of Cromek's remains of, 314.
 North, Mr Christopher, letter from an elderly gentlewoman to, 621.
 Notices of Reprints of Old Books, No V. 24—Of the Acted Drama in London, No XI. 51—No XII. 174—No XIII. 386—No XIV. 624.
 Nugæ Canoræ, by Charles Lloyd, review of, 154.
 Observations on the Edinburgh Musical Festival, 183.
 ——— Meteorological, for 1819, abstract of, 505.
 Ode to Mrs Flanagan, 628.
 Old Books, curious, notices of reprints of, 24.
 ——— English Dramatists, Analytical Essays on the, No VIII. 409—The Witch of Edmonton—Ford, Dekker, and Rowley, ib.
 Paris, Mathew, extracts from the Historia Major of, 84—His reflections on the Norman Conquest, ib.—Return of one from the Grave, 85—Character and Death of Walter, Bishop of Durham, 86—Death of William the Conqueror, 87—A German Count devoured by Mice, 88—Death and Character of La Franc, Archbishop of Canterbury, ib.—Anecdotes of Malcolm, King of Scotland, 27.—Foundation of the Monastery of St Oswin, ib.—Vision of the Monks at Fulda, 274—Death of William Rufus, ib.
 Park, Mungo, the Negro's Lament for, 196.
 Parthenon, on the proposed restoration of the, in the Scottish National Monument, 137.
 Pedes Scansorn of Birds, notices regarding the, 580.
 Peterhead, review of Buchan's annals of, 393.
 Petrified City, notice of one in Africa, 709.
 Phenomena of living toads found in stones, 437—Are productions of the former world, 439.
 Phillips, Mr, and Miss Tree, on their singing, 53.
 Physical Science, effects of an excessive application to the study of, considered, 35.
 Physiognomy, on the science of, 650.
 Planetary System, new theory of the motions of the, 583.
 Pocket-book, literary, review of the, 135.
 Poetical Style, on the progressive change of, 363.
 Poetry, review of Coleridge's, 3—review of the Missionary, 13—On the Cockney

School of, No VI. 70.—Stanzas composed in Sherwood Plantation, 136.—Olden Time, *ib.*—Review of *Alastor*, and other poems, 148.—Of *Nuga Canora*, 154.—Don Juan unread, and Yarrow unvisited, 195.—Fancy in Nubibus, 196.—The Negro's Lament for Mungo Park, *ib.*—The Rector, 197.—Chevy Chase—*Idem* *Latine Redditum*, 199.—Extracts from the *Literary Pocket Book*, 239.—Review of Cotton's voyage to Ireland, 284.—Review of Cronck's remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song, 314.—The Clydesdale Yeoman's return, 321.—*Emma*, a tale, 382.—The Vision, 384.—Reflections on a Brumal Scene, *ib.*—Fragment of the Mad Banker of Amsterdam, 391.—A Lay of Fairy-land, 432.—On the Church of Krisuvik, in Iceland, 435.—Sonnet, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 461.—Moorish ballads, 481.—A Recollection, 504.—Epistle to Thomas Campbell, *ib.*—Musings, 524.—Sabbath Noon, 523.—*Aurora Borealis*, 524.—Greece, a sonnet, *ib.*—Ode to Mrs Flanagan, by an Irish gentleman, 628.—Review of Cornwall's poems, 643.—A church-yard scene, 679.—Sailor's song, 680.—Elysium, a sonnet, *ib.*—Hymn to the Moon, 684.—Autumn, a sonnet, *ib.*

Political Essays, entitled the *Warder*, No I. 208.—No II. 323.—No III. 331.—No IV. 448, No V. 704.

Prato Florito, extracts from, 43.

Predictions, by C. C. 33.

Profanity of Dancmg, 43.

Promotions, Appointments, &c. II. 5. 229, 355, 478, 605, 722.

Public Buildings of Edinburgh, 370.

Publications, monthly list of new ones, 104, 219, 346, 468, 586, 714.

Pugilism, Sketches of, No IV. 66.—No V. 279.—No VI. 610.

Queries, Musted. 69.

Radical's Saturday Night, the, 257.

Recollection. a, 504.

Recollections, No I. 169.—No. II.—The Cameronian.—Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian, 513.—No III. Macrabin's account of the Buchanites, 663.

Reflections on a Brumal Scene, 384.

Remains of King Robert Bruce, on the discovery of, 297.

Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song, review of, 314.

Remarks on the Cockney School of Poetry, No VI. 70.—On the decorations of Edinburgh, 76.—On Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, 78.—On the Cameronians, 169.—On Dr Chalmers's new work, 177.—On the Edinburgh Musical Festival, 183.—On De For on Apparitions, 201.—On some of our late numbers, by a liberal whig, 288-492.—On the military errors of the Duke of Wellington, 291.—On the discovery of the remains of Robert Bruce, 297.—By Peter Morris, on the theory of Gall and Spurzheim, 309.—On

the progressive change of Poetical Style, 363.—On the public buildings of Edinburgh, 370.—On the analogy between the growth of individual and national genius, 375.—On the relation of Music to the Drama, 430.—On the character of Sir Thomas Brown, 435.—On the phenomena of living toads found in stones, 437.—On Heathfield's plan for the reduction of the national debt, 441.—On Barlow on magnetic attractions, 507.—On the writings of Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving, 554.—On the proposed Monument for Lord Melville, 562.—On the science of Physiognomy, 650.—On Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Jewell*, 655.—On the progress of Architecture in England, 660.—On the Diversity of Genus, 674.

Review of Coleridge's poetry, 3.—Of the *Missionary*, a poem, 13.—Of Chalmers's *Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns*, No I. 18.—Of *Guilt*, or the Anniversary, a tragedy, by Mullner, 121.—Of *Alastor*, and other poems, 148.—Of the *Literary Pocket-book*, 235.—Of the *Ancestress*, a tragedy, by Grillparzer, 247.—Of *Ivanhoe*, a romance, by the author of *Waverley*, 262.—Of Cotton's voyage to Ireland, 284.—Of Cronck's remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song, 314.—Of Buchan's *Annals of Peterhead*, 393.—Of the 29th of February, a tragic sketch, by Mullner, 398.—Of *Sacotala*, an Indian Drama, 417.—Of the *Cyprus Crown*, a tale, 525.—Of Hodgskin's travels in Germany, 536.—Of Accum on the adulterations of food, 542.—Of Cornwall's poems, 643.—Of the *Monastery*, a novel, by the author of *Waverley*, 692.

Rocks, notice on the volcanic theory of, 215.

Reprints of curious old books, notices of, 24.

Sabbath Noon, 522.

Sacotala, an Indian Drama, review of, 417.

Salt Mines of Memthe, notices concerning the, 579.

Saturday night, the radical's, 257.

Scientific and literary intelligence, 98, 213, 344, 465, 579, 709.

Scotchman, the, in London, No I. 61.

Scorlaid, national monument for, on the proposed restoration of the Parthenon in the, 137.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, review of his poems, 118.

Sicilian Story, with other poems, by Barry Cornwall, review of, 614.

Sound, curious fact concerning the conveyance of, 465.

Steward, the, on the comedy of, 52.

Submarine volcano near Shetland, notice of, 100.

Subterraneous sounds in granite rocks, notice of, 99.

Sugar, conversion of wood, &c. into, 710.

- Tales of my Landlord, correspondence relative to a pretended new series of the, 217.
- Thou, de, and Cinq-Mars, Messieurs, particulars of their death at Lyons, in 1642, 494.
- Tickler, Timothy, on the dinner given to Lord Erskine, 615.
- Toads, on living ones found in stones, 437—Experiments tried on them, 438—must have been inclosed in their prisons before the deluge, 439.
- Transactions of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, 89, 276.
- Tree, Miss, and Mr Phillips, remarks on their singing, 33.
- Urquhart, Sir Thomas, on his work entitled the Jewell, 655.
- Vision, the, 384.
- Walks round London, from the Literary Pocket-book, 241.
- Warder, the, No I. 208—No II. 323—No III. 331—No IV. 448—No V. 704.
- Wastle, Mr, extracts from his diary, No I. 688.
- Wellington, Duke of, on the military errors of the, 291.
- Whig, a liberal, his remarks on some late numbers of this Magazine, 288, 192.
- Wilson, John, a Lay of Fairy Land, by, 432.
- Wit and Humour, remarks on, by the late professor Millar, 638.
- Wood, on its conversion into sugar, 710.
- Works, preparing for publication, 101, 216, 313, 466, 581, 638, 712.
- Yarrow unvisited, a poem, 194.
- Zara's Ear-rings, a Moorish ballad, 187.

INDEX TO BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

- | BIRTHS. | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| Abercromby, 358 | Dundas, 358 | Jerdon, 230 | Newcastle, 118 |
| 479 | Durie, 358 | Jersey, 230 | Nickle, 230 |
| Abington, 118 | Errol, 118 | Jervis, 118 | Ogilby, 118 |
| Agnes, 230 | Exung, 118 | Johnston, 725 | Ogilvy, 358, 725 |
| Allan, 479 | Faulds, 118 | Jones, 118 | Olyphant, 606 |
| Anderson, 479 | Ferguson, 118 | Kennedy, 118 | Palmer, 358, 479 |
| Arbuthnot, 230 | Ferner, 118, 606 | Kinnear, 358 | Pearson, 725 |
| Athlone, 479 | Forbes, 118, 230 | Kuk, 725 | Purvis, 118 |
| Balfour, 606 | Fordyce, 479 | Landlaw, 606 | Ramsay, 479 |
| Barclay, 606 | Forrest, 725 | Laing, 606 | Randolph, 358 |
| Belfrage, 118 | Forrester, 118 | Lee, 118 | Robertson, 118, |
| Bothwick, 725 | Foullie's, 358 | Legge, 230 | 358, ib. 725 |
| Boswell, 725 | Fraser, 358 | Lieven, 358 | Romer, 230, 606 |
| Blackwood, 479 | Fredmg, 230 | Loch, 479 | Rose, 725 |
| Boyle, 118 | Fripp, 358 | Lockhart, 725 | Ross, 230, 606 |
| Bridges, 230 | Fullaton, 725 | Lyon, 230 | Rowland, 118 |
| Brougham, 479 | Galbraith, 606 | McGowan, 725 | Russel, 230 |
| Brown, 358 | Gibbon, 358 | McKenzie, 230, 358, | Rutherford, 230 |
| Brownrigg, 230 | Gilson, 358, 606 | ib. 479 | Sandlands, 358 |
| Cadell, 358 | Gordon, 606, 725 | McNeil, 230 | Scott, 118, 358, 725 |
| Campbell, 118, 358, | Graham, 606 | McVicar, 230 | Silver, 118 |
| 479, ib. | Gray, 118, 725 | Macdonald, 118 | Simpson, 725 |
| Cargill, 479 | Hagart, 479 | Macgregor, 358 | Sinclair, 358 |
| Cátheart, 725 | Hag, 230 | Mackie, 358, 725 | Skinner, 725, |
| Caverhill, 606 | Hamilton, 230 | Mackintosh, 118 | Snook, 118 |
| Clerk, 118 | Hannah, (3 Daughters,) 118 | MacLachlan, 479 | Sligo, 725 |
| Clonwell, 725 | Harvey, 725 | Maclean, 358 | Smith, 118, 479 |
| Comrie, 606 | Hav, 479 | Macleod, 118, 725 | Sotheby, 606 |
| Cowper, 725 | Heddie, 230 | Marjoribanks, 118 | Stevenson, 725 |
| Crosbie, 725 | Hill, 118 | Marshall, 230 | Stirling, 479 |
| Cunningham, 725 | Hogarth, 358 | Maxwell, 230 | Stoddart, 118 |
| Dalrymple, 358 | Hood, 606 | Mein, 118 | Stoother, 606 |
| Dawson, 230 | Hopetoun, 230 | Menzies, 358 | Strahan, 118 |
| Dick, 725 | Horrocks, 725 | Miller, 479 | Stuart, 358 |
| Donaldson, 118 | Horsburgh, 230 | Mitchell, 479, ib. | Syme, 725 |
| Douglas, 230, 358, | Ireland, 606 | Moodie, 118 | Talbot, 230 |
| 479, 606, ib. 725 | Ivson, 230, 356 | Morehead, 230 | Tawse, 725 |
| Downshire, 358 | Ivory, 479 | Munro, 479 | Taylor, 358 |
| Dunbar, 230, 358, | Jackson, 725, ib. | Murray, 358 | Thomson, 118 |
| Dean, 725 | James, 230 | Naine, 479 | Terrot, 725 |
| | | Napier, 118 | Touch, 418 |

Turner, 606
 Vere, 606
 Wallas, 118
 Wardrop, 725
 Wastell, 230
 Watson, 118
 Wauchope, 725
 Waugh, 479
 Wemyss, 725
 Young, 230

MARRIAGES.

Alexander, 231
 Allan, 231
 Anderson, 119, 230, 231
 Armour, 358
 Ballantyne, 358
 Barber, 725
 Bathurst, 119
 Belgrave, 119
 Bertram, 231
 Boak, 231
 Brud, 358
 Brash, 725
 Brewster, 607
 Briggs, 725
 Brisbane, 359
 Brown, 606
 Bruce, 231
 Burns, 358
 Burnside, 358
 Burnet, 119
 Caldwell, 725
 Cameron, 725
 Campbell, 480, 606, 725, ib.
 Caulfield, 230
 Cave, 231
 Christie, 607
 Clarke, 480
 Cleghorn, 480
 Clerk, 118
 Colleton, 606
 Coventry, 231
 Craig, 119, 606, 725
 Crawford, 725
 Crichton, 119
 Cruickshanks, 358
 Cullen, 725
 Cumming, 231
 Dallaway, 119
 Dickie, 359
 Drummond, 231
 Dun, 119
 Epinasse, 358
 Farquharson, 480
 Filder, 231
 Fitz-Clarence, 358
 Forman, 231
 Fraser, 725
 Gardner, 358
 Geddes, 119
 Germains, St 118
 Gilchrist, 480
 Gilmour, 358
 Gordon, 480
 Grant, 358
 Gregson, 725
 Grievie, 119
 Gubbins, 231
 Hamilton, 231, 725
 Hart, 359
 Hartley, 231
 Harvey, 725
 Hay, 231, 358, ib.
 Hawtayne, 725
 Hill, 231
 Hunter, 359, 606
 Ingleby, 119
 Irving, 231
 Jackson, 607
 Jerdan, 231
 Johnstone, 231, 359
 Kay, 231
 Kingsland, 607
 Kinross, 119
 Lewis, 231
 Liddell, 607
 Liddle, 359
 Limond, 606
 Liston, 358
 Livingston, 359
 McAllan, 231
 McFarlan, 359
 McKimlay, 480
 McKay, 358
 McLagan, 118
 McLennan, 725
 McGregor, 480
 McRoberts, 358
 Macdonald, 359, 725
 Macfie, 119
 Macleod, 606
 Macmillan, 119
 Matland, 606
 Manners, 231
 Manning, 725
 Marshall, 358, 606
 Matheson, 725
 Meek, 231
 Milne, 119, 725
 Moncrieff, 606
 Murdoch, 358
 Muter, 606
 Nairne, 725
 Nasmyth, 358
 Newlands, 359
 Nicolson, 119
 Nuttall, 725
 Oliver, 606
 Paterson, 119, 606
 Paul, 606
 Payne, 119
 Phillips, 359
 Pillans, 358
 Plomer, 230
 Plunkett, 358
 Pollock, 119
 Radcliffe, 358
 Ramsay, 480
 Renny, 118
 Rul, 480
 Ronald, 358

Rose, 358
 Ross, 119
 Roughhead, 231
 Salvie, 231
 Sanderson, 119
 Scott, 480, ib.
 Sidey, 606
 Sinclair, 119
 Skinner, 358
 Skirving, 358
 Stanley, 119
 Stark, 725
 Staver, 231
 Stocks, 606
 Story, 359
 Strachan, 118
 Tait, 231
 Taylor, 231
 Thomson, 359
 Torrance, 231
 Traill, 606
 Turnbull, 725
 Tweedie, 119, 358
 Tyler, 231
 Uxbridge, 725
 Veitch, 725
 Wallace, 725
 Ward, 231
 Wardrop, 480
 Westera, 725
 Whyte, 231
 Wilberforce, 725
 Wilson, 358
 Winks, 480
 Wischenderff, 119
 Wright, 119
 Young, 231, 358, 607

Beresford, 120
 Beveridge, 119
 Black, 480
 Blamey, 359
 Blair, 608, 726, 727
 Bogle, 726
 Borthwick, 232, ib.
 Boucher, 120
 Bowie, 608
 Bayes, 607
 Brand, 232
 Brenton, 608
 Brockie, 608
 Brodie, 726
 Brown, 360, 608
 Bromfield, 480
 Bruce, 231, 607, ib.
 Buchan, 232, ib.
 359, 480
 Buchanan, 607
 Burns, 726
 Cadell, 120
 Caldwell, 232, 607
 Cameron, 360, 480
 Campbell, 119, 120, 232, 360, ib. ib.
 480, 726, ib. ib.
 727

Garnichael, 360
 Carnegie, 480
 Chalmers, 120
 Chambers, 232
 Chisholm, 727
 Choplin, 480
 Christie, 480
 Clark, 608
 Chife, 360
 Clunie, 360
 Coghill, 119
 Collington, 120
 Condie, 120
 Connell, 359, 726
 Cope, 120
 Cornwall, 232
 Cosby, 607
 Cowan, 480
 Cowie, 120
 Cradock, 480
 Cragie, 480
 Crawford, 360, 608
 Dallaway, 726
 Dalzel, 607
 Darling, 726
 Davidson, 608
 Dawson, 360
 Derby, 359
 Dewar, 232
 Dirom, 360
 Dobson, 607
 Doig, 360
 Donerale, 360
 Donnelly, 727
 Douglas, 359, 360, 480, 727
 Dow, 359
 Dowie, 120
 Drennan, 727

DEATHS.

Alison, 727
 Anderson, 359, 360, 727
 Andrews, 726
 Anstruther, 359
 Arthur, 232
 Auchincloss, 120
 Auldjo, 119
 Ayre, 726
 Badger, 120
 Bagot, 727
 Baile, 232, 727
 Baird, 232, ib.
 Baltour, 726
 Bannerman, 726
 Barclay, 360
 Barnett, 727
 Barry, 608
 Bartholomew, 607
 Bathgate, 480
 Bauchop, 359
 Begbie, 608
 Beltrage, 360
 Bell, 120, 232, 608, 727
 Bentuck, 232

- Drummond, 359
 Dunbar, 607
 Dudgeon, 608
 Duncan, 607, 727
 Dundas, 726, 727
 Dunlop, 726
 Elliott, 359, 726, ib.
 Ellis, 120
 Erskine, 120, 232, 360, 727
 Ettles, 232
 Ewing, 360
 Fairholms, 726
 Fairley, 119
 Fayerman, 608
 Ferguson, 231
 Ferrier, 480
 Fleming, 359, 480
 Fletcher, 359
 Forbes, 120, 608
 Ford, 120
 Forrest, 360, 607, 608
 Forsyth, 607
 Foularton, 480
 Fowler, 480
 Fox, 119, 120, 726
 Fraser, 119, 120, 480, 726
 Frye, 727
 Fullarton, 480
 Gammins, 607
 Gardner, 232
 Garnock, 726
 Gibson, 120, 232, 360
 Gibbs, 727
 Gilchrist, 608
 Gillespie, 232
 Gilmour, 608
 Glasgow, 120
 Graddon, 119, 231, 360, 480, 607, 727, ib.
 Gormanston, 726
 Gourlay, 232
 Govan, 359, ib.
 Graeme, 360
 Graham, 359
 Granard, 727
 Grant, 120, 726, ib.
 Gray, 608
 Green, 360
 Greig, 359, 726
 Grey, 360
 Grierson, 726
 Guild, 480
 Gun, 480
 Guthrie, 120
 Haig, 607
 Haldan, 726
 Halliday, 726
 Halkerstone, 726
 Hamilton, 120, 232, 607, 727, ib.
 Handfield, 727
 Hare, 726
 Hasleden, 360
 Hastie, 119
 Hathorn, 726
 Hay, 360, 607, 726
 Heath, 119
 Henderson, 608, 727, ib.
 Heriot, 607
 Heron, 480
 Hervey, 232
 Hewat, 607
 Hewit, 232
 Hill, 480, 727
 Hogarth, 359, ib. 727
 Holberg, 607
 Home, 360, 727
 Horn, 120
 Horne, 359
 Horsburgh, 727
 Howard, 726
 Hunter, 232
 Hutchison, 359, 727
 Hyndman, 607
 Jackson, 120
 Jamieson, 119, 607, 726
 Johnston, 119, 359, 727
 Jollie, 726
 Kay, 232, ib.
 Keltie, 360
 Kemp, 232
 Kendall, 120
 Ker, 119, 120, 480, 727
 Kincaid, 608, 727
 King, 119
 Kinnear, 360, 480
 Kinnimont, 480
 Kinsale, 480
 Kirkwood, 119
 Knatchbull, 120
 Knollis, 119
 Knox, 120, 726, ib.
 Lamb, 359
 Langhorne, 232
 Langton, 119
 Lawson, 608, 727
 Lapslie, 359
 Lind, 608
 Leavach, 726
 Leith, 727
 Lindsay, 119, 120, 359
 Linley, 608
 Linning, 608
 Little, 232
 Livingston, 232
 Lockhart, 359
 Loftus, 360
 Lyon, 232
 M'Arthur, 359
 M'Callum, 727
 M'Cleod, 119
 M'Cormick, 232
 M'Dermitt, 608
 M'Donald, 231, 360, 727
 M'Dougall, 231, 607
 M'George, 608
 M'Ilquham, 359
 M'Kellar, 232
 M'Kercher, 232
 M'Laine, 726
 M'Laurin, 360
 M'Lean, 232, 480
 M'Leay, 608
 M'Leod, 232
 M'Naught, 726
 M'Pherson, 360
 M'Rac, 232
 Macgachen, 120
 Macinnes, 608
 Macintosh, 726
 Mack, 120
 Mackay, 120
 Mackenzie, 359, ib. 608, 726, 727
 Mackie, 231
 Macmillan, 359
 Macnally, 727
 Madocks, 727
 Mair, 119
 Matland, 727
 Malcolm, 120, ib.
 Manley, 480, 727
 Martin, 480, 726
 Marshall, 607
 Mason, 608
 Maxwell, 119
 Megget, 359
 Meyer, 726
 Middlemiss, 607
 Muller, 359, 727
 Milne, 359
 Mitchell, 607
 Mitchelson, 359
 Moffat, 232
 Moir, 119
 Moncrieff, 359, 727
 Monypenny
 More, 232
 Morison, 231, 232
 Morris, 119
 Mortimer, 359
 Moseley, 232
 Muirhead, 360
 Munro, 120, 608
 Muire, 120, 480
 Munt, 607
 Murray, 119, ib. ib. 607, 726, 727
 Muter, 726
 Nairne, 608
 Napier, 120, 232, ib.
 Nasmyth, 726
 Nichol, 119, 360
 Ogilvy, 359
 Oliphant, 120
 Oswald, 120, 232
 Owen, 726
 Page, 359
 Parland, 119
 Phillips, 727
 Piggot, 120
 Pitcairn, 480, 726
 Playfair, 480
 Plenderleath, 480
 Porteous, 232, ib.
 Pringle, 480
 Proctor, 607
 Ralph, 608
 Ramsay, 120, 359, ib. 726
 Rattray, 359, 607
 Reave, 232
 Reid, 120, ib. 231, 359
 Rennell, 726
 Renny, 359
 Rhind, 119
 Richardson, 726, ib.
 Riddell, 120
 Ritchie, 727
 Robb, 608
 Robertson, 232, ib. 480, 608, ib. 727
 Rose, 120, 726
 Ross, 608, 726
 Rothes, 608
 Rule, 607
 Russell, 608
 Rutherford, 480, 607
 Saunders, 232, 360
 Scar, 359
 Scott, 119, 232, 360, 726, ib.
 Schaw, 360
 Scrymgeour, 727
 Seaton, 480
 Shanks, 232
 Shattlesbury, 359
 Shearer, 232
 Sheills, 608
 Sheppard, 360
 Shurreff, 26
 Sibbald, 120
 Simpson, 119
 Sinclair, 608
 Sivright, 120
 Smith, 120, 727
 Somerville, 120, ib. 232
 Spalden, 608
 Spalding, 607
 Spud, 360
 Spence, 359
 Spink, 726
 Sprot, 232
 Stalker, 232
 St Clair, 119
 Stark, 727
 Steed, 480
 Steel, 119, 360, ib.
 Stein, 726
 Stephen, 120
 Stewart, 360
 Steven, 360
 Stevenson, 119, 360
 Stewart, 232, 360

- | | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Stirk, 359 | Thin, 607 | Wade, 480 | Whitfield, 231 |
| Strachan, 726 | Thom, 359 | Wainwright, 232 | Wilkie, 608 |
| Straton, 608 | Thomson, 120, ib. | Wallis, 360 | Wilson, 120, 608 |
| Stang, 480 | 232, 480, 726, ib. | Walker, 607 | Wishart, 120, 359, |
| Stuart, 120, 480 | 727 | Walrond, 360 | 360 |
| Suffolk, 480, 726 | Thorburn, 359 | Wauchope, 608, 726 | Wood, 608, ib. |
| Surridge, 480, 608 | Todd, 727 | Watson, 480 | Worsley, 607 |
| Talbot, 607 | Trotter, 480 | Webster, 607 | Wright, 120 |
| Tandy, 120 | Tulloch, 127 | Wedderburn, 120 | Yool, 232 |
| Taylor, 120, 727 | Tweddale, 480 | Welsh, 232 | Young, 359, 360, ib. |

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.

